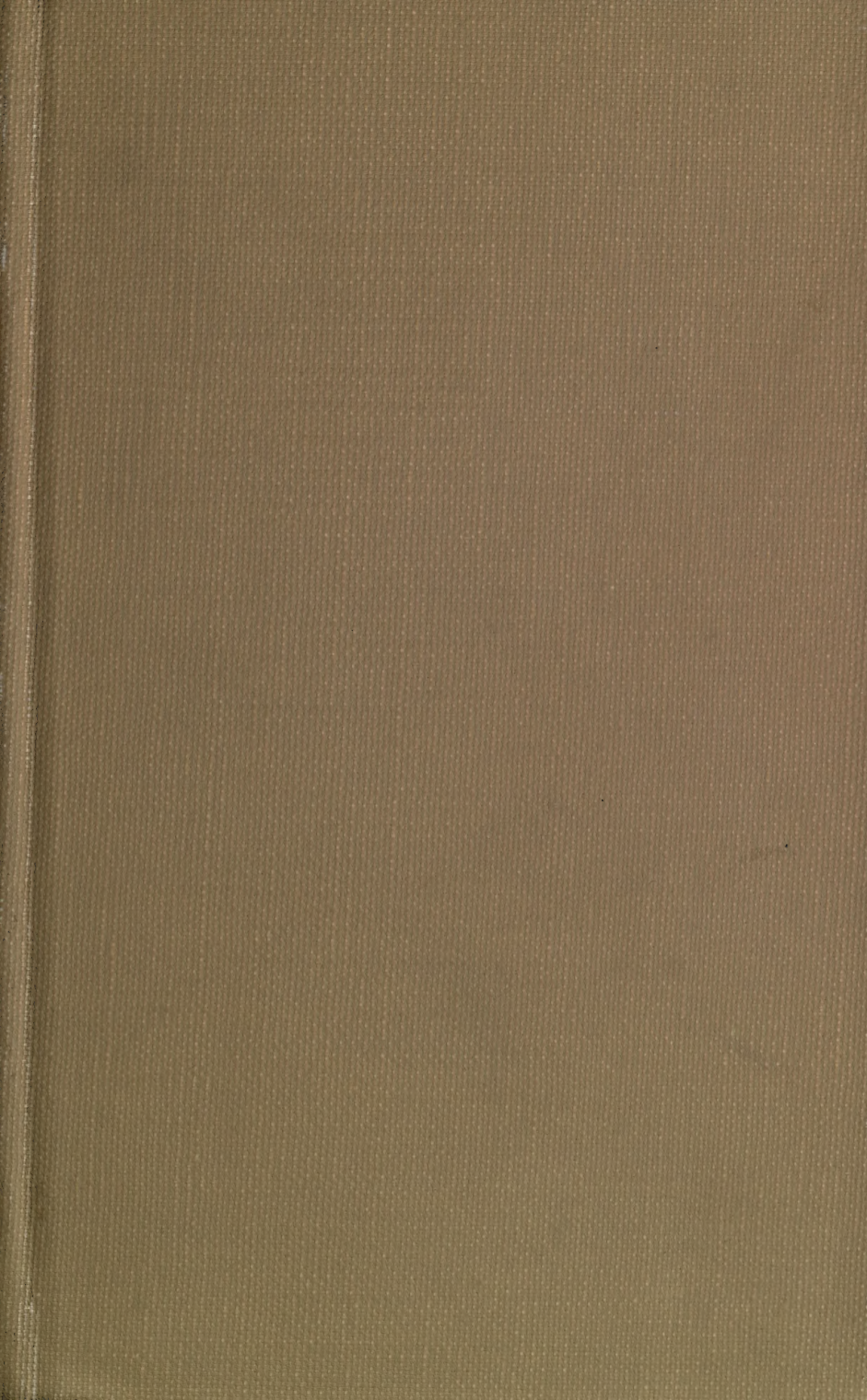






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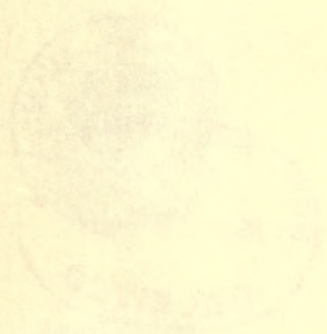
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XIV.

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.

	PAGE
Preface	1
Chapter I. Adieu, Charmant Pays	4
" II. The Two Catherines	18
" III. By the River	129
" IV. Eat, Drink, and be Merry	136
" V. What Catherine wished for	144
" VI. My Love in her Attire doth show her Wit	358
" VII. "À quoi je Songe"	367
" VIII. Reine	377
" IX. Reine in her Farmyard	487
" X. A Bouquet of Marguerites	495
" XI. A Pilgrimage	503
" XII. Plastic Circumstance	513
" XIII. Mendelssohn's Wedding-march	521
" XIV. Madame Fontaine at Home in the Chalet	527
" XV. In the Twilight at Lambswold	641
" XVI. Music hath Charms	648
" XVII. M. & N.	657

THE CLAVERINGS. By Anthony Trollope.

Chapter XVI. The Rivals	85
" XVII. Let her Know that you're There	93
" XVIII. Captain Clavering makes his First Attempt	100
" XIX. The Blue Posts	198
" XX. Desolation	207
" XXI. Yes ; Wrong ;—Certainly Wrong	215
" XXII. The Day of the Funeral	257
" XXIII. Cumberly Lane without the Mud	266
" XXIV. The Russian Spy	272
" XXV. What would Men say of You ?	385
" XXVI. The Man who dusted his Boots with his Handkerchief	393
" XXVII. Freshwater Gate	400
" XXVIII. What Cecilia Burton did for her Sister-in-law	604
" XXIX. How Damon parted from Pythias	613
" XXX. Doodles in Mount Street	620
" XXXI. Harry Clavering's Confession	702
" XXXII. Florence Burton Packs up a Packet	708
" XXXIII. Showing why Harry Clavering was wanted at the Rectory	717

	Page
Agriculturist (The) in Prussia. (By a German).....	183
Army, The Prussian	548
Arnold, Matthew : The Study of Celtic Literature. Part IV. Conclusion	110
Art, The Relation (of) to Nature.....	28
Breech-Loaders	342
Campaign, The Story of a.....	586
Catherine (St.) and Sienna	299
Celtic Literature, The Study of. By Matthew Arnold. Part IV. Conclusion.	110
Cleopatra. By Algernon Swinburne	331
Clough's Life and Poems	410
Cornice, On the. (Mentone and San Remo).....	586
Criminal Women	152
Defamation	174
Devil (The) and Dr. Faustus	687
Dramatists (Two) of the Last Century	726
Drive, A Kangaroo.....	735
Earnsdale, Parsonism in	80
Education of the Working-Classes, A Working Man on the	283
Faustus, Dr., The History of.....	687
Flirtation, The Theory of	192
Gennesaret	747
Gondola, In a	564
Good Looks	334
Good Society in Vienna.....	629
Granny Leatham's Revenge	313
Harvest, The Pearl.....	161
In a Gondola	564
India, The Peace-Conflicts of.....	422
Kangaroo Drive (A)	735
Language and Thought. (An Appendix).	69
Leatham (Granny's) Revenge	313
Leucatheia (Sister)	432
Literature, The Study of Celtic. By Matthew Arnold. Part IV. Conclusion	110
"London," The Loss of the Steamship. (By One of the Survivors)	37
Looks, Good.....	334
Love's Light.....	224
Mediaeval Warfare	666
Nature, The Relation of Art to.....	28
Naval Men	462
Night (A) on the Ortlor Spitz	480



THE TWO CATHERINES.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1866.

The Village on the Cliff.

PREFACE.

WE have all of us in the course of our life's journeys sometimes lived for a little while in places which were wearisome and monotonous to us at the time; which had little to attract or to interest; we may have left them without regret, never even wishing to return. But yet as we have travelled away, we may have found that through some subtle and unconscious attraction, sights, sounds, and peculiarities which we thought we had scarcely noticed, seem to be repeating themselves in our brains; the atmosphere of the place seems to be haunting us, as though unwilling to let us escape. And this peculiar distinctness and vividness does not appear to wear out



with time and distance. The pictures are like those of a magic-lantern, and come suddenly out of the dimness and darkness, starting into life when the lamp is lighted by some chance association; so clearly and sharply defined and coloured, that we can scarcely believe that they are only reflections from old slides which have been lying in our store for years past.

The slides upon which this little history is painted, somewhat rudely

and roughly, have come from Petitport in Normandy, a dull little fishing town upon the coast. It stands almost opposite to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. The place is quite uninteresting, the district is not beautiful, but broad and fertile and sad and pleasant together. The country folks are high-spirited and sometimes gay, but usually grave, as people are who live by the sea. They are a well-grown, stately race, good-mannered, ready and shrewd in their talk and their dealings; they are willing to make friends, but they are at the same time reserved and careful of what they say. English people are little known at Petitport—one or two had stayed at the Château de Tracy “dans le temps,” they told me, for Madame herself was of English parentage, and so was Madame Fontaine who married from there. But the strangers who came to lodge in the place for the sake of the sea-bathing and the fine sands were from Caen and Bayeux for the most part, and only remained during a week or two.

Except just on fête days and while the bathing time lasted, everything was very still at Petitport. Sometimes all the men would go away together in their boats, leaving the women and children alone in the village. I was there after the bathing season was over, and before the first fishing fleet left. The fishermen's wives were all busy preparing provisions, making ready, sewing at warm clothes, and helping to mend the nets before their husbands' departure. I could see them hard at work through the open doors as I walked up the steep little village street.

There is a precipitous path at the farther end of the village, which leads down to the beach below. One comes to it by some steps which descend along the side of a smart little house built on the very edge of the cliff—a “châlet” they call it. It has many windows and weather-cocks, and muslin curtains and wooden balconies, and there is a sort of embankment or terrace-walk half-way to the sea. This was Madame Fontaine's châlet, the people told me—her husband had left it to her in his last will and testament—but she did not inhabit it. I had never seen any one come out of the place except once a fiercely-capped maid-servant with beetle brows, who went climbing up the hill beyond the châlet, and finally disappeared over its crest. It seemed as if the maid and the house were destined to be blown right away in time; all the winds came rushing across the fields and the country, and beating against the hill-side, and it was a battle to reach the steps which led down to the quiet below. A wide sea is heaving and flashing at one's feet, as one descends the steep, the boats lie like specks on the shingle, birds go flying wind-blown below one's feet, and the rushing sound of the tide seems to fill the air. When I reached the foot of the cliff at last, I looked about for some place to rest. A young countrywoman was sitting not far off on the side of a boat—a shabby old boat it was, full of water and sand and seaweed, with a patch of deal in its old brown coat. I was tired, and I went and sat down too.

The woman did not look round or make any movement, and remained quite still, a quiet figure against the long line of coast, staring at the receding tide. Some sailors not far off were shouting to one another, and

busy with a fishing smack which they had dragged up high and dry and safe from the water. Presently, one of the men came plodding up over the shingle, and I asked him if he wanted his boat.

"Even if I wanted it, I should not think of disturbing you and Mademoiselle Reine," answered the old fellow. He had a kindly puzzled weather-beaten face. "Remain, remain," he said.

"Hé, huh!" shouted his companions, filing off, "come and eat." But he paid no attention to their call, and went on talking. He had been out all night, but he had only caught cuttle-fish, he told me. They were not good to eat—they required so much beating before they could be cooked. They seize the boats with their long straggling legs. . . . "Did I hear of their clutching hold of poor old Nanon Lefebvre the other day, when she was setting her nets? Mademoiselle Reine could tell me the long and the short of it, for she was on the spot and called for help."

"And you came and killed the beast, and there was an end of it," said Mademoiselle Reine, shortly, glancing round with a pair of flashing bright eyes, and then turning her back upon us once more.

Hers was a striking and heroic type of physiognomy. She interested me then, as she has done ever since that day. There was something fierce, bright, good-humoured about her. There was heart and strength and sentiment in her face—so I thought, at least, as she flashed round upon us. It is a rare combination, for women are not often both gentle and strong. She had turned her back again, however, and I went on talking to the old sailor. Had he had a good season—had he been fortunate in his fishing?

A strange doubting look came into his face, and he spoke very slowly. "I have read in the Holy Gospels," he said, turning his cap round in his hands, "that when St. Peter and his companions were commanded to let down their nets, they enclosed such a multitude of fishes that their nets brake. I am sorry that the time for miracles is past. I have often caught fish, but my nets have never yet broken from the quantity they contained."

"You are all preparing to start for Dieppe?" I said, to change the subject.

"We go in a day or two," he answered; "perhaps a hundred boats will be starting. We go here, we go there—may be at a league's distance. It is curious to see. We are drifting about; we ask one another, 'Hast thou found the herring?' and we answer, 'No! there is no sign;' and perhaps at last some one says, 'It is at such-and-such a place.' We have landmarks. We have one at Asnelles, for instance," and he pointed to the glittering distant village, on the tongue of land which jutted into the sea at the horizon. "And then it happens," said the old fellow, "that all of a sudden we come upon what we are searching for. . . . We have enough then, for we find them close-packed together, like this;" and he pressed his two brown hands against one another.

"And is not that a miracle to satisfy you, Christophe Lefebvre?" said

the woman, speaking in a deep sweet voice, with a strange ringing chord in it, and once more flashing round.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, quite seriously, "they are but herrings. Now St. Peter caught trout in his nets. I saw that in the picture which you showed me last Easter, when I went up to Tracy. I am only a rough man," he went on, speaking to me again. "I can't speak like those smart gentlemen from Paris, who make 'calembours,' and who have been to college; you must forgive me if I have offended you, or said anything wrongly. I have only been to one school at our little village; I learnt what I could there. . . ."

"And to that other school, Christophe," said the deep voice again; and the young woman pointed to the sea.

Then he brightened up. "There, indeed, I have learnt a great many things, and I defy any one of those fine gentlemen to teach me a single fact regarding it."

"And yet there are some of them—of the fine gentlemen, as you call them," she said, looking him full in the face, "who are not out of place on board a boat, as you ought to know well enough."

Lefebvre shrugged his shoulders. "Monsieur Richard," he said, "and M. de Tracy too, they liked being on board, and were not afraid of a wetting. Monsieur Fontaine, pauvre homme, it was not courage he wanted. Vous n'avez pas tort, Mademoiselle Reine. Permit me to ask you if you have had news lately of the widow? She is a good and pretty person" (he said to me), "and we of the country all like her."

"She is good and pretty, as you say," answered the young woman shortly. "You ask me for news, Christophe. I had some news of her this morning; Madame Fontaine is going to be married again." And then suddenly turning away, Mademoiselle Reine rose abruptly from her seat and walked across the sands out towards the distant sea.

CHAPTER I.

ADIEU, CHARMANT PAYS.

FIVE O'CLOCK on a fine Sunday,—western light streaming along the shore, low cliffs stretching away on either side, with tufted grasses and thin straggling flowers growing from the loose arid soil,—far-away promontories, flashing and distant shores, which the tides have not yet overlapped, all shining in the sun. The waves swell steadily inwards, the foam sparkles where the ripples meet the sands.

The horizon is solemn dark blue, but a great streak of light crosses the sea; three white sails gleam, so do the white caps of the peasant-women, and the wings of the seagulls as they go swimming through the air.

Holiday people are out in their Sunday clothes. They go strolling

along the shore, or bathing and screaming to each other in the waters. The countrymen wear their blue smocks of a darker blue than the sea, and they walk by their wives and sweethearts in their gay-coloured Sunday petticoats. A priest goes by; a grand lady in frills, yellow shoes, red jacket, fly-away hat, and a cane. Her husband is also in scarlet and yellow. Then come more women and Normandy caps flapping, gossiping together, and baskets and babies, and huge umbrellas. A figure, harlequin-like, all stripes and long legs, suddenly darts from behind a rock, and frisks into the water, followed by a dog barking furiously. More priests go by from the seminary at Asnelles. Then perhaps a sister of charity, with her large flat shoes, accompanied by two grand-looking bonnets.

I believe M. le Sous-préfet himself had been seen on the sands that afternoon, by Marion, by Isabeau, by Madame Potier, and all the village, in short. M. le Maire had also been remarked walking with the English gentlemen from the château; one pair of eyes watched the two curiously as they went by. The little Englishman was sauntering in his odd loose clothes; Monsieur Fontaine, the maire, tripping beside him with short, quick military steps, neat gaiters, a cane, thread gloves, and a curly-rimmed Panama hat. M. Fontaine was the taller of the two, but the Englishman seemed to keep ahead somehow, although he only sauntered and dragged one leg lazily after the other. Pélotier the inn-keeper had been parading up and down all the afternoon with his rich and hideous bride. She went mincing along with a parasol and mittens and gold earrings and a great gold ring on her forefinger, and a Paris cap stuck over with pins and orange-flowers. She looked daggers at Reine Chrétien, who had scorned Pélotier, and boxed his great red ears, it was said earrings and all. As for Reine she marched past the couple in her Normandy peasant dress, with its beautiful old laces, and gold ornaments, looking straight before her, as she took the arm of her grandfather, the old farmer from Tracy.

Besides all these grown-up people there comes occasionally a little flying squadron of boys and girls, rushing along, tumbling down, shouting and screaming at the pitch of their voices, to the scandal of the other children who are better brought up, and who are soberly trotting in their small bourrelets and bibs and blouses by the side of their fathers and mothers. The babies are the solemnest and the funniest of all, as they stare at the sea and the company from their tight maillots or cocoons.

The country folks meet, greet one another cheerfully, and part with signs and jokes; the bathers go on shouting and beating the water; the lights dance. In the distance, across the sands, you see the figures walking leisurely homewards before the tide overtakes them; the sky gleams whiter and whiter at the horizon, and bluer and more blue behind the arid grasses that fringe the overhanging edges of the cliffs.

Four or five little boys come running up one by one, handkerchief-flying umbrella-bearer ahead to the martial sound of a penny trumpet.

The little captain pursues them breathless and exhausted, brandishing his sword in an agony of command. "Soldats," he says, addressing his refractory troops,—*"Soldats, souvenez-vous qu'il ne faut jamais courrir. Soldats, ne courez pas, je vous en prrrrie—une, deux, trois,"* and away they march to the relief of a sand fort which is being attacked by the sea. And so the day goes on and the children play—

Among the waste and lumber of the shore.
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn.

And while they build "their castles of dissolving sand to watch them overflow," the air, and the sounds, and the colours in which all these people are moving, seem to grow clearer and clearer; you can see the country people clambering the cliffs behind the village, and hear the voices and the laughter of the groups assembled on the embanked market-place. And meanwhile M. le Maire and the Englishman are walking slowly along the sands towards Tracy—with long grotesque shadows lengthening as the sun begins to set.

"I hope you will revisit our little town before long," M. Fontaine was politely remarking to his companion. "I hear that you start to-morrow, and that Madame de Tracy accompanies you."

"My aunt declares she cannot possibly go alone," said the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders, and speaking in very good French for an Englishman, "or I should have been glad to stay another week."

"You have not yet visited the oyster-park at Courseulles," said M. le Maire, looking concerned. "It is a pity that you depart so soon."

"I am very unfortunate to miss such a chance," said the Englishman, smiling.

The Maire of Petitport seemed to think this a most natural regret. "Courseulles is a deeply-interesting spot," he said. "Strangers travel from far to visit it. You have nothing of the sort in your country, I believe. You would see the education of the oyster there brought to its highest point of perfection. They are most intelligent animals, I am assured; one would not have imagined it. You would see them sorted out according to size, in commodious tanks. Every variety is there—from enormous patriarchal oysters to little baby ones, *en maillot*, I may say. The returns are enormous, I believe. And then you have such a fine air at Courseulles; magnificent plains—a vast horizon—no trees, nothing to interrupt the coup-d'œil. The effect of the moon shining on the marshes and the establishment is really striking."

"I think old Chrétien has a share in the concern," said the Englishman.

"Mademoiselle Reine and her grandfather are very reserved upon the subject, and I have never been able to ascertain exactly what their yearly percentage amounts to," said Fontaine, confidentially holding up one thin hand. "I know that she drives over once a month in her spring-cart, to

superintend the affairs. She is a person, as you are aware, of great method and order; and indeed, in affairs, it is absolutely necessary."

"She seems to manage the farm very fairly," said the other. "Old Chrétien is a stupid old fellow, always drinking cider; he don't seem to do much else."

"Alas, no!" replied Fontaine. "I look upon drunkenness as a real misfortune. He has told me in confidence that he cannot exist without the stimulant of cider. Even Mademoiselle Reine cannot persuade him to abandon it."

"I cannot imagine anybody having any difficulty in refraining from cider," said the other, smiling again. "She was good to give me some the other day, with soupe aux choux; and I confess——"

"Comment, Monsieur Butler! You do not like our cider?" said the maire, looking quite surprised. "It is because you have the taste of your 'potter' still in your mouth. Come back to us, and I promise to convert you."

"Very well, that is a bargain," said Butler, looking about him a little distractedly. Madame Pélotier, who happened to be passing, imagined that he was admiring her elegance. She drew herself up, stuck out her forefinger, and bowed. The maire, with a brisk glissade, returned the salute.

"I sometimes ask," Fontaine remarked, as he replaced his curly-rimmed hat, "how that excellent fellow, Pélotier, can have married himself with that monstrous person. She brought him, it is true, an excellent dot and a good connection at Caen, also at Bayeux; but in his place nothing would have persuaded me to unite myself with a young lady so disgracious and ill brought-up."

"Then you have thought of marrying again?" asked Butler, glancing at the spruce figure beside him.

The maire looked conscious, and buttoned his coat. "I once contemplated some proposals," he said, "to a person who was well-off, and who might have made an amiable mother to my child, but the affair came to nothing. I do not mind telling you it was Mademoiselle Chrétien herself that I had in view. After all, why should I marry? Hein? My good mother takes care of my little son; my father-in-law is much attached to him; I have an excellent cuisinière, entirely devoted to our family—you know Justine? Sometimes," said M. Fontaine, gazing at the sea, "a vague feeling comes over me that, if I could find a suitable person, life might appear less monotonous, more interesting. I should feel more gay, in better spirits, with the society of an agreeable companion. These are mere reveries, the emotions of a poetic imagination; for where am I to find the person?"

"Is there much difficulty?" said Butler, amused.

"I do not generally mention it, but I do not mind telling you," said M. le Maire, "that our family, through misfortunes—by the stupidity of some, the ill-conduct of others—no longer holds the place in society to which it is entitled. But I do not forget that I belong to an ancient race.

I would wish for a certain refinement in my future companion which I cannot discover among the ladies of the vicinity. There is nothing to suit me at Bayeux; at Caen I may possibly discover what I require. I shall certainly make inquiries on my next visit."

"And so you did not arrange matters with Mademoiselle Reine?" said the Englishman.

"Steps were taken," M. Fontaine replied, mysteriously nodding his head, "but without any result. I for one do not regret it. With all her excellent qualities and her good blood—her mother was of a noble house, we all know—there is a certain abruptness—in a word, Mademoiselle Reine is somewhat bourgeoise in her manner, and I am not sorry that the transaction fell through. Old Père Chrétien required me to produce a sum out of all reason. Neither he nor Mademoiselle Reine were in the least accommodating—Ha, Madame Michaud—Madame!" a bow, a flourish of the Panama to a stout old lady with a clean cap and a parasol. The maire had held Butler fast for the last hour, and might have gone on chattering indefinitely, if the Englishman, seeing him involved with his new friend, had not pulled out his watch and escaped, saying he must go home. The maire took a disconsolate leave. Nemesis, in the shape of Madame Michaud, with some wrongs and a great deal to say about them, had overtaken Monsieur le Maire and held him fast prisoner, while Richard Butler marched off with that odd sauntering walk of his, and made the best of his way to the château.

He tramped along the foot of the cliff, crunching over seaweed and stones and mussel-shells. He passed old Nanette Lefebvre trimming her nets, sitting in a heap on the sand, with her bare legs in huge wooden sabots, and her petticoats tucked up. Though it was a fête day, the old fish-wife could not afford to miss her chance of a *bonne aubaine*. "J'allons mettre mes filets à la basse marée," said Nanon, quite contented. "Je vous souhaite le bonsoir, mon petit monsieur." Mr. Hook might have made a pretty sketch of the old brown face with the shrewd black eyes, and the white coif, of the crisp rocks, the blue sea, and the tattered striped petticoat. A peculiar brightness and clearness of atmosphere is like a varnish to the live pictures one meets with at every turn on the shores yonder. The colours are fainter and brighter than in England, the backgrounds lie flat, undiversified, scantily broken by trees, but the figures stand out in pale relief, with a grace, an unconscious pastoral sentiment which is almost unknown among us. Have we not outgrown the charm of tradition, old songs and saws, and ways and appliances, national dress, and simple country life? Faded, battered wire bonnets; vulgarity, millinery, affectation, parasols, crinolines—it seems strange that such things should so surely supersede in time all the dear and touching relics of the bygoing still life of our ancestors. Perhaps a day will come when the old charm will exorcise the land again, bringing back its songs and rural poetry, its grace and vanishing sentiment.

It almost appears as if consciousness destroyed and blighted whatever

it laid its fatal hand upon. We have all learnt to love and admire art in our daily life, and to look for it here and there; but as we look, somehow, and as we exclaim,—Here or there behold it!—the fairies vanish, the birds fly away, the tranquil silence is broken, the simple unconsciousness is gone for ever, and you suddenly awake from your pleasant dream. A ruin enclosed by a wall and viewed with a ticket, a model old woman in a sham rustic cottage at the park gate; even the red cloaks of the village children which the lady at the hall brought down from Marshall and Snellgrove's, when she was in town last Tuesday—all these only become scenes in a pantomime somehow. In these days, one is so used to sham and imitation, and Brummagem, that when by chance one comes to the real thing, it is hard to believe in it. At least, so Butler thought, as he trudged along.

Presently he began to climb the cliff, and he reached the top at last with the great fields and the sea on either side, and the fresh breezes blowing. He did not go into the village, but turned straight off and strode up the hill. He passed groups all along the road, resting or plodding through the dust. The west was all aglow with sunset, great ranges of cloud mountains were coming from a distance and hanging overhead in the sky. He beheld fiery lakes, calm seas, wonderful countries. He could see land and sky and sea glowing for miles and miles in wreathing vapours of loveliest tint, and golden sun-floods. Butler trudged along, admiring, wondering, and at the same time with his head full of one thing and another.

He was loth enough to go, but there was no help for it. He had been in scrapes and troubles at home, and had come away for a change, and now he felt he should get into a scrape if he stayed, and they had sent for him home again. His uncle, Charles Butler, had paid his debts once more, and his uncle Hervey had written him a lofty and discursive epistle conveying his forgiveness, desiring him to come back to his work and his studio. His aunt, Madame de Tracy, announced that she would accompany him to England, spend a short time with her two brothers, and make the way smooth for her nephew. Madame de Tracy had but ten fingers, but if she had possessed twenty she would have wished to make use of each one of them in that culinary process to which the old proverb alludes. Her efforts had never been successful as far as Butler was concerned.

Dick, as his friends call him, had been cursed with a facility for getting into scrapes all his lifetime. He had an odd fantastic mind, which had come to him no one knew how or why. He was sensitive, artistic, appreciative. He was vain and diffident; he was generous and selfish; he was warm-hearted, and yet he was too much a man of the world not to have been somewhat tainted by its ways. Like other and better men, Dick's tastes were with the aristocracy, his sympathies with the people. He was not strong enough to carry out his own theories, though he could propound them very eloquently, in a gentle drawl—

ing voice, not unpleasant to listen to. He was impressionable enough to be easily talked over and persuaded for a time, but there was with it all a fund of secret obstinacy and determination which would suddenly reassert itself, at inconvenient moments sometimes. In that last scrape of his, Dick having first got deeply into debt, in a moment of aberration had proposed to a very plain but good-natured young lady with a great deal of money. He had made the offer at the instigation of his relations, and to quiet them and deliver himself from their persecutions, and he then behaved shamefully, as it is called, for he was no sooner accepted, to his surprise and consternation, than he wrote a very humble but explicit note to the heiress, telling her that the thing was impossible. That she must forgive him if she could, but he felt that the mercenary motives which had induced him to come forward were so unworthy of her and of himself, that the only course remaining to him was to confess his meanness and to throw himself upon her good-nature. Poor Dick! the storm which broke upon his curly head was a terrible one. He had fled in alarm.

His curly head had stood him in stead of many a better quality; his confidence and good manners had helped him out of many a well-deserved scrape, but he was certainly no sinewy hero, no giant, no Titan, like those who have lately revisited the earth—(and the circulating libraries, to their very great advantage and improvement).—So far he was effeminate that he had great quickness of perception, that he was enthusiastic and self-indulgent, and shrunk from pain for himself or for others. He had been petted and spoiled in his youth, and he might have been a mere puppet and walking gentleman to this day, if it had not been for that possession, that odd little craze in his mind which seemed to bring him to life somehow, and force him into independence and self-denial; and Charles Butler, his eldest uncle, used to make jokes at him, or occasionally burst out in a fume when Dick gravely assured him he believed himself possessed and unaccountable for his actions. But for all his vexation, the old man could not resist the young fellow's handsome face, and his honest, unaffected ways, and his cleverness and his droll conceit, and humility, and grateful ingratitude, so to speak. His scrapes, after all, were thoughtless, not wicked ones, and so old Butler paid and paid, and preached a little, and jibed a great deal, and offered him regular employment, but Dick would not be regularly employed, would not be helped, would not be made angry; it seemed all in vain to try to influence him.

"If your pictures were worth the canvas," the old fellow would say, "I should be only too thankful to see you so harmlessly occupied; but what is this violet female biting an orange, and standing with her toes turned in and her elbows turned out? P. R. B's. I have no patience with the nonsense. Pray, were Sir Joshua, and Lawrence, and Gainsborough, and Romney, before Raphael or after? and could they paint a pretty woman, or could they not?"

"They could paint in their way," Dick would answer, twirling his

moustache, "and I, probably, can appreciate them better than you can, sir. You haven't read my article in the *Art Review*, I see." And then the two would talk away at one another for an hour or more. It all ended in Dick going his own way, wasting his time, throwing away opportunities, picking up shreds that he seemed to have thrown away, making friends wherever he went, with the children of light or of darkness as the case might be.

As Dick walked along the high road to Tracy this afternoon, he replied to one greeting and another: good-humoured looking women stepping out by their men-companions, grinned and nodded to him as they passed on; children trotting along the road cried out, "Bon-soir," in the true Normandy sing-song. Butler occasionally interrupted his somewhat remorseful meditations to reply to them. "What a fool he was!" he was thinking. Alas! this is often what people are thinking as they walk for a little way alone along the high road of life. How he had wasted his youth, his time, his chances. Here he was, at eight-and-twenty, a loiterer in the race. He had tried hard enough at times, but life had gone wrong with him somehow. "Why was he always in trouble?" poor Butler asked himself; "dissatisfied, out of pocket and temper? Why was he unhappy now when matters were beginning to brighten, and one more chance offered itself for him to retrieve the past?" He had a terror lest the future should only be a repetition of times gone by—thoughtless imprudence, idleness, recklessness.—He thought if he could turn his back upon it all, and take up a new life under another name, he would be well content,—if he could put on a blouse and dig in the fields like these sunburnt fellows, and forget all cares and anxieties and perplexities in hard physical labour and fatigue. A foolish passionate longing for the simpler forms of life had come over him of late. He was sick of cities, of men, of fine ladies, of unsuccessful efforts, of constant disappointment and failure. He was tired of being tired and of the problems of daily life which haunted and perplexed him. Here, perhaps, he might be at peace, living from day to day and from hour to hour.

And yet he felt that the best and truest part of him, such as it was, was given to his art, and that he would sacrifice everything, every hope for better things, if he sacrificed to weariness, to laziness,—to a fancy,—what he would not give up for expediency and success. He was no genius, he could not look for any brilliant future; he was discouraged and out of heart. He blinked with his short-sighted eyes across the country towards a hollow far away, where a farmstead was nestling; he could see the tall roof gleaming among the trees and the stacks. How loth he was to go. He imagined himself driving cattle to market along the dusty roads; bargaining; hiring labourers, digging drains, tossing hay into carts; training fruit-trees, working in the fields. It was an absurdity, and Butler sighed, for he knew it was absurd. He must go, whether he would or not; he had seen the last of the place and the people in it; he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of good and of evil, it was too late, he could

not be Adam living with his Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was a garden full of apples, bounteous, fruitful, which was spread out before him, stretching from the lilac hills all down to the sea, but it was not the Garden of Eden. Had Eve bright quick brown eyes, Butler wondered; did she come and go busily? did she make ciders and salads, and light fires of dried sticks in the evenings? Did she carefully pick up the fruit that fell to the ground and store it away? did she pull flowers to decorate her bower with, and feed the young heifers with leaves out of her hand? Did she scatter grain for the fowls of the air? did she call all the animals by their names and fondle them with her pretty slim fingers? did she, when they had been turned out of Paradise, weave garments for herself and for Adam with a spinning-wheel, as Butler had seen the women use in these parts? Had she a sweet odd voice with a sort of chord in it? Dick sighed again and walked on quickly, watching a great cloud-ship high overhead. And as he walked writing his cares with his footsteps on the dust, as Carlyle says somewhere, a cart which had been jolting up the hill-side passed him on the road.

It was full of country-people: a young man with a flower stuck into his cap was driving, an old man was sitting beside him. Inside the cart were three women and some children. One little fellow was leaning right over, blowing a big trumpet and holding a flag. The other children were waving branches and pulling at a garland of vine-leaves, of which one end was dragging, baskets were slung to the shafts below, two dogs were following and barking, while the people in the cart were chaunting a sort of chorus as they went jolting along the road.

They sang while the children waved their branches in accompaniment. It looked like a christening party, with the white ribbons and flowers. One of the young women held a little white baby in her arms: another sat as if she was in a boat, holding fast a pretty little curly-headed girl, while the other arm dropped loosely over the side.

As the cart jogged past him, the children recognized Butler, who was well known to them, and they began to call to him and to wave their toys to attract his attention. The two men took off their caps, the women nodded, and went on singing; all except the young woman who had been leaning back—she looked up, smiled, and made the little girl next her kiss her hand to the wayfarer.

“Good-by, Reine,” said Butler, in English, starting forward. “I’m going to-morrow.”

Reine, jogging away, did not seem to understand what he said—she stretched out her long neck, half turned to the others, then looked back again at Dick. The other two women did not heed her, but went on shrilly chaunting—

Si le chemin nous ennuie
L’un à l’autre nous boirons !

And a second verse—

Voici tous gens de courage
 Lesquels s'en vont en voyage
 Jusque par-de-là des monts
 Faire ce pèlerinage.
 Tous boire nous ne pouvons.
 Que la bouteille on n'oublie.
 En regrettant Normandie,
 En regrettant

went the chorus with the men's voices joining in. There was a sudden decline in the hill, and the horse that had been going slowly before, set off at a trot. Reine was still leaning back and looking after Butler. Dick never turned his head as he walked quietly on towards Tracy. It seemed to him as if the sun had set suddenly, and that a cold east wind was coming up from the sea.

The cart jogged off towards the farmstead which Dick had seen nestling among the trees—Dick went on his road through the growing dusk. About half an hour later, Madame Michaud, belated and in a great hurry, drove past him in her little open gig; she pulled up, however, to offer him a lift, which Butler declined with thanks.

The road makes a sudden turn about a mile before you reach the château, and Dick could perceive the glow of the windows of the old place already beginning to light up. He could also see a distant speck of light in the plain, shining through darker shadow. Had Reine reached home, he wondered? was that the flare of the Colza blaze through the open door of the dwelling, or the lamp placed in the window as a signal to Dominic and her grandfather that the supper was ready? "It is as well I am going to-morrow," Butler ruefully thought once more.

It was almost dark by the time he reached the iron gates of the Château de Tracy, where his dinner was cooking, and his French relations were awaiting his return. They were sitting out—dusky forms of aunts and cousins—on chairs and benches, upon the terrace in front of the old place, enjoying the evening breeze, fresh though it was. English people would have huddled into cloaks and bonnets, or gathered round close up to the wood-fire in the great bare saloon on a night like this; but French people are less cautious and chilly than we are, and indeed there are no insidious damps lurking in the keen dry atmosphere of Normandy, no hidden dangers to fear as with us. To-night the mansarde windows in the high roof, the little narrow windows in the turret, and many of the shuttered casements down below were lighted up brightly. The old house looked more cheerful than in the day-time, when to English eyes a certain mouldiness and neglect seemed to hang about the place. Persons passing by at night, when the lamps were lighted, travellers in the diligence from Bayeux, and other wayfarers, sometimes noticed the old château blazing by the roadside, and speculated dimly,—as people do when they see signs of an unknown life,—as to what sort of people were living, what sort of a history was passing, behind the grey walls. There would be voices on the terrace, music coming from

the open windows. The servants clustering round the gates, after their work was over, would greet the drivers of the passing vehicles. As the diligence pulled up, something would be handed down, or some one would get out of the interior, and vanish into this unknown existence—the cheerful voices would exchange good-nights. . . . When Richard Butler first came he arrived by this very Bayeux diligence, and he was interested and amused as he would have been by a scene at the play.

It was by this same Bayeux diligence that he started early the next morning after his walk along the cliff. Madame de Tracy, who always wanted other people to alter their plans suddenly at the last moment, and for no particular reason, had endeavoured to persuade her nephew to put off his departure for twenty-four hours. But Dick was uneasy, and anxious to be off. He had made up his mind that it was best to go, and this waiting about and lingering was miserable work. Besides, he had received a letter from a friend, who was looking out for him at a certain shabby little hotel at Caen, well known to them both. Dick told his aunt that he would stay there and wait until she came the next day, but that he should leave Tracy by the first diligence in the morning; and for once he spoke as if he meant what he said.

And so it was settled, and Richard packed up his picture overnight, and went off at seven o'clock, without his breakfast, in the rattling little diligence. An unexpected pleasure was in store for him. He found M. Fontaine already seated within it, tightly wedged between two farmers' wives, who were going to market with their big baskets and umbrellas, and their gold earrings and banded caps. M. le Maire was going into Bayeux, "*pour affaire*," he informed the company. But Richard Butler was silent, and little inclined for the conversation which M. Fontaine tried to keep up as well as he could through the handles of the baskets with his English friend, with the other occupants of the vehicle, and with the ladies on his right and his left. He suited his subjects to his auditory. He asked Madame Nicholas if she was going to the fair at Creully, and if she had reason to believe that there would be as much amusement there this year as the last. He talked to Madame Binaud of the concert in the church the week before, and of the sum which M. le Curé had cleared by the entertainment. To Dick he observed, in allusion to his intended journey, "What a wonderful power is *le steam*! You can, if you choose, dine at Paris to-night, and breakfast in London to-morrow morning. What should we do," asked Fontaine, "without the aid of this useful and surprising invention?"

"Eh bien! moi qui vous parle, Monsieur le Maire," said Madame Binaud—"I have never yet been in one of those machines à vapeur, nor do I ever desire to go. Binaud, he went up to Paris last harvest-time, and he came back, sure enough. But I don't like them," said Madame Binaud, shaking her head, and showing her white teeth.

Madame Binaud was a Conservative. She was very stout, and wore a high cap with big flaps that were somewhat out of date. Madame

Nicholas was a bright, lively little woman, with a great store of peaches in her basket, a crinoline, a Paris cap, and all the latest innovations.

They went on slowly climbing the hill for some time, and as they turned a corner, Dick caught one more sight of Petitport, all white against the blue sea, and very distinct in the early morning light. Then the diligence rolled on more quickly, and the great towers of Bayeux Cathedral came rising across the plain. Butler looked back again and again, but he could see the village no more. What was the charm which attracted him so strangely to the poor little place? he asked himself. Did he love the country for its own sake, or only for the sake of the people he left there? But the diligence was banging and rattling over the Bayeux stones by this time, and it was no use asking himself any more questions.

"Monsieur," solemnly said Madame Binaud, as she and her friend prepared to get down, "je vous souhaite un bon voyage."

"Bon jour, messieurs!" said Madame Nicholas, cheerfully, while M. Fontaine carefully handed out the ladies' baskets and umbrellas, and a pair of sabots belonging to Madame Binaud.

The maire himself descended at the banker's. It was an old-fashioned porte-cochère, leading into a sunny, deserted courtyard. M. Fontaine stood in the doorway. He was collecting his mind for one last parting effort. "My dear fren'! good voyage," he said in English, waving his Panama, as Dick drove off to the station.

M. Fontaine accomplished his business, and jogged back to Petitport in the diligence that evening, once more in company with Madame Binaud, and Madame Nicholas, who had disposed of her peaches.

"Il est gentil, le petit Monsieur Anglais," said Madame Nicholas. "Anglais, Allemand; c'est la même chose, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur Fontaine?"

"Not at all, not at all; the nations are entirely distinct," says Fontaine—delighted to have an opportunity of exhibiting his varied information before the passengers.

"I should like to know where he has got to by this time," said Madame Binaud, solemnly nodding her stupid old head.

Dick is only a very little way off, sitting upon a pile, and saying farewell for a time to the country he loves. "Adieu, charmant pays de France," he is whistling somewhat dolefully.

There is a river, and some people are sitting on some logs of wood which have been left lying along the embankment, there is a dying sunstreak in the west, and the stars are quietly brightening overhead.

The water reflects the sunstreak and the keels of the ships which are moored to the quai. Beyond the quai the river flows across a plain, through gray and twilight mystery towards Paris with its domes and triumphal arches miles and miles away. Here, against the golden-vaulted background, crowd masts and spires and gable-roofs like those of a goblin

city, and casements from which the lights of the old town are beginning to shine and to be reflected in the water.

The old town whose lights are kindling is Caen in Normandy. The people who are sitting on the logs are some country folks, and two English travellers who have strolled out with their cigars after dinner.

It seems a favourite hour with the Caennois ; many townsfolk are out and about. They have done their day's work, their suppers are getting ready by the gleaming gable lights, and before going in to eat, to rest, to sleep, they come to breathe the cool air, to look at the shipping, to peer down into the dark waters, and to stroll under the trees of the Cours. The avenues gloom damp and dark and vaporous in the twilight, but one can imagine some natures liking to walk under trees at night and to listen to the dreary chirping of the crickets. For English people who have trees and shady groves at home, there are other things to do at Caen besides strolling along the dark Cours. There are the quais, and the quaint old courts and open squares, and the busy old streets all alight and full of life. They go climbing, descending, ascending with gables and corners, where shrines are and turrets with weathercocks, and bits of rag hanging from upper windows ; carved lintels, heads peeping from the high casements, voices calling, pigeons flying and perching, flowers hanging from topmost stories, and then over all these the upward spires and the ivy-grown towers of the old castle standing on the hill, and down below crumbling Roman walls and green moats all luxuriant with autumn garlands. All day long the bright Norman sky had been shining upon the gardens and hill-sides, and between the carved stones and parapets and high roofs of the city.

Richard Butler had been wandering about all the afternoon in this pleasant confusion of sight, and sound, and bright colour. He had missed the friend he expected to meet, but this did not greatly affect him, for he knew he would turn up that night at the hotel—at the table-d'hôte most likely ; and, in the meantime, wandering round and about, stopping at every corner, looking into every church, noting the bright pictures, framed as it were in the arches, staring up at the gables, at the quaint wares in the shops ; making mental notes of one kind and another, which might be useful some day—he had spent a tranquil solitary afternoon. He had seen a score of subjects ; once sitting on a bench in one of the churches, a side door had opened, and with a sudden flood of light from a green courtyard outside, an old bent woman came in, carrying great bunches of flowers. She came slowly out of the sunlight, and went with dragging step to the altar of the beautiful white Virgin, where the tapers were burning. And then she placed the flowers on the altar and crept away. Here was a subject, Butler thought, and he tried to discover why it affected him ? A pretty young girl tripping in, blushing with her offering and her petition, would not have touched him as did the sight of this lonely and aged woman, coming sadly along with her fresh wreaths and nosegays. Poor soul ! what can she have to pray for ? “ Her flowers should be withered

immortelles," he thought, but the combinations of real life do not *pose* for effect, and the simple, natural incongruities of every day are more harmonious than any compositions or allusions, no matter how elaborate. Butler thought of Uhland's chaplet, "Es pflückte blümlein mannigfalt," and taking out his note-book he wrote down—

"Old people's petitions, St. G. 4 o'clock. Offering up flowers, old woman blue petticoat, white stripe. Pointed Gothic doorway, light from l to r through Red St. glass. Uhland."

The next place into which he strolled was a deserted little court of exchange, silent and tenantless, though the great busy street rolled by only a few score yards away. There were statues in florid niches, windows behind, a wonder of carved stonework, of pillars, of polished stems and brackets. It was a silent little nook, with the deep sky shining overhead, and the great black shadows striking and marking out the lovely ornaments which patient hands had carved and traced upon the stone. It was all very sympathetic and resting to his mind. It was like the conversation of a friend, who sometimes listens, sometimes discourses, saying all sorts of pleasant things; suggesting, turning your own dull and wearied thoughts into new ideas, brightening as you brighten, interesting you, leading you away from the worn-out old dangerous paths where you were stumbling and struggling, and up and down which you had been wandering as if bewitched.

Dick went back to the table-d'hôte at five o'clock, and desired the waiter to keep a vacant seat beside him. Before the soupe had been handed round, another young man not unlike Dick in manner, but taller and better looking, came strolling in, and with a nod and a smile, and a shake of the hand, sat down beside him.

"Where have you been?" said Dick.

"Looking for you," said the other. "Brittany—that sort of thing. Have you got on with your picture?"

"Yes," Butler answered, "finished it, and begun another. You know I'm on my way home. Better come, too, Beamish, and help me to look after all my aunt's boxes."

"Which aunt's boxes?" said Beamish, eagerly.

"Not Mrs. Butler's," Dick answered, smiling. "But Catherine is flourishing, at least she was looking very pretty when I came away, and will, I have no doubt, be very glad to see me again."

And then, when dinner was over, and the odd-looking British couples had retired to their rooms, the two young men lighted their cigars, and strolled out across the Place together, went out and sat upon the log, until quite late at night, talking and smoking together in the quiet and darkness.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO CATHERINES.

THERE are some things dull and shabby and uninteresting to one person, which to another are all shining with a mysterious light and glamour of their own. A dingy London hall, with some hats on pegs, a broad staircase with a faded blue and yellow Turkey carpet, occasionally a gloomy echoing of distant plates, and unseen pots and pans in the kitchens below; a drawing-room up above, the piano which gives out the usual tunes over and over again, like a musical snuff-box; the sofa, the table, the side-table, the paper-cutter, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Cornhill*, and the *Saturday Review*; the usual mamma with her lace-cap, sitting on the sofa, the other lady at the writing-table, the young man just going away standing by the fire-place, the two young ladies sitting in the window with waves of crinoline and their heads dressed. The people outside the window passing, repassing, and driving through Eaton Square, the distant unnoticed drone of an organ, the steeple of St. Peter's Church. This one spot, so dull, so strange to Madame de Tracy after her own pleasant green pastures, so like a thousand others to a thousand other people, was so unlike to one poor little person I know of; its charm was so strange and so powerful, that she could scarcely trust herself to think of it at one time. In after years she turned from the remembrance with a constant pain and effort, until at last by degrees the charm travelled elsewhere, and the sunlight lit up other places.

My little person is only Miss George, a poor little twenty-year-old governess, part worried, part puzzled, part sad, and part happy too, for mere youth and good spirits. You can see it all in her round face, which brightens, changes, smiles, and saddens many times a day. She catches glimpses of the Paradise I have been describing as she runs up and down stairs in pursuit of naughty, refractory Augusta, or dilatory little Sarah, or careless Lydia, who has lost her lesson and her pinafore and her pocket-handkerchief, or of Algy, whose life hangs by a leather strap as he slides up and down the precipitous banisters, and suspends himself from the landing by various contrivances of his own. "What a noise those children are making," says the aunt, looking up from her letter to the mamma, in the drawing-room. The young man shuts the door as the little person goes past flying after Algy; she captures him, and brings him back a sulky little prisoner to the schoolroom on the stairs, where she herself, under the grand-sounding title of "governess," is a prisoner too. In this Domestic Bastille, with its ground-glass windows, from which escape is impossible—for they look into the areas deep down below, and into mews where there are horses and coachmen constantly passing—all the ancient terrors and appliances are kept up. Solitary confinement, the Question by Torture (Pinnock, Mangnall, &c. are the names given by the executioners to the various instruments). The thumbscrew stands in one

corner of the room, with a stool which turns round and round, according to the length of the performer's legs; a registry is kept of secret marks where the various crimes and offences are noted down. Heavy fines are supposed to be levied; utter silence and implicit obedience are requested. But all this is only in theory after all; the prisoners have conspired, mutinied, and carried everything before them since Miss George's dominion set in. She presides in her official chair by the table, with her work in her hand, looking very bright and pretty, and not in the least like a governess. All the things about her look like a schoolroom; the walls and the maps, and the drugget, and the crumpled chintz. There are a few brown-paper books in the cases, and there is a worn-out table-cover on the table, and a blotted inkstand. There are blots everywhere, indeed, inside the books, on the chairs, under the table, on the ceiling, where ingenious Algy, with a squirt, has been able to write his initials and those of Miss Cornelia Bouchon, a former governess; there are blots on the children's fingers and elbows, and on Sarah's nose, and all over Augusta's exercise; only Miss George seems free from the prevailing epidemic.

There she sits, poor little soul! round-faced, dark-eyed; laughing sometimes, and scolding at others, looking quite desperate very often; as her appealing glances are now cast at Algy, now at Augusta or Lydia, as the case may be. Little Sarah is always good and gives no trouble; but the other three are silly children and tiresome occasionally. The governess is very young and silly, too, for her age, and quite unfitted for her situation. To-day the children are especially lively and difficult to deal with. An aunt arriving in a cab, with a French maid with tall grey boxes; with chocolate in her bag; with frizz curls and French boots, and a funny-looking bonnet; welcomings, embracings, expeditions proposed; Dick with a bag slung across his shoulder; the spare room made ready, a dinner-party to-morrow, the play on Thursday, Augusta and Lydia to appear at breakfast in their afternoon dresses—(so Streatton, their mother's maid, had decreed): all this is quite enough to excite such very excitable young people. Algy nearly dislocates every joint in his body; Augusta reads her history in a loud drawling voice, without paying attention to the stops, and longs to be grown up like Catherine and Georgie. Lydia ponders on her aunt's attire, and composes rich toilets in the air for herself, such as she should like to wear if she were married and a French countess like her aunt Matilda. Sarah nibbles her chocolate and learns her poetry distractedly; even Miss George finds it difficult to keep up her interest in the battle of Tewkesbury which happened so many years ago, when all sorts of exciting things are going on at that very instant, perhaps, just outside the schoolroom door. . . .

There is a sound of rustling, of voices, of discussion. Presently the mother's voice is raised above the rest. "Catherine, make haste; the horses are here," she calls.

Miss George blushes up and says, with a little cough,—“Go on, my dear Gussie.”

"Kitty," cries another voice, "don't forget to leave the note for Dick."

And Miss George gives another little gulp. It is very foolish; she does not know how foolish and how much she minds it, or I think she would try to struggle against the feeling. She, too, used to be called "Kitty," "Cathy," "Catherine," once upon a time when she was seventeen. But that was three years ago, and no one ever says anything but "Miss George" now, except Algy, who sometimes cries out, "Hullo, George, you have got another new bonnet!" Even that is better than being a "Miss" always, from one day's end to another, and from morning to night, poor little "George" thinks.

All day long, it seems to her, outside the schoolroom door she hears voices calling—fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters,—

"Catherine, the horses are here! Catherine, we are all waiting for you! Catherine, some flowers have come for you!"

As I have said, the schoolroom was on the drawing-room stairs, and the children and the governess could hear all that passed. It did seem a little hard sometimes that all the happiness and love, and all the fun and delight of life, and the hope and the care and the protection, should be for one Catherine—all the hard work and the struggles and loneliness and friendlessness for the other. Music, bright days, pleasant talk, sympathy, pearls, turquoises, flowers, pretty things, beautiful dresses, for one—only slate pencils scratching, monotony, silence, rules, rulers, ink blots, unsatisfied longings, ill-written exercises, copy-books, thumbed-out dictionaries, for the other. There are days when Miss George finds it very hard to listen with lively interest to Augusta's reluctant account of the battle of Tewkesbury. The sun shines, the clock ticks, birds hop up on the window-ledge, pens scratch on the paper, people come and talk outside the door, everything happens to distract. Thoughts come buzzing and fancies bewilder.

"That is Mr. Beamish's voice," Lydia would say, pricking up her ears. "How often he comes."

"No; it is cousin Dick," said Augusta, "he is going to ride out with them. Oh, how I wish they would take me too."

"Go on, my dear, with your reading," says the governess, sternly.

"She advanced through the counties of Devon, Somerset, and Gloucester, increasing her army on each day's march," says the little lectress, in a loud disgusted voice; "'each day's . . . but was at last overtaken by the rapid—the rapid and expeditious Edward——'"

"It is Mr. Beamish, Miss George," said Lydia, complacently.

And then Mrs. Butler was heard through the keyhole, saying—"We must dine at six o'clock, and mind you bring Richard, Mr. Beamish. Tell him his aunt, Madame de Tracy, desires him to come."

"Go on, my dear," says Miss George.

"On the banks of the Severn," Augusta continues. And there the armies apparently come to a dead stop, for some one is heard to say something about "the children too."

"Certainly not," replies the mother's voice, and so Gussie begins again in crestfallen tones:—

"The Lancastrians were here totally defeated. The Earl of Devonshire and Lord Wenloc were killed on the field. The Duke of Somerset and about twenty other persons of distinction having taken shelter in a church, were surrounded, dragged out, and immediately beheaded."

"Miss George, have you ever seen an execution?" says Sarah.

"I should like to see one," says Algy, in an off-hand way. "I shall get papa to take me, or cousin Dick. I'm sure he will if I ask him."

"You horrid children!" says Miss George; "how can you talk about such dreadful things. Please, dear Algy, do your sum, and don't draw blocks and heads. Go on, Augusta."

"Queen Margaret and her son were taken prisoners," said Augusta, "and brought to the king, who asked the prince after an insulting manner, how he dared to invade his dominions."

"The young prince, more mindful of his high birth than of his present fortune, replied that he came thither to claim his just inheritance; the ungenerous Edward, insensible to pity, struck him on the face with his gauntlet,"—"Oh!" says Sarah, reproachfully,—"'and the Dukes of Clarence and Glou——'" But here the door opened, and instead of heroic and unfortunate princes, of kings savage and remorseless, of wicked uncles and fierce bearded barons, and heart-broken and desperate queens, a beautiful young lady came into the room in a riding-habit, smiling, with her gold hair in a net. This was poor Catherine's shadow, her namesake, the happy Catherine, who haunted and vexed and charmed her all at once, who stood in the open doorway, with all the sunshine behind her, and who was saying it was her birthday, and the little prisoners were to be set free.

"You will be able to go and see your sisters, Miss George," Miss Butler says, smiling, "for mamma is going to take the children out to lunch and for all the afternoon."

"And where are you going to? tell me, tell me, Kitty, please tell me," says Augusta, flinging her arms round her.

"I am going to ride in the park with papa and Georgie and Mr. Beamish," said Catherine, "and this afternoon Aunt Matilda wants us to go to Sydenham with her."

"What fun you do have, to be sure!" said Augusta, with a long groan.

And then one of the voices as usual cries, "Catherine, Catherine," from below, and smiling once more, and nodding to them, the girl runs downstairs into the hall, where her father and the others are waiting, impatient to ride away into the bright summer parks.

The children went off much excited half-an-hour later, Augusta chattering, Lydia bustling and consequential, and carrying a bag; Algy indulging in various hops, jerks, and other gymnastic signs of content, Sarah saying little, but looking all round eyes and happiness. Lunch with their cousins—shopping with mamma—the Zoological Gardens—

buns for the bears—nuts for the monkeys—there seemed to be no end of delights in store for them as they tripped downstairs all ribbon-ends and expectation.

“Good-by, Miss George,” cried Lydia.

“Good-by, horrid schoolroom,” said Augusta.

“I do so like going out with mamma! wish I always did,” said little Sarah.

The children were not unkind, but they would have naturally preferred feeding monkeys, to doing long-division sums with an angel from heaven, and poor Catherine, who was only a mortal after all, wrinkled up her eyebrows, and sighed. But her momentary ill-humour was gone in an instant. From her place on the landing, she heard the start. The brief squabble with which children invariably set off. The bland maternal interference

The carriage wheels rolled away, the door closed, and Catherine found herself all alone in a great empty house, with an afternoon of delightful liberty before her. It was all sunny and silent. The pots and pans down below were at rest for once, and hanging quietly upon their pegs. The bedroom doors were open, the study was empty; there was no one in the drawing-room when she looked in, only the sun beating upon the blinds and pouring in through the conservatory window.

Catherine brought away a Tennyson and a *Saturday Review*, and came back into the schoolroom again, and sat down upon the little shabby sofa. She was not long in making up her mind as to what she should do with her precious hours of liberty. Her two little sisters filled every spare thought and moment in Catherine's busy life, and her poor little heart yearned towards the grim house in Kensington Square, with the five narrow windows, and the prim-looking wire-blinds, behind which Rosy and Totty's curly heads were bobbing at work and at play, as the case might be.

As Catherine waited, resting in the schoolroom for a few minutes, she thought, with one more envious sigh, how she wished that she, too, had a large open carriage, to drive off in. She longed—it was silly enough—to be the happy, fortunate Catherine, instead of the hard-working neglected one. She thought how tired she was, and of the long hot Kensington Road; she thought of the other Catherine riding away through the Park, in her waving grey habit, under the bright green trees, with that kind red-bearded Mr. Beamish curvetting beside her. It is only an every-day story—one little pig goes to market, another stays at home. One eats bread-and-butter, another has none, and cries squeak, squeak, squeak. The clock struck one meanwhile. It was no use going off to her sisters until after their dinner; luncheon was not ready yet, and Catherine threw herself down at full length upon the sofa, and opened the paper she had brought off the drawing-room table. In at the window some sweet sultry summer air came blowing through a smutty lilac-tree. There was a clinking of pails and heavy footsteps. She read the review

of a novel, of a new book of poetry, and then she turned to an essay. It was something about women and marrying, about feebleness, and inaptitude, and missing their vocation; about the just dislike of the world for the persons who could not conduce to its amusement or comfort. Catherine pushed it away impatiently; she did not want to read in black and white what she knew so well already; what she had to read always in the black and white of day and of night; what with unconscious philosophy she tried so hard to ignore.

A poor little thing, just beginning life with all the worlds and dreams of early youth in her heart, chafing, and piteously holding out her soft little hands against the stern laws of existence. No wonder she turned from the hard sentences. Anybody seeing the childish face, the gentle little movements, the pretty little hands which had just flung the paper away, would have been sorry for her. Catherine did not look even her twenty years; for she was backward and scarcely full-grown. She looked too young and too childish, one might have thought, to be sent out by fate and respectable references into the world. One might have thought that she should have had older and wiser heads to think for her, kind hands to pull her out of difficulties, kind hearts to cherish her. She should have been alternately scolded and taken for treats, like the children; sent to bed early, set lessons to learn—other than those hard ones which are taught with stripes, and learnt only with painful effort. Thus, at least, it would have seemed to us small moralisers looking on from our fancy-ware repositories; where right and wrong, and oughts, and should-have-beens, are taken down from the shelf and measured out so liberally to supply the demand. . . . Half a yard of favour for this person—three quarters of trimming for that one—slashings let into one surtout of which we do not happen to fancy the colour—or instead of slashings loopholes, perhaps, neatly inserted into another; blue ribbons, gold cords and tassels, and rope-ends—there is no end to our stock and the things we dispense as we will upon our imaginary men and women: we give them out complacently and without hesitation, and we would fain bestow the same measure in like manner upon the living people we see all about us. But it is in vain we would measure out, dispense, approve, revoke. The fates roll on silent, immutable, carrying us and our various opinions along with them, and the oughts and shoulds, the praises and blamings, and the progress of events.

There was a great deal of talking and discussion about little Catherine at one time—of course the family should have provided for the three girls; her stepmother's relations ought to have adopted Catherine since she had no relations of her own; Mrs. Buckingham was well-off; Lady Farebrother had more money than she knew what to do with; but it all ended in the little stepsisters being put to school, and in Catherine obtaining an excellent situation through an advertisement in *The Times*. She got sixty pounds a year, and as she owned the interest of a thousand pounds besides, she was rich for a governess. But then she helped to pay for her

sisters' schooling. She could not bear them to go to the cheap and retired establishment Lady Farebrother had suggested. The aunts did not insist when Catherine offered to pay the difference. People said it was a shame, but only what might have been expected of such worldly, pushing, disagreeable women as Mrs. Buckingham and her sister, and so the matter ended. And so little Catherine at nineteen set to work for herself. She came—a blushing, eager little thing—to a certain house in Eaton Square, to earn her own living, to help those who were most dear to her, to teach Mrs. Butler's children a great many things she had never learnt herself. What a strange new world it was! of stir, of hard work, of thoughts and feelings undreamt of in the quiet old days, before she left her home; running in the garden, playing with her little sister in the old wainscoted hall—only yesterday, so it appeared—adoring her stepmother, being naughty sometimes, being loved and happy always—this was all her experience; so small, so even, so quiet, that it seemed as though it might have lasted for years to come—instead of which now already all was over, and the tranquil memories were haunting poor little Catherine as sadly as though they were of sorrow, of passion, of stirring events.

She had stayed in Eaton Place for a year and more, depending for subsistence on her own exertions, for sympathy on a dream or two, for love and home and family on two little school-girls, whose pencil-notes she read over and over again on the many long days when she could not fly off to Mrs. Martingale's school in Kensington Square to see two little ugly girls, who would rush into the room and spring into her arms, with as many jumps of delight as Algy himself. Catherine used to tell them everything, and depended upon them for advice and assistance in all her difficulties. She had a way of clinging to every support and outstretched hand which came in her road. She had lived too long with her stepmother not to have learnt from her to trust and believe in every one who made any advance, or who seemed in the least inclined to be kind and helpful. If she had to pay for this credulity, it is hard to say what price would be too great to give for it, it is worth in itself so much. Time after time, when any one spoke by chance a few good-natured words, and seemed to ask with some small interest how she was, how her sisters were, how she liked her situation, and so forth, her foolish little heart would leap with gratitude. "Here is a friend indeed," she would think to herself; "I see it in her face, in his manner. Oh, how fortunate I am—how good people are." And then the good-natured person would go away and forget all about the little governess, unconscious of the bitter pang of longing disappointment he or she had inflicted.

Meanwhile time went on: Catherine had worked very hard for many weeks, kept her temper, made the best of troublesome times, and struggled bravely in her small little feeble way; and she began to feel a little tired as people do sometimes, a little lonely and injured; she was not quite so simple, cheery, unconscious, as she had been when she first came, and the way in which people change and fail under vexation and worry has always

seemed to me the saddest part of pain. The Butlers were very kind to her, but she lived by herself in the big busy house, and if she dreamed and longed for companionship and sympathy that might not be hers, one cannot blame her very harshly. Catherine thought that it was because she was a governess that such things were denied to her; she did not know then that to no one—neither to governesses nor pupils nor parents—is that full and entire sympathy given, for which so many people—women especially—go seeking all their lives long.

For all this discouraging doctrine, a happy golden hour came to the little weary Catherine in her schoolroom this afternoon.

The sympathetic friend who could rouse the downcast heart and understand its need, the mighty enchanter whose incantations could bewitch the wearied little spirit from everyday life and bondage, and set it free for a time, was at hand. Catherine opened the book she had brought, and immediately the spell began to work. She did not see herself or her troubles or the shabby schoolroom walls any more, but suddenly there appeared King Arthur sitting high in hall, holding his court at Caerleon upon Usk. It was Prince Geraint who issued from a world of wood, and climbing upon a fair and even ridge, a moment showed himself against the sky. It was the little town gleaming in the long valley, and the white fortress and the castle in decay; and presently in the dreary courtyard it was some one singing as the sweet voice of a bird—“Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel; our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.” Catherine read on, and Enid rode away all dressed in faded silk, and then Catherine went following, too, through many a woodland pass, by swamps and pools and wilds, through dreamy castle halls, and out into the country once more, where phantom figures came and fell upon Geraint. False Doorm, and Edryn, wild Limours on his black horse, like the thunder-cloud whose skirts are loosened by the rising storm. . . . The shadowy arms struck without sound, clashing in silence. Great fresh winds from a distance were blowing about the room; the measured musical tramp of the rhythm was ringing in her ears; there was a sort of odd dazzle of sunlight, of martial strains very distant; the wheel of fortune was making a pumping noise in the court of the castle outside; and in the midst of it all the door opened, and some one—it might have been Geraint—walked in. For a moment Catherine looked up, dreaming still. It only took an instant for her to be metamorphosed into a governess once more.

“They are all gone out, Mr. Butler,” she said. “Mr. and Miss Butler are riding to Caerleon, but they will be back to lunch.”

Catherine, who had quite recovered her everyday composure, wondered why young Mr. Butler smiled as he glanced at the little green volume in her hand. He was not so good-looking a man as Prince Geraint, he was not so broad or so big; he had fair curly hair, a straight nose, sleepy grey eyes, and a smart little moustache. He was dressed like a young man of fashion, with a flower in his coat.

"I am afraid I can't wait till they come in," Richard said. "Perhaps you would let them know that it is to-morrow, not Thursday, I want them to drink tea at my place, and the children, too. Please tell them I shall be excessively disappointed if anybody fails me. Good morning, Miss James," said Richard, affably, "I see you are reading my book of Idylls."

Butler ran downstairs, thinking as he went, "Why do people ever choose ugly governesses? My aunt's Miss James is a little dear. Riding to Caerleon. She didn't know what she was saying. I should like to see my uncle Hervey accoutred as a knight of Arthur's round table. Poor old Hervey!"

As for "Miss James," as Richard called her, she looked into the beginning of the book, and saw R. X. B., in three whirligig letters, all curling up into one corner of the page. She blushed up now all by herself. "I wish people would not speak to one in that affable, joking voice," she thought; and she did not read any more, but went and put the book back on the drawing-room table, where it had been lying for weeks past.

At luncheon she duly gave her message. Only Mr. Butler and his two daughters, hungry, blown about, cheerfully excited by their morning's expedition, were present.

Mr. Butler was the usual middle-aged Englishman, with very square-toed boots and grizzly whiskers. He was fond of active pursuits. He talked gossip and statistics. He naturally looked to his older brother Charles, who had never married, to assist him with his large family. Daughters grown up, and growing daily, tempestuous schoolboys at Eton, a midshipman, two wild young fellows in India, another very promising stupid son at college, who had gone up for his little go with great *éclat*, Mr. Butler would tell you. There was no end to the young Butlers. But, unfortunately, Charles Butler greatly preferred Dick to any of his brother's sons. The boy was like his mother, and a look in his eyes had pleaded for him often and often when Dick himself wondered at his uncle's forbearance. Now the cousins only resembled their father, who greatly bored Charles Butler with his long stories and his animal spirits.

"We must go without mamma, if it is to be to-morrow," said Catherine Butler.

"We could not possibly go without a chaperone," said Georgina, who was great on etiquette. She was not so pretty as Catherine, and much more self-conscious.

"Capital cold beef this is," said Mr. Butler. "Can't Matilda play chaperone for the occasion? By-the-by, Catherine, I am not sorry to hear a good report of your friend Mr. Beamish. I can't afford any imprudent sons-in-law. Remember that, young ladies."

"Should you like Dick, papa?" said Georgie, with a laugh.

"Humph, that depends," said her father, with his mouth full of cold

beef. "I should have thought my brother Charles must be pretty well tired out by this time, but I believe that if he were to drop to-morrow, Dick would come in for Muttondale and Lambswold. Capital land it is, too. I don't believe my poor boys have a chance,—not one of them. Down, Sandy, down." Sandy was Catherine's little Scotch terrier, who also was fond of cold beef.

"Dick is such a dear fellow," said Catherine Butler, looking very sweet and cousinly, and peeping round the dish-covers at her father. "Of course, I love my brothers best, papa; but I *can* understand Uncle Charles being very fond of Richard."

"Oh, Richard is a capital good fellow," said Mr. Butler (not quite so enthusiastically as when he spoke of the beef a minute before). "Let him get hold of anything he likes, and keep it if he can. I for one don't grudge him his good fortune. Only you women make too much of him, and have very nearly spoilt him among you. Painting and music is all very well in its way, but mark my words, it may be pushed too far." And with this solemn warning the master of the house filled himself a glass of sherry, and left the room.

Miss George, as she tied on her bonnet-strings after luncheon, was somewhat haunted by Dick's sleepy face. The visions of Geraint, and Launcelot, and Enid, and King Arthur's solemn shade, still seemed hovering about her as she went along the dusty road to Kensington, where two little figures were beckoning from behind the iron rail of their school-house yard. Presently the children's arms were tightly clutched round Catherine's neck, as the three went and sat down all in a heap on Mrs. Martingale's grey school-house sofa, and they chattered and chirped and chirruped for an hour together, like little birds in a nest.

The Relation of Art to Nature.

THIS is the time of year when we all become students of Art. Nobody who wishes to be acceptable to provincial society in the autumn, or who would join in after-dinner conversation when there are no politics to talk of and the vintages have been discussed, will venture to stay away from the art-exhibitions of the summer. In "the country" the Royal Academy is a sort of Jerusalem or Mecca, whither the tribes go up to worship at the shrines of art and of society. Social orthodoxy bids us go, and few dare to disobey. The penalty of disobedience is too great. To confess before some fair inquisitor that one has not seen the favourite pictures of the year is to go at once into the shade. To know nothing about them is to be an outer barbarian. Every educated person has good taste, and every person of taste is a critic of art. It is quite permissible to an educated man that he should be ignorant of science, and care nothing for politics, nor theology; it is even allowable that he should confess to entire ignorance of vintages, to imperfect knowledge of the points of a horse, to inability to criticize an actor or to appreciate a singer, but he may not confess himself incompetent to criticize a picture or admit that he knows nothing of art.

It is not the object of this paper to wring this confession from any one. Its object is the far humbler one of finding the meaning, and showing the philosophy, of a single epithet of praise which is often on the lips of the multitude as they study the pictures of the year. The unsophisticated public who know but little of the technicalities of art, and nothing of its philosophy, always regard it in its relation to nature. Yet nothing is more indefinite than their conception of what that relation is. "How natural," or "how like nature," are with them expressions of the highest praise, but are very rarely applied by them to the highest art. Hence the first impressions of the public and the verdict of philosophical critics rarely agree. They look from different points of view, and that which strikes the one class is invisible to the other. The people look for the "natural" in art, and they call that natural which reminds them of nature. If there is anything in a picture which they have not themselves seen in nature, they call it artificial and fail to appreciate it. By their instinctive rule of judgment, the closest copy of nature is the best art. The artist is a reproducer—a photographer in colours. They cannot understand that he should have in him anything of the seer and the poet. They interpret the artist by what they know of nature, and do not dream of letting the artist interpret nature to them. Tell them that true art

adds something to nature, and they look for conventionalisms and symbols. Tell them that in a true picture there is a gleam of the supernatural, and they will look for ghosts. Mr. Frith, in his later prosaic style, is their idol. They have been upon those Ramsgate Sands, they have seen all that there is in the Derby Day, they are quite at home at the Railway Station, and they crowd round the Royal Wedding, to see how the guests were dressed. It is the perfection of art—they say. It is all so perfectly natural that you might fancy yourself there.

The question of "the relation of art to nature" is, therefore, not a merely abstract one. Popular art-criticism proceeds on an imperfect view of that relation, but always keeps it in mind. The great public look at all works of art with a vague, unrealized and indefinite standard of comparison always present in their minds. This standard is "nature." Yet how thoroughly misleading this standard is, the demand that statuary should be draped, and the objections to a "tinted Venus," alike prove. For in art we not only see what we look for, but we are blind to what we do not look for. The supernatural beauty is always hidden from those who look for "nature." A suggestion of the sensuous drives away the spiritual. You cannot see the soul looking out from the eye if you are speculating on the colour of the pupil. You cannot feel the power of the noblest face if you are thinking of whom it reminds you. This comparing, this looking for resemblances, this search for what we have seen before, is entirely destructive of all true and pure impression. It destroys that self-surrender to the spirit of art in which all true enjoyment of its works consists. The language of the artist is a dead speech to those who listen only for familiar accents or dim echoes of a voice which they have heard before. His guidance is useless to those who will only walk with him along well-trodden paths, where he can but freshen a fading recollection or reproduce a spent emotion. His purpose is to lead us "to fresh fields and pastures new." He has a new thought to give us, a new emotion to share with us, a glimpse of new beauty to reveal to us, a gleam of "light that never was on sea or shore" to make visible to us. But a theory of art which denies the possibility of this; which makes the artist only a copyist; which will have nothing in art which there is not in nature, paralyzes the power of genius and breaks its spell. Such a theory is involved in the popular demand of "the natural," and so far as this demand affects us, it draws a veil over the shining face of art, and darkens its unearthly light. And I venture to think that a settlement of the true relation of art to nature would take the veil away, and might make the walls of our great picture-rooms glow with a new meaning, at least to those to whom such thoughts are new.

The relation of art to nature depends on the relation of man to nature. If we are nothing but a part of nature, then art is only one of nature's works, and the question of their relationship is settled. But Paterfamilias and his daughters, who are always looking for nature in

art, would be shocked to be even suspected of thinking that there is nothing in them which there is not in nature. Yet only on such a theory of human nature can the popular theory of art be justified. A higher view of man gives a nobler aim to art. The ancients said, man is a microcosm, a little kosmos, an epitome of the universe; for all that is in it has something more than its reflection—has its consummation in him. But that is not the whole truth. For just the same reason which made the Pagan see in man the image of the world, made the Jew see in him the image of his Maker. Man is not a little kosmos, because in him the kosmos finds its top and crown, and nature comes to consciousness; but because the Being above nature culminated His work by making an epitome of the faculties whose material expression the kosmos is. There is in man, then, all that there is in nature; but there is something more. With him something new has come into the world—a new force, power, or influence. He is not merely the resultant of the forces contained in nature, but of the union of those forces with another, which comes from the supernatural region. His works, then, are not merely natural products. He is something more than one of the forces of nature; is, indeed, in some sense, antithetical to nature. A wide range of free action is given him independently of nature; and this free activity sets him above nature, not making him independent of her, but giving him an empire over her; not liberating him from any natural law, but enabling him to rule by his obedience, and through submission to rise to victory. His bodily attitude is the type of his whole position in the universe. He stands with his feet upon the earth, but he faces heaven.

Here we get the first glimpse of the relation of art to nature. For as art is the sphere of man's activity, it is everything to know that that activity is free. It is not free if man is only a part of nature; it is not free in so far as man is a part of nature; it is only free if in some degree he is above nature; and the limit of his superiority is the limit of his freedom. I suppose no one will dispute the assertion that we often use our free activity to contradict or contravene nature. The fact that in doing so we bring in disorder and suffering, only the more clearly proves our superiority to nature, by showing that we can add something to the forces of the world. Over against this fact stands the other, so important to my argument now, that we can make use of nature, can imitate nature, and can improve on nature. But it is just this which we call Art. In one large view of it, art is the conscious use of nature for purposes which are other than natural, and which we therefore call artificial. We interfere with nature in order to produce something which, but for that interference, would never have been produced. It will be obvious that at this point the subject touches on theology, and in this direction I pursue it no farther, except to say that, in this view, art is the converse of evil; that whereas the one is a disorderly interference with nature, the other is an orderly and obedient interference, and this is why the ancient traditions

taught that it was only when man had sinned that the arts arose. Art is the addition of something to nature. Our use of the terms natural and artificial as antithetical to each other is only correct so far as it marks a wide difference between art and nature. But "the artificial" in its truest sense is not that which is opposed to "the natural," but that which includes it, and is something more than it. Art is not man's antagonism to nature, it is his co-operation with her, his imitation of her, the union of his free force with hers to produce that which neither man nor nature could produce but for each other.

It is not needful to appeal to abstract considerations to prove this. A glance at what are called "the arts" will illustrate my meaning, while it enforces my argument. The arts are only the utilitarian side of art. They offer, therefore, practical proofs of that which in the higher sphere—in what we more technically call art—is hardly capable of proof. It is most instructive to observe how in the arts the artificial and the natural run into each other. Instead of that sharp line of demarcation which our ordinary speech assumes to exist, the spheres of man and nature mingle where they touch, just as the seasons do, so that you can never say precisely where one ends and the other begins. Our most complicated and wonderful machinery is only an ingenious application of natural forces and laws; we depend on nature in the workshop only less than in the field. On the other hand, most of the things we call natural products owe quite as much to art as they do to nature. Nature gives us very little without solicitation. She does not give us metal, but the crude ore from which art extracts it. Nor does she give us her best vegetable growths herself. No one will say that wheat and barley, turnips and mangold, are the natural products of our fields; or that apples and pears, peaches and walnuts, are the natural products of our woods: the unproductive forest is the natural condition of things, and it is art which has made the wilderness a garden, and only art which keeps it from relapsing into wildness. Nor are any of the products of our fields and gardens purely natural—except the weeds. It may seem odd to say that an apple or a strawberry, a rose or a picotee, is in any sense an artificial product; but the market-gardeners could tell us that the term is strictly applicable to them. Londoners may look on the wonderful animals they see at the cattle-show as natural products—the farmers look on them, quite as justly, as works of art. They bear a certain relation to the natural product, but it is the relation which the forged iron bears to the ore, or the gentleman to the savage. They represent generations of culture, of selection, of discriminating care, of the union of man and nature. They are entirely dependent on that union. The process which has made them what they are must be continually employed to keep them as they are, much more to improve them. Left to themselves, all that art has added to them is lost, and they run rapidly backwards to their primitive crudeness and wildness. But the contrast between the cultivated and the uncul-

tivated natural product exactly and most aptly illustrates the relation of art to nature. The difference between the two things is the difference between the artificial and the natural. It is the measure of what man can add to nature—it is the proof that when man and nature work together, much more can be accomplished than when nature works alone ; that art can help nature, can improve upon her, can lead her on to the development of higher forms than she can produce alone.

But this is done in obedience to an important and prolific principle—the principle of submission. We do not even attempt what we will, but what we can. Our free action on nature is necessarily confined within narrow limits. We have no creative power, but only a small power of ordering, combining, and controlling. We cannot develop new fruit or flowers, we can only watch for nature's own movements in the direction of variety, and by eliminating adverse influences fix and retain varieties which would else have been transitory. We cannot create any force, we can only use old forces in new ways, combining and transmuting them, and adding to them the new force of thought and purpose. So that art has its basis not in will, but in science ; and science is self-surrender, submission. It is power because it is knowledge—knowledge that has been gained by giving up pre-established theories, resigning all desire, putting away the self-will which would decide beforehand what nature ought to be, and whither discovery ought to tend, and “for better for worse ” going to the feet of nature, and learning her ways from her alone. When science has, in that spirit of humility which is her true spirit, learned what is the established order of nature's procedure—her laws—art is the use of those laws by obedience to them. But art can only use them in the spirit in which science discovers them, by laying all resistances aside, and patiently submitting to nature's imperial way. We give up our ways to learn nature's ways, and put ourselves in a position in which nature can do our work, and we can work together with her. Then it is that she rewards our obedience, lavishes her wealth upon us, and does our bidding with her might. So all art is the establishment of an understanding with nature, the creation of those conditions in which nature can serve us, the free use of our will to take obstructions from her path, and give her free course to help us. We stoop to nature to conquer : we enter into compact with her, promising to honour and obey, but in that honour and obedience exercising a gentle rule. The relation of art to nature is typified by this union. It is the marriage of free-will to necessity ; of mind to force ; of liberty to law ; of the soul of man to the great works of nature. The masculine side of the union is represented by nature, the feminine by art ; for art can do nothing but obey, and by her obedience rule.

This principle extends to art in all its developments. It is more obvious in those lower forms of it which we call the arts, but it is equally present in its highest forms. Perfect art is the perfect union of man and

nature; but in the hierarchical arrangement of the arts those are highest in which there is the most of man, and the least of nature; and those are lowest in which there is the most of the material, and the least of the spiritual. The productive and mechanical arts are lowest; they lie at the base, and are in closest contact with nature, and in most subjection to her. Then come the constructive and decorative arts, in which imagination comes into restricted play, and there is more of man and less of nature. Lastly come the imaginative arts—painting and sculpture and music, and, at the head of all, poetry and song. These arts stand nearer to or farther from nature, as the stones of a pyramid are nearer to or farther from the earth they rest on. But their relation to nature is in all cases the same, and on the preservation of that relation all their purity and beauty depend. That is not art in which there is not some purely human element, nor is that art from which nature is absent. There is material and spiritual in all art, body and soul, nature and man. Even a machine exhibits this. It is a process of reasoning worked out in metal. It is a thought embodied. It is a purpose in action. Its beauty consists in the perfect victory of the presiding thought or purpose over the reluctance of natural forces and laws. But in a machine the whole thought of the maker has been directed to one end—utility. There has been present no thought of anything else. The human element in it is represented only by a practical, presiding purpose which the machine obeys. But utility belongs to “the arts;” they only rise to the dignity of “art” as there is in them a moral and spiritual element. When the soul of the artist has entered into his work, he has made of it a work of art, and he speaks to the souls of others. Perhaps it is in architecture that we see most clearly the growth of the arts into art. Architecture stands between “the arts” and “art,” and partakes of both. Practical utility is its first aim, but beauty is its second. The true architect thinks not only of the purpose of his work, but of its influence on the minds of those who see it. He makes it express not only a presiding purpose, but an inspiring thought. The difference between King’s Cross Railway Station and Westminster Hall is just the difference between architecture as the art of building and architecture as art. In the one the architect has been only a builder, in the other he has been an artist. The one has thought only of his useful purpose—the other has lavished love, and therefore beauty, on his work. The one has built a most convenient place for passengers to come to and go from—the other has built a place for men and women to gather in. The one has made a roof that lets in the light and keeps out the rain—the other has made one into which thought can soar and where imagination is at home. And that is the true test of a building as a work of art. It does not obtrude its purpose. The Manchester Assize Courts do not remind you of judge and jury. The splendid halls at Liverpool and Leeds do not call up irresistible associations either of municipal politics or of music. Our Gothic cathedrals do not merely

remind us of sacraments or of sermons. It is characteristic of all good buildings that, whatever your mood of mind, you feel at home in them. A sense of peace and satisfaction descends on you. An elevating influence enters into you. The outside world falls away to a distance, you are lifted above it sometimes even out of yourself. The spell of art is on you, and you linger in the place unwilling to break the charm. It is with a plunge you find yourself again among the bustle of the street; you seem to have awakened from a pleasing dream, and you would fain close your eyes, and dream the dream again, and dream it always. You have had something of that enjoyment which beautiful natural scenery gives, but with the additional mysterious charm which the human element in it imparts to art. That human element is the especial characteristic of art. It is that in it which "finds us," as Coleridge says. The Great Soul which speaks through nature speaks only to an elect few—the human soul in art speaks home to all. And it is that human element which is the distinct addition that, in all its departments, art can make to nature.

But though there is in all art this human element—though the artist himself is in his work—he is not there merely to impress. The true artist is full of his thought, and not of himself. He does nothing for mere effect. A great work of art is always faithful to nature, and impresses you in the same way that the works of nature do. It is never obtrusive. It does not spend all its force on the first impression. It keeps its beauties in reserve, and does not shriek its story in every passer's ear. It disappoints the vulgar, and says nothing to those who are in haste. "Is that all?" say the tourist crowds as they "do" the great works of art and nature, and truly say "there is nothing in them"—nothing for such as they. But more patient students have had the same feeling at first. Those who have seen St. Peter's all say that it gives you no sense of its vastness, that it disappoints you at first glance. So say those who have seen Niagara; and no one can have first seen Mont Blanc from Chamouni under a cloudless sky without understanding for ever after how a great wonder of nature may disappoint at first. It is at Sallenches that the monarch is seen in all his grandeur, and that the spectacle overwhelms you—at Chamouni you must let it gradually enter in and fill your mind. So with great works of art. It is not art, but artifice, which strikes at first. A veiled statue is a trick of skilful manipulation, not a triumph of genius. A stage scene is wonderfully effective while the stage is occupied and passing figures distract attention. But a work of true and noble art can only be appreciated by those who study it. Its spiritual beauty is so quiet, so gentle, so intangible, that it can only make itself completely felt by those who will give themselves up to it. The true artist does not captivate—he asks for self-surrender. Sit down before his work, let its feeling possess you, let its power steal over you, let its spell bind you. Then you will know that there is inspiration in art, and that the soul of the artist speaks to yours.

These principles are easily applicable to the picture-rooms. For, just as we need something more than mere utility in architecture, so we need something more than beauty in a picture. To represent the beautiful aspects of nature may be one aim of art, but it is far from its highest aim. We need something more than mere copies of nature. The something in man which there is not in nature, should be everywhere visible; clothing material forms with spiritual beauty, and shedding an ideal glory over actual scenes. But not even the fancy of the poet must be a law unto itself. There is all the difference in the world between obedience and subjection, and art that spurns subjection to nature wins all its victories by obedience. That obedience is fully consistent with the noblest idealism. Indeed, whether it be the preacher or the poet, the actor or the artist, who wishes to lift us up into an ideal world, he must equally make his footing sure upon the real and actual. A ladder which should hang from heaven above our heads, would mock us and not help us upwards—the ladder in the patriarch's vision stood upon the common ground, from whence alone we can step on it for our ærial climb. Such a ladder is all true, noble art. Standing on the earth, it reaches upwards to the invisible. It shows the way to the most nobly beautiful, and the most divinely true. It takes us out of the material environments of life, and lifts us to "the seventh heaven of invention." It fills us with a sense of something nobler than we see, and purer than we feel. It is embodied truth—truth to nature first, and through that to the supernatural which nature hides. Of course such art has something more to do than merely to copy nature. A Dutch picture copies nature, with patient detail and submissive fidelity, but it degrades rather than elevates. A "Railway Station" or a "Derby Day" may be immensely faithful to some aspects of reality, but all their faithfulness makes them only coloured photographs, powerless to awaken an emotion or breathe a breath of inspiration on us. Such art is of the world, worldly. Its leaden wings cannot even lift us from the surface. Its heavy eyes see no celestial visions. Great in stage effects, it appeals with power to the eye, but leaves the imagination unkindled, and has no message for the heart.

But if that is not the highest art, but is only low art, from which the ideal is absent and which is dead to the spiritual, neither is that true art which ignores nature in representing that which is superior to nature. Martin's pictures are ideal, but their idealism has no foundation on nature. They are painted dreams, and they affect us as a dream does after we are thoroughly awake. Mr. Paton's "Pursuit of Pleasure" is finely conceived, but a certain gaudy glory, and a contempt for gravitation, take us out of nature, without lifting us to the supernatural. Nor is that the highest art which has a language of its own, which is full of conventionalisms, which paints angels with wings, and saints with halos round their heads, and which endeavours to be spiritual by being thoroughly unnatural. Such art is so dead, so out of

harmony with reality, so dumb to those who do not know its jargon, that not even the marvellous genius which has been exhibited in it, can entirely preserve it from decay. But even heraldry has its uses, and symbolic art may be a needful stage in the progress towards a true idealism. Whatever may have been the defects of their earlier attempts, the English pre-Raphaelites have exerted a most beneficial influence on contemporary art. Beginning by a reaction against a conventional idealism, they rushed to a most inordinate realism. Disgusted with outrages on nature, they made too much of nature. But a return from that reaction is bringing them to the true relation of art to nature. The highest art is that which rises above the slavish copying of nature, without sinking back again into a more slavish conventionalism. All the forms of such art are intensely simple and natural, but through the natural the spiritual speaks. The saintly glory shines through the features of its saints, and does not gather in a ring around their heads. It speaks a language all can understand, and has no jargon of its own. It needs no initiation before we can understand its mysteries, excepting that of the pure heart and the awakened mind. It represents nature, but in representing, it interprets her. It shows us nothing but reality, but in the real it mirrors the invisible ideal. A statue is a realized emotion, or a thought in stone—not an embodied dream. A picture is a painted poem—not a romance in oil. Working together with nature such art rises to something higher than nature is, becomes the priestess of her temple, and represents to more prosaic souls that which only the poet sees—

Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

The Loss of the Steam-Ship "*London*."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.)

ON Saturday morning, 30th December, 1865, I left Fenchurch Street Station for Tilbury, to join as passenger the screw steamship *London*, to sail that day for Melbourne. She was built and despatched by the Messrs. Wigram, of Blackwall—a firm of high standing, of long experience in the Australian trade, and whose name was a sufficient guarantee that the equipment and management would be good. She was comparatively a new ship, this being her third voyage. Built of iron, 1428 tons register, and 267 feet long, auxiliary screw of 200 horse-power, very loftily sparred, and ship-rigged, clipper or modern build, long, low, and narrow, which said she was built for speed—the very thing that induced me, and no doubt others, to choose this ship. I had come home from Australia a few months previous, and had selected this *London* to return, saying, "I can spend a month longer time at home, and still be at Melbourne as soon by her as though I started a month earlier by a sailing vessel." She was commanded by Captain Martin, a navigator of great experience, a skilful sailor in every sense of the word, and a gentleman, I should say, as far as I had an opportunity of judging. So, naturally enough, we entertained high hopes of a speedy and safe voyage.

I had always a great dislike, or rather dread, in commencing this voyage during the winter season, on account of the dangers of the English Channel, and getting off clear of the coast. This was also one of my reasons for choosing this ship: she having steam-power, the danger I considered was very much lessened, as well as a saving of time, and I felt in undertaking this voyage, at this inclement season of the year, perfect security, and no such thought as fear entered my mind, wholly reliant on the reputation of the ship, captain, and owners.

Everybody who has been to sea a little have their own ideas as to the character and seaworthiness of a ship, and of course I have mine; but in the case of the *London*, would not exercise my judgment; would have considered it presumption, and quite ridiculous for me to be biassed by my humble opinion of one of the first ships of London, owned by one of the first firms, and commanded by an experienced captain. No; I would take all for granted, or else what good is there in a reputation or name?

On board the ship, lying in the river off Gravesend, were the usual scenes of confusion, preparation, affectionate and trying partings of friends, generally attending at departure for these long voyages. About two o'clock in the day we left Gravesend, and proceeded down the Thames on our long voyage to Australia, or rather Plymouth; for on a voyage we always

look forward to the next port that we expect to call at, though it should not be the port of destination. The day was fine as we steamed down the river; the passengers congregated on deck to view the country, which was already green, and also to take observations, as the saying is at sea, to examine the ship, and criticize her rig and general appearance; also to notice each other and make acquaintances. I was surprised to find so many Australians on board: fully three out of four had been out there and were returning again, many saying it was for the last time; that they had got tired of England, and particularly London, where the sun had not been seen for a month; longed for the beautiful Australian climate, with its clear atmosphere, blue sky, and bright sunshine, for ten months out of twelve. That evening about sunset we anchored at the Nore. Though the evening was fine the barometer denoted unsettled weather, which we had the next day (Sunday), and owing to its severity we remained at anchor till Monday morning, the 1st January, when the weather had become fine. Between eight and nine in the morning we were again under weigh, steaming down Channel. The wind was ahead; the day pleasant. We had a fine view of the coast—Margate, Ramsgate, North and South Foreland, and Dover, which we passed about 4 p.m. That night the wind increased. The next morning it was dull, heavy, unsettled weather; pretty strong wind dead ahead, with a nasty short Channel sea on; a great number of passengers sick; and, as usual, many regretting having come, and would certainly leave the ship at Plymouth, and forfeit their passage-money. But how suddenly we change our minds under different circumstances.

About ten in the morning we were in sight of the Isle of Wight: the weather still boisterous, the indications of the barometer threatening. Captain Martin and pilot decided on taking shelter at Spithead, which we did, and anchored about 4 p.m., opposite to Ryde; and thankful we were, for it blew fearfully that night. The next morning was fine. We were under weigh again about 9 a.m., steaming out of the St. Helen's Roads; passed out through the Needles at noon; once again in the Channel; day fine, wind ahead, heavy swell. Next morning, Thursday, 4th, the weather was very boisterous, the heaviest we had experienced as yet. By this time we had an opportunity of judging of the sea-going qualities of the *London*, and I must say I was very much disappointed in her. I could see she was a ship of great length for breadth, heavily sparred, very low in the water, not at all lively or buoyant; and when contemplating the thoughts of her in a gale, I actually entertained fears for her. Opinions were expressed freely, as always are on board of passenger-ships, such as,—“Boys, we have got a wet, uncomfortable old tub this time, and if I could afford it, would leave her at Plymouth.” Another would say, “Oh, nonsense; she will be all right after a few days, as she will lighten by consumption of coal and stores, and we will soon be in fine weather. In a week or two we will be to Madeira: all plain sailing then to the Cape, and if we meet any rough weather there, why she will be in proper trim.”

Between eight and nine in the morning of this Thursday the 4th, we were off Plymouth waiting for a pilot. Soon a fishing-smack with three men and two boys in her ran up near us, and launched a little boat from their deck, intending to board us, to pilot our ship into harbour. Two men got into her—a heavy sea running at the time. In a few minutes after casting off, I saw that the little boat did not rise on the wave: presently I saw the heads of the two men rise up on a wave, and could see that their boat was swamped. At that moment I heard Mr. Harris, the chief mate of our ship, give orders to man a lifeboat. Soon the men were in it ready for lowering, but there was a great delay in consequence of the lowering gear not being in proper order. The detention was truly painful. Occasionally the two heads would appear, then down again, expecting every time to be the last. Presently our boat got up to where they were. We could see them pick up one man, then row about looking for the other; but the poor fellow had sunk only two or three minutes before they got to the spot. The affair cast quite a gloom over the ship. Many said it was a bad omen for us; and what made the accident appear worse and more to be regretted, was that it might have been prevented had the lowering apparatus been in proper order, or Clifford's patent.

In a short time a pilot-boat was seen bearing down to us. At about ten o'clock the pilot was on board, and we running into the Sound, and at noon were anchored inside of the breakwater. The afternoon was wet and cold, consequently very little was done towards preparing for sea. The next morning, Friday, 5th January, was beautiful, clear and still, much like a November morning: all was bustle and life on board now, as it was reported we should sail that day. Barges came alongside with coal, and fifty tons were added to our stock and piled on deck in sacks; boats with stock, meat, vegetables, &c. Many passengers joined us here: I observed our passengers were of a superior class. In the afternoon my attention was called to a gentleman and lady walking on the poop: they were Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Brooke. Fortunately the lady did not accompany her husband on this voyage; she was to have joined him out there in a year.

Almost every class of society was represented on board our ship—clergyman, actor, magistrate, lawyer, banker, merchant, tradesman, labourer—of all ages; mothers with their children and nurses; beautiful and accomplished young ladies; newly-married couples; young men in the prime of manhood; wealthy families returning after a visit to their native country; also many going out for the first time to seek their fortune, full of hope.

Two of our passengers left the ship at Plymouth—a fortunate thing for them. One was a gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made during the trip from Gravesend. He expressed a great dislike to the sea and the long voyage before us, this being his first voyage; also the horror of being compelled to live in one of those small cell-like state-rooms for two months or more. When he left the ship he did not tell us of his intention of not returning; perhaps he thought we would consider him a coward.

The other was a young man who had, from some family quarrel, taken passage in the *London*, unknown to them. He was entreated to return by an advertisement in *The Times*, to which he paid no attention. The last day his whereabouts was ascertained; a brother came on board, and by urgent entreaty he was induced to quit the vessel. I know of three who would have willingly left the ship at Plymouth, but were ashamed. A young man, one of my state-room companions, about twenty years of age, and who was married only the day before his departure—but fortunately had left his wife behind—was thinking very seriously of leaving the ship, was quite undecided all day. All he wanted was a little encouragement to have done so. But many are deterred at a time like this from following their desires out of fear of the opinions of others. I now can call to mind many remarks of passengers' forebodings of the evil to come; of course I naturally remember them in a case of this kind.

At dark all was ready for sea: Captain Martin gave orders for all to be on board, as we would sail that evening; but the more knowing ones gave it as their opinion that Captain Martin would not sail until after twelve o'clock, to avoid commencing the voyage on a Friday. There is a superstitious belief amongst sailors, and in fact amongst many who are not, that Friday is an unlucky day to sail. A young girl said to me, "I hope we shall not sail to-night."—"Why?"—"Because Friday sail always fail." I asked her if she was influenced by such foolish nonsense as that? For my part, I said, I was willing we should sail at once. The public, through the newspapers, have censured Captain Martin very much for putting to sea when he did, and disregarding the threatening indications of the barometer. In justice to him, I will state that at no time after leaving Plymouth did I hear one word of censure by anybody on board. The night of Friday that we sailed was fine, Saturday was fine; true, Sunday and Monday were rough, but nothing to create fear for a well-found and first-class ship. I am sure, had Captain Martin not sailed, say until Sunday, he would have been censured by the passengers for remaining so long. In judging Captain Martin, we must go back to that time. He would argue, "I know what the *London* is, I have confidence in her; I have made two voyages to Melbourne with her; as a matter of course she would experience some heavy weather during these trips, and if I wait for fine weather to cross the Bay of Biscay, I may be here all winter. It's midwinter now, we must expect five days stormy out of the seven. I have a fine night to start with; true, the barometer is falling, but the storm foretold may bring a favourable wind; if it should not, the *London* will weather it; and more than that, I can afford to use plenty of coal at the commencement of the voyage."

As the evening wore on, the passengers were nearly all on board. We found that a larger number had joined us there than we expected to see; so we made a pretty large party, 252, including captain, crew, and all connected with the ship, divided as follows:—59 first-class passengers, 52 second-class, 52 third-class, 89 belonging to the ship, and,

I have no doubt, a few stowaways ; I was told of some, and I knew of three on board whose names were not on the published list ; say, there were six, making a total of 258. The number of passengers were 163, not many for so large a ship as the *London*, but 160 too many, as the end proved.

In the course of the evening the usual questions were asked, as it generally is at the beginning of a voyage—What is to be the length of time for the passage ? and usually bets are made. One would give her sixty days ; or would bet a dinner that we would be able to take one at the "Albion," in Bourke Street, by 10th of March. Others would give her sixty-five to seventy days. One man said, "I'll take odds she never gets to Melbourne. Do you remember what I told you at Gravesend, that she looked like a coffin ?" Not a very comforting observation, but I remember it distinctly.

The next morning we were out of sight of land : we had left in the night. I asked one who was up at the time of starting, helping to heave the anchor, what was the time then ; he said twelve, or a little before. This our first day (Saturday) was pleasant—light head wind, ship rolling considerably. The coals piled on deck, in sacks, rolled down, and came very nigh killing a little boy. A good number of passengers on deck—making acquaintance. But this day gave us the last opportunity of seeing much of each other. The weather the next day became severe—it was too unpleasant to be on deck, and a great number were sea-sick and kept to their rooms. I do not think I saw a lady on deck at any time after, excepting on the last day. So Saturday passed over, and Sunday came in, and with it rain, and rather heavy wind, but a little more favourable, and we had now a few sails set. At noon, being on deck, I noticed that the ship's position was posted up, which I now forget ; but I distinctly remember that our distance then from Plymouth was 170 miles. Understand what I mean by the position of the ship : on board passenger-vessels, the latitude, longitude, and distance run for the last day, ending at noon, or since last reckoning, is posted up by one of the officers in a conspicuous part of the ship, for the satisfaction of the passengers, who generally keep logs, and can see their position every day on a map or chart. In the afternoon, a clergyman from the after, or chief saloon—the Rev. Mr. Kerr I think was his name—came to our cabin, in second class, and read prayers and gave a short sermon or exhortation, but under difficulties, as he said he was suffering from sea-sickness : also the water occasionally would come down on his bare head, through the small skylights in the deck-house. Divine service was held in the chief saloon in the morning, I think by Rev. Dr. Wolly. I suppose very few thought of that being their last Sabbath.

Monday, the 8th, came in a little more pleasantly ; that is, through the day the sun was to be seen at times, but the wind was still strong and ahead, and the ship under steam, and being low in the water, she made pretty heavy weather of it. The ship's position this day, as far as I can remember, was latitude $46^{\circ} 40' N.$, longitude $7^{\circ} 7' W.$ The

distance I can remember more distinctly was 102 miles, we being now 272 miles from Plymouth, and entered on to the Bay of Biscay—that bay of terrible repute, for why I did not fully understand, but do now.

There are unpleasant days at sea, and this was one of them: no comfort below, nor pleasure on deck. I am now speaking of the second-class accommodation on board an Australian passenger steamship of London, not Liverpool. The cabin is between decks, entered by the main hatchway of the ship, nearly midships and just forward of the main-mast. As far as regards the motion of the ship, this is the best part to be in. There were fifty-two passengers and only two stewards, not a sufficient number to do the work. The consequence was, the work was always ahead; everything rough and dirty, everybody complaining.

I felt rather disappointed myself with the arrangements of the ship. Coming down Channel, I saw much to complain of, but said nothing; would make every allowance at the commencement of a voyage, knowing well what those long voyages are, and trusting that all would be right, once we left Plymouth and at sea. But instead of matters improving, they grew worse. Of course, you must make some allowances for the severe weather; and, to make matters worse, there was the steam-winch, that the work of the ship was done by, with its everlasting din and rattle. It was placed on the main deck, close to our hatchway; and while it was working—which was more than half the time—we could not hear each other converse in our cabin; and as for reading—the only solace at sea—why, you would just as much think of taking a book on a cold showery day in winter, and sit on London Bridge to read, as there. On deck it was worse still; for this *London* was a very wet ship, much more so than any I had ever seen. Her decks were continually covered with water, more or less swashing from one side to the other; and she had such a wholesale way of taking it in. She would roll well over on her side (and she was a devil for rolling!), and scoop in the green seas, and then it would take ten or fifteen minutes before it would run off. The scuppers appeared to me to be very small, and not at all suitable for the purpose. I can very well remember being on deck that afternoon, standing with a few others near the cuddy. You will please understand that the cuddy or chief saloon was on the main-deck, and extended to, say, a third of the length of the ship. The deck over it is the poop, and where none but first-class passengers are permitted. From the cuddy forward to the forecastle is the large, clear main-deck, or waist, protected by bulwarks and a rail on top, in all together over six feet high—a good shelter from the wind and sea. We had not been there long before over came a sea, wetting us effectually, and taking us up to about the knees. Presently we noticed that the water was not running off. "Oh, I see. Who will wade to the side, and take away that door-mat and rubbish from over the scupper?" It was done, but still no difference. "Get a stick and run it down, perhaps that will clear it. Oh, I see now what is the trouble, the scupper is filled with coal." And so they were

most of the time after. They came from the sacks of coal piled on deck. There were also large lumps that had not been put in sacks, which would roll about the decks, to the great danger of men's legs. For two nights after I could hear these lumps of coal rolling about above my head. So at any time after I did not go on deck oftener than was required, for fear of getting hurt; as there were always so many things knocking about the decks, such as lumps of coal, buckets, empty casks, &c., and sometimes we would see a bag of coal moving about with the water. So after remaining on deck until we got nicely drenched, we went to our happy home below, to hear dishes rattling, children crying, women grumbling, and that everlasting steam-winch.

While we were at tea this evening (Monday, the 8th) the ship commenced to roll (it is often remarked at sea that a ship generally commences to roll and pitch at meal times), and shipped a great deal of water, which soon found its way down through the skylight on to our heads. Soon after we shipped another heavy sea—or rather dipped it in out of the Bay of Biscay; and it came rushing down our hatchway in a body, causing quite a scene of consternation among the ladies, many screaming at once, "Oh, we are sinking!" others crying, "Shut down the lids of the hatch!" One man who had come home in her from Melbourne said, "Oh, you must not mind this, it is an old trick of the *London's*; and more than that, if the lids of the hatch are shut down, it will not prevent the water coming down—they are not made properly: the sides of the covering of the hatch don't fit close to the combings, and also the water floats up the lid, and comes down nearly the same as though there were none!" all of which proved true. After a time the water on deck subsided. Then the men had to fall to and carry up the water in buckets out of their state-rooms, to save their clothes from being spoilt. This continued nearly all night; for by the time the rooms were free, down would come another supply. All the women, excepting a few, remained up all night: not that there was any danger—or rather I did not consider there was. About twelve o'clock I went to bed, as our side of the ship was dry, we being then on the windward side. At four in the morning (of Tuesday, the 9th), I found that the ship was then on the other tack, that we had the leeward side, consequently the water; and I heard a lady in next state-room asking some others, her companions who had remained up all night, to come and assist her in keeping the state-room dry, saying they could pray and work too, as she did; I at once got up and assisted her.

When daylight came in, we learned that the wind was still ahead, the weather heavy, the ship under steam, and making very little progress. About ten o'clock I went on deck, and found that the jibboom was carried away, and the fore-royal-mast broken in two and hanging down: soon after the foretopgallant-mast broke off, then the foretop-mast, and all hanging down a wreck. That day, some time after, the main-royal-mast was carried away. The first part of the day rather pleasant: I

remember the sun was shining when I went on deck to see the wreck of the foretop-mast. But towards the latter part of the day the wind increased—the ship labouring very much, and a prospect of a wild night. Many now began to express fears, and question the propriety of the captain still forcing the ship in the face of a head-sea. We had several passengers on board who had been sailors. One, I remember, John Hickman, from Ballarat, had his wife and four children on board. He told me he had been brought up to the sea, and was, if I remember right, fourteen years at it. In the afternoon of this day, I saw Hickman come down from the deck. "Well, Hickman," said I, "how do matters look on deck?" He said in reply—"I have been a good deal at sea; I have been in a good many vessels, and I know something about them, but I never yet saw one behave as this. She frightens me—I don't know what to make of her." The same opinions were expressed by others. The women all this time were in a constant state of fear; but their fears were no proof of danger. By seven or eight o'clock matters grew worse, the gale increasing. One of the lifeboats was carried away—lifted out of the davits by the sea. Shipping a deal of water, our hatches had to be closed; but, as I have said before, this did not prevent the water coming in, and by nine o'clock in the evening all was confusion and terror in our second-class cabin: ladies clinging to you, and beseeching you to stay beside them; some in their rooms reading and praying, but the majority out in the open cabin. Fear at this time was not confined entirely to the females. Most of the men had fear on their faces. I myself began to feel very uneasy, for I heard expressions of doubt and fear from many who understood nautical matters. Mr. Munroe, one of the surviving passengers, and who had formerly been at sea, came down about twelve o'clock. I asked him how things looked on deck. He said, "I have been on the poop all the night, and the sight up there is really terrible—seas mounting right over her." "Do you think there is any danger?" I asked. "Yes; not so much from the violence of the gale, as the behaviour of the ship." He added that Captain Martin had been on deck all the time, and it was plain to be seen that he was not at rest in his mind as to the fate of his ship. He (Munroe) said, "I dread to be down here, but I am nearly perished by being on deck so long." And no wonder he dreaded being below. Apart from the horror of being in the company of nearly frantic girls and women, who thought that every roll would be the last, and not quite clear on that point yourself, there was the discomfort that at every roll of the ship the water would shoot down the hatchway, first one side, then the other—then wash to and fro the same as on the upper deck. Then worse than all was the steam, produced by water that went down the engine-hatch on to the hot machinery: this steam came forward and lodged in our cabin, which was very suffocating. During any lull of the sea we lifted the lid to get some fresh air, but most of the time we could not see each other five feet apart. Most of the passengers were sitting on the tables. That night was really terrible, but the next was worse. The ship at this time was hove-to, and

oh! how she would roll! It was no gentle, undulating motion; she would roll on her side until you were in doubts of her ever coming up again. Then up she would come with a jerk; and when she did rise there was a general displacement of boxes, trunks, chairs, buckets, and other moveable articles, placed on board in confusion at Gravesend and Plymouth. How the passengers fared in the other parts of the ship, or what their fears were, I can't say. Those in the after-part, I think, would not see the same danger as we; at any rate they would not be so inconvenienced as we were. We could now see that we had more than the dangers of a gale to contend with. It was quite evident our ship was deeply, if not over laden. She was a ship built for speed, of great length for her breadth—belonging to a class of ships that cannot be loaded with safety in proportion to her tonnage, like those of the old style. She was, perhaps, safe enough when properly loaded, with less top-hamper, not so heavily sparred, and properly equipped. And besides, it was the prevailing opinion on board that she was not prepared for a gale. It appeared as if she had been forced to sea in a hurry, and there was confusion above deck as well as below. Work was always ahead. The sailors were continually at work, and yet the ship was never "snugged," as the saying is at sea. The crew had not got used to the ship; and, another difficulty, many were foreigners, and did not understand English. Once I saw Mr. Angel, one of the officers, directing a man to do something: the poor fellow was anxious to do it right, but every attempt was wrong; at last I discovered that he did not understand a word that was said to him. I also noticed a want of regularity and discipline in the ship. I make this observation with no desire to throw discredit on any one, or insinuate that the loss of the ship was in any way attributable to this; but I think it will all tend to show that there was not that sufficient preparation, or that proper regard to life, at the outset, and in the despatching of the ship, that there ought to have been; yet I feel fully convinced as I now write this, that had the same gale overtaken us two months after, on the last week of our voyage, the *London* would not have succumbed to it as she did. I believe she was a good, strong, well-built ship; but that is not where the fault rests; it's in the cramming her so full of goods that even the space allotted to the passengers was encroached on. This interfered with the working of the ship when trouble overtook us.

As I said before, fear was not confined to the females; we all experienced it more or less. Of course we men endeavoured to disguise our real feelings from them—going from one room to the other cheering them up as best we could. This state of things continued all night. About two in the morning (Wednesday) I went to my room, and had a short sleep, the last I had in the *London*. When I awoke I then found a slight improvement in the cabin—not so much water coming down, and the ship rolling less: she had been put round an hour before to return to Plymouth, and was running close-hauled.

When daylight came in, the wind had somewhat abated, but the sea was very heavy. We then had to go to work, and carry up water out of our rooms. I went on deck at nine in the morning, and looked over the side just abaft the main rigging, and saw the two pieces of broken booms that had been carried away the previous day, still towing by the iron rigging and thumping against the ship's sides. I was told by one of the firemen that night that there were one or two forward dead-lights knocked in by these booms. The most of this day, say up to three o'clock, the crew were engaged in getting in-board the wreck of the boom, for what purpose I never understood, nor do I know now, unless it was fear of it coming in contact with the screw. Even so I think that in towing it to the stern, and then letting it go adrift, there would have been no danger. As it was, it proved a cause of trouble to us; it was lashed that afternoon just alongside of the engine-room skylight, and at night, when the gale increased, it got loose from its lashings and was knocking about, there always being a deal of water on the deck; and by the action of it and the sea the skylight over the engine-room was carried away, which was the immediate cause of the ship's loss.

When it was known in the morning that we were returning to England, everybody appeared much pleased. Then commenced new speculations, many saying they would not return in this ship, they didn't like her, some would go by another vessel, some would give up going to Australia altogether. Several asked me what I intended doing. I said, "If the ship goes I go. I am not afraid of the *London*" (although I was the previous night,) "if she is properly managed. When she gets repaired and put in proper sea-trim, she will go all right. She was started this time before she was ready. I think the owners and captain will have learned a severe lesson not to attempt the like again."

We had a scrambling dinner that day, which was the last meal we had together. It was very good, under the circumstances,—thanks to a good steward.

A small vessel passed near us. I did not see her, not happening to be on deck at the time, but I heard many speaking of having seen her. People have since asked why Captain Martin did not request this vessel to remain near us. That is a question no one can answer. He may have said, "I have perfect confidence in my own ship," and I know the feeling in our cabin was perfect reliance on his judgment. The whole day (Wednesday) was dull and gloomy; heavy cross seas, ship labouring, no comfort anywhere. Darkness came on early, the wind increased, the sky looked wild, everything bespoke a terrible night: and the anxious countenances of all seemed to have forebodings of danger. I dreaded the thoughts of another such night as last. I thought of the hatchway, and said to Munroe, "Here is night coming on, and a prospect of a severe one, and yet nothing has been done to prevent the water coming down." He said, "I know it. I have told Mr. Harris (the first officer) about it, and all the satisfaction I got was, 'Let it go down.' If they would only

let me have canvas and pump-tacks, I would do it myself. I will try again." After a while I heard some one hammering overhead. When he returned, I said, "Well, you have succeeded at last." He said, "No, only partially. I got enough canvas, but could get only half enough pump-tacks. Everything is alike on board, everything in confusion, nothing can be got that is required."

At length night set in: hatches were closed down and fastened on the inside, to prevent the water from floating them up; but still the water came in—first one side, then the other—with every roll. By seven or eight o'clock we were in as great a state of terror as on the previous night, and with more cause, for the gale was more violent. The steam was so troublesome that we could not open the lids for a moment to let in air. The sensation in the cabin then was really awful. I never shall be able to convey an idea of it. Imagine what your feelings would be, waiting and expecting every moment to meet death. Add to that the dismal sound of water rushing in. You could not see it through the cloud of steam and dim lights, and were not sure whether the ship was filling or not; in fact, a foot of water washing to and fro, carrying with it every movable article, strengthened your fears that she was. Then at every heavy roll a woman shrieked. There was one young girl nearly frantic. By nine o'clock we were in worse state than ever; when the ship rolled there would be nearly two feet of water in the cabin. It would come in with a rush, then back again to the other side, carrying with it anything that was not lashed. The boards of the lower berths were washed out, and the bedding would drop down, and then, by the roll of the ship, was carried out into the cabin, and there floated about. There was a lady in next state-room—about the only one who remained in her berth—and whom I was assisting to prevent her trunks being broken; both of us up to our knees in water, in which various articles, such as buckets, pieces of boxes, clothing of every description, apples, books and papers were swimming. A few of the women were quite collected—talking as calmly as on land. One in particular I remember, Mrs. M——, who had come home in this ship on her last voyage from Melbourne; she said to me, "I feel as if I never should see land again. I am loth to give up life, but it is not so much on my own account as for those I leave behind. I was married only two months before leaving Melbourne. I know my husband will mourn my death very much. I came home to settle some property. And another thing I regret very much is, that I have brought this little niece of mine with me" (a nice girl of about twelve or thirteen years). "I induced her father and mother to let her come with me." "Never mind," says the little niece, "I am happy, aunt, and we will die together." And I think they did. They were the last whom I spoke to in the cuddy, just before leaving the ship. They were then close together, sitting at one of the tables, and the water nearly up to the seat, and not far from the Rev. Mr. Draper.

I often stood that night watching the port-hole in the state-room—

when the ship would take those awful lurches. I would see the water dark and still against the glass of the port ; it would remain so for half a minute or more. I would say to myself, "Is she sinking now, and twenty feet under water, or is she at her old tricks?" Presently I would see the water in a foam against the glass, and then I would say, "She is all right yet."

So the evening wore on—all of us more or less frightened ; with the females, some reading and praying, some their husbands comforting. In one cabin where there were several congregated, one woman had five children : two of the smaller ones were playing about in the bed as happy as could be : some one remarked that their innocence and happiness were to be envied. The children at no time showed much fear—even those of eight or ten years of age did not seem to realize their danger. Several females, still seated on the tables, had never been in bed since Sunday night ; their clothes wet, their eyes red from the hot steam. Occasionally a man would come in from the deck, and his report would be anything but consoling. Our means of getting on deck now was through to the after-part, and up through the cuddy.

About ten o'clock, the purser of the ship came into our cabin. I spoke to him about the water being there. "Oh, you have nothing to complain of," he said, "we are just as bad aft : we have been carrying it out of the state-rooms all the evening." I said it was very wrong that it should be there when it could have been so easily prevented by securing the hatches—not on account of the danger, but for the comfort of the passengers : they had plenty of warning—last night was nearly as bad. He said, "There is no danger of it ; it runs aft to the engine-pumps, and is pumped up." But what was the consequence ? its weight all told with a heavily-laden ship ; it all tended to bring her deeper in the water. In a few minutes after, the fires were out—the engine stopped : what use were their pumps then, and where was the water ? Still there.

While the purser and I were talking, there came some sailors, and rushed past us going to the room where the sails were kept. I heard one say to another, "Let us make haste with a sail, or she will sink." At that moment I heard an order from one of the sailors that all men were wanted on the poop. I knew this applied to the passengers, and felt there must be something very serious now. Immediately we left to go aft, leaving the women alone : only a few men having children remained behind, their wives begging of them not to go. In getting there we had to grope our way through a long dark passage, say sixty or eighty feet in length, and over the top of stores, luggage, &c., that were piled in some places within two feet of the deck. Once through, and in passing the engine-room, we could see there was water rushing down. A short time before, the skylight over the engine-room hatch had been washed off, and this was the cause of the consternation. At this time I was not aware of it, but hurried by to get up on the poop, the place we were

ordered to. There a dismal sight presented itself, and one I shall never forget. The gale was at its height. The night was very dark ; but from lights held at the cuddy windows to give light on the deck in front, and which reflected up the mainmast, could be seen the half of the main-topsail still standing, and the other half blown away, the shreds blown straight out at right angles with the yard by the force of the wind. The winds whistling through the wire rigging produced a dreadful sound. Waves lashed the sides of the ship—now and then one breaking over her, she laying over very much. There was a boiling foam level with the railings, and a little farther off could be seen seas ten or fifteen feet above us, with a phosphorescent crest showing through the dark. While standing there, viewing this scene of wild fury, and supporting myself by the companion-way, others were coming up the steps ; so I let go my hold, and reached across to catch hold of a railing round the screw-shaft or opening, where it was drawn up out of water when disconnected, but I found nothing to hold on by but a smooth wall. All at once I found myself sliding down to leeward, and nothing to prevent me going over the low iron railing into the boiling foam below, when suddenly I caught hold of something in the dark that brought me up. No one but myself knew what a narrow escape I had—even to the present day it sends a thrill through me when I think of it.

Soon after getting on the poop I saw there was nothing to be done there, and with the others went down again. I then went into the cuddy, which was well lit up ; it was full of people. There was a clergyman praying at the time, very fervently, and all joined in with deep and earnest *Amens*. It was a solemn and trying moment : I remained there about five minutes until prayers were ended, when all arose and with one consent showed a willingness to assist in any way for our safety ; even some of the ladies were very energetic—assisting the best they could, and encouraging others. Of course there were some quite prostrated with fear. Very much has been said upon the remarkable coolness and resignation evinced by all, which certainly was the case during the last twelve or fourteen hours : but when our helpless position was first apparent to every one, then fear and excitement showed itself more or less in every face ; but there was no raving, no running to and fro but in the way of assisting. Several were advising what the captain should do. I heard one gentleman, a first-class passenger, crying out, "Tell the captain to shut the watertight compartments and run to land." I said to myself, "That request is useless now, as the ship is filling through the openings in the deck ; if it were a hole knocked through her bottom, these compartments might be of some use. As for running to land, 'tis too late ; we have to go wherever the wind takes us." As soon as prayers were over, I heard one of the officers order more lights to be held to the windows to enable the men to see how to secure the engine-room hatch. I got two swing-lights from the after-part of the cuddy, and took them to the windows. There were several holding lights at the time ; a lady came to

us—she was rather tall and exceedingly handsome—and proposed that the ladies should hold the lights if we could assist in anything else. Sails were being got up at the time from the second cabin. I went below 'tween decks to assist with the sails. As I passed along by the engine-room, Mr. Greenhill, the chief engineer, sung out to the firemen below to come up. Soon I saw three men come, who said, "It's useless to try any longer; the fires are out and the water up to our middle." All this took place in a short time—say about ten minutes from the time I went on to the poop, then to the cuddy, and then to the engine-room, 'tween decks. Water was coming down at the time, but the mass of it was stopped by sails, &c. placed over the opening. While I stood by the engine-room holding a light for the men who were seeking sails, I had an opportunity of learning our actual condition from the captain, officers, doctor, and engineer, who frequently met there. They had little hope, though they endeavoured to disguise the actual danger. The engineer, Mr. Greenhill, took a light from me to go down into the engine to have a look. It seemed to me a very dangerous undertaking, as there was water still going down, and I could hear it washing about below. He was a very active and able young man. I did not see him return, and felt very uneasy about him—some time after I was relieved to see him, he had come up without me noticing him. At this time, almost all the passengers were assisting; among them was G. V. Brooke, without coat or hat, working with a will. I then helped with a sail which they were getting through to take up on deck; when it was up, I heard an order to bring mattresses, beds, &c., to put in this opening over the engine-room, to prevent it going down in a body; then afterwards to be covered over with sails. The ladies immediately went into their rooms and turned up their beds to get at the mattress. The conduct of some of the ladies was certainly heroic in aiding, directing, and encouraging. After the mattresses were passed out on deck, I went below again. It was then proposed that the passengers should get buckets and pass up water from between decks, as every little would lighten, though two were coming in for one taken out. Buckets were accordingly produced, and fifty or eighty men were soon employed in passing along buckets of water. Some time after, say half-past one o'clock (Thursday morning, the 11th), as we were arranged along 'tween decks, the captain came to us and said, "Men, put down those buckets, and come and try to secure the engine-room hatch, for that is the only chance to save the ship." It has been thought that there must have been some other leak than the engine-room hatch,—the captain's words do not favour the supposition. Immediately some one sung out, "More sails wanted." A very large one was brought, the last one of the lot (as I was told). It was very heavy, and they had great difficulty in getting it along.

The sails were kept in a store or state-room, on the starboard side abaft the mainmast; they could not be taken aft by the passage-way on that side of the ship, as it was blocked up with freight or luggage;

consequently they had to be taken forward around the mainmast and down the passage-way on the port side, where there was just room enough left to crawl over ; and here is where the detention was, a truly painful one at that time. As the sail was thus delayed, some came down to see what was the cause ; first the captain, asking, "What is detaining you ? hurry it along !" then Mr. Tycehurst, the second officer, singing out, "Hurry up that sail !" then some one else, "For God's sake bring along that sail, or the ship will sink !" I mention this to show how every space was choked up that should have been clear, and also to show the unprepared state of the ship for an emergency. At length the sail was got over (I think the passage-way had to be cleared first), and through on to the deck. There we could best understand our hopeless condition. There was much water in deck, perhaps never less than two feet on the lee side ; though she was not taking much over on the weather side, she would roll over and take it over the lee rail ; then when she rolled to windward, up would come a tide two to three feet deep, carrying everything before it. It is no wonder then the skylight was carried away, particularly when there was a piece of a spar striking against it.

About fifty men were on deck assisting to put the sail where it was required, and where there were already a pile of them about three feet high. The great difficulty appeared to be in preventing the water from floating up the whole pile of sails and getting down. The one we had just brought up was spread over all the others, and nailed to the deck on the lee side with great difficulty. I saw Mr. Harris and the carpenter driving nails in a foot of water. We were about half-an-hour at this job, and oh, how it did blow, and how cold was the water, and what a medley of dismal noises there was—men hallooing, the sea roaring, and the rigging whistling ! At this time I heard the captain give orders that the pumps should be kept going. When the sail was placed over, I went into the cuddy, and passed on down below to assist in carrying up water—fully convinced that the ship must sink. I did not expect her to keep afloat till daylight, and am astonished to this day that she floated as long as she did. I remember saying twice that night to a young man, "This ship will sink before morning, and there will not be one left to tell the tale." My prophecy did not prove true. It was an error in judgment, a thing which few like to own to, but I am happy to do so in this instance.

Again below, I joined in the ranks of those passing buckets of water. Presently Mr. Grant, one of the junior officers, came round raising volunteers for the pumps. At this time there was a great difficulty in getting men to go to the pumps ; not but what they were willing to work, but they dreaded going on to the deck—the night dark and cold—and a danger of being washed out to sea. I consented to go, though I dreaded it as much as the others ; moreover, I felt very weak and fatigued, having eaten little that day. On my way up, I noticed that the stern ports on the starboard side were knocked in, and the water coming in ; later in the morning those on the port side were also stove in. On my way out,

through the cuddy, I noticed that almost everybody had become very quiet. Ladies were sitting together talking, some reading. Those from the second cabin were there also, as well as the children. Men had become much more calm than they were three or four hours previous; there was very little conversation; every one seemed wrapped in his own thoughts. I got to the cuddy door to go out, watching an opportunity when the ship was over to leeward to open the door, so that the water should not rush in. Once on deck, what a sensation it was! Water whirling round you up to the knees—wind piercing cold—night intensely dark. I felt my way along in the darkness, again steadying myself by the ropes, &c. on the weather bulwarks, to about midships, to where the pumps were. I found about a dozen men there. I could barely distinguish figures in the dark, though I recognized a few voices. It required six to turn the wheels that worked the pumps, three at each handle. All were passengers there at the time, excepting two of the officers, Mr. Angel and Mr. Grant. Mr. Angel was placed to see the pumps were kept going—and nobly he did his duty. I saw him there after we had left the ship, still at his post, encouraging and assisting. There were no sailors at the pumps at any time after I went out. I do not think worse of them for this. They had had a hard week of it—most all the time at work—all the time wet; poorly fed for the last day or two. Some were disabled by so much lumber on deck; I saw several who had bad wounds. Mr. Munroe went to the fore-castle once to get men for the pumps, and twenty pleaded illness. The work at the pumps was very laborious. We had to take brief spells, being short-handed; occasionally we would have a fresh hand, whom Mr. Grant had persuaded to come, while others left off, quite done up; and indeed it was a trying place. The seas broke over us so roughly, that sometimes I felt the water up round my neck. At those moments the pumps would have to stop; but as soon as the tide had receded, then would be heard Mr. Angel's voice, "Round with the pumps, keep them going." There was a good deal of talking and encouraging to keep up pluck and make the work go lighter. I felt much happier here, away from the women, for seeing so many frightened made me feel worse, and when inside you did not know how matters stood, whether she was sinking or not; and I had a great horror of being shut up inside when she did go. After being about an hour there we were getting fatigued—wanted a stimulant—and wishing we could get something to drink. One said, "I will try and get some." He went to the cuddy and returned with a bottle of whiskey, which was fully appreciated. It gave us new life. Some time after, Mr. Main, a passenger, and I were sent to the cuddy to raise volunteers, as we were getting worn out. When we got in I saw a good many men sitting there, and asked every one; some went out, some were not well, some sitting beside their wives and children. The mother would say, "Oh, do not take him from me!" Most of the passengers were still below, carrying up water.

Daylight at length came in, and then we could see what a helpless log

our ship was. She was then pretty low at the stern, and when she rolled seemed going right under. The sensation to any one on deck was truly awful. None seemed to blame Captain Martin, and at no time did I hear anybody reproaching him. But the expressions towards the owners were quite different : they were anything but blessings.

The weather in the morning was very dull and unsettled. The wind was not so furious as in the night, but the sea still heavy. A few now talked about the boats, though none entertained much hopes of them,—of those remaining—for the lifeboats were both gone. The last one had been washed away the evening previous, and one of the cutters was stove, and hanging down at the side of the ship by the stern-fall from the davit. The mate to it on the opposite side was still good, also two iron pinnaces, capable of carrying say thirty each, and a small wooden boat forward near the forecastle. The two iron boats were swung on davits on board. About nine o'clock in the morning, and while I was still at the pumps, I saw them making ready the starboard iron boat. The captain had given orders to get the boats ready. I did not leave the pumps to seek a chance in the boat, although there was one whom I knew who was helping in preparing her for sea. I had previously made up my mind to stop by the ship till the last, in case any vessel should come to our rescue, although we had no distress signals up ; for why, I cannot say. I am puzzled to this day why Captain Martin did not have up signals, as a vessel, if she did happen to sight us, and we not her, of course would take no notice and pass on. Another reason why I was so indifferent about the boats was this : I thought that where a large ship could not live, a small boat could not. I saw the boat lowered, and several jump over the side to get in her. Soon I saw them climbing in again. The boat had been swamped in lowering her, and she sank. I think, but am not sure, that one or two were drowned at that time.

Steam had now been got up in the donkey-engine, which was a house on deck forward, and shortly it was connected with the pumps, and we were relieved. I then climbed up on the poop, where everything presented a gloomy appearance : the boat sinking had destroyed all hope. We had still three boats, but they were on the weather side ; the ship would have to be brought round before they could be lowered. There was no effort made at that time to get them out. People were walking about, very quiet and very anxious. I saw the captain then, also Mr. Tycehurst ; several ladies walking about bare-headed, their hair flying about with the wind, but calm and resigned, and very little being said. They were walking about just as you see people at a railway station when they are waiting for a train. I saw and spoke to the young girl who was so frantic at first : now she was as reasonable and calm as anybody. I then thought, as a good many thought, that we were not long for this world ; death was staring us in the face. I felt loth to give up life ; I enjoy life. There was also the uppermost thought of all, the uncertain hereafter. I said to myself, " Well, I suppose I am as prepared now as I should be twenty

years to come." I regretted most for those I was leaving behind, and whom I had come on a visit half round the world to see; and now to be drowned in returning, and that in such a stupid, unsatisfactory way! There appeared to be no excuse for it whatever. True, we had a severe gale, but I fancied I had seen as heavy a one before. It appeared to me that a new, strong, well-built ship had been thrown away. Had our ship been driven on to a rock, or had taken fire, or met with some unavoidable accident, I should not have felt so bad. I always dread to think, or to get talking on this part of it; for my feelings of sorrow become mixed with feelings of regret and reproach against some one for so cruel a sacrifice.

Whilst on the deck at this time I saw the sailors going about throwing overboard any articles they could—hencoops, useless gear, &c. I then looked about to see what prospect there was of saving myself. Hope had not altogether deserted me. I looked out on to the sea, and asked myself the question, What boat could live there but a lifeboat? There was no vessel in sight. I then turned my eyes to the deck. I saw a piece of a board or side of a hencoop, and said to myself, "I shall keep near that when she sinks." It appears now a ridiculous idea to expect that to save me, then 190 miles from land! I remained on deck about half an hour, and then went below to the cuddy, to see how fared my lady acquaintances, it then being about ten o'clock. Just as I was turning to go down, I noticed the sailors were beginning to get the port-cutter ready, and I heard one say, "This boat is for the captain and ladies;" so any hopes I had from this boat were destroyed then; for I would not try to get in it, and destroy the chance of any of the ladies. So took no notice of it, and passed on below, intending to keep a pretty sharp look-out when she was going to sink, to rush on deck to where my board was.

When I got to the cuddy the usual question was put by the women, as it was to any one coming in from the deck, "What hopes now?" I said, "We are afloat still; and while we are afloat we are alive, is all I can say." At this time I thought it wrong to disguise our actual condition; in fact, the captain did not. He had been in the cuddy some time previous, and told all to "prepare for the worst, nothing but a miracle would save us now!" which dreadful assertion was received with no fresh outburst of terror. All the women from the second cabin were sitting by themselves. Those from the steerage part of the ship were in the cuddy also. No distinction now. There were fathers and mothers, with their families of three, four, and five, grouped around them—the children very quiet. They did not seem to understand why their fathers and mothers were crying so; and, poor little things, many were standing up to their knees in water. The Rev. Mr. Draper was sitting about the middle of the cuddy, at one of the tables, with many round him, reading and praying unceasingly. Now and then would be heard a voice, saying, "Oh, Mr. Draper, pray with me." There were also to be seen men by themselves, reading the Bible. I remember seeing a newly-married couple sitting by themselves, weeping bitterly. He had lately returned from Australia, had

got married, and had induced many of his relations to return with him. They were on board—in all nine, I have since heard. He appeared to be reproaching himself for having taken her away from her home. She was consoling and comforting him as best she could, saying she was happy, and they would die together. One poor young girl was writing a message on an envelope. I little thought I might have been the bearer of it. She probably intended putting it in a cask or keg that was being got ready by a friend of hers, as I learned afterwards. A young man whom I know was instrumental in starting it; his name was Row, of New Zealand. This keg has not yet turned up.

I conversed with many I knew; every one seemed fully to understand that there was no chance of being saved. A few clung to the hope that a vessel would yet come. Some of the sailors circulated a report that a vessel was in sight, to quiet them. I remained there until say twelve o'clock. Matters getting worse and worse, I could not remain below, but went up on deck again, bidding some whom I knew good-by. As I went to the door to go up the steps I found a number of people standing on the ladder-way, apparently bewildered. I turned round and took the last look I ever had of the cuddy; the sight is indelibly stamped on my memory. I found some difficulty in pushing my way through the crowd to gain the deck. The day had brightened up a little, the sun would occasionally show out. The wind and sea were still heavy, but I think had abated since morning. I noticed the sailors were still about the same boat, intending soon to lower it; but as I had previously heard this was for the ladies and captain, of course I never looked to it with any hope for my safety. I glanced at the state of the ship, wondering at the length of time she kept together—which raised false hopes with many, not that she would ever get to land, but that she might live long enough for a vessel to come to take us off. For my part I thought she might keep afloat four or five hours yet (at this time I would not ask anybody's opinion for fear of being misled), and concluded I would go down to my state-room to put on a dry coat. I thought I might as well live comfortably for a few hours, if I had to die then. Before going, I satisfied myself she would not sink while I was below, as I had a long distance to go, and had a particular horror of being closed in. I went down the companion-way to the cuddy-deck, then around and down to between decks. At this time the passengers had ceased with the buckets, thinking their labour useless. There was no one there at the time but the captain. He had been having a look at the engine-room. I spoke to him, and asked him if he thought it any use to still continue carrying up water; if so, I would go and try and get them together again. He did not care about answering me, and walked back again to the engine-room, and I with him. We looked down, and a frightful place it was: the water coloured black with the coal, and washing about and breaking up the iron floorings or platforms, and producing an unearthly noise. And a great pool of water it appeared to be. We stood looking for a minute or two. When he

turned to go aft, I said, "Well, captain, what do you say?" He replied, "You may, but I think it's no use." We then went up the steps on to the cuddy-deck. There was a division between the after state-rooms and the cuddy. In passing these rooms we saw some sailors and firemen in there opening cases of liquor, and some with bottles of brandy in their hands: there were several drunk at this time. The captain said to them, calling some by name, "Don't do that, boys! don't die cowards!" I saw a sailor down on his knees, feeling about in a foot of water for a sovereign he had dropped out of his mouth: he was as cool and eager looking for it as a street Arab would be for a sixpence he had seen fall. I saw standing at the cuddy-door a first-class passenger with a life-preserver strapped round him. I then turned and went down again to go to my room, opened one of my trunks, took out a coat, saw my watch and purse; thought to myself, well, I may as well take them; laid them out, shut the trunk, was particular in locking it (such is the force of habit): then put my watch in my pocket. At that moment the ship gave a roll, the water covering the port, which darkened the room, and in picking up my coat, my purse fell into the water. There was about a foot and a half there at the time. I put my arm down, and felt for half a minute, like the sailor for the sovereign, but could not find it: then walked out into the cabin; there were about half-a-dozen there at the time. I saw a Mr. Lemmon, of Melbourne; I spoke to a Mr. Harding,—he shook his head as much as to say he did not wish to be interrupted then: some sitting with their heads resting on the table—almost all preparing for death, and patiently waiting. I saw an elderly person strapping up a railway-rug into a bundle; shortly after he was seen on deck with it, when the captain, with a faint smile, asked him if he intended taking it with him. I have since been told by friends of this gentleman that he had a thousand sovereigns with him; and probably these were in the rug. On my way back to the engine-room, I was alarmed at seeing that a serious change had taken place—a deal more water was rushing down. From what I saw, I thought the pile of sails over the opening above had floated up, the water pouring in underneath. I looked over into the engine-room below, and noticed that the water had increased considerably since the captain and I were there: it was now within two or three feet of the deck on which I was standing. I got on the poop as soon as I could, knowing now that the end was near. I had some difficulty in getting up the staircase between the cuddy and the poop, as it was crowded with people, who were all mute. It was then about one o'clock or half-past one in the day, Thursday, 11th January. Just as I got on to the poop I saw an elderly couple, man and wife, with three children, two little girls about eight to ten years of age, and an infant. I am not sure, but I think they were the same who were wrecked a short time previously in the *Dunbar*, and this was the second, if not the third, attempt they had made to get to Australia. The mother and the two girls were sitting on the lee-side, close to the mizen rigging, and the father alongside of them,

holding an infant in his arms, and shielding it from the spray that was blowing clean over from windward. I took the mother and two girls up, and set them midships in the lee of the after companion-way. In about half-an-hour after, and just before we left the ship, I saw the mother and two girls washing about on deck, drowned. When I got on deck this last time, I found the ship being put round to bring the boats on the lee side, so that they could be lowered. The sun would show out occasionally—very heavy and troubled sea yet—people still walking about, calmly watching the scene. The captain was walking up and down the poop with a long mackintosh coat on, and a cap of same material tied close down under his chin. Poor man! I pitied him. It was a trying moment to each of us, but how much more must it be to a captain at a time like that, when every one looks up to him as their head; when ladies come up to him and ask if there is any hope, and he has to say No; when one or more asks him if he would advise them to go in the boat, he has to tell them, "I think there is no hope for you," which amounts to saying, "No, you had better remain here, and be drowned at once." I felt very much for him situated at that moment; I felt at peace with every one, even the owners. The ship at this time was nearly on a level keel, and very low at the stern, and rolling much like a log—not those sudden tosses and jerks. There was no one at the helm, it (the wheel) was lashed with a rope. I looked around to see what prospect there was of being saved, and saw that the small wooden boat near the forecastle had been got out to the ship's side to be lowered, the bows were just over the railing. At this time, nor at any time after did I see any men near it for the purpose of launching it. The port iron pinnacle was still hanging in its place; no order was given that I heard, nor any preparation made for lowering it. I saw a young man in it trying to do something, but he knew nothing of a boat. There was only one boat being got ready—the same one I have mentioned before—that for the captain and ladies,—the port cutter, a fine wooden boat, and still hanging in the davits, with several men in it. I stood by for a time watching the proceedings, when it gradually dawned on my mind that the sailors had this boat in their own possession, entirely under their own control. I never saw any of the officers giving any orders or directions; and as for the ladies, I saw no preparation towards getting any on board. The facts of the case were, as I afterwards learned—that after the first boat swamping in the morning, there seemed not much chance of any getting lowered and cleared from the ship with safety; which would account for the captain's not having his first order in the morning carried out,—of getting the boats ready; for if he saw reason to get the boats ready then, surely he must have seen more now. But a few of the sailors were evidently men who knew what could be done with a boat at sea, and agreed among themselves to fit out this boat, and have a trial for their lives. They got her ready with oars, compasses, bucket, bailer, life-buoys, biscuits, &c. The captain may have directed, but I never understood so; and, for the half-hour or more that

I was on deck at the last, I did not see him interfere, and I was near the boat all the time. So when I saw how matters stood with regard to this boat, I then and there determined to get in her if possible. Once that boat is in the water (thought I), I will jump in, and I don't think they will put me out. Presently I saw a sailor step over, and get in the stern of the boat, which was still hanging in the davits; he was one of those who had helped prepare her, and one I knew by sight—the only one on board. Our acquaintance was very slight, and made by chance. When on my way from Fenchurch Street to Tilbury, he got in at Stepney, and sat on the same seat with me, and from that circumstance we spoke once or twice on board. I then went up to the side of the ship, and spoke to him in a free sailor-like way. Though not a seafaring man myself, I had been thrown during my life very much amongst sailors, and fancied I understood them pretty well, and knew their dislike to ceremony or to a line of distinction being drawn between them and the rest of society; so I asked him in an off-handed manner, wishing to establish a fellow feeling. It had the desired effect. He said, "Yes, but take your chance when she is in the water," which was all I wanted; for if I had been allowed to have got in before, I think I would not, as I was afraid she might upset in the lowering, as the first did. I soon found that my plan for gaining a favour at that time was decidedly the best, as I heard men beseeching of them to let them go, also offering large amounts of money; the answer was, "We don't want your money." When my friend the sailor gave me permission to go, I thought of the ladies; and asked myself the question, "Am I robbing them of any chance they might have?" and said to my friend in the boat, "Well, I do not like going and leaving those behind," pointing to some that were standing near the mizen-mast. Not that I thought many could be saved; but should like to have a few in the boat, in case we were saved, to show we were not selfish. He said, "I am as sorry as you, but it can't be helped; try and save yourself:" which nerved me, and also showed to me the impossibility of saving any, unless they jumped after the boat was lowered. Anybody would say, "Why not lower them in the boat?" but that was where the danger was, in case she upset, as a great many expected she would. If this sailor had said to me, "Yes, get one or two, and put them in the boat," I would not have done it; for I could not have advised females to go where I was afraid to go myself. Many at this time were standing near; some passengers and some of the foreign sailors were trying to get into the boat, but were prevented by one of the sailors whose duty it was to see she was not overloaded, for if so they could not lower her with any safety. The assistant-surgeon was pleading very hard for himself and a young lady, and I heard one say to him, "Keep your money, and as for a doctor we don't want one." By the remark I judged he had been offering money, and I heard him say, "You must take me, you will want a doctor." This same young lady I saw soon after talking with one of the sailors; I heard after that she offered him 500*l.* if he would save her. I do not know her

name. She was about middle height, and I think fair complexion and very pretty. He was anxious to save her, but I suppose he thought as others that it would not be advisable for her then to get in the boat. There was another young lady, also very pretty. She came to the side, and said to this sailor-friend of mine—"Young man, will you save me?" He said, "Yes, you jump as soon as you see the boat in the water all right;" and when the boat was in the water he held up his arms (she was then holding on by the mizen-rigging), and told her to jump, but she would not. Often during the night after I heard him regretting that she did not jump. In the troubled state of the sea at that time, it was a very dangerous jump: if you fell into the water, then good-by; no one would pull you in. I foresaw this difficulty, and provided against any such contingency, by asking my friend in court if he would pull me in in case I should fall into the water, which he promised to do; luckily I did not have occasion to test his honest intentions, which I never for a moment doubted.

By this time, say five or ten minutes before the boat was lowered, and about half-past one or nearly two o'clock of Thursday, the 11th, the ship was settling gradually by the stern. Any one who was keeping a sharp look-out could not but help seeing there was a great change within a quarter of an hour. People were still walking about—the number on deck increasing. I saw the captain amongst them, apparently giving no directions; now and then a lady would speak to him. A good many were standing in a group near the companion-way, scarcely a word being said. I saw some of those I knew, but did not even exchange a word with any one, excepting Munroe, when once he came near me. I said to him, "I intend to have a trial for this boat," not with the purpose of wishing to influence him, as I could not advise anybody at that time, but I wished to get his opinion as to the probability of a boat living in such a sea. All he said, "Are you?" and walked away. I began to fear that the ship would go from under us before the boat was lowered, so said to my acquaintance in the boat, "Unless you lower soon, you will be too late." He said, "We can't lower till King comes." He was one of their party, who had gone below to see if any water could be got to take with them; presently he came up, and they told him to come in, and they would lower. He then walked a short distance to where Captain Martin was, to ask him if he would go with them. He declined, saying (which I did not hear, being too far away), "God speed you safe to land." Then King asked him for the course and distance to land; he said, "E.N.E., ninety miles to Brest." King must have misunderstood him, as we were then fully 190 miles off. King returned and jumped into the boat, and immediately they lowered, being about a dozen in her. I got on to the rail, holding on to the mizen-rigging; as soon as I saw that she was safe in the water, I stepped down on to the mizen-chains, then watched my opportunity when the boat rose on the sea, and made a cautious leap right into her stern. I did not have far to jump, about four or five feet, by waiting until a sea lifted the boat. Immediately that I was in, I saw the boat was drawing under the channels

of the ship, and was in imminent peril. I at once got out an oar, as did two others, and we pressed the boat off. When the sailors saw that the boat was safe, and there was a chance of getting away, then they were anxious to have a few women. Mr. Munroe was at the side intending to leap, when they sung out to bring a lady; he turned round and run his eyes around the few to find, naturally enough, one he knew; not seeing one, he made a few steps to the middle of the deck and asked the nearest, a young girl of sixteen or eighteen, if she would go. She said, "Yes." They went to the side to jump; but when she saw the fearful sight below, the little boat being tossed about, and a prospect of being smashed at every heave of the sea against the iron wall of the ship, she said, "I can't do that." There was no time for delay or consideration; as she would not leap, Munroe, seeing the boat shoving off, leaped in himself. All this took place in about a minute or two—that is, the lowering and getting away. After the boat was shoved off the first time, she drew in again. There appeared to be a suction at the stern, and I saw when she drew in this time that she was drawing right under the stern—which would have been sudden death to us. The oars were again brought to bear against the side of the ship; we were then, I think, more in dread of being lost by getting under the ship's side than in fear of too many jumping. At that time there was no attempt made by any to prevent any one from getting in—all on board could have jumped. There was only one man prevented getting in, and that was one of the foreign sailors: he came down by the falls from the davits, and some one pressed them on one side so that if he dropped he would go into the water. The boat was apparently crowded full, and I heard one remark (which was very true), "Why don't they go and get out the other boats? why all look to this one, as if there was no other on board?" It still is an unaccountable thing to me why Captain Martin did not see and have those boats got ready, properly manned and officered, and then tell some of the ladies, "There is your only chance; accept it, if you choose." The second time the boat was shoved off her bows were got round, and soon we were pulling away on the port side, and running before the wind. Just then a heavy sea was seen to break over the ship's stern, and wash the people about the deck; but just before we saw a good many, both men and women, standing on the lee-side of the forward part of the poop, waving handkerchiefs and cheering. The sun had just shone out at that time, which made the scene appear worse to me. I thought dark and gloom more suitable for such a sad moment, and more in keeping with the feelings of those on board. Not that I rejoiced over my position, or considered myself much better off, for we did not know the moment we would be swallowed up.

I saw distinctly Mr. Angel still by the pumps; many with their eyes turned towards us. The foresail was still standing, also the half of the maintopsail. The mizen yards were swinging about, not braced; the wreck of the foretopmast still hanging, and swinging to and fro; the gang-

ways knocked out, the bulwarks all standing as good as when she left the docks. The stern very low in the water, the bows pretty well out of it, so that we could see the red painted bottom, or coloured iron by rust; the jibboom gone. Soon we ran down in the trough of a large sea, and were hid from sight of her. When we came up we could see she had changed her position very much; we could not see the after-part of the vessel—whether under water or hid by a sea, I cannot tell; her bows were high up out of water, and by the pitch or rake of the mast we could see that she was sitting at an angle of about 45 degrees. Soon another wave came, and we ran down in the trough of another sea; when we came up, there was nothing to be seen of the *London*.

Thus ended this fine ship and all in her. When we were lifted on the wave this second time, and found that the ship was no more to be seen, it cast a gloom over our little party, though pretty well prepared to expect it. We still continued looking in the direction where we last saw the ship, to see if anybody would be seen clinging to a spar, boat, or anything; but nothing whatever was to be seen. Although there might have been one or more there, and we not able to see, even so they could not have survived long, from the spray that was flying.

One of the sailors (King)—then I did not know the name of any—now sang out, "Boys, the *London* is gone, and there is no help for those gone with her, so let her drop for the present. If we don't mind what we are about, we'll soon be with them. Say nothing more about her, but attend to the boat"—which was certainly a wise proposition, as our boat was in a similar condition to our ship at starting—too heavily laden. She was a fine, light, square-sterned boat, about twenty-five feet in length, six in breadth in the widest part; her right complement I was told was twelve, and there were now nineteen in her. Our party consisted of three engineers, one fireman, one young midshipman, one carpenter, eight seamen, one steward, one boy, and three passengers. We had been thrown together mostly by chance, and were almost all unknown to each other, but all bound together by the same tie; for if one sunk all must sink too. We were entirely on our own resources, with no one to look up to, no captain to depend upon, and no officers to navigate to land. But we had what was far better, and the only thing to save us at that time: we had cool, skilful, and excellent boatmen; and, had we not, we would not have lived half-an-hour. I never had much experience in boats, and had no idea of what they could go through. No one could ever have made me believe that a boat could have withstood what ours did. I think some of our men must have been born and reared in a boat. Smith, a seaman, was the first who took the helm, and we all agreed to obey him, as there were now a good many giving orders. There were also other arrangements made: those who understood rowing were to work by spells, those who did not were to bale. I was one of the latter; two or three were to be on the look-out for vessels, one to be constantly watching behind to see when a wave was coming that had a

crest on it, and tell the helmsman. Those were the waves we dreaded. And here was where the skill and judgment was displayed. One time we would have to back water so as to let the large sea break just in front of us. At other times the order would be pull quick, to get out of its way until its force would be spent; when along it would come and raise us up on the top, and as it would pass by would invariably give us a dash; then we had to bale out quickly. Three oars were out for the first few hours—as much to assist in steering as pulling. We were running before the wind, and the chief study was to let the seas meet us square on to the stern, for if the boat was allowed to broach to, or meet the seas on the side, she would fill or upset at once. As one sea would pass, then another would be seen coming from another direction, perhaps on our quarter. These were the cross seas, and the ones most likely to catch us; immediately the boat would have to be brought round to meet it. As the rudder could not bring her round in time, or it might be up out of water at that moment, then would be heard the man at the helm singing out, "Pull on the starboard, and back on the port—quick, quick." The next moment it would be, "Pull on the port, and back on the starboard," as a cross sea would be seen making for us. Then the next cry would be, "Pull, pull, all," that was to get out of the way of a sea that was going to break. After it had passed, then it would be, "Back, back, all." Sometimes all four orders would be given within the minute.

We also made arrangements as to the provisions, which consisted of about fifty pounds of biscuit; when anybody took a piece, all were to have alike. Soon we discovered that our little supply of water was mixed with salt. The cask was therefore thrown overboard to make more room, for we were very much crowded. After that the allowance of biscuit was restricted—they being so dry increased our thirst. Not long after getting away I learned that they had some brandy on board, which I thought was a fortunate provision, as the weather was dreadfully cold, with water splashing over us every little while. On second thought I feared it might prove to our disadvantage, in case they should take too much at once, but my fears were soon set to rights when I found that all we had was three bottles. One was got out and despatched, but it was only a mouthful to each. The second bottle was drank in the evening. The next morning when we most wanted the other, it could not be found. There was also one bottle of champagne, which was the amount of drinkables on board. About two or three hours after being at sea, our helmsman had to resign his post, as one of his hands was sore, or frost-bitten as he thought. Steering was most trying work for the hands, there being no tiller to the rudder—he had to work the rudder by his hand, consequently one hand was almost all the time in water. King, another seaman, then took his place, which he kept until about three o'clock next morning. Just before dark, we sighted a vessel. We at first thought to run for her, but soon we found it impossible; she was out of our track, and we had to keep fair before the wind. Our chief study was to keep

afloat, no matter where we went to. We had two of the ship's compasses on board, but they proved of very little use to us. I heard King say in the night that he could not steer at all by them, even though the sea would permit us. They had been adjusted for an iron vessel, which may have been the cause of their not working properly now.

Night was now coming on : I dreaded to look forward to it. Asked myself the question, how are we to see those curling seas that we so much fear ? The sky looked wild ; the wind still strong and very cold—the seas still very heavy. It was what you might call a troubled sea. All of us wet, cold, and hungry, and nearly worn out by the constant exertion, anxiety, and fatigue of the two previous days. I considered it about one chance in a hundred that ever we saw the morning. True, I was beginning to have more faith in our little boat and the good skill of our crew, but those high-crested waves in the dark rather shook my hopes. I could not see any possible way of escaping them, and I was rather puzzled to see that the sailors did not entertain any more fear of them in the night than day—that is, they did not speak of this great difficulty that troubled me. Presently the night closed in, and the mystery was solved by the phosphorescent tops of the waves, which, shining through the dark, showed pretty well their position, and the way they were coming. The first of the evening was rather clear ; the stars shone out occasionally ; by them we could guess pretty nearly the direction we were steering. Up to about nine, we thought we were going south. I said to King, "At this course we will not fetch the Spanish coast, much less the French coast—we shall go wide of Cape Finisterre." He said, "I can't help it, we must go where we are compelled to—the wind may change soon." And so it did. I had certain stars as guides, and by them I could see that we were coming round gradually, and by about midnight were going pretty nearly east. We knew that any course that had east in it would bring us to land, which at this time we thought was only ninety miles distant. But our chief hope was in falling in with a vessel. As the evening wore on, I found that we got on pretty nearly as well as before dark, but great watchfulness was required ; and King, who was then steering, was continually singing out to pull first one way, then immediately the other way, or back water. Then the next order would be, "Bale her out, keep her dry. Who is baling now ?" So in that way he was constantly talking and encouraging us, which was needed, for, cold as the night was, and drenched as we were, we were drowsy ; in fact, we were quite done up with fatigue. I myself had had but three or four hours' sleep since Sunday night, and no doubt there were others who had no more. At times, while baling, I would be half asleep, but still dipping out the water. When in that state I could always see a vessel before me with her stern under water—her bows well up—her jibboom and foretopmast gone, and her foresail shaking in the wind : it was the *London* as she last appeared to me. At any time during the night if I were to close my eyes, if only for a minute, the ship was always before me in this form.

A few hours after dark, King asked, "Who had the time?" I had. I had set my watch going at four o'clock. I pulled it out to look, but could not distinguish the hands in the darkness. By-and-by, I was asked about the time again; we thought it must be getting on towards daylight. I opened my watch, felt the hands, and found it was only eleven o'clock. And so the long dreary night wore slowly on. We thought daylight would never come.

About midnight the weather became more squally. Heavy black clouds came down upon us, and sometimes we were running, as it seemed, right into a black wall. It was difficult even to discern the figure of a man sitting alongside. It was a night remembered in London for a heavy fall of snow,—the heaviest of the season, when the telegraph wires were broken down in many parts of England, and vessels were being wrecked by scores in Torbay. About this time, and a time that will never be forgotten by any in the boat, we experienced the most narrow escape of any during the whole of our disaster. A large sea was seen close behind us, and on the point of breaking, and it was impossible to get out of the way in time. There it was, eight or ten feet higher than our stern, and the next moment we should be all engulfed. Some quietly remarked,— "It's all over with us now." I myself thought the end had come at last. Over came the wave, burying the after-part of the boat completely. She trembled, and up she came; the sea had passed on and left us in all but a sinking state. The water in the boat was about a foot and a half deep; a bucket would dip in it. Immediately King sung out, "Don't move—bale out quick—we are safe yet!" At once the bucket was going, and in a few minutes she was lightened, and on we went again. It was some time before we fully recovered from that shock. It was a providential thing that we had no more in our boat at this time, for I think the weight of one man more would have taken us down.

After many weary hours of anxious looking we at last saw the sky in the east lighten up a little. We at first thought it to be daylight breaking, but it proved to be the moon rising. It was then about four o'clock. Daniels was now steering; he relieved King for about three hours, when of a sudden the lights of a distant ship were seen. We watched her intently for a short time, and discovered she was nearing us. Presently she was abreast of us, and only a short distance off. We dare not row towards her, the sea would not permit that. The order was then given for all to sing out at once, and lustily we obeyed; it must have sounded terrible to those on board of the vessel—our voices above the roar of the sea and wind. We soon had the gratification of knowing they had heard us, and were putting the vessel about to run for us. We could now see her—a small vessel of two masts. She ran across our bow, a short distance ahead of us. We could see her, but they could not see us. They were evidently looking for us, and we bellowed as loud as we could. We also tried to light matches, but they had got wet. We could see the ship run first to one side, then across to the other. Then a squall

would come, and she would be hid from view; when it passed we would see her again, perhaps in another direction; on which there was another cheer and another cry. Presently we could see they had lost the run of us; and how tantalizing that was when we were within three minutes' row of her, and dare not deviate from our course. Now we could only see her occasionally through the gloom when we rose to the top of a wave. At last she was out of sight; all hopes of safety from her were now gone. It affected the spirits of all. We were beginning to suffer from cold, exposure, and thirst. The latter I felt the most; when baling, could scarcely resist the temptation of putting the dipper to my mouth. When we could see the vessel no more, we decided upon not going any faster than we could help, hoping to see her when daylight came in: which did happen at last—in hail and rain. Then the sun shone out for a few minutes; we scanned the horizon, but could see nothing. By the sun we judged we were making the course that Captain Martin had given us, and had a strong idea that we were within forty miles of the French coast. It was just as well we did not know our actual position. When picked up, an hour or two after, we were then 140 miles from land.

Again the cry was raised, "Ship in sight!" We could just see her off on the port-quarter, apparently making towards us. Presently we sighted another, more in our track, on the starboard bow, but at a great distance. We could only see the tops of the masts, like three fingers above the water. Hope revived again; we were in the track of vessels, and rejoiced to find there were some still floating.

On we went for half-an-hour, with occasional sunshine, then a shower and squall, the sea still rough, the same constant attention required always. Those on the look-out reported that the vessel was not getting any nearer to us. Some proposed to King, who was now steering, to put about to run for her. He strongly objected: saying the boat would surely swamp in going round; and then we had a good distance to row, nearly to windward, before reaching the vessel. The men by this time were getting impatient, and willing to risk a good deal to bring this boating trip to a termination. My only fear was that they would end it too abruptly in trying to reach a vessel. They were also getting irritable; there was not that friendly feeling as existed at first—would answer each other sharply. Of course this was owing to exposure and want: all were complaining of thirst. There were a few raw vegetables that by chance had been left in the boat; we now got eating them, and found them a great relief. By this time, say 9 A.M. (Friday, 12th), a dispute arose, and words were running pretty high as to the advisability of putting round to run for this vessel on the port-quarter. One who was holding the signal of distress (a shirt on an oar), said to King, at the rudder, "If you don't put her about, I will put this oar through the bottom." I was beginning to feel frightened. Of course every allowance must be made for a man under these trying circumstances. I myself do not entertain any ill-feeling towards him whatever for his threat. Immediately somebody

proposed that we should run for the vessel on our starboard bow, not so much with the hopes of reaching her, as to prevent the boat being put round. I seconded the proposition by saying that it was certainly the best plan; that if we should miss her, we would still be making our course good to land; that it was not more than forty miles off, and by keeping on we would sight it before night; that it was early in the day, and most likely we should see other vessels; that we were in the track of them, we having seen four already was proof. The proposition was then put and carried in parliamentary style, though some of the language used might not be considered parliamentary. The oars were doubly manned, the course of the boat slightly altered. Soon everything was going pleasantly, and all seemed well satisfied with the new arrangement: all they wanted was to be going towards some vessel. The sun at that time was shining, and our little craft sped along bravely. She quite astonished the most sanguine,—everybody expressing great affection for her. The man on the look-out, the only one allowed to stand up, and who was also supporting the oar with the signal of distress, reported that we were nearing the ship. Still great caution was required to manage the boat. The vessel not being directly in our track, we of course had to make good a few points to the wind; and this is where the difficulty was. Whenever an opportunity offered, we would steer to windward of the vessel, knowing we could make leeway at any time. Whenever a crested wave was seen coming, then would be heard, "Look out, King, here is one;" when round would come the boat. We would turn tail and run with it until it had passed, when up she would come again to windward of the vessel. In the course of half-an-hour we were getting pretty near her. Soon we could see her hull, and when within half-a-mile of her, we were rejoiced to find that they had got sight of us, by their taking in some sails, and bearing away to run for us. We then intended to run up to windward, and come round under her lee. Just at that moment there was seen a terrific squall, with its high wall of white foam coming down fast upon us, as if to totally annihilate us just at the moment that succour was at hand. In a few minutes we would be up abreast of the vessel. But on came the gale. Of course we had to turn and run with it. By the next two or three minutes we found ourselves right down to leeward, and being carried fast away from the ship. Our great fear now was that we would be shut out from sight of each other. Many then sung out to King to put about, and some not to. He said, "She will certainly fill, if I do; and I will not; and don't you see them running for us." And so they were, and hallooing, and directing with their hands in the wildest state of excitement, which very much bothered us, and tended to increase our embarrassment. I suppose they were trying to make us understand to run on with the wind, and they would follow. After the first shock of the gale had passed, the boat was brought partly round, but in doing so we had a narrow escape from being swamped, as she shipped a heavy sea. In a few minutes we were running up to the stern of the vessel (a barque

of about 400 tons), when a line was thrown to us with remarkable accuracy. It was caught; soon a rope followed; and we were at last by the side of the barque. She had come round to the wind, was rolling very much, and we were thumping against her side by the main chains. All order now was broken through—each one grasping hold of anything he could lay hands on, and scrambling up, some assisted by those in the vessel. I saw directly before me two iron bolts by which the main rigging was secured; they looked very tempting; I sprang and caught hold of them; at that moment the boat was taken from under me by the roll of the vessel, and I was left hanging by my hands. I could see others on each side of me; in a moment, up rose the sea and boat again lifting us up, when I caught another hold, and was soon on to the rail. All were out of the boat but one,—he had hurt himself the day before, and was not able to get up: a rope was got over, and he was drawn up. How thankful I felt to be once more in safety, and with a prospect of having plenty to eat and drink! The ship was Italian. We were kindly welcomed by the captain, who was serving out geneva when I got aft. He was a fine jolly and burly old fellow, with a most benevolent countenance, and with his crew were doing their best to assist for our comfort; only we could not understand each other. It was now about 10 A.M., and we had been about twenty hours in the boat. In a short space of time we were all arrayed in warm dry clothing, and in possession of the captain's cabin; they soon got us warm tea and biscuit, and we saw preparations for something more substantial; some fowls were killed, which were served up in the evening in the shape of a stew. After the first meal was over, we then began to move about—to learn something of our preservers, and whereabouts we were. She was an Italian barque and crew of Genoa, bound from the Mediterranean laden with wheat, to call at Cork for orders; her name was *Marianopolis*, Captain Gion Batta Cavassa. Her position this day at noon, N. lat. 45° 54', W. long. 7° 13', Greenwich meridian. She had experienced pretty heavy weather, and had been obliged some time previous to throw overboard some of her cargo, but at this time was safe, dry, and snug. We now felt very comfortable, and quite at home. We could talk freely, and began to realize more fully the dreadful catastrophe we had witnessed. It appeared more terrible to us now than at the time, or during the night, as our own safety then was very doubtful. In the afternoon I laid down and had a sleep, and a troubled sleep it was. I passed through all the horrors of another shipwreck. And for many nights after, and I may say many weeks after, I had to go through the same ordeal. At night, I can't say we went to bed: most of us lay down on the wheat, which was loose in bulk, and covered ourselves with sails, and felt very comfortable: such a happy change from last night.

The next morning we found ourselves all very sore, particularly our hands. Having sat so long in one position, our knees and legs got stiff, and some could barely manage to crawl about. The weather was still boisterous. About noon we had quite an alarm. The rudder-head was

carried away, and of course the vessel became unmanageable; the seas thumping against her sides most unmercifully. We had a carpenter in our party; and he and some of the others rendered the Italians great assistance. In the course of half-an-hour all was secure again. The day passed, and another night came. Next morning (Sunday) we found the weather still unpleasant—wind unfavourable—with no prospect of getting to land that day. We were now getting uneasy, longing to see land again. The captain gave us to understand that he could not land us at Brest; but would go on to Falmouth, which was just as agreeable to us as the former place.

So another, the third, night came, and we really hoped that we would get on to land to-morrow. When it came, which was now Monday, it was fine, with a fair wind. We were now in the English Channel. About 10 A.M., sighted land—the Scillys or Land's End. How rejoiced we were once more to behold it! We were now all alive and happy with the thoughts of being on shore at night. During the afternoon were anxiously looking out in hopes a pilot would be got to take us in. Evening came and none was to be seen. The wind increased, and we were in doubt if we would get in before night after all. The two Lizard lights bore nearly ahead of us, and we running towards land. About 10 P.M., the vessel was put about to stand off for the night, and by twelve o'clock the wind had increased to nearly a gale, blowing dead on shore. The captain with his crew on deck all the time, apparently very anxious; we could not communicate our fears, or learn anything of our state. They were continually singing out and directing; and we not understanding them, rather tended to increase our fears.

But our little barque held her own. Between three and four in the morning, she was put about to run slowly to land. The day broke with a fog; soon it rose, and then was to be seen the land close by, and we running along, with Falmouth harbour fair before us. Three cheers for our captain! We ran in and dropped anchor. Shortly after, an agent or interpreter came on board. Our history was made known to him. When he returned to shore he took three of us with him, including the chief engineer, who then made his report, and the news was soon telegraphed to London. I could scarcely believe my good fortune when looking back to five or six days ago; then it appeared too much to expect—and now that I was commencing a new existence. On Wednesday night, on board the *London*, there seemed to be so little possibility of any ever being saved, much less me; and I so fully expected to meet death.

We had to remain on board a few hours until noon, when a steam-tug came alongside. The captain took us on shore, we said good-by to our Italian preservers, and with many cheers from them we parted. I need not carry the history of the adventure any further; but am pleased to add that, when the facts were made known to the Board of Trade of London, a gold chronometer, with a suitable inscription, was awarded to Captain Cavassa for his noble and humane conduct towards us.

Thought and Language.

(AN APPENDIX.)

THE paper under the title "Thought and Language," which appeared in this Magazine for May last, represents, it is presumed demonstratively, that the development of thought by language is a very different process from what it is believed to be. A brief appendix is now proposed, in order to indicate some of the effects which that representation, if admitted, must have on certain dogmas in works of education, on certain undetermined questions in speculative philosophy, and in aid of a science lately set on foot under the name of the Science of Language.

First, it removes from logic the dogma of three operations of the mind, making them out to be distinctions without a difference: for that under a term, and under a proposition, and under a syllogism at full, the act of the understanding is always the same, a conclusion from premises. It is true that a term gives the conclusion, but does not give the premises; for the premises are presumed to have produced their effect, and not to need repetition. So we drop the premises of a syllogism at full when they have yielded their conclusion, and take our next step without them; so again, when the terms of a proposition have yielded the one meaning which springs from them, the expression is also one, and we cannot divide it: we can but go back to the two meanings of the grammatical parts before they specialized each other, and thus fused into one.

As to grammar, the effect of admitting the views unfolded in the previous paper, will be to unfix almost all its distinctions and definitions by showing them to be unsound. Grammar is the handmaid of Logic. She has to fashion the materials which he supplies, and put them together with seemly junction; but that is all. She is not responsible for the sense they are to yield; but only for the correctness of the structure which will contain it. The criterion, therefore, of a grammatical element is its form, and only its form. Thus we know that *John* is a mere grammatical element, because by its form it calls on us not to rest satisfied with it in its separate state, but to wait for another part which will join and make sense with it; and if sometimes this other part is not added, then *John* means other than *John* simply, inasmuch as no rational being ever utters the word *John* without saying or meaning something which *John* by itself does not mean. Thus again we know for the same reason that *idle* is a part of speech, and wait for the part which is to make sense with it. Let that part come in the shape of the word *John*, and we have a constructed noun, one of whose parts we call an adjective and the other its substantive. And why do we call them so? Because (so it will probably be answered)

John is the name of the thing, and *idle* only indicates a quality of the thing. This, though the fact in this instance is so, will not do as the ground for a grammatical definition. The proper ground, and the only proper ground, is difference of form; and when, detached from context, a part of speech should happen to have no form by which it can be known, we have to wait for the known form of the part to which it is joined; or if this should fail, which in our language is often the case, then we must be guided by the relative position of the two parts, as in determining the adjective and substantive in the constructed nouns *chestnut horse*, and *horse chestnut*. That it is quite beside the mark to call a word an adjective because it signifies a quality, will appear the moment we give it the form of a substantive, as in the conversion of *idle* into *idleness*. This is now capable of an adjective, as *habitual idleness*, which is a constructed noun. Again let the substantive become an adjective, and the part of speech we join with it must take the form of an adverb in order to agree with it grammatically, as *habitually idle*, which is a constructed adjective. Along with this adjective put the substantive *John*, and we have a constructed noun. But a noun, whether constructed or unconstructed, is still but a part of speech, and always awaits a verb. Let us then add a suitable verb, that is, a verb in the third person singular, which is all that grammar requires, leaving to logic the care that it make sense also, and we get the completed construction or speech, *John is habitually idle*. Now here arises a problem which puzzled one of the acutest grammarians that ever lived,* and he left it unsolved, though Lindley Murray and the fry of grammarians before and after him find no difficulty in the matter. Before attempting a solution we may be sure of this, that the meaning of a verb has nothing to do with its function as a verb. It must in some way be the amalgamator of all the parts of which itself is one of the parts, so as to make them the completed one expression with one meaning, for which we were waiting while the parts were in progress. In point of fact, the completed expression is the verb—the one word with the one meaning, which we could not convey without reference to abstract meanings from which, as from premises, that one meaning was to flow. And the function of the grammatical verb is, to draw all the other parts immediately or mediately to itself: for instance, in the example just given, *habitually* and *idle* being fused into one meaning are drawn to the part of speech *is*, and with it they make—not yet the completed verb—but a verb that wants only a nominative to be complete. This uncompleted verb draws to itself the nominative *John*, and the logical, in contradistinction to the mere grammatical verb, is now built up. But even here we may have only completed a step with a view to another: the logical verb in which we mean to rest may require part after part in the shape of periods, and paragraphs, and chapters, and books. We mean this, if we mean anything, when we call the Bible the word of God, implying that no one part is to be understood by

* See HORNE TOOKE'S *Diversions of Purley*.

itself, but interpreted according to the spirit or sense that flows from the whole. And as to any completed construction, grammar, if we choose, can always furnish contrivances to render it incomplete. Thus, our last example, *John is habitually idle*, becomes a constructed noun when we say, *John who is habitually idle*; for what was previously a grammatical verb agreeing with *John*, now agrees with *who* as its grammatical nominative, and the effect is that this construction, though complete, serves, when complete, only as an adjective to the substantive *John*.

The distinctions and divisions laid down by the ordinary grammarian agree very little with these views. If its peculiar function in building up the construction is to be understood as the sole ground of difference between one part of speech and another, why is an article made a distinct part of speech from an adjective, or a pronoun from a noun? There may be a convenience in distinguishing them by those special names; but to arrange them as if distinct in *genus*, is proof of ignorance of what is fundamental in grammar. It is ignorance of the same kind which, when a name has been given to a part of speech in one shape, insists on retaining the name when its shape and function are different. A noun or pronoun in the genitive case, as *John's* from *John*, *his* from *he*, may be so described; but then it should be added that it ceases to be a noun or pronoun, and has the function of an adjective. Conjunctions and prepositions are imperfectly described by any definition which does not show that their use in speech is to construct adjectives and adverbs, and that the sole difference between the one sort of connective and the other is, that in our language a preposition always makes sense with, or as the grammarian properly phrases it, governs an accusative, and a conjunction does not. We say, for instance, *She with me is invited*, but *She and I are invited*. Now in the former example, *with me* serves as an adjective, *she* being the substantive word, and the constructed nominative hence arising, is a nominative of the third person singular; while in the latter example, the conjunction *and* has the function of an adjective, *I* being the substantive word, and the result of the union of this constructed nominative with *she* the other nominative, is a nominative plural of the first person; for the verb *are* is equivalent to *sumus* and not *sunt*. Let us now change in both examples, the position of what is added to *she*; let us say, as to the former example, *She is invited with me*—*with me* must now be considered a constructed adverb; let us say as to the latter example, *She is invited and so am I*,—*and* must now be considered an adverb awaiting a verb to make sense with it, and when the verb *so am I*, is added, the two parts construct an adverb; for the vague general meaning of *and* is made special by what follows it. In this manner do both the examples in their latter arrangement divide into the same grammatical parts, verb and adverb, just as does such a simpler example as *He fares sumptuously*.

Grammar and logic are arts whose place in the circle of learning cannot be questioned; and we reach their full value when we ascertain the true foundation on which their principles rest. This kind of service

is what our investigation is meant to render. But there is a department in the circle of learning which, we venture to say, would not be there at all, at least with the pretensions it holds forth, if its promulgators had been aware that the ministry of language to thought is such as we have shown it to be when its ministry is not abused. For it has been demonstrated that in the deductive process or development of thought every part of speech is destined by union with another part to lose the meaning it has while separate—while abstract—and to yield with that other part a single more special meaning,—nay, sometimes a meaning quite the reverse of the previous meaning of one of the parts. Now to set up these terms in their abstract state as things, or the names of things which have existence elsewhere than in our thinking selves (existing here only as means to an end), is to set up subjects for inquiry or discussion concerning which our inquiries and discussions can never come to a conclusion; because, when we have incautiously admitted the existence of things answering to those abstract terms, and allowed a chain of reasoning to follow which in itself is incontrovertible, there will always be ground for difference of view and difference of opinion as to the things about which the reasoning has been held. It is only in the metaphysics of quantity that such a course can be taken without this result. Here, indeed, from a point, a line, or a circle, we can abstract what is common to every point, to every line, to every circle, as it exists in reality, and dropping the differences of the real individual things, we can set up the abstractions in place of the things. So from things which are capable of being counted or calculated, we can abstract the calculus itself without reference to the things, and operate with it to an indefinite extent and to results unattainable without it. In both these cases we know not only that the process brings with it the utmost certainty, but that it is of unquestionable practical utility? And why? Because, when it is at an end, we have before us the real things from which, and for the sake of which, the abstractions were set up; and because our conclusions, though allowances may be necessary, can always be applied to them as they exist in nature.

See now how different is the case with all metaphysics but the metaphysics of quantity. From man, admitted on all hands to be a reasoning, thinking creature, obvious to external sense as having size and weight, we abstract the one property and call it *mind* or *spirit*, the other property and call it *body* or *matter*. The distinction is useful, perhaps indispensable, for the ends of discourse, and for still higher ends if we do not go back and raise the question whether things exist or can exist separately in correspondence with the abstractions. Here human science fails, and we do wrong to the modesty of science when we presume the contrary; nor do we escape penalties for the wrong. Witness the impostures and self-delusions which have sprung from it in every age, our own by no means excepted; witness the endless speculations in what is considered the highest philosophy, speculations ever changing their shapes like the figures in a kaleidoscope.

Nothing is certain amid all this, but that man is a reasoning, thinking creature, and that he needs, for the sake of his morals and his happiness, a firm belief that after the sleep of death he shall in some way rise again. We may accept this truth as Plato teaches it, or as Paul; but in neither case is it a truth arising out of human science. Human science confines itself to what can be known by human faculties; on the unknowable it looks and should look with awe and reverence, but there it stops. Not so the metaphysician. He insists that man is mind, teaching us at one time, say in ancient Greece, that mind is immersed in matter only to be let free again; at another time, say in modern Germany, that matter is poured into mind through its receptivities of time and place, and then moulded by the understanding, apart from the pure reason, into the phenomena of the sensible universe; that when these phenomena are no longer present, it will be because he will have left behind him the region of the contingent, the finite, and the conditioned, and reached that of the absolute, the infinite, the unconditioned; that there, all things were phenomenal; here, they are what they are in themselves. Science is incapable of these flights. It defines man as a rational animal, and affirms the things amid which he is placed, to be, for him, what they are experienced to be, regarding further inquiry into their nature as fruitless and therefore idle. It considers the terms absolute, infinite, unconditioned, as terms that veil the unknowable; terms easily invented for that end, because, since by joining an abstract negative to other words, we get new abstractions which are reverse in meaning to the previous abstractions, as from *just unjust*, from *gratitude ingratitude*; so by joining the same or a similar negative to the words *contingent*, *finite*, *conditioned*, things we are well acquainted with, we get the words, though strangers to the things, *uncontingent or absolute*, *infinite*, *unconditioned*.

And if we have rightly interpreted the ministry of language to thought, and the interpretation must, when admitted, have the effects on the departments of learning which have been thus far referred to, there is another department, a science of late institution, of which it claims to be a constituent part—the science of language. It is the purpose of this science to ascertain what languages are of one family, and to trace all of the family up to a common parent. How much of collateral interest goes with inquiry of this kind, may be judged by the papers on the “Study of Celtic Literature” which have recently appeared in the pages of this Magazine. The science has reached this fact, that there are three families of language, and it is strongly surmised that these three have a common origin. Whether this shall be proved or not, surely it is important, while the inquiry is being pursued through the labyrinths of comparative etymology, to place by its side a true account of what all language must be in its relation to thought, why men in a state of society must be *μέροπες*, or voice-, that is to say, verb-dividers, and how the first rude effects of this necessity must ripen, by time and the pressure of inevitable circumstances, into language or languages such as now exist.

A Visit to Santorin.

A LONG rocky isle sloping from a peak on the east, almost to the sea on the west, from behind which rose two columns of vapour, thin and writhing, one brown as coal-smoke, the other white as the spray of some cascade in the sun; both accumulating in the upper air, in a huge cumulus, which drifted slowly away to the east. Such was our first view of Santorin, as sunrise brought us out of our beds on the good yacht *Albanian*, which had brought us from Crete, and was beating up against a light north-west wind. Then, as we came closer, say five or six miles, we began to hear the roar of escaping vapours like some huge steamer letting off steam, not constant, but in occasional and irregular gusts, each accompanied by a gush of smoke, alternating brown and ominous with white and fitful.

The *Albanian* made her last tack to the eastward for that voyage, and we ran past the southern horn of the crescent isle, and entered the bay, bottomless, in the midst of which mythological Vulcan was getting to work again. What we saw resembled more two colossal coal-heaps than anything else: black, formless, streaming and smoking; while the intermitting roar of steam was almost deafening. Everything about it suggested Birmingham, except the blue sea, and bluer sky, cloudless except for the product of this great furnace. If one had seen this in England, he would have said that some huge dépôt of coal had caught fire, and that, after days of useless fighting the fire, the owners had turned a small river on, and left the two to determine the question of victory by themselves. But now and then a larger burst of the denser smoke, or of the white steam coming out with a roar or shriek, showed that somewhere beneath there was higher pressure than all Wall's End afire would breed. Drifting slowly thitherward, we entered the current of stained and sulphurous water which set out from the volcano, and, running as close as the panic of the Greek sailors would permit, we made more leisurely acquaintance with the phenomenon.

As everybody in general knows, the two original islands of this eruption are not only united with each other, but with one of the older results of the subaqueous workings, Neo-Kaïmene. The so-called Aphroessa is now a rounded hillock in the midst of a field of black rock, emitting incessantly a yellowish brown vapour, varied with occasional puffs of the same, which rise and open out into the sky, as volcanic puffs always do; while George 1^{er}—as the hasty patriotic ambition of a Decigala named the first appearance of a new extension in the Grecian domain—is only an addition to the last-formed island, and, like Aphroessa, is a heap of rocks in the midst of a field of the same, but differing from the other in several

curious details. The effusions of George 1st are ordinarily steam, with occasional eruptions of ash-coloured smoke, and intermittent—at times scarcely an appearance of vapour issuing from the crater; while Aphroessa emits only smoke, and with comparatively little sound, and with no absolute intermissions. Aphroessa again is a regularly rounded hillock, showing the action of a constant force; while George 1st is irregular in form, is inconstant in action, with fissures all down its sides and around its summit, pouring forth steam and sulphurous vapours, from which sulphur crystallizes over all the rocks around the fissures. At the water's edge, too, around the latter, are openings from which steam in great quantities escapes; and from the principal crater the steam and hot air issue with a whistle like that of a locomotive: of which more anon. Stones one rarely sees, though they do occasionally fly to small distances.

Passing to windward of the volcano, the air was strongly sulphurous, though no currents of hot air were perceptible. We came to anchor on the rocky shoal, which they say who know more of the secrets of the sea than I, was once a subaqueous volcano. We sent the boat ashore for pratique, and after a hasty lunch landed on the southernmost point of Palaio-Kaïmene, with my photographic traps. The ancient and unconquerable fire was in excellent order; at almost regular intervals one heard the roar, dull and heavy, of Aphroessa, and the rush and shriek of the masculine-named crater; and the great columns of smoke, pitchy or snowy, with nearly exact alternation, climbed up into the still air with extraordinary swiftness. I pitched my tent and got my quickest objective to bear on the phenomenon, in hopes to catch some of its graver manifestations, stood all ready with my hand on the shutter until my plate was in danger of spoiling, and then took what came, developed, and got ready again, &c. &c. But nothing came beyond these regular jets of gases, sometimes small in quantity, and at times gushing out like a huge mushroom, spreading, growing, vanishing away. Then a few minutes' silence, another shriek, followed by another rush of steam and smoke, and so on, until the light waxed faint and useless for photographic purposes, when I packed tent and we left for the yacht, taking the route nearest the volcano which the fears of the sailors permitted. These fears were droll. They were not of the stones or of the sulphurous air, but of the hot water and the acids in it—of the former's melting all the pitch out of the seams of the boat, and scalding them to death, or of the latter's eating all the copper nails up, and letting us dissolve in the corrosive element. One of the sailors kept trying the water with his hand, and the moment it was found to be warm enough for a warm bath, round they pulled out to a safer distance, and nothing would induce them to go nearer.

We loitered along, and it was past sunset ere we came under the lee of the volcano, which now began to show its flames from both craters. Not a generous fire, but little flickering flames lapping out of the crevices of the summits from incandescent interiors, like great packed-down coal fires.

The smoke of Aphroessa as it came between us and the sunset sky was of a beautiful golden brown, like thin bitumen spread on glass, and the cratress "mingled her flames with twilight," where golden, crimson, and purple tints were gradually following the sun down the western sky with every promise of a pleasant morrow.

All night long the rumbling and roaring awaked us at intervals, and brought us up to look at the fires. The red light illuminated the smoke of Aphroessa, and the flitting, coming-and-going masses of white vapour of George 1^{er} but only suggested the more strongly a forge. The whole thing looked so purely like a colossal smithy, that the absence of the hammer-wielders was more noticeable than the presence of anything which was.

The next morning we proposed to make a nearer acquaintance, and having procured two strong-backed Greeks from Santorin, I planted my tripods on the summit of Micro-Kaïmene, looking down on the volcano from nearly half a mile. This is an extinct crater, yawning with incoherent rocks, a pit half filled with *débris*, as if it had suddenly stopped work, and had never been cleaned out since, the slag and cinders protruding from the inner slopes. I took post on the edge of the basin, my tent sheltered slightly from the morning sun by a huge mass of rock, and was not long in getting to work. The roar here was sometimes almost deafening—the volcano evidently a little more active. Ever and anon huge bursts of ash-coloured smoke, like a stone pine in shape, rolled up from George 1^{er}, and Aphroessa made several magnificent eruptions. I didn't succeed in catching one of the fine ones, only several of the smaller sort, and some tolerably satisfactory long-focus views. It had not occurred to me that there could be danger, and I stood quietly developing a view, my head and shoulders buried in yellow calico, when I heard an unusual roar, and immediately my Greeks, with many exclamations, among which I distinguished "Stones, stones," began to use that classic precaution of which Ulysses set so notable an example under circumstances which I imagine would be found, if truth were arrived at, not so very dissimilar to ours; and of which Turner, I imagine, would have given a different version from that of Trafalgar Square if he had been in my place, with his head in a cube of yellow cloth, and the possible alternative of ruining his negative or of having his bones and head broken by a flying messenger from the Cyclops working at the fires underneath Aphroessa. I finished developing my negative, however, and then looked out. The smoke in extraordinary mass had already climbed a mile high, and threw a shadow over the whole group of Kaïmene, but the stones, if any had been thrown up, had of course long since fallen. The incident had numerous suggestions of unpleasant consequences; and I frankly confess that I felt nervous during the remainder of my stay on Micro-Kaïmene. I didn't retreat, however, until the sun, with perhaps a little assistance from the volcano, had made the hill-top too warm for comfort, and R—— had finished his explorations in the neighbourhood of the new land, and

was calling me from the water's edge, to get back to the midday meal. The position was tenable but uncomfortable, and, to add to my embarrassments, my bath—one I had made myself in Crete out of plates of glass, of the shape known technically as "flat"—had begun to leak, and I was obliged to bottle the nitrate abruptly.

Lunch over, I took the boat, and making the circuit of Neo-Kaïmene, landed on the further extremity of Palaio-Kaïmene, and proceeded to expose some dry plates, during the intervals of which I explored this point of the island. The geological formation of this individual of the group tells, as well as the tradition, that it is the oldest; and, in fact, the great mass of it is evidently the result of upheaval. But the point on which I had landed was a huge peninsula of scoria, of which one saw the source in a little crater-shaped pond near the more solid rock. To a geologist, Palaio-Kaïmene must be a most interesting study; its contorted, upheaved, massive beds of rock, with peninsulas of later growth, having, doubtless, a curious story to tell to those who know its language. I do not, but I could guess at something. The view of the present field of operations from this point was interesting. Aphroessa in front, pushing out two long points of rocky islet, and behind, scarcely visible, George 1^{er}; at left and right two subaqueous openings, emitting masses of steam, and, beyond all visible terrene action or effect, the water seemed boiling and discoloured, even to half-way across the channel, between Neo- and Palaio-Kaïmene. Behind the new formation was the truncated cone of Neo-Kaïmene, whose long peninsulas of black rock pushing off to the northward, showed, in their forms and material, the identity of the action which produced them with that now at work.

My day's record would not be complete did I omit to say that, when I came to develop my plates at night, I found that the curiosity of the men in the boat had given me another illustration of the vexations which dry-plate workers are subject to. One of my double-plate holders had been opened, and both plates bore the marks of fingers on the collodion. I was divided between the desire to punish their impudence, and to laugh at the disappointment they must have experienced in finding nothing but a plain piece of glass, when they expected to find pictures ready made; but it is needless to say that the former desire was the strongest by far.

The following day I took some dry plates and the pluckiest man of the crew, and mounted upon Neo-Kaïmene. From this point the spectacle is magnificent, and the revelation complete. There seems to be no proper crater, but a mass of broken rock, from the fissures of which issue jets of steam or smoke from one or the other crater. From all around columns of steam arise without any sound, or at least none perceptible in the roar of George 1^{er}, which was at times almost stunning. The great mass of steam seemed to come from an opening half-way between the two craters, and out of the midst of this I saw a little fountain of black sand spurting up at short intervals above the white chaos. But his Majesty was the chief point of interest. At intervals we could hear, beginning far down

in the bowels of the earth, a whistle precisely like that of a locomotive, only of Titanic force, which, rising and growing stronger, came shrieking out of the crater, followed by a roar like that of an immense high-pressure boiler letting off steam. This was accompanied by a jet of hot air, through which I could see clearly but tremulously, as one always sees through hot air; then came a rush of steam, and at long intervals the ash-coloured smoke. The sound during the emission of the steam was so loud that we could not hear each other's voices even from near. Flames we saw not in the daylight, but all over the hillock arose little jets of smoke or steam, and over a large portion of the surface the stones were covered with sulphur like a gilding.

The increment of the volcanic land is not by eruption, for the stones thrown out are an insignificant part of the amount, but apparently by an action similar to that of the glaciers. The internal pressure forces out the plastic, not liquid matter, which, pressing down on every side, pushes off, wherever the nature of the ground makes it most easy to flow, streams of the black crumbly rock, fragments of which you see tumbling down continually as they are pushed beyond their poise. Nothing illustrates it so completely as the movement of the glaciers, and as for the material, I have compared it to a half-burnt coal-heap; and do not know what more I could say to any one who knows what coal is.

My view from the summit taken, I descended the slope which lay between me and the base of the volcano. Here was a chaos of black rock piled and pushed up into fantastic forms, yawning clefts, and crumbling masses on which one feared to step; the most of it a half-fused crystalline rock, which I doubt not had once been granite. Here and there specimens were fused into pumice, and others were almost vitreous, but everywhere all appearance of structure was destroyed. I climbed the side of the volcano as far as the blasts of mephitic vapours made it safe to go, and made a small package of newly crystallized sulphur, which filled in some places the crevices between the stones where the vapour issued. The stones were so hot that my feet felt their heat through my thick-soled shoes even uncomfortably, and I dislodged some specimens which were too hot to hold, covered with sulphur, with drops of the mother liquid standing on them. One wonders at first that the sulphur should not be burnt up in that intense heat, but afterwards remembers that oxygen is necessary to combustion. At one of these orifices where the steam was issuing scalding hot, I found a brilliantly coloured lichen growing, yellow, purple, and brown, with shades of the latter approaching intense red. The ground there was too hot to stand on, but on the nearest cooler rocks, nor indeed anywhere else, could I find anything resembling vegetation. I secured half-a-dozen specimens, which I still have, though one of the finest afterwards unfortunately got wet and partially dissolved, forming a gelatinous substance, which, when dry again, had lost all of its original appearance. The other specimens preserve their form and nearly their colour, only less brilliant.

My plates being all used up, I beat a retreat, my pockets full of specimens, and several, which were too large for these receptacles, in my arms; and drenched and dripping with perspiration between the solar and terrene fires, I regained the summit of Neo-Kaïmene to find that my attendant had retreated to the yacht, leaving me to lug back traps, specimens, and all, alone.

I remoistened my half-desiccated body with a bottle of Bass's ale, and after a short repose moved my tent up into the ruins of the village demolished by the early eruption, and pitched it in the little Catholic chapel, which like its neighbour, the Greek, had suffered severely from the flying stones. The floor was covered by the *débris* of the walls and stones that had broken them in. A mass of rock of three or four tons, which had evidently been half-molten when it fell, had gone through the roof, and fallen on the stone altar, effectually demolishing it. The houses of the village were battered as if by a bombardment, apertures yawning, and walls and ceilings crumbling everywhere: of some walls only the foundations were visible, and stones of several feet in diameter were lying amidst the ruins. A more extraordinary picture of desolation and destruction I never saw. No green or living thing (except ourselves) was visible. The sea steamed like a cauldron, and above, that great black glacier seemed moving down to cover and hide for ever the ruins of the village; ever and anon a mass of its rock falling down its slope, smoking like a petty avalanche, and marking its slow progress. One could not help thinking of Pompeii, though the contrast between the iron shroud slowly enveloping this little village, and the snow of ashes which silenced the Roman city, was strong enough.

People have asked me since my return from Santorin, if there was any danger for that island; but looking down from Thera on the volcano, one could scarcely ask the question, so immense is the bay and so insignificant the work being done by the fires. This eruption is evidently one of many which have raised the island group, and which will probably end as the others ended, in a little increase of the territory of Hellas. The amount of land hitherto formed bears no comparison with that formed by the last eruption, though it seems likely that this one may end in the union of some or all the islands, and the production, some ages hence, of a new brand of wine even better than the Santorin I brought away with me.

Parsonism in Earndale.

I NEVER thought my parish what the teetotal lecturer terms it, "A Pandemaynian;" nor did I ever quite endorse friend Jolly's apothegm, that "Earndale is as near paradise as earth can be," though there have been times when, under vexation or the reverse sentiment, I have oscillated towards one or other of those contradictory descriptions. But the laity of Earndale are really not different from laity elsewhere: whether the powers clerical are, can only be decided by those who examine the phenomena. In the present age of secularisation of politics, the parson is relieved of many a burden which formerly brought odium on the office, especially in the case of those energetic parsons who would not, like their neighbours, transfer to others the responsibility of thought and action which in the way of duty devolved on them. And my experience of parsonism in Earndale is, that we are clergy of clergy average. We are not hyper-excellent, nor are we in danger of lunacy from much learning. We are not odious, we are not so harassed with care as to sacrifice the intellectual in a routine too hard for flesh and blood and intellect. We are not so aristocratic as to keep down the squirearchy, nor so statesmanlike in our views as to consider our orbits the satellites of a central sun. We are simply Earndalers. The rector is head of the staff, and his authority compensates for the surveillance enjoyed by ecclesiastical powers in the Southern Province.

But the parish of Earndale is not such as are the parishes of that sunny Primacy. It is long and straggling, and extends over miles. In the early time when all England was divided into parishes by Archbishop Theodore, we in Earndale disdained any such division, and our king of Strathclyde bore us out in our contumacy, for did not John the Baptist himself found Earndale Church, though ecclesiologists may ignore that fact? But our forefathers, seeing the advantage of the archbishop's system, framed their own parish, rich in glebe and tithe, and embracing twelve villages. The extremities of the parish were washed on one side by the sea—marked on the other by a rude cross on the summit of a bleak range, where moor-fowl and poachers are the only parishioners.

The old church was not long the only place of worship. Chapels sprung up in the hamlets, which yet bear marks of their subjection to the mother church by the want of tower and bell. Most of these have been supplemented with endowments, and are called chapelries. We have, too, an old Roman Catholic chapel, attached to a manse in which remains the hole to hide the priest in a time of search. There is a Quaker's meeting-house, built in the time of George Fox himself; and since I have been rector,

two new churches have been built—handsome ones, very, but their stipends are anything but handsome. I coax stray shepherds to these folds, but I am ashamed to encounter them : they are merely bags of bones—their skins simply serve to crate them together. Good men they are, but untalented, for they lack that nineteenth-century characteristic—conceit.

Of the predecessor rectors one was hanged ; not by law punitive, but by the Scotch, when they made a border raid as far as Earndale, and burned his church a little before the battle of Flodden. His successor was a member of the militant church, and accompanied Lord Surrey's army in the hope of recovering part of the church's plundered spoils. There yet hangs in our chancel an old helmet, said to be a trophy of his personal valour on that memorable field. The next I have heard of served the church throughout the vicissitudes of Edward VI., Mary, and to the fifteenth of Elizabeth, with a conscience as complaisant as that of his contemporary Dean of Canterbury. Later on we had a good, learned man, who made the Sunday service the institution of Earndale, as my young brethren now do penny readings and sabbath-school excursions. In those days, when there was scarcely any exit to a wider world, people were glad to go to church, and at the rectory hospitality was rectorial. Tables were spread in the hall for the neighbours from a distance, and food provided on the feast day, for their bodily needs, as well as a lengthy logical discourse for their spiritual wants. The remnants of recusancy were driven to the chapel, in those days kept snug. In the great rising of the North the rector was arrested by the rebels, but his jailers being his own parishioners, he did not meet with ill-treatment, only his goods were wasted, and he could obtain no remedy from the commissioners sent down by Walsingham. In the reign of Charles I., the rector was of course loyal, but being a good lazy soul, hoped to escape the harrowing of either party. So he did, till "The Triers" came,—gentlemen (no, they weren't gentlemen, but "spiritual men") who ejected poor Rector Jolf because he rode a nag which he called "Bishop," out of regard to its former owner, a real lawn-sleeved prelate. It was enough—the prelatie nag ejected his master from the rectory : besides, that rector understood, though but lamely, three languages, Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, "which," it was sagely remarked, "was never no good ; they were once in mockery set a-top of his Master's cross." So ejected was Jolf, and Ephraim Stiles was injected, whose energy produced an intestine revolution in Earndale. The congregation (which had begun to wax lazy, and instead of observing the rule prescribed in *Eikon Basilike*, "half Sunday at church, half at bowls and games," had got into the habit of slumbering the first half, but religiously observing the exercises of the latter half,) were drawn to church, galleries were built in pile above pile, and because the noble endowment had suffered in Edward VI.'s reform, the ecclesiastical commissioners of the day fined the Popish recusants of the parish a good round sum to be paid to the rector to eke out his scanty income. Meanwhile at Hartrigge, one of the chapelries, there was a cavalier squire who simply set the major-

general of the district at defiance. He *would not* allow a "painful brother" of Rector Stiles to officiate in the chapel, and at length the "painful brother," finding no congregation, and being once shot at by a retired follower of Prince Rupert, who had taken refuge at Hartrigge Hall, and confronted by early "friends," who heaped on him the epithets he had been in the habit of heaping on the episcopal clergy, forsook Hartrigge for a more Hermon-bedewed sphere. And then the squire sent to Oxford for a dutiful doctor, and the doctor (afterwards a dignitary) used on Sunday to recite from memory the Church Service to a crowded congregation. Good old Stiles, true as he was to his tenets, not only bore with all, but was said to have paid visits to the county jail, where he relieved sundry unfortunate rectors in durance vile, for doing what at Hartrigge was done with impunity.

Presently came the change, painful Stiles was driven out, and a new rector was installed, but without the remittances from recusants. I know little of the state of things then, save that at a confirmation the candidates were ranged in twos in the churchyard, and the bishop passing down laid his hands on each, repeating the words to threescore at once, and then going on to "bishop" others. After the confirmation was a bull-fight. We had a legacy to maintain that disgraceful spectacle, and a sermon on the same day, bequeathed by the same individual. I have heard that John Wesley came amongst us, and said we were a hard-hearted lot; that must have been early in his career. In 1745 the Pretender's men burned my church registers, scratched out the name of "King George," and wrote in "King James" in the parish prayer-book, from which their chaplain read the service in Earndale Church.

Rector Derwell was a magisterial character, and headed a charge of yeomanry when the riots of 1780 raised a sympathetic movement even in our quiet valley. His passion for hunting was great, so that on a Sunday he had been known to ride off to a meet, and wonder what the throng of people churchward-bound meant. During his incumbency the devil made his appearance in Earndale, and bewitched a young woman. Derwell ridiculed the creed of his parishioners, said young women were always bewitching, and often had a spice of that inspiration about them. However, he was prevailed on to try exorcism; so a great crowd gathered and stood about the woman's house. The feat of entering it was reserved for the rector, but he found the fiend too much for him, and was bodily chased by the damsel into the mob without, minus wig and band. Still he took credit from this attempt, for within the year the same Mary — came to her right mind, as an entrance in our marriage register remains to prove.

But laymen of that age were not such as they are in this generation of commissions and penny press. Magistrates used to decide by shrewd common sense, and if laws were appealed to, sometimes the justice's wife was sent for to read and explain what her lord's capacities and acquirements failed to comprehend. The treatment of idiots was disgraceful.

They were insulted, chased, and pelted by rude boys. Lunatics were chained without clothing in damp cellars, and the ravings of delirium quieted by the lash. The sick, if their disease was infectious, were carried to a pest-house, far from friend or relative, and left to the kindness of old hags, who thought it a charity to stifle under a blanket the spark of life which could but for a little longer scintillate in misery. The children of the parish—boys and girls—all went to the one school—low, narrow, and damp, in a filthy yard. They were a defiant and mischievous lot, and the training to which they were subjected made them so. At Easter a main of cocks was fought in the school, the master holding the stakes. The church gates at a wedding were besieged by urchins demanding hen-money, and unless forthcoming to their satisfaction, the bride and bridegroom were pelted. In school the Bible was the text-book for all, and the upper classes learned Latin enough to translate Virgil and the dialogues of Erasmus, or the Testament of Beza. Boors as they were in manners, such an education carried in it seeds for future harvest. In the decline of his years the retired tradesman had merely to rake up his school lore to find sources of interest after his figures and routine ceased to charm.

In the townships or chapelries the clergyman was generally son or brother of resident yeomen. Sometimes he resided with the farmers, and worked in the field by day, and at night taught the children of the household in return for board and lodging. A congregation of three was considered a quorum, but if the weather prevented even that muster, a psalm and a prayer were read, and then the news of the day discussed. Sometimes a newspaper would be produced and read to those who could not decipher its contents. Sales and auctions were proclaimed in the churchyard after service, and busy women coming to church brought their knitting with them, and at stated times took up their work or laid it down as the officiating clerk directed. One of the Dales' clergy had to encounter opposition and unpopularity because he first introduced the turnip into Earndale. Another was famous for skill in draining. Another, like divines now-a-days, was a celebrated and successful bee-master. Another was banker and lawyer for the neighbourhood, made wills and leases when in demand—for in Earndale to this day agreements by word of mouth are the rule. Such men were not expected to write sermons, far less compose them. They laid on the pulpit-board a volume of Tillotson or Smallridge, and read it through on successive Sundays. One instance may testify to their simplicity. Corresponding with the lord bishop, the curate of Shorncliffe assumed the style and title of his cure, because he observed his lordship assumed that of his see.

Yet all was not always peace in the Dales; on a small scale the feud of Guelph and Ghibeline raged in Earndale. The Becket of the Dales was curate of Berrywell, and a sturdy champion of his name. There are old men who remember, and relate with zest, the story of the mill in the chapel-yard, when the parson and the churchwarden (who represented the

laity) had seven rounds in style within the sacred precincts, and the warden received a thrashing which kept him in bed for a week, and the parson a black eye, which drew a larger congregation than the best sermon ever heard in the Dales. It was a process of settling difficulties less expensive than by a suit in the Court of Arches, and quite as satisfactory. The particular grievance was, that the warden persisted in sitting in the vestry before service, to see that the parson didn't then and there take a glass, which surveillance the clerical man resented.

The annals of a later time—quarrels with tithe or school commissions—must be left untold, only I will remark that all such authorities have *their* way of looking at things, and we in Earndale *ours*, and hence our occasional collisions. There is, however, one bright page I am proud to remember. Not long ago Earndale was agitated to its core by the question: "How shall the rector be honoured?" A service of plate was proposed, but the funds would only furnish a teapot. Teapot the rector would have none, and the difficult question remained unsolved, till some genius hatched a proposal which recommended itself to all parties. There should be a concert given in honour of the rector by the amateurs of his flock. So there they came in troops, men with fiddles big and small, and maidens and matrons in white, and long blue streamers and dainty wreaths. They sang glees, the jolly old glees somehow banished, but now in favour again; and duets and solos were performed by ladies who had their share of admiration (if any limit thereto belongs), and by young gentlemen who died away with the pathos of the strain, or growled in jealous fury, or caracolled in cavalier style; and before we sang "God save the Queen," all, save the rector, stood up, and a rhythmical chaunt, setting forth the praises of the individual in the garlanded chair, was performed in full chorus. It was not a lullaby; it was not to the strain, "See the Conquering Hero." It was a pure Earndale composition, music and words, and sung with Earndale expression till the rafters rang again, and the rector's heart glowed and swelled, and his feelings were too strong for him to shape in articulate language the sentiments which that loud-voiced harmony of a united Earndale stirred.



CAPTAIN CLAVERING MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RIVALS.



ADY ONGAR sat alone, long into the night, when Harry Clavering had left her. She sat there long, getting up occasionally from her seat, once or twice attempting to write at her desk, looking now and then at a paper or two, and then at a small picture which she had, but passing the long hours in thinking,—in long, sad, solitary thoughts. What should she do with herself,—with herself, her title, and her money? Would it be still well that she should do something, that she should make some attempt; or should she, in truth, abandon all, as the arch-traitor did, and acknowledge that for her foot there could no longer be a resting-place on the earth? At six-and-twenty, with youth, beauty,

and wealth at her command, must she despair? But her youth had been stained, her beauty had lost its freshness; and as for her wealth, had she not stolen it? Did not the weight of the theft sit so heavy on her, that her brightest thought was one which prompted her to abandon it?

As to that idea of giving up her income and her house, and calling herself again Julia Brabazon, though there was something in the poetry of it which would now and again for half an hour relieve her, yet she hardly proposed such a course to herself as a reality. The world in which she had lived had taught her to laugh at romance, to laugh at it even while she liked its beauty; and she would tell herself that for such a one as her to do such a thing as this, would be to insure for herself the ridicule of all who knew her name. What would Sir Hugh say, and her sister? What Count Pateroff and the faithful Sophie? What all the Ongar tribe,

who would reap the rich harvest of her insanity? These latter would offer to provide her a place in some convenient asylum, and the others would all agree that such would be her fitting destiny. She could bear the idea of walking forth, as she had said, penniless into the street, without a crust; but she could not bear the idea of being laughed at when she got there.

To her, in her position, her only escape was by marriage. It was the solitude of her position which maddened her;—its solitude, or the necessity of breaking that solitude by the presence of those who were odious to her. Whether it were better to be alone, feeding on the bitterness of her own thoughts, or to be comforted by the fulsome flatteries and odious falsenesses of Sophie Gordeloup, she could not tell. She hated herself for her loneliness, but she hated herself almost worse for submitting herself to the society of Sophie Gordeloup. Why not give all that she possessed to Harry Clavering—herself, her income, her rich pastures and horses and oxen, and try whether the world would not be better to her when she had done so?

She had learned to laugh at romance, but still she believed in love. While that bargain was going on as to her settlement, she had laughed at romance, and had told herself that in this world worldly prosperity was everything. Sir Hugh then had stood by her with truth, for he had well understood the matter, and could enter into it with zest. Lord Ongar, in his state of health, had not been in a position to make close stipulations as to the dower in the event of his proposed wife becoming a widow. "No, no; we won't stand that," Sir Hugh had said to the lawyers. "We all hope, of course, that Lord Ongar may live long; no doubt he'll turn over a new leaf, and die at ninety. But in such a case as this the widow must not be fettered." The widow had not been fettered, and Julia had been made to understand the full advantage of such an arrangement. But still she had believed in love when she had bade farewell to Harry in the garden. She had told herself then, even then, that she would have better liked to have taken him and his love,—if only she could have afforded it. He had not dreamed that on leaving him she had gone from him to her room, and taken out his picture,—the same that she had with her now in Bolton Street,—and had kissed it, bidding him farewell there with a passion which she could not display in his presence. And she had thought of his offer about the money over and over again. "Yes," she would say; "that man loved me. He would have given me all he had to relieve me, though nothing was to come to him in return." She had, at any rate, been loved once; and she almost wished that she had taken the money, that she might now have an opportunity of repaying it.

And she was again free, and her old lover was again by her side. Had that fatal episode in her life been so fatal that she must now regard herself as tainted and unfit for him? There was no longer anything to separate them,—anything of which she was aware, unless it was that. And as for

his love,—did he not look and speak as though he loved her still? Had he not pressed her hand passionately, and kissed it, and once more called her Julia? How should it be that he should not love her? In such a case as his, love might have been turned to hatred or to enmity; but it was not so with him. He called himself her friend. How could there be friendship between them without love?

And then she thought how much with her wealth she might do for him. With all his early studies and his talent Harry Clavering was not the man, she thought, to make his way in the world by hard work; but with such an income as she could give him, he might shine among the proud ones of his nation. He should go into Parliament, and do great things. He should be lord of all. It should all be his without a word of reserve. She had been mercenary once, but she would atone for that now by open-handed, undoubting generosity. She herself had learned to hate the house and fields and widespread comforts of Ongar Park. She had walked among it all alone, and despised. But it would be a glory to her to see him go forth, with Giles at his heels, boldly giving his orders, changing this and improving that. He would be rebuked for no errors, let him do with Enoch Gubby and the rest of them what he pleased! And then the parson's wife would be glad enough to come to her, and the house would be full of smiling faces. And it might be that God would be good to her, and that she would have treasures, as other women had them, and that the flavour would come back to the apples, and that the ashes would cease to grate between her teeth.

She loved him, and why should it not be so? She could go before God's altar with him without disgracing herself with a lie. She could put her hand in his, and swear honestly that she would worship him and obey him. She had been dishonest;—but if he would pardon her for that, could she not reward him richly for such pardon? And it seemed to her that he had pardoned her. He had forgiven it all and was gracious to her,—coming at her beck and call, and sitting with her as though he liked her presence. She was woman enough to understand this, and she knew that he liked it. Of course he loved her. How could it be otherwise?

But yet he spoke nothing to her of his love. In the old days there had been with him no bashfulness of that kind. He was not a man to tremble and doubt before a woman. In those old days he had been ready enough,—so ready, that she had wondered that one who had just come from his books should know so well how to make himself master of a girl's heart. Nature had given him that art, as she does give it to some, withholding it from many. But now he sat near her, dropping once and again half words of love, hearing her references to the old times;—and yet he said nothing.

But how was he to speak of love to one who was a widow but of four months' standing? And with what face could he now again ask for her hand, knowing that it had been filled so full since last it was refused to

him? It was thus she argued to herself when she excused him in that he did not speak to her. As to her widowhood, to herself it was a thing of scorn. Thinking of it, she cast her weepers from her, and walked about the room, scorning the hypocrisy of her dress. It needed that she should submit herself to this hypocrisy before the world; but he might know,—for had she not told him?—that the clothes she wore were no index of her feeling or of her heart. She had been mean enough, base enough, vile enough, to sell herself to that wretched lord. Mean, base, and vile she had been, and she now confessed it; but she was not false enough to pretend that she mourned the man as a wife mourns. Harry might have seen enough to know, have understood enough to perceive, that he need not regard her widowhood.

And as to her money! If that were the stumbling-block, might it not be well that the first overture should come from her? Could she not find words to tell him that it might all be his? Could she not say to him, "Harry Clavering, all this is nothing in my hands. Take it into your hands, and it will prosper." Then it was that she went to her desk, and attempted to write to him. She did write to him a completed note, offering herself and all that was hers for his acceptance. In doing so, she strove hard to be honest and yet not over bold; to be affectionate and yet not unfeminine. Long she sat, holding her head with one hand, while the other attempted to use the pen which would not move over the paper. At length, quickly it flew across the sheet, and a few lines were there for her to peruse.

"Harry Clavering," she had written, "I know I am doing what men and women say no woman should do. You may, perhaps, say so of me now; but if you do, I know you so well, that I do not fear that others will be able to repeat it. Harry, I have never loved any one but you. Will you be my husband? You well know that I should not make you this offer if I did not intend that everything I have should be yours. It will be pleasant to me to feel that I can make some reparation for the evil I have done. As for love, I have never loved any one but you. You yourself must know that well. Yours, altogether if you will have it so,—JULIA."

She took the letter with her, back across the room to her seat by the fire, and took with her at the same time the little portrait; and there she sat, looking at the one and reading the other. At last she slowly folded the note up into a thin wisp of paper, and, lighting the end of it, watched it till every shred of it was burnt to an ash. "If he wants me," she said, "he can come and take me,—as other men do." It was a fearful attempt, that which she had thought of making. How could she have looked him in the face again had his answer to her been a refusal?

Another hour went by before she took herself to her bed, during which her cruelly-used maiden was waiting for her half asleep in the chamber above; and during that time she tried to bring herself to some

steady resolve. She would remain in London for the coming months, so that he might come to her if he pleased. She would remain there, even though she were subject to the daily attacks of Sophie Gordeloup. She hardly knew why, but in part she was afraid of Sophie. She had done nothing of which Sophie knew the secret. She had no cause to tremble because Sophie might be offended. The woman had seen her in some of her saddest moments, and could indeed tell of indignities which would have killed some women. But these she had borne, and had not disgraced herself in the bearing of them. But still she was afraid of Sophie, and felt that she could not bring herself absolutely to dismiss her friend from her house. Nevertheless, she would remain;—because Harry Clavering was in London and could come to her there. To her house at Ongar Park she would never go again, unless she went as his wife. The place had become odious to her. Bad as was her solitude in London, with Sophie Gordeloup to break it,—and perhaps with Sophie's brother to attack her, it was not so bad as the silent desolation of Ongar Park. Never again would she go there, unless she went there, in triumph,—as Harry's wife. Having so far resolved she took herself at last to her room, and dismissed her drowsy Phœbe to her rest.

And now the reader must be asked to travel down at once into the country, that he may see how Florence Burton passed the same evening at Clavering Rectory. It was Florence's last night there, and on the following morning she was to return to her father's house at Stratton. Florence had not as yet received her unsatisfactory letter from Harry. That was to arrive on the following morning. At present she was, as regarded her letters, under the influence of that one which had been satisfactory in so especial a degree. Not that the coming letter,—the one now on its route,—was of a nature to disturb her comfort permanently, or to make her in any degree unhappy. "Dear fellow; he must be careful, he is overworking himself." Even the unsatisfactory letter would produce nothing worse than this from her; but now, at the moment of which I am writing, she was in a paradise of happy thoughts.

Her visit to Clavering had been in every respect successful. She had been liked by every one, and every one in return had been liked by her. Mrs. Clavering had treated her as though she were a daughter. The rector had made her pretty presents, had kissed her, and called her his child. With Fanny she had formed a friendship which was to endure for ever, let destiny separate them how it might. Dear Fanny! She had had a wonderful interview respecting Fanny on this very day, and was at this moment disquieting her mind because she could not tell her friend what had happened without a breach of confidence! She had learned a great deal at Clavering, though in most matters of learning she was a better instructed woman than they were whom she had met. In general knowledge and in intellect she was Fanny's superior, though Fanny Clavering was no fool; but Florence, when she came thither, had lacked something which living in such a house had given to her;—or, I should rather say, something had

been given to her of which she would greatly feel the want, if it could be again taken from her. Her mother was as excellent a woman as had ever sent forth a family of daughters into the world, and I do not know that any one ever objected to her as being ignorant, or specially vulgar; but the house in Stratton was not like Clavering Rectory in the little ways of living, and this Florence Burton had been clever enough to understand. She knew that a sojourn under such a roof, with such a woman as Mrs. Clavering, must make her fitter to be Harry's wife; and, therefore, when they pressed her to come again in the autumn, she said that she thought she would. She could understand, too, that Harry was different in many things from the men who had married her sisters, and she rejoiced that it was so. Poor Florence! Had he been more like them it might have been safer for her.

But we must return for a moment to the wonderful interview which has been mentioned. Florence, during her sojourn at Clavering, had become intimate with Mr. Saul, as well as with Fanny. She had given herself for the time heartily to the schools, and matters had so far progressed with her that Mr. Saul had on one occasion scolded her soundly. "It's a great sign that he thinks well of you," Fanny had said. "It was the only sign he ever gave me, before he spoke to me in that sad strain." On the afternoon of this, her last day at Clavering, she had gone over to Cumberly Green with Fanny, to say farewell to the children, and walked back by herself, as Fanny had not finished her work. When she was still about half a mile from the rectory, she met Mr. Saul, who was on his way out to the Green. "I knew I should meet you," he said, "so that I might say good-by."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Saul,—for I am going in truth, to-morrow."

"I wish you were staying. I wish you were going to remain with us. Having you here is very pleasant, and you do more good here, perhaps, than you will elsewhere."

"I will not allow that. You forget that I have a father and mother."

"Yes; and you will have a husband soon."

"No, not soon; some day, perhaps, if all goes well. But I mean to be back here often before that. I mean to be here in October, just for a little visit, if mamma can spare me."

"Miss Burton," he said, speaking in a very serious tone—. All his tones were serious, but that which he now adopted was more solemn than usual. "I wish to consult you on a certain matter, if you can give me five minutes of your time."

"To consult me, Mr. Saul?"

"Yes, Miss Burton. I am hard pressed at present, and I know no one else of whom I can ask a certain question, if I cannot ask it of you. I think that you will answer me truly, if you answer me at all. I do not think you would flatter me, or tell me an untruth."

"Flatter you! how could I flatter you?"

"By telling me——; but I must ask you my question first. You and Fanny Clavering are dear friends now. You tell each other everything."

"I do not know," said Florence, doubting as to what she might best say, but guessing something of that which was coming.

"She will have told you, perhaps, that I asked her to be my wife. Did she ever tell you that?" Florence looked into his face for a few moments without answering him, not knowing how to answer such a question. "I know that she has told you," said he. "I can see that it is so."

"She has told me," said Florence.

"Why should she not? How could she be with you so many hours, and not tell you that of which she could hardly fail to have the remembrance often present with her. If I were gone from here, if I were not before her eyes daily, it might be otherwise; but seeing me as she does from day to day, of course she has spoken of me to her friend."

"Yes, Mr. Saul; she has told me of it."

"And now, will you tell me whether I may hope."

"Mr. Saul!"

"I want you to betray no secret, but I ask you for your advice. Can I hope that she will ever return my love?"

"How am I to answer you?"

"With the truth. Only with the truth."

"I should say that she thinks that you have forgotten it."

"Forgotten it! No, Miss Burton; she cannot think that. Do you believe that men or women can forget such things as that? Can you ever forget her brother? Do you think people ever forget when they have loved? No, I have not forgotten her. I have not forgotten that walk which we had down this lane together. There are things which men never forget." Then he paused for an answer.

Florence was by nature steady and self-collected, and she at once felt that she was bound to be wary before she gave him any answer. She had half fancied once or twice that Fanny thought more of Mr. Saul than she allowed even herself to know. And Fanny, when she had spoken of the impossibility of such a marriage, had always based the impossibility on the fact that people should not marry without the means of living,—a reason which to Florence, with all her prudence, was not sufficient. Fanny might wait as she also intended to wait. Latterly, too, Fanny had declared more than once to Florence her conviction that Mr. Saul's passion had been a momentary insanity which had altogether passed away; and in these declarations Florence had half fancied that she discovered some tinge of regret. If it were so, what was she now to say to Mr. Saul?

"You think then, Miss Burton," he continued, "that I have no chance of success? I ask the question because if I felt certain that this was so,—quite certain, I should be wrong to remain here. It has been my first

and only parish, and I could not leave it without bitter sorrow. But if I were to remain here hopelessly, I should become unfit for my work. I am becoming so, and shall be better away."

"But why ask me, Mr. Saul?"

"Because I think that you can tell me."

"But why not ask herself? Who can tell you so truly as she can do?"

"You would not advise me to do that if you were sure that she would reject me?"

"That is what I would advise."

"I will take your advice, Miss Burton. Now, good-by, and may God bless you. You say you will be here in the autumn; but before the autumn I shall probably have left Clavering. If so our farewells will be for very long, but I shall always remember our pleasant intercourse here." Then he went on towards Cumberly Green; and Florence, as she walked into the vicarage grounds, was thinking that no girl had ever been loved by a more single-hearted, pure-minded gentleman than Mr. Saul.

As she sat alone in her bed-room, five or six hours after this interview, she felt some regret that she should leave Clavering without a word to Fanny on the subject. Mr. Saul had exacted no promise of secrecy from her; he was not a man to exact such promises. But she felt not the less that she would be betraying confidence to speak, and it might even be that her speaking on the matter would do more harm than good. Her sympathies were doubtless with Mr. Saul, but she could not therefore say that she thought Fanny ought to accept his love. It would be best to say nothing of the matter, and to allow Mr. Saul to fight his own battle.

Then she turned to her own matters, and there she found that everything was pleasant. How good the world had been to her to give her such a lover as Harry Clavering! She owned with all her heart the excellence of being in love, when a girl might be allowed to call such a man her own. She could not but make comparisons between him and Mr. Saul, though she knew that she was making them on points that were hardly worthy of her thoughts. Mr. Saul was plain, uncouth, with little that was bright about him except the brightness of his piety. Harry was like the morning star. He looked and walked and spoke, as though he were something more godlike than common men. His very voice created joy, and the ring of his laughter was to Florence as the music of the heavens. What woman would not have loved Harry Clavering? Even Julia Brabazon,—a creature so base that she had sold herself to such a thing as Lord Ongar for money and a title, but so grand in her gait and ways, so Florence had been told, that she seemed to despise the earth on which she trod,—even she had loved him. Then as Florence thought of what Julia Brabazon might have had and of what she had lost, she wondered that there could be women born so sadly vicious.

But that woman's vice had given her her success, her joy, her great

triumph! It was surely not for her to deal hardly with the faults of Julia Brabazon,—for her who was enjoying all the blessings of which those faults had robbed the other! Julia Brabazon had been her very good friend.

But why had this perfect lover come to her, to one so small, so trifling, so little in the world's account as she, and given to her all the treasure of his love? Oh, Harry,—dear Harry! what could she do for him that would be a return good enough for such great goodness? Then she took out his last letter, that satisfactory letter, that letter that had been declared to be perfect, and read it and read it again. No; she did not want Fanny or any one else to tell her that he was true. Honesty and truth were written on every line of his face, were to be heard in every tone of his voice, could be seen in every sentence that came from his hand. Dear Harry; dearest Harry! She knew well that he was true.

Then she also sat down and wrote to him, on that her last night beneath his father's roof,—wrote to him when she had nearly prepared herself for her bed; and honestly, out of her full heart, thanked him for his love. There was no need that she should be coy with him now, for she was his own. “Dear Harry, when I think of all that you have done for me in loving me and choosing me for your wife, I know that I can never pay you all that I owe you.”

Such were the two rival claimants for the hand of Harry Clavering.

CHAPTER XVII.

LET HER KNOW THAT YOU'RE THERE.

A WEEK had passed since the evening which Harry had spent in Bolton Street, and he had not again seen Lady Ongar. He had professed to himself that his reason for not going there was the non-performance of the commission which Lady Ongar had given him with reference to Count Pateroff. He had not yet succeeded in catching the count, though he had twice asked for him in Mount Street and twice at the club in Pall Mall. It appeared that the count never went to Mount Street, and was very rarely seen at the club. There was some other club which he frequented, and Harry did not know what club. On both the occasions of Harry's calling in Mount Street, the servant had asked him to go up and see madame; but he had declined to do so, pleading that he was hurried. He was, however, driven to resolve that he must go direct to Sophie, as otherwise he could find no means of doing as he had promised. She probably might put him on the scent of her brother.

But there had been another reason why Harry had not gone to Bolton Street, though he had not acknowledged it to himself. He did not dare to trust himself with Lady Ongar. He feared that he would be led on to

betray himself and to betray Florence,—to throw himself at Julia's feet and sacrifice his honesty, in spite of all his resolutions to the contrary. He felt when there as the accustomed but repentant dram-drinker might feel, when having resolved to abstain, he is called upon to sit with the full glass offered before his lips. From such temptation as that the repentant dram-drinker knows that he must fly. But though he did not go after the fire-water of Bolton Street, neither was he able to satisfy himself with the cool fountain of Onslow Crescent. He was wretched at this time,—ill-satisfied with himself and others, and was no fitting companion for Cecilia Burton. The world, he thought, had used him ill. He could have been true to Julia Brabazon when she was well-nigh penniless. It was not for her money that he had regarded her. Had he been now a free man,—free from those chains with which he had fettered himself at Stratton, he would again have asked this woman for her love, in spite of her past treachery; but it would have been for her love and not for her money that he would have sought her. Was it his fault that he had loved her, that she had been false to him, and that she had now come back and thrown herself before him? Or had he been wrong because he had ventured to think that he loved another when Julia had deserted him? Or could he help himself if he now found that his love in truth belonged to her whom he had known first? The world had been very cruel to him, and he could not go to Onslow Crescent and behave there prettily, hearing the praises of Florence with all the ardour of a discreet lover.

He knew well what would have been his right course, and yet he did not follow it. Let him but once communicate to Lady Ongar the fact of his engagement, and the danger would be over, though much, perhaps, of the misery might remain. Let him write to her and mention the fact, bringing it up as some little immaterial accident, and she would understand what he meant. But this he abstained from doing. Though he swore to himself that he would not touch the dram, he would not dash down the full glass that was held to his lips. He went about the town very wretchedly, looking for the count, and regarding himself as a man specially marked out for sorrow by the cruel hand of misfortune. Lady Ongar, in the meantime, was expecting him, and was waxing angry and becoming bitter towards him because he came not.

Sir Hugh Clavering was now up in London, and with him was his brother Archie. Sir Hugh was a man who strained an income, that was handsome and sufficient for a country gentleman, to the very utmost, wanting to get out of it more than it could be made to give. He was not a man to be in debt, or indulge himself with present pleasures to be paid for out of the funds of future years. He was possessed of a worldly wisdom which kept him from that folly, and taught him to appreciate fully the value of independence. But he was ever remembering how many shillings there are in a pound, and how many pence in a shilling. He had a great eye to discount, and looked very closely into his bills.

He searched for cheap shops;—and some men began to say of him that he had found a cheap establishment for such wines as he did not drink himself! In playing cards and in betting he was very careful, never playing high, never risking much, but hoping to turn something by the end of the year, and angry with himself if he had not done so. An unamiable man he was, but one whose heir would probably not quarrel with him,—if only he would die soon enough. He had always had a house in town, a moderate house in Berkeley Square, which belonged to him and had belonged to his father before him. Lady Clavering had usually lived there during the season; or, as had latterly been the case, during only a part of the season. And now it had come to pass, in this year, that Lady Clavering was not to come to London at all, and that Sir Hugh was meditating whether the house in Berkeley Square might not be let. The arrangement would make the difference of considerably more than a thousand a year to him. For himself, he would take lodgings. He had no idea of giving up London in the spring and early summer. But why keep up a house in Berkeley Square, as Lady Clavering did not use it?

He was partly driven to this by a desire to shake off the burden of his brother. When Archie chose to go to Clavering the house was open to him. That was the necessity of Sir Hugh's position, and he could not avoid it unless he made it worth his while to quarrel with his brother. Archie was obedient, ringing the bell when he was told, looking after the horses, spying about, and perhaps saving as much money as he cost. But the matter was very different in Berkeley Square. No elder brother is bound to find breakfast and bed for a younger brother in London. And yet from his boyhood upwards Archie had made good his footing in Berkeley Square. In the matter of the breakfast, Sir Hugh had indeed of late got the better of him. The servants were kept on board wages, and there were no household accounts. But there was Archie's room, and Sir Hugh felt this to be a hardship.

The present was not the moment for actually driving forth the intruder, for Archie was now up in London, especially under his brother's auspices. And if the business on which Captain Clavering was now intent could be brought to a successful issue, the standing in the world of that young man would be very much altered. Then he would be a brother of whom Sir Hugh might be proud; a brother who would pay his way, and settle his points at whist if he lost them, even to a brother. If Archie could induce Lady Ongar to marry him, he would not be called upon any longer to ring the bells and look after the stable. He would have bells of his own, and stables too, and perhaps some captain of his own to ring them and look after them. The expulsion, therefore, was not to take place till Archie should have made his attempt upon Lady Ongar.

But Sir Hugh would admit of no delay, whereas Archie himself seemed to think that the iron was not yet quite hot enough for striking. It would be better, he had suggested, to postpone the work till Julia could be

coaxed down to Clavering in the autumn. He could do the work better, he thought, down at Clavering than in London. But Sir Hugh was altogether of a different opinion. Though he had already asked his sister-in-law to Clavering, when the idea had first come up, he was glad that she had declined the visit. Her coming might be very well if she accepted Archie; but he did not want to be troubled with any renewal of his responsibility respecting her, if, as was more probable, she should reject him. The world still looked askance at Lady Ongar, and Hugh did not wish to take up the armour of a paladin in her favour. If Archie married her, Archie would be the paladin; though, indeed, in that case, no paladin would be needed.

"She has only been a widow, you know, four months," said Archie, pleading for delay. "It won't be delicate; will it?"

"Delicate!" said Sir Hugh. "I don't know whether there is much of delicacy in it at all."

"I don't see why she isn't to be treated like any other woman. If you were to die, you'd think it very odd if any fellow came up to Hermy before the season was over."

"Archie, you are a fool," said Sir Hugh; and Archie could see by his brother's brow that Hugh was angry. "You say things that for folly and absurdity are beyond belief. If you can't see the peculiarities of Julia's position, I am not going to point them out to you."

"She is peculiar, of course,—having so much money, and that place near Guildford, all her own for her life. Of course it's peculiar. But four months, Hugh!"

"If it had been four days it need have made no difference. A home, with some one to support her, is everything to her. If you wait till lots of fellows are buzzing round her you won't have a chance. You'll find that by this time next year she'll be the top of the fashion; and if not engaged to you, she will be to some one else. I shouldn't be surprised if Harry were after her again."

"He's engaged to that girl we saw down at Clavering."

"What matters that? Engagements can be broken as well as made. You have this great advantage over every one, except him, that you can go to her at once without doing anything out of the way. That girl that Harry has in tow may perhaps keep him away for some time."

"I tell you what, Hugh, you might as well call with me the first time."

"So that I may quarrel with her, which I certainly should do,—or, rather, she with me. No, Archie; if you're afraid to go alone, you'd better give it up."

"Afraid! I'm not afraid!"

"She can't eat you. Remember that with her you needn't stand on your p's and q's, as you would with another woman. She knows what she is about, and will understand what she has to get as well as what she is expected to give. All I can say is, that if she accepts you, Hermy will

consent that she shall go to Clavering as much as she pleases till the marriage takes place. It couldn't be done, I suppose, till after a year; and in that case she shall be married at Clavering."

Here was a prospect for Julia Brabazon;—to be led to the same altar, at which she had married Lord Ongar, by Archie Clavering, twelve months after her first husband's death, and little more than two years after her first wedding! The peculiarity of the position did not quite make itself apparent either to Hugh or to Archie; but there was one point which did suggest itself to the younger brother at that moment.

"I don't suppose there was anything really wrong, eh?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," said Sir Hugh.

"Because I shouldn't like——"

"If I were you I wouldn't trouble myself about that. Judge not, that you be not judged."

"Yes, that's true, to be sure," said Archie; and on that point he went forth satisfied.

But the job before him was a peculiar job, and that Archie well knew. In some inexplicable manner he put himself into the scales and weighed himself, and discovered his own weight with fair accuracy. And he put her into the scales, and he found that she was much the heavier of the two. How he did this,—how such men as Archie Clavering do do it,—I cannot say; but they do weigh themselves, and know their own weight, and shove themselves aside as being too light for any real service in the world. This they do, though they may fluster with their voices, and walk about with their noses in the air, and swing their canes, and try to look as large as they may. They do not look large, and they know it; and consequently they ring the bells, and look after the horses, and shove themselves on one side, so that the heavier weights may come forth and do the work. Archie Clavering, who had duly weighed himself, could hardly bring himself to believe that Lady Ongar would be fool enough to marry him! Seven thousand a year, with a park and farm in Surrey, and give it all to him,—him, Archie Clavering, who had, so to say, no weight at all! Archie Clavering, for one, could not bring himself to believe it.

But yet Hermy, her sister, thought it possible; and though Hermy was, as Archie had found out by his invisible scales, lighter than Julia, still she must know something of her sister's nature. And Hugh, who was by no means light,—who was a man of weight, with money and position and firm ground beneath his feet,—he also thought that it might be so. "Faint heart never won a fair lady," said Archie to himself a dozen times, as he walked down to the Rag. The Rag was his club, and there was a friend there whom he could consult confidentially. No; faint heart never won a fair lady; but they who repeat to themselves that adage, trying thereby to get courage, always have faint hearts for such work. Harry Clavering never thought of the proverb when he went a-wooing.

But Captain Boodle of the Rag,—for Captain Boodle always lived at the Rag when he was not at Newmarket, or at other racecourses, or in the neighbourhood of Market Harborough,—Captain Boodle knew a thing or two, and Captain Boodle was his fast friend. He would go to Boodle and arrange the campaign with him. Boodle had none of that hectoring, domineering way which Hugh never quite threw off in his intercourse with his brother. And Archie, as he went along, resolved that when Lady Ongar's money was his, and when he had a countess for his wife, he would give his elder brother a cold shoulder.

Boodle was playing pool at the Rag, and Archie joined him; but pool is a game which hardly admits of confidential intercourse as to proposed wives, and Archie was obliged to remain quiet on that subject all the afternoon. He cunningly, however, lost a little money to Boodle, for Boodle liked to win,—and engaged himself to dine at the same table with his friend. Their dinner they ate almost in silence,—unless when they abused the cook, or made to each other some pithy suggestion as to the expediency of this or that delicacy,—bearing always steadily in view the cost as well as desirability of the viands. Boodle had no shame in not having this or that because it was dear. To dine with the utmost luxury at the smallest expense was a proficiency belonging to him, and of which he was very proud.

But after a while the cloth was gone, and the heads of the two men were brought near together over the small table. Boodle did not speak a word till his brother captain had told his story, had pointed out all the advantages to be gained, explained in what peculiar way the course lay open to himself, and made the whole thing clear to his friend's eye.

"They say she's been a little queer, don't they?" said the friendly counsellor.

"Of course people talk, you know."

"Talk, yes; they're talking a doosed sight, I should say. There's no mistake about the money, I suppose?"

"Oh, none," said Archie, shaking his head vigorously. "Hugh managed all that for her, so I know it."

"She don't lose any of it because she enters herself for running again, does she?"

"Not a shilling. That's the beauty of it."

"Was you ever sweet on her before?"

"What! before Ongar took her? O laws, no. She hadn't a rap, you know;—and knew how to spend money as well as any girl in London."

"It's all to begin then, Clavvy; all the uphill work to be done?"

"Well, yes; I don't know about up-hill, Doodles. What do you mean by up-hill?"

"I mean that seven thousand a year ain't usually to be picked up merely by trotting easy along the flat. And this sort of work is very up-hill generally, I take it;—unless, you know, a fellow has a fancy for it. If a fellow is really sweet on a girl, he likes it, I suppose."

"She's a doosed handsome woman, you know, Doodles."

"I don't know anything about it, except that I suppose Ongar wouldn't have taken her if she hadn't stood well on her pasterns, and had some breeding about her. I never thought much of her sister,—your brother's wife, you know,—that is in the way of looks. No doubt she runs straight, and that's a great thing. She won't go the wrong side of the post."

"As for running straight, let me alone for that."

"Well, now, Clavvy, I'll tell you what my ideas are. When a man's trying a young filly, his hands can't be too light. A touch too much will bring her on her haunches, or throw her out of her step. She should hardly feel the iron in her mouth. That's the sort of work which requires a man to know well what he's about. But when I've got to do with a trained mare, I always choose that she shall know that I'm there ! Do you understand me ? "

"Yes ; I understand you, Doodles."

"I always choose that she shall know that I'm there." And Captain Boodle, as he repeated these manly words with a firm voice, put out his hands as though he were handling the horse's rein. "Their mouths are never so fine then, and they generally want to be brought up to the bit, d'ye see ?—up to the bit. When a mare has been trained to her work, and knows what she's at in her running, she's all the better for feeling a fellow's hands as she's going. She likes it rather. It gives her confidence, and makes her know where she is. And look here, Clavvy, when she comes to her fences, give her her head ; but steady her first, and make her know that you're there. Damme ; whatever you do, let her know that you're there. There's nothing like it. She'll think all the more of the fellow that's piloting her. And look here, Clavvy ; ride her with spurs. Always ride a trained mare with spurs. Let her know that they're on ; and if she tries to get her head, give 'em her. Yes, by George, give 'em her." And Captain Boodle in his energy twisted himself in his chair, and brought his heel round, so that it could be seen by Archie. Then he produced a sharp click with his tongue, and made the peculiar jerk with the muscle of his legs, whereby he was accustomed to evoke the agility of his horses. After that he looked triumphantly at his friend. "Give 'em her, Clavvy, and she'll like you the better for it. She'll know then that you mean it."

It was thus that Captain Boodle instructed his friend Archie Clavering how to woo Lady Ongar ; and Archie, as he listened to his friend's words of wisdom, felt that he had learned a great deal. "That's the way I'll do it, Doodles," he said, "and upon my word I'm very much obliged to you."

"That's the way, you may depend on it. Let her know that you're there.—Let her know that you're there. She's done the filly work before, you see ; and it's no good trying that again."

Captain Clavering really believed that he had learned a good deal,

and that he now knew the way to set about the work before him. What sort of spurs he was to use, and how he was to put them on, I don't think he did know ; but that was a detail as to which he did not think it necessary to consult his adviser. He sat the whole evening in the smoking-room, very silent, drinking slowly iced gin-and-water ; and the more he drank the more assured he felt that he now understood the way in which he was to attempt the work before him. "Let her know I'm there," he said to himself, shaking his head gently, so that no one should observe him ; "yes, let her know I'm there." At this time Captain Boodle, or Doodles as he was familiarly called, had again ascended to the billiard-room and was hard at work. "Let her know that I'm there," repeated Archie, mentally. Everything was contained in that precept. And he, with his hands before him on his knees, went through the process of steadying a horse with the snaffle-rein, just touching the curb, as he did so, for security. It was but a motion of his fingers and no one could see it, but it made him confident that he had learned his lesson. "Up to the bit," he repeated ; "by George, yes ; up to the bit. There's nothing like it for a trained mare. Give her head, but steady her." And Archie, as the words passed across his memory and were almost pronounced, seemed to be flying successfully over some prodigious fence. He leaned himself back a little in the saddle, and seemed to hold firm with his legs. That was the way to do it. And then the spurs ! He would not forget the spurs. She should know that he wore a spur, and that, if necessary, he would use it. Then he, too, gave a little click with his tongue, and an acute observer might have seen the motion of his heel.

Two hours after that he was still sitting in the smoking-room, chewing the end of a cigar, when Doodles came down victorious from the billiard-room. Archie was half asleep, and did not notice the entrance of his friend. "Let her know that you're there," said Doodles, close into Archie Clavering's ear,—"*damme*, let her know that you're there." Archie started and did not like the surprise, or the warm breath in his ear ; but he forgave the offence for the wisdom of the words that had been spoken.

Then he walked home by himself, repeating again and again the invaluable teachings of his friend.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN CLAVERING MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.

DURING breakfast on the following day,—which means from the hour of one till two, for the glasses of iced gin-and-water had been many,—Archie Clavering was making up his mind that he would begin at once. He would go to Bolton Street on that day, and make an attempt to be

admitted. If not admitted to-day he would make another attempt to-morrow, and, if still unsuccessful, he would write a letter; not a letter containing an offer, which according to Archie's ideas would not be letting her know that he was there in a manner sufficiently potential,—but a letter in which he would explain that he had very grave reasons for wishing to see his near and dear connexion, Lady Ongar. Soon after two he sallied out, and he also went to a hairdresser's. He was aware that in doing so he was hardly obeying his friend to the letter, as this sort of operation would come rather under the head of handling a filly with a light touch; but he thought that he could in this way, at any rate, do no harm, if he would only remember the instructions he had received when in presence of the trained mare. It was nearly three when he found himself in Bolton Street, having calculated that Lady Ongar might be more probably found at home then than at a later hour. But when he came to the door, instead of knocking, he passed by it. He began to remember that he had not yet made up his mind by what means he would bring it about that she should certainly know that he was there. So he took a little turn up the street, away from Piccadilly, through a narrow passage that there is in those parts, and by some stables, and down into Piccadilly, and again to Bolton Street; during which little tour he had made up his mind that it could hardly become his duty to teach her that great lesson on this occasion. She must undoubtedly be taught to know that he was there, but not so taught on this, his first visit. That lesson should quickly precede his offer; and, although he had almost hoped in the interval between two of his beakers of gin-and-water on the preceding evening that he might ride the race and win it altogether during this very morning visit he was about to make, in his cooler moments he had begun to reflect that that would hardly be practicable. The mare must get a gallop before she would be in a condition to be brought out. So Archie knocked at the door, intending merely to give the mare a gallop if he should find her in to-day.

He gave his name, and was shown at once up into Lady Ongar's drawing-room. Lady Ongar was not there, but she soon came down, and entered the room with a smile on her face and with an outstretched hand. Between the man-servant who took the captain's name, and the maid-servant who carried it up to her mistress,—but who did not see the gentleman before she did so, there had arisen some mistake, and Lady Ongar, as she came down from her chamber above expected that she was to meet another man. Harry Clavering, she thought, had come to her at last. "I'll be down at once," Lady Ongar had said, dismissing the girl and then standing for a moment before her mirror as she smoothed her hair, obliterated as far as it might be possible the ugliness of her cap, and shook out the folds of her dress. A countess, a widow, a woman of the world who had seen enough to make her composed under all circumstances, one would say,—a trained mare as Doodles had called her,—she stood before her glass doubting and trembling like a girl, when she heard that Harry

Clavering was waiting for her below. We may surmise that she would have spared herself some of this trouble had she known the real name of her visitor. Then, as she came slowly down the stairs, she reflected how she would receive him. He had stayed away from her, and she would be cold to him,—cold and formal as she had been on the railway platform. She knew well how to play that part. Yes; it was his turn now to show some eagerness of friendship, if there was ever to be anything more than friendship between them. But she changed all this as she put her hand upon the lock of the door. She would be honest to him,—honest and true. She was in truth glad to see him, and he should know it. What cared she now for the common ways of women and the usual coynesses of feminine coquetry. She told herself also, in language somewhat differing from that which Doodles had used, that her filly days were gone by, and that she was now a trained mare. All this passed through her mind as her hand was on the door; and then she opened it, with a smiling face and ready hand, to find herself in the presence of—Captain Archie Clavering.

The captain was sharp-sighted enough to observe the change in her manner. The change, indeed, was visible enough, and was such that it at once knocked out of Archie's breast some portion of the courage with which his friend's lessons had inspired him. The outstretched hand fell slowly to her side, the smile gave place to a look of composed dignity which made Archie at once feel that the fate which called upon him to woo a countess, was in itself hard. And she walked slowly into the room before she spoke to him, or he to her.

"Captain Clavering!" she said at last, and there was much more of surprise than of welcome in her words as she uttered them.

"Yes, Lady On—, Julia, that is; I thought I might as well come and call, as I found we weren't to see you at Clavering when we were all there at Easter." When she had been living in his brother's house as one of the family he had called her Julia, as Hugh had done. The connection between them had been close, and it had come naturally to him to do so. He had thought much of this since his present project had been initiated, and had strongly resolved not to lose the advantage of his former familiarity. He had very nearly broken down at the onset, but, as the reader will have observed, had recovered himself.

"You are very good," she said; and then as he had been some time standing with his right hand presented to her, she just touched it with her own.

"There's nothing I hate so much as stuff and nonsense," said Archie. To this remark she simply bowed, remaining awfully quiet. Captain Clavering felt that her silence was in truth awful. She had always been good at talking, and he had paused for her to say something; but when she bowed to him in that stiff manner,—"*doosed stiff* she was; *doosed stiff*, and impudent too," he told Doodles afterwards;—he knew that he must go on himself. "*Stuff and nonsense is the mischief, you know.*"

Then she bowed again. "There's been something the matter with them all down at Clavering since you came home, Julia; but hang me if I can find out what it is!" Still she was silent. "It ain't Hermy; that I must say. Hermy always speaks of you as though there had never been anything wrong." This assurance, we may say, must have been flattering to the lady whom he was about to court.

"Hermy was always too good to me," said Lady Ongar, smiling.

"By George, she always does. If there's anything wrong it's been with Hugh; and, by George, I don't know what it is he was up to when you first came home. It wasn't my doing;—of course you know that."

"I never thought that anything was your doing, Captain Clavering."

"I think Hugh had been losing money; I do indeed. He was like a bear with a sore head just at that time. There was no living in the house with him. I daresay Hermy may have told you all about that."

"Hermione is not by nature so communicative as you are, Captain Clavering."

"Isn't she? I should have thought between sisters—; but of course that's no business of mine." Again she was silent, awfully silent, and he became aware that he must either get up and go away or carry on the conversation himself. To do either seemed to be equally difficult, and for a while he sat there almost gasping in his misery. He was quite aware that as yet he had not made her know that he was there. He was not there, as he well knew, in his friend Doodles' sense of the word. "At any rate there isn't any good in quarrelling, is there, Julia?" he said at last. Now that he had asked a question, surely she must speak.

"There is great good sometimes I think," said she, "in people remaining apart and not seeing each other. Sir Hugh Clavering has not quarrelled with me, that I am aware. Indeed, since my marriage there have been no means of quarrelling between us. But I think it quite as well that he and I should not come together."

"But he particularly wants you to go to Clavering."

"Has he sent you here as his messenger?"

"Sent me! oh dear no; nothing of that sort. I have come altogether on my own hook. If Hugh wants a messenger he must find some one else. But you and I were always friends you know,"—at this assertion she opened her large eyes widely, and simply smiled;—"and I thought that perhaps you might be glad to see me if I called. That was all."

"You are very good, Captain Clavering."

"I couldn't bear to think that you should be here in London, and that one shouldn't see anything of you or know anything about you. Tell me now; is there anything I can do for you? Do you want anybody to settle anything for you in the city?"

"I think not, Captain Clavering; thank you very much."

"Because I should be so happy; I should indeed. There's nothing I should like so much as to make myself useful in some way. Isn't there

anything now? There must be so much to be looked after,—about money and all that.”

“My lawyer does all that, Captain Clavering.”

“Those fellows are such harpies. There is no end to their charges; and all for doing things that would only be a pleasure to me.”

“I’m afraid I can’t employ you in any matter that would suit your tastes.”

“Can’t you indeed, now?” Then again there was a silence, and Captain Clavering was beginning to think that he must go. He was willing to work hard at talking or anything else; but he could not work if no ground for starting were allowed to him. He thought he must go, though he was aware that he had not made even the slightest preparation for future obedience to his friend’s precepts. He began to feel that he had commenced wrongly. He should have made her know that he was there from the first moment of her entrance into the room. He must retreat now in order that he might advance with more force on the next occasion. He had just made up his mind to this and was doubting how he might best get himself out of his chair with the purpose of going, when sudden relief came in the shape of another visitor. The door was thrown open and Madam Gordeloup was announced.

“Well, my angel,” said the little woman, running up to her friend and kissing her on either side of her face. Then she turned round as though she had only just seen the strange gentleman, and curtsied to him. Captain Clavering holding his hat in both his hands bowed to the little woman.

“My sister’s brother-in-law, Captain Clavering,” said Lady Ongar. “Madam Gordeloup.”

Captain Clavering bowed again. “Ah, Sir Oo’s brother,” said Madam Gordeloup. “I am very glad to see Captain Clavering; and is your sister come?”

“No; my sister is not come.”

“Lady Clavering is not in town this spring,” said the captain.

“Ah, not in town! Then I do pity her. There is only de one place to live in, and that is London, for April, May, and June. Lady Clavering is not coming to London?”

“Her little boy isn’t quite the thing,” said the captain.

“Not quite de ting?” said the Franco-Pole in an inquiring voice, not exactly understanding the gentleman’s language.

“My little nephew is ill, and my sister does not think it wise to bring him to London.”

“Ah; that is a pity. And Sir Oo? Sir Oo is in London?”

“Yes,” said the captain; “my brother has been up some time.”

“And his lady left alone in the country? Poor lady! But your English ladies like the country. They are fond of the fields and the daisies. So they say; but I think often they lie. Me; I like the houses, and the people, and the pavé. The fields are damp, and I love not rheu-

matism at all." Then the little woman shrugged her shoulders and shook herself. "Tell us the truth, Julie; which do you like best, the town or the country?"

"Whichever I'm not in, I think."

"Ah, just so. Whichever you are not in at present. That is because you are still idle. You have not settled yourself!" At this reference to the possibility of Lady Ongar settling herself, Captain Clavering pricked up his ears, and listened eagerly for what might come next. He only knew of one way in which a young woman without a husband could settle herself. "You must wait, my dear, a little longer, just a little longer, till the time of your trouble has passed by."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Sophie," said the countess.

"Ah, my dear, it is no nonsense. I am always telling her, Captain Clavering, that she must go through this black, troublesome time as quick as she can; and then nobody will enjoy the town so much as de rich and beautiful Lady Ongar. Is it not so, Captain Clavering?"

Archie thought that the time had now come for him to say something pretty, so that his love might begin to know that he was there. "By George, yes, there'll be nobody so much admired when she comes out again. There never was anybody so much admired before,—before,—that is, when you were Julia Brabazon, you know; and I shouldn't wonder if you didn't come out quite as strong as ever."

"As strong!" said the Franco-Pole. "A woman that has been married is always more admired than a meess."

"Sophie, might I ask you and Captain Clavering to be a little less personal."

"There is noting I hate so much as your meesses," continued Madame Gordeloup; "noting! Your English meesses give themselves such airs. Now in Paris, or in dear Vienna, or in St. Petersburg, they are not like that at all. There they are nobodies—they are nobodies; but then they will be something very soon, which is to be better. Your English meess is so much and so grand; she never can be greater and grander. So when she is a mamma, she lives down in the country by herself, and looks after de pills and de powders. I don't like that. I don't like that at all. No; if my husband had put me into the country to look after de pills and de powders, he should have had them all, all—himself, when he came to see me." As she said this with great energy, she opened her eyes wide, and looked full into Archie's face.

Captain Clavering, who was sitting with his hat in his two hands between his knees, stared at the little foreigner. He had heard before of women poisoning their husbands, but never had heard a woman advocate the system as expedient. Nor had he often heard a woman advocate any system with the vehemence which Madame Gordeloup now displayed on this matter, and with an allusion which was so very pointed to the special position of his own sister-in-law. Did Lady Ongar agree with her? He felt as though he should like to know his Julia's opinions on that matter.

"Sophie, Captain Clavering will think you are in earnest," said the countess, laughing.

"So I am—in earnest. It is all wrong. You boil all the water out of de pot before you put the gigot into it. So the gigot is no good, is tough and dry, and you shut it up in an old house in the country. Then, to make matters pretty, you talk about de fields and de daisies. I know. 'Thank you,' I should say. 'De fields and de daisies are so nice and so good! Suppose you go down, my love, and walk in de fields, and pick de daisies, and send them up to me by de railway!' Yes, that is what I would say."

Captain Clavering was now quite in the dark, and began to regard the little woman as a lunatic. When she spoke of the pot and the gigot he vainly endeavoured to follow her; and now that she had got among the daisies he was more at a loss than ever. Fruit, vegetables, and cut flowers came up, he knew, to London regularly from Clavering, when the family was in town;—but no daisies. In France it must, he supposed, be different. He was aware, however, of his ignorance, and said nothing.

"No one ever did try to shut you up, Sophie!"

"No, indeed; M. Gordeloup knew better. What would he do if I were shut up? And no one will ever shut you up, my dear. If I were you, I would give no one a chance."

"Don't say that," said the captain, almost passionately; "don't say that."

"Ha, ha! but I do say it. Why should a woman who has got everything marry again? If she wants de fields and de daisies she has got them of her own—yes, of her own. If she wants de town, she has got that too. Jewels,—she can go and buy them. Coaches,—there they are. Parties,—one, two, three, every night, as many as she please. Gentlemen who will be her humble slaves; such a plenty,—all London. Or, if she want to be alone, no one can come near her. Why should she marry? No."

"But she might be in love with somebody," said the captain, in a surprised but humble tone.

"Love! Bah! Be in love, so that she may be shut up in an old barrack with de powders!" The way in which that word barrack was pronounced, and the middle letters sounded, almost lifted the captain off his seat. "Love is very pretty at seventeen, when the imagination is telling a parcel of lies, and when life is one dream. To like people,—oh, yes; to be very fond of your friends,—oh, yes; to be most attached,—as I am to my Julie,"—here she got hold of Lady Ongar's hand,—"*it is the salt of life!* But what you call love, booing and cooing, with rhymes and verses about de moon, it is to go back to pap and panade, and what you call bibs. No; if a woman wants a house, and de something to live on, let her marry a husband; or if a man want to have children, let him marry a wife. But to be shut up in a country house, when everything you have got of your own,—I say it is bad."

Captain Clavering was heartily sorry that he had mentioned the fact of his sister-in-law being left at home at Clavering Park. It was most unfortunate. How could he make it understood that if he were married he would not think of shutting his wife up at Ongar Park? "Lady Clavering, you know, does come to London generally," he said.

"Bah!" exclaimed the little Franco-Pole.

"And as for me, I never should be happy, if I were married, unless I had my wife with me everywhere," said Captain Clavering.

"Bah-ah-ah!" ejaculated the lady.

Captain Clavering could not endure this any longer. He felt that the manner of the lady was, to say the least of it, unpleasant, and he perceived that he was doing no good to his own cause. So he rose from his chair and muttered some words with the intention of showing his purpose of departure.

"Good-by, Captain Clavering," said Lady Ongar. "My love to my sister when you see her."

Archie shook hands with her and then made his bow to Madame Gordeloup.

"Au revoir, my friend," she said, "and you remember all I say. It is not good for de wife to be all alone in the country, while de husband walk about in the town and make an eye to every lady he see." Archie would not trust himself to renew the argument, but bowing again, made his way off.

"He was come for one admirer," said Sophie, as soon as the door was closed.

"An admirer of whom?"

"Not of me;—oh, no; I was not in danger at all."

"Of me? Captain Clavering! Sophie, you get your head full of the strangest nonsense."

"Ah; very well. You see. What will you give me if I am right? Will you bet? Why had he got on his new gloves, and had his head all smelling with stuff from de hair-dresser? Does he come always perfumed like that? Does he wear shiny little boots to walk about in de morning, and make an eye always? Perhaps yes."

"I never saw his boots or his eyes."

"But I see them. I see many things. He come to have Ongere Park for his own. I tell you, yes. Ten thousand will come to have Ongere Park. Why not? To have Ongere Park and all de money a man will make himself smell a great deal."

"You think much more about all that than is necessary."

"Do I, my dear? Very well. There are three already. There is Edouard, and there is this Clavering who you say is a captain; and there is the other Clavering who goes with his nose in the air, and who think himself a clever fellow because he learned his lesson at school and did not get himself whipped. He will be whipped yet some day,—perhaps."

"Sophie, hold your tongue. Captain Clavering is my sister's brother-in-law, and Harry Clavering is my friend."

"Ah, friend! I know what sort of friend he wants to be. How much better to have a park and plenty of money than to work in a ditch and make a railway! But he do not know the way with a woman. Perhaps he may be more at home, as you say, in the ditch. I should say to him, 'My friend, you will do well in de ditch if you work hard;—suppose you stay there.'"

"You don't seem to like my cousin, and if you please, we will talk no more about him."

"Why should I not like him? He don't want to get any money from me."

"That will do, Sophie."

"Very well; it shall do for me. But this other man that come here to-day. He is a fool."

"Very likely."

"He did not learn his lesson without whipping."

"Nor with whipping either."

"No; he have learned nothing. He does not know what to do with his hat. He is a fool. Come, Julie, will you take me out for a drive. It is melancholy for you to go alone; I came to ask you for a drive. Shall we go?" And they did go, Lady Ongar and Sophie Gordeloup together. Lady Ongar, as she submitted, despised herself for her submission; but what was she to do? It is sometimes very difficult to escape from the meshes of friendship.

Captain Clavering, when he left Bolton Street, went down to his club, having first got rid of his shining boots and new gloves. He sauntered up into the billiard-room knowing that his friend would be there, and there he found Doodles with his coat off, the sleeves of his shirt turned back, and armed with his cue. His brother captain, the moment that he saw him, presented the cue at his breast. "Does she know you're there, old fellow; I say, does she know you're there?" The room was full of men, and the whole thing was done so publicly that Captain Clavering was almost offended.

"Come, Doodles, you go on with your game," said he; "it's you to play." Doodles turned to the table, and scientifically pocketed the ball on which he played; then he laid his own ball close under the cushion, picked up a shilling and put it into his waistcoat pocket, holding a lighted cigar in his mouth the while, and then he came back to his friend. "Well, Clavvy, how has it been?"

"Oh, nothing as yet, you know."

"Haven't you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her, of course. I'm not the fellow to let the grass grow under my feet. I've only just come from her house."

"Well, well?"

"That's nothing much to tell the first day, you know."

"Did you let her know you were there? That's the chat. Damme, did you let her know you were there?"

In answer to this Archie attempted to explain that he was not as yet quite sure that he had been successful in that particular; but in the middle of his story Captain Doodles was called off to exercise his skill again, and on this occasion to pick up two shillings. "I'm sorry for you, Griggs," he said, as a very young lieutenant, whose last life he had taken, put up his cue with a look of ineffable disgust, and whose shilling Doodles had pocketed; "I'm sorry for you, very; but a fellow must play the game, you know." Whereupon Griggs walked out of the room with a gait that seemed to show that he had his own ideas upon that matter, though he did not choose to divulge them. Doodles instantly returned to his friend. "With cattle of that kind it's no use trying the waiting dodge," said he. "You should make your running at once, and trust to bottom to carry you through."

"But there was a horrid little Frenchwoman came in?"

"What; a servant?"

"No; a friend. Such a creature! You should have heard her talk. A kind of confidential friend she seemed, who called her Julie. I had to go away and leave her there, of course."

"Ah! you'll have to tip that woman."

"What, with money?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"It would come very expensive."

"A tenner now and then, you know. She would do your business for you. Give her a brooch first, and then offer to lend her the money. You'd find she'll rise fast enough, if you're any hand for throwing a fly."

"Oh! I could do it, you know."

"Do it then, and let 'em both know that you're there. Yes, Parkyns, I'll divide. And, Clavvy, you can come in now in Griggs' place." Then Captain Clavering stripped himself for the battle.

The Study of Celtic Literature.

PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

IF I were asked where English poetry got these three things—its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source; with less doubt, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all, that from a Celtic source it got all its natural magic.

Any German with penetration and tact in matters of literary criticism will own that the principal deficiency of German poetry is in style; that for style, in the highest sense, it shows but little feeling. Take the eminent masters of style, the poets who best give the idea of what the peculiar power which lies in style is—Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Milton. An example of the peculiar effect which these poets produce, you can hardly give from German poetry. Examples enough you can give from German poetry of the effect produced by genius, thought, and feeling expressing themselves in clear language, simple language, passionate language, eloquent language, with harmony and melody; but not of the peculiar effect exercised by eminent power of style. Every reader of Dante can at once call to mind what the peculiar effect I mean is; I spoke of it in my lectures on translating Homer, and there I took an example of it from Dante, who perhaps manifests it more eminently than any other poet. But from Milton, too, one may take examples of it abundantly; compare this from Milton—

. nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,

with this from Goethe—

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Ein Charakter sich in dem Strom der Welt.

Nothing can be better in its way than the style in which Goethe there presents his thought; but it is the style of prose as much as of poetry; it is lucid, harmonious, earnest, eloquent, but it has not received that peculiar kneading, heightening, and recasting, which is observable in the style of the passage from Milton,—a style which seems to have for its cause a certain pressure of emotion, and an ever surging, yet bridled, excitement in the poet, giving a special intensity to his way of delivering

himself. In poetical races and epochs this turn for style is peculiarly observable; and perhaps it is only on condition of having this somewhat heightened and difficult manner, so different from the plain manner of prose, that poetry gets the privilege of being loosed, at its best moments, into that perfectly simple, limpid style, which is the supreme style of all, but the simplicity of which is still not the simplicity of prose. The simplicity of Menander's style is the simplicity of prose, and is the same kind of simplicity as that which Goethe's style, in the passage I have quoted, exhibits; but Menander does not belong to a great poetical moment, he comes too late for it; it is the simple passages in poets like Pindar or Dante which are perfect, being masterpieces of *poetical* simplicity. One may say the same of the simple passages in Shakspeare; they are perfect, their simplicity being a *poetical* simplicity. They are the golden, easeful, crowning moments of a manner which is always pitched in another key from that of prose, a manner changed and heightened; the Elizabethan style, regnant in most of our dramatic poetry to this day, is mainly the continuation of this manner of Shakspeare's. It was a manner much more turbid and strown with blemishes than the manner of Pindar, Dante, or Milton; often it was detestable; but it owed its existence to Shakspeare's instinctive impulse towards *style* in poetry, to his native sense of the necessity for it; and without the basis of style everywhere, faulty though it may in some places be, we should not have had the beauty of expression, unsurpassable for effectiveness and charm, which is reached in Shakspeare's best passages. The turn for style is perceptible all through English poetry, proving, to my mind, the genuine poetical gift of the race; this turn imparts to our poetry a stamp of high distinction, and sometimes it doubles the force of a poet not by nature of the very highest order, such as Gray, and raises him to a rank beyond what his natural richness and power seem to promise. Goethe, with his fine critical perception, saw clearly enough both the power of style in itself, and the lack of style in the literature of his own country; and perhaps if we regard him solely as a German, not as a European, his great work was that he laboured all his life to impart style into German literature, and firmly to establish it there. Hence the immense importance to him of the world of classical art, and of the productions of Greek or Latin genius, where style so eminently manifests its power. Had he found in the German genius and literature an element of style existing by nature and ready to his hand, half his work, one may say, would have been saved him, and he might have done much more in poetry. But as it was, he had to try and create out of his own powers, a style for German poetry, as well as to provide contents for this style to carry; and thus his labour as a poet was doubled.

It is to be observed that power of style, in the sense in which I am here speaking of style, is something quite different from the power of idiomatic, simple, nervous, racy expression, such as the expression of healthy, robust natures so often is, such as Luther's was in a striking

degree. Style, in my sense of the word, is a peculiar recasting and heightening, under a certain condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say, in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it; and dignity and distinction are not terms which suit many acts or words of Luther. Deeply touched with the *Gemeinheit* which is the bane of his nation, as he is at the same time a grand example of the honesty which is his nation's excellence, he cannot even show himself brave, resolute and truthful, without showing a strong dash of coarseness and commonness all the while; the right definition of Luther, as of our own Bunyan, is that he is a Philistine of genius. So Luther's sincere idiomatic German—such language as this: “Hilf lieber Gott, wie manchen Jammer habe ich gesehen, dass der gemeine Mann doch so gar nichts weiss von der christlichen Lehre!”—no more proves a power of style in German literature, than Cobbett's sinewy idiomatic English proves it in English literature; power of style properly so-called, as manifested in masters of style like Dante or Milton in poetry, Cicero, Bossuet or Bolingbroke in prose, is something quite different, and has, as I have said, for its characteristic effect, this;—to add dignity and distinction.

Style, then, the Germans are singularly without, and it is strange that the power of style should show itself so strongly as it does in the Icelandic poetry, if the Scandinavians are such genuine Teutons as is commonly supposed. Fauriel used to talk of the Scandinavian Teutons and the German Teutons, as if they were two divisions of the same people, and the common notion about them, no doubt, is very much this. Since the war in Schleswig-Holstein, however, all one's German friends are exceedingly anxious to insist on the difference of nature between themselves and the Scandinavians; when one expresses surprise that the German sense of nationality should be so deeply affronted by the rule over Germans, not of Latins or Celts, but of brother Teutons or next door to it, a German will give you I know not how long a catalogue of the radical points of unlikeness, in genius and disposition, between himself and a Dane. This emboldens me to remark that there is a fire, a sense of style, a distinction, in Icelandic poetry, which German poetry has not. Icelandic poetry, too, shows a powerful and developed technic; and I wish to throw out, for examination by those who are competent to sift the matter, the suggestion that this power of style and development of technic in the Norse poetry seems to point towards an early Celtic influence or intermixture. It is curious that Zeuss, in his grammar, quotes a text which gives countenance to this notion; as late as the ninth century, he says, there were Irish Celts in Iceland; and the text he quotes to show this, is as follows:—“In 870 A.D., when the Norwegians came to Iceland, there were Christians there, who departed, and left behind them Irish books, bells, and other things; from whence it may be inferred that these Christians were Irish.” I speak, and ought to speak, with the utmost diffidence on all these questions of ethnology; but I must say that when I read this text in Zeuss, I caught eagerly at the clue it seemed to offer;

for I had been hearing the *Nibelungen* read and commented on in German schools (German schools have the good habit of reading and commenting on German poetry, as we read and comment on Homer and Virgil, but do *not* read and comment on Chaucer and Shakspeare), and it struck me how the fatal humdrum and want of style of the Germans had marred their way of telling this magnificent tradition of the *Nibelungen*, and taken half its grandeur and power out of it ; while in the Icelandic poems which deal with this tradition, its grandeur and power are much more fully visible, and everywhere in the poetry of the Edda there is a force of style and a distinction as unlike as possible to the want of both in the German *Nibelungen*. At the same time the Scandinavians have a realism, as it is called, in their genius, which abundantly proves their relationship with the Germans ; any one whom Mr. Dasent's delightful books have made acquainted with the prose tales of the Norsemen, will be struck with the stamp of a Teutonic nature in them ; but the Norse poetry seems to have something which from Teutonic sources alone it could not have derived ; which the Germans have not, and which the Celts have.

This something is *style*, and the Celts certainly have it in a wonderful measure. Style is the most striking quality of their poetry ; Celtic poetry seems to make up to itself for being unable to master the world and give an adequate interpretation of it, by throwing all its force into style, by bending language at any rate to its will, and expressing the ideas it has with unsurpassable intensity, elevation, and effect. It has all through it a sort of intoxication of style—a *Pindarism*, to use a word formed from the name of the poet, on whom, above all other poets, the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect ; and not in its great poets only, in Taliesin, or Llywarch Hen, or Ossian, does the Celtic genius show this Pindarism, but in all its productions.

The grave of March is this, and this the grave of Gwythyr ;
Here is the grave of Gwgawn Gledwyfreidd ;
But unknown is the grave of Arthur.

That comes from the Welsh *Memorials of the Graves of the Warriors*, and if we compare it with the familiar memorial inscriptions of an English churchyard (for we English have so much Germanism in us that our productions offer abundant examples of German want of style as well as of its opposite)—

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please Death should me seize
And ease me of my pain:

if, I say, we compare the Welsh memorial lines with the English, which in their *Gemeinheit* of style are truly Germanic, we shall get a clear sense of what that Celtic talent for style I have been speaking of is.

Or take this epitaph of an Irish Celt, Angus the Culdee, whose *Féiliré*, or festology, I have already mentioned ;—a festology in which, at the end

of the eighth or beginning of the ninth century, he collected from "the countless hosts of the illuminated books of Erin" (to use his own words) the festivals of the Irish saints, his poem having a stanza for every day in the year. The epitaph on Angus, who died at Cluain Eidhnech, in Queen's County, runs thus :—

Angus in the assembly of Heaven,
Here are his tomb and his bed ;
It is from hence he went to death,
In the Friday, to holy Heaven.

It was in Cluain Eidhnech he was reared ;
It was in 'Cluain Eidhnech he was buried ;
In Cluain Eidhnech, of many crosses,
He first read his psalms.

That is by no eminent hand ; and yet a Greek epitaph could not show a finer perception of what constitutes propriety and felicity of style in compositions of this nature. Take the well-known Welsh prophecy about the fate of the Britons :—

Their Lord they will praise,
Their speech they will keep,
Their land they will lose,
Except wild Wales.

To however late an epoch that prophecy belongs, what a feeling for style, at any rate, it manifests ! And the same thing may be said of the famous Welsh triads. We may put aside all the vexed questions as to their greater or less antiquity, and still what important witness they bear to the genius for literary style of the people who produced them !

Now we English undoubtedly exhibit very often the want of sense for style of our German kinsmen. The churchyard lines I just now quoted afford an instance of it ; but the whole branch of our literature—and a very popular branch it is, our hymnology—to which those lines are to be referred, is one continued instance of it. Our German kinsmen and we are the great people for hymns. The Germans are very proud of their hymns, and we are very proud of ours ; but it is hard to say which of the two, the German hymn-book or ours, has least poetical worth in itself, or does least to prove genuine poetical power in the people producing it. I have not a word to say against Sir Roundell Palmer's choice and arrangement of materials for his *Book of Praise* ; I am content to put them on a level (and that is giving them the highest possible rank) with Mr. Palgrave's choice and arrangement of materials for his *Golden Treasury* ; but yet no sound critic can doubt that, so far as poetry is concerned, while the *Golden Treasury* is a monument of a nation's strength, the *Book of Praise* is a monument of a nation's weakness. Only the German race, with its want of quick instinctive tact, of delicate, sure perception, could have invented the hymn as the Germans and we have it ; and our non-German turn for style, of which the very essence is a certain happy fineness and truth of poetical perception, could not but desert us when our

German nature carried us into a kind of composition which can please only when the perception is somewhat blunt. Scarcely any one of us ever judges our hymns fairly, because works of this kind have two sides—their side for religion and their side for poetry. Everything which has helped a man in his religious life, everything which associates itself in his mind with the growth of that life, is beautiful and venerable to him; in this way, productions of little or no poetical value, like the German hymns and ours, may come to be regarded as very precious. Their worth in this sense, as means by which we have been edified, I do not for a moment hold cheap; but there is an edification proper to all our stages of development, the highest as well as the lowest, and it is for man to press on towards the highest stages of his development, with the certainty that for those stages, too, means of edification will not be found wanting. Now certainly it is a higher state of development when our fineness of perception is keen than when it is blunt. And if,—whereas the Semitic genius placed its highest spiritual life in the religious sentiment, and made that the basis of its poetry,—the Indo-European genius places its highest spiritual life in the imaginative reason, and makes that the basis of its poetry, we are none the better for wanting the perception to discern a natural law, which is, after all, like every natural law, irresistible; we are none the better for trying to make ourselves Semitic, when Nature has made us Indo-European, and to shift the basis of our poetry. We may mean well; all manner of good may happen to us on the road we go; but we are not on our own real right road, the road we must in the end follow. That is why, when our hymns betray a false tendency by losing a power which accompanies the poetical work of our race on our other more suitable lines, the indication thus given is of great value and instructiveness for us. One of our main gifts for poetry deserts us in our hymns, and so gives us a hint as to the one true basis for the spiritual work of an Indo-European people, which the Germans, who have not this particular gift of ours, do not and cannot get in this way, though they may get it in others. It is worth noticing that the masterpieces of the spiritual work of Indo-Europeans taking the pure religious sentiment, and not the imaginative reason, for their basis, are works like the *Imitation*, the *Dies Ira*, the *Stabat Mater*,—works clothing themselves in the middle-age Latin, the genuine native voice of no Indo-European nation. The perfection of their kind, but that kind not perfectly legitimate, they take a language not perfectly legitimate; as if to show, that when mankind's Semitic age is once passed, the age which produced the great incomparable monuments of the pure religious sentiment, the books of Job and Isaiah, the Psalms,—works truly to be called inspired, because the same divine power which worked in those who produced them works no longer,—as if to show us, that, after this primitive age, we Indo-Europeans must feel these works without attempting to remake them; and that our poetry, if it tries to make itself simply the organ of the religious sentiment, leaves the true course, and must conceal this by not speaking a living

language. The moment it speaks a living language, and still makes itself the organ of the religious sentiment only, as in the German and English hymns, it betrays weakness;—the weakness of all false tendency.

But if, by attending to the Germanism in us English and to its works, one has come to doubt whether we, too, are not thorough Germans by genius and with the German deadness to style, one has only to repeat to oneself a line of Milton—a poet intoxicated with the passion for style as much as Taliesin or Pindar—to see that we have another side to our genius besides the German one. Whence do we get it? The Normans may have brought in the Latin sense for rhetoric and style,—for, indeed, this sense goes naturally with a high spirit and a strenuousness like theirs,—but the sense for style which English poetry shows is something finer than we could well have got from a people so positive and so little poetical as the Normans; and it seems to me we may much more plausibly derive it from a root of the poetical Celtic nature in us.

Its chord of penetrating passion and melancholy, again, its *Titanism* as we see it in Byron,—what other European poetry possesses that like the English, and where do we get it from? The Celts, with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact, with their sensuous nature, their manifold striving, their adverse destiny, their immense calamities, the Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, of this *Titanism* in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's *Ossian*, carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. I am not going to criticize Macpherson's *Ossian* here; make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious in the book as large as you please; strip Scotland, if you like, of every feather of borrowed plumes which on the strength of Macpherson's *Ossian* she may have stolen from that *vetus et major Scotia*, the true home of the Ossianic poetry, Ireland; I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us! Choose any one of the better passages in Macpherson's *Ossian*, and you can see even at this time of day what an apparition of newness and power such a strain must have been to the eighteenth century:—

“I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round her head. Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us, for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. Let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day.”

All Europe felt the power of that melancholy ; but what I wish to point out is, that no nation of Europe so caught in its poetry the passionate penetrating accent of the Celtic genius, its strain of Titanism, as the English. Goethe, like Napoleon, felt the spell of Ossian very powerfully, and he quotes a long passage from him in his *Werther*. But what is there Celtic, turbulent, and Titanic about the German Werther, that amiable, cultivated, and melancholy young man, having for his sorrow and suicide the perfectly definite motive that Lotte cannot be his? Faust, again, has nothing unaccountable, defiant, and Titanic in him ; his knowledge does not bring him the satisfaction he expected from it, and meanwhile he finds himself poor and growing old, and baulked of the palpable enjoyment of life ; and here is the motive for Faust's discontent. In the most energetic and impetuous of Goethe's creations—his *Prometheus*—it is not Celtic self-will and passion, it is rather the Germanic sense of justice and reason, which revolts against the despotism of Zeus. The German *Sehnsucht* itself is a wistful, soft, tearful longing, rather than a struggling, fierce, passionate one. But the Celtic melancholy is struggling, fierce, passionate ; to catch its note listen to Llywarch Hen in old age, addressing his crutch :—

O my crutch ! is it not autumn, when the fern is red, the water-flag yellow ?
Have I not hated that which I love ?

O my crutch ! is it not winter-time now, when men talk together after that they have drunken ? Is not the side of my bed left desolate ?

O my crutch ! is it not spring, when the cuckoo passes through the air, when the foam sparkles on the sea ? The young maidens no longer love me.

O my crutch ! is it not the first day of May ? The furrows, are they not shining ; the young corn, is it not springing ? Ah, the sight of thy handle makes me wroth.

O my crutch ! stand straight, thou wilt support me the better ; it is very long since I was Llywarch.

Behold old age, which makes sport of me, from the hair of my head to my teeth, to my eyes, which women loved.

The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow.

I am old, I am alone, shapeliness and warmth are gone from me ; the couch of honour shall be no more mine ; I am miserable, I am bent on my crutch.

How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch, the night when he was brought forth ! sorrows without end, and no deliverance from his burden.

There is the Titanism of the Celt, his passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact ; and of whom does it remind us so much as of Byron ?

The fire which on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
No torch is kindled at its blaze ;
A funeral pile !

Or, again:—

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

One has only to let one's memory begin to fetch passages from Byron striking the same note as that passage from *Llywarch Hen*, and she will not soon stop. And all Byron's heroes, not so much in collision with outward things, as breaking on some rock of revolt and misery in the depths of their own nature; Manfred self-consumed, fighting blindly and passionately with I know not what, having nothing of the consistent development and intelligible motive of Faust,—Manfred, Lara, Cain, what are they but Titanic? Where in European poetry are we to find this Celtic passion of revolt so warm-breathing, puissant, and sincere; except perhaps in the creation of a yet greater poet than Byron, but an English poet, too, like Byron,—in the Satan of Milton?

. . . . what though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome.

There, surely, speaks a genius to whose composition the Celtic fibre was not wholly a stranger!

And as, after noting the Celtic Pindarism or power of style present in our poetry, we noted the German flatness coming in in our hymns, and found here a proof of our compositeness of nature; so, after noting the Celtic Titanism or power of rebellious passion in our poetry, we may also note the Germanic patience and reasonableness in it, and get in this way a second proof how mixed a spirit we have. After *Llywarch Hen's*—

How evil was the lot allotted to *Llywarch*, the night when he was brought forth :
 after Byron's—

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
 take this of Southey's, in answer to the question whether he would like to have his youth over again :—

Do I regret the past?
 Would I live o'er again
 The morning hours of life?
 Nay, William, nay, not so!
 Praise be to God who made me what I am,
 Other I would not be.

There we have the other side of our being; the Germanic goodness, docility, and fidelity to nature, in place of the Celtic Titanism.

The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are nature's own children, and utter her secret in a way which makes them something quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that

it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charm. As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant wholesome smack of the soil in them—Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford—are to the Celtic names of places, with their penetrating, lofty beauty—Velindra, Tyntagel, Caernarvon—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature. Gwydion wants a wife for his pupil: “Well,” says Math, “we will seek, I and thou, by charms and illusions, to form a wife for him out of flowers. So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Flower-Aspect.” Celtic romance is full of exquisite touches like that, showing the delicacy of the Celt’s feeling in these matters, and how deep nature lets him come into her secrets. The quick dropping of blood is called “faster than the fall of the dewdrop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest.” And thus is Olwen described—“More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains.” For loveliness it would be hard to beat that; and for magical clearness and nearness take the following:—

“And in the evening Peredur entered a valley, and at the head of the valley he came to a hermit’s cell, and the hermit welcomed him gladly, and there he spent the night. And in the morning he arose, and when he went forth, behold, a shower of snow had fallen the night before, and a hawk had killed a wild-fowl in front of the cell. And the noise of the horse scared the hawk away, and a raven alighted upon the bird. And Peredur stood and compared the blackness of the raven, and the whiteness of the snow, and the redness of the blood, to the hair of the lady whom best he loved, which was blacker than the raven, and to her skin, which was whiter than the snow, and to her two cheeks, which were redder than the blood upon the snow appeared to be.”

And this, which is perhaps less striking, is not less beautiful:—

“And early in the day Geraint and Enid left the wood, and they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand and mowers mowing the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a steep bank, and there they met a slender stripling with a satchel about his neck; and he had a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher.”

And here the landscape, up to this point so Greek in its clear beauty, is suddenly magicalized by the romance touch:—

"And they saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one-half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf."

Magic is the word to insist upon—a magically vivid and near interpretation of nature; since it is this which constitutes the special charm and power of the effect I am calling attention to, and it is for this that the Celt's sensibility gives him a peculiar aptitude. But the matter needs rather fine handling, and it is easy to make mistakes here in our criticism. In the first place, Europe tends constantly to become more and more one community, and we tend to become Europeans instead of merely Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians; so whatever aptitude or felicity one people imparts into spiritual work, gets imitated by the others, and thus tends to become the common property of all. Therefore anything so beautiful and attractive as the natural magic I am speaking of, is sure now-a-days, if it appears in the productions of the Celts, or of the English, or of the French, to appear in the productions of the Germans also, or in the productions of the Italians; but there will be a stamp of perfectness and inimitableness about it in the literatures where it is native, which it will not have in the literatures where it is not native. Novalis or Rückert, for instance, have their eye fixed on nature, and have undoubtedly a feeling for natural magic; a rough-and-ready critic easily credits them and the Germans with the Celtic fineness of tact, the Celtic nearness to nature and her secret; but the question is whether the strokes in the German's picture of nature have ever the indefinable delicacy, charm, and perfection of the Celt's touch in the pieces I just now quoted, or of Shakspeare's touch in his daffodil, Wordsworth's in his cuckoo, Keats's in his Autumn, Obermann's in his mountain birch-tree, or his Easter-daisy among the Swiss farms. To decide where the gift for natural magic originally lies, whether it is properly Celtic or Germanic, we must decide this question.

In the second place, there are many ways of handling nature, and we are here only concerned with one of them; but a rough-and-ready critic imagines that it is all the same so long as nature is handled at all, and fails to draw the needful distinction between modes of handling her. But these modes are many; I will mention four of them now: there is the conventional way of handling nature, there is the faithful way of handling nature, there is the Greek way of handling nature, there is the magical way of handling nature. In all these three last the eye is on the object, but with a difference; in the faithful way of handling nature, the eye is on the object, and that is all you can say; in the Greek, the eye is on the object, but lightness and brightness are added; in the magical, the eye is on the object, but charm and magic are added. In the conventional way of handling nature, the eye is not on the object; what that means we all know, we have only to think of our eighteenth century poetry—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,

to call up any number of instances. Latin poetry supplies plenty of instances too; if we put this from Propertius's *Hylas*—

. . . manus heroum
Mollia composita litora fronde tegit,

side by side with the line of Theocritus by which it was suggested—

λειμών γάρ σφιν ἔκειτο μέγας, στιβάδεσσιν ὄνειαρ,

we get at the same moment a good specimen both of the conventional and of the Greek way of handling nature. But from our own poetry we may get specimens of the Greek way of handling nature, as well as of the conventional: for instance, Keats's—

What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with quiet citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

is Greek, as Greek as a thing from Homer or Theocritus; it is composed with the eye on the object, a radiancy and light clearness being added. German poetry abounds in specimens of the faithful way of handling nature; an excellent example is to be found in the stanzas called *Zueignung*, prefixed to Goethe's poems: the morning walk, the mist, the dew, the sun, are as faithful as they can be, they are given with the eye on the object, but there the merit of the work, as a handling of nature, stops; neither Greek radiance nor Celtic magic are added; the power of these is not what gives the poem in question its merit, but a power of quite another kind, a power of moral and spiritual emotion. But the power of Greek radiance Goethe could give to his handling of nature, and nobly too, as any one who will read his *Wanderer*,—the poem in which a wanderer falls in with a peasant woman and her child by their hut, built out of the ruins of a temple near Cuma,—may see. Only the power of natural magic Goethe does not, I think, give; whereas Keats passes at will from the Greek power to that power which is, as I say, Celtic; from his—

What little town, by river or seashore,

to his—

White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves,

or his—

. . . magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn:

in which the very same note is struck as in those extracts which I quoted from Celtic romance, and struck with authentic and unmistakable power.

Shakspeare, in handling nature, touches this Celtic note so exquisitely, that perhaps one is inclined to be always looking for the Celtic note in him, and not to recognize his Greek note when it comes. But if one attends well to the difference between the two notes, and bears in

mind, to guide one, such things as Virgil's "moss-grown springs and grass softer than sleep"—

Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba :

as his charming flower-gatherer, who—

Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi :

as his quinces and chestnuts—

. . . cana legam tenera lanugine mala
Castaneasque nucas

then, I think, we shall be disposed to say that in Shakspeare's—

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine,

it is mainly a Greek note which is struck. Then, again, in his—

. look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,

we are at the very point of transition from the Greek note to the Celtic; there is the Greek clearness and brightness, with the Celtic ærialness and magic coming in. Then we have the sheer, inimitable Celtic note in passages like this—

Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea :

or this, the last I will quote—

The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls :

. in such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew :

. in such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

And those last lines of all are so drenched and intoxicated with the fairy-dew of that natural magic which is our theme, that I cannot do better than end with them.

And now, with the pieces of evidence in our hand, let us go to those who say it is vain to look for Celtic elements in any Englishman, and let us ask them, first, if they seize what we mean by the power of natural magic in Celtic poetry; secondly, if English poetry does not eminently exhibit this power; and, thirdly, where they suppose English poetry got it from?

I perceive that I shall be accused of having rather the air, in what I have said, of denying this and that gift to the Germans, and of establishing our difference from them a little ungraciously and at their expense. The truth is, few people have any real care to analyse closely in their criticism; they merely employ criticism as a means for heaping all praise on what they like, and all blame on what they dislike. Those of us (and they are many) who owe a great debt of gratitude to the German spirit and to German literature, do not like to be told of any powers being lacking there; we are like the young ladies who think the hero of their novel is only half a hero unless he has all perfections united in him. But Nature does not work, either in heroes or races, according to the young ladies' notion. We all are what we are, the hero and the great nation are what they are, by our limitations as well as by our powers, by lacking something as well as by possessing something. It is not always gain to possess this or that gift, or loss to lack this or that gift. Our great, our only first-rate body of contemporary poetry is the German; the grand business of modern poetry, a moral interpretation, from an independent point of view, of man and the world, it is only German poetry, Goethe's poetry, that has, since the Greeks, made much way with. Campbell's power of style, and the natural magic of Keats and Wordsworth, and Byron's Titanic personality, may be wanting to this poetry; but see what it has accomplished without them! How much more than Campbell with his power of style, and Keats and Wordsworth with their natural magic, and Byron with his Titanic personality! Why, for the immense serious task it had to perform, the steadiness of German poetry, its going near the ground, its patient fidelity to nature, its using great plainness of speech, poetical drawbacks in one point of view, were safeguards and helps in another. The plainness and earnestness of the two lines I have already quoted from Goethe—

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Ein Charakter sich in dem Strom der Welt,

compared with the play and power of Shakspeare's style or Dante's, suggest at once the difference between Goethe's task and theirs, and the fitness of the faithful laborious German spirit for its own task. Dante's task was to set forth the lesson of the world from the point of view of mediæval Catholicism; the basis of spiritual life was given, Dante had not to make this anew. Shakspeare's task was to set forth the spectacle of the world when man's spirit re-awoke to the possession of the world at the Renaissance. The spectacle of human life, left to bear its own significance and tell its own story, but shown in all its fulness, variety, and power, is at that moment the great matter; but, if we are to press deeper, the basis of spiritual life is still at that time the traditional religion, reformed or unreformed, of Christendom, and Shakspeare has not to supply a new basis. But when Goethe came, Europe had lost her basis of spiritual life; she had to find it again; Goethe's task was,—the inevitable task for the modern poet henceforth is,—as it was for the Greek poet in the days of

Pericles, not to preach a sublime sermon on a given text like Dante, not to exhibit all the kingdoms of human life and the glory of them like Shakspeare, but to interpret human life afresh, and to supply a new spiritual basis to it. This is not only a work for style, eloquence, charm, poetry ; it is a work for science ; and the scientific serious German spirit, not carried away by this and that intoxication of ear, and eye, and self-will, has peculiar aptitudes for it.

We, on the other hand, do not necessarily gain by the commixture of elements in us ; we have seen how the clashing of natures in us hampers and embarrasses our behaviour ; we might very likely be more attractive, we might very likely be more successful, if we were all of a piece. Our want of sureness of taste, our eccentricity, come in great measure, no doubt, from our not being all of a piece, from our having no fixed, fatal, spiritual centre of gravity. The Rue de Rivoli is one thing, and Nuremberg is another, and Stonehenge is another ; but we have a turn for all three, and lump them all up together. Mr. Tom Taylor's translations from Breton poetry offer a good example of this mixing ; he has a genuine feeling for these Celtic matters, and often, as in the *Evil Tribute of Nomenoë*, or in *Lord Nann and the Fairy*, he is, both in movement and expression, true and appropriate ; but he has a sort of Teutonism and Latinism in him too, and so he cannot forbear mixing with his Celtic strain such disparates as—

'Twas mirk, mirk night, and the water bright
Troubled and drumlie flowed :

which is evidently Lowland-Scotch ; or as—

Foregad, but thou'rt an artful hand !

which is English-stagey ; or as—

To Gradlon's daughter, bright of blee,
Her lover he whispered tenderly—
Bethink thee, sweet Dahut ! the key !

which is Anacreontic in the manner of Tom Moore. Yes, it is not a sheer advantage to have several strings to one's bow ; if we had been all German we might have had the science of Germany ; if we had been all Celtic, we might have been popular and agreeable ; if we had been all Latinized, we might have governed Ireland as the French govern Alsace, without getting ourselves detested. But now we have Germanism enough to make us Philistines, and Normanism enough to make us imperious, and Celtism enough to make us self-conscious and awkward ; but German fidelity to Nature, and Latin precision and clear reason, and Celtic quick-wittedness and spirituality, we fall short of. Nay, perhaps, if we are doomed to perish (Heaven avert the omen !), we shall perish by our Celtism, by our self-will and want of patience with ideas, our inability to see the way the world is going ; and yet those very Celts, by our affinity with whom we are perishing, will be hating and upbraiding us all the time.

This is a somewhat unpleasant view of the matter, but if it is true, its

being unpleasant does not make it any less true, and we are always the better for seeing the truth. What we here see is not the whole truth, however. So long as this mixed constitution of our nature possesses us, we pay it tribute and serve it; so soon as we possess it, it pays us tribute and serves us. So long as we are blindly and ignorantly rolled about by the forces of our nature, their contradiction baffles us and lames us; so soon as we have clearly discerned what they are, and begun to apply to them a law of measure, control, and guidance, they may be made to work for our good and to carry us forward. Then we may have the good of our German part, the good of our Latin part, the good of our Celtic part; and instead of one part clashing with the other, we may bring it in to continue and perfect the other, when the other has given us all the good it can yield, and by being pressed further, could only give us its faulty excess. Then we may use the German faithfulness to Nature to give us science, and to free us from insolence and self-will; we may use the Celtic quickness of perception to give us delicacy, and to free us from hardness and Philistinism; we may use the Latin decisiveness to give us strenuous clear method, and to free us from fumbling and idling. Already, in their untrained state, these elements give signs, in our life and literature, of their being present in us, and a kind of prophecy of what they could do for us if they were properly observed, trained, and applied. But this they have not yet been; we ride one force of our nature to death; we will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the Old World or in the New; and when our race has built Bold Street, Liverpool, and pronounced it very good, it hurries across the Atlantic, and builds Nashville, and Jacksonville, and Milledgeville, and thinks it is fulfilling the designs of Providence in an incomparable manner. But true Anglo-Saxons, simply and sincerely rooted in the German nature, we are not and cannot be; all we have accomplished by our onesidedness is to blur and confuse the natural basis in ourselves altogether, and to become something eccentric, unattractive, and inharmonious.

A man of exquisite intelligence and charming character, the late Mr. Cobden, used to fancy that a better acquaintance with the United States was the grand panacea for us; and once in a speech he bewailed the inattention of our seats of learning to them, and seemed to think that if our ingenuous youth at Oxford were taught a little less about the Ilissus, and a little more about Chicago, we should all be the better for it. Chicago has its claims upon us, no doubt; but it is evident that from the point of view to which I have been leading, a stimulation of our Anglo-Saxonism, such as is intended by Mr. Cobden's proposal, does not appear the thing most needful for us; seeing our American brothers themselves have rather, like us, to try and moderate the flame of Anglo-Saxonism in their own breasts, than to ask us to clap the bellows to it in ours. So I am inclined to beseech Oxford, instead of expiating her over-addiction to the Ilissus by lectures on Chicago, to give us an expounder for a still more remote-looking object than the Ilissus—the Celtic languages and literature.

And yet why should I call it remote? if, as I have been labouring to show, in the spiritual frame of us English ourselves, a Celtic fibre, little as we may have ever thought of tracing it, lives and works. *Aliens in speech, in religion, in blood*, said Lord Lyndhurst; the philologists have set him right about the speech, the physiologists about the blood; and perhaps, taking religion in the wide but true sense of our whole spiritual activity, those who have followed what I have been saying to-day will think that the Celt is not so wholly alien to us in religion. But, at any rate, let us consider that of the shrunken and diminished remains of this great primitive race, all, with one insignificant exception, belongs to the English empire; only Brittany is not ours; we have Ireland, the Scotch Highlands, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall. They are a part of ourselves, we are deeply interested in knowing them, they are deeply interested in being known by us; and yet in the great and rich universities of this great and rich country there is no chair of Celtic, there is no study or teaching of Celtic matters; those who want them must go abroad for them. It is neither right nor reasonable that this should be so. Ireland has had in the last half century a band of Celtic students—a band with which death, alas! has of late been busy—from whence Oxford or Cambridge might have taken an admirable professor of Celtic; and with the authority of a university chair a great Celtic scholar, on a subject little known, and where all would have readily deferred to him, might have by this time doubled our facilities for knowing the Celt, by procuring for this country Celtic documents which were inaccessible here, and preventing the dispersion of others which were accessible. It is not much that the English Government does for science or literature; but if Eugene O'Curry, from a chair of Celtic at Oxford, had appealed to the Government to get him copies or the originals of the Celtic treasures in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, or in the library of St. Isidore's College at Rome, even the English Government could not well have refused him. The invaluable Irish manuscripts in the Stowe Library the late Sir Robert Peel wished to buy for the British Museum, in 1849; Lord Macaulay, one of the trustees of the Museum, declared, with the confident shallowness which makes him so admired by public speakers and leading-article writers, and so intolerable to all searchers for truth, that he saw nothing in the whole collection worth purchasing for the Museum, except the correspondence of Lord Melville on the American war. That is to say, this correspondence of Lord Melville's was the only thing in the collection about which Lord Macaulay himself knew or cared. Perhaps an Oxford or Cambridge professor of Celtic might have been allowed to make his voice heard, on a matter of Celtic manuscripts, even against Lord Macaulay. The manuscripts were bought by Lord Ashburnham, who keeps them shut up, and will let no one consult them (at least up to the date when O'Curry published his *Lectures* he did so), "for fear an actual acquaintance with their contents should decrease their value as matter of curiosity at some future transfer or sale." Who knows?

Perhaps an Oxford professor of Celtic might have touched the flinty heart of Lord Ashburnham.

It is clear that the system of professorships in our universities is at the present moment based on no intelligent principle, and does not by any means correspond with the requirements of knowledge. I do not say any one is to blame for this. Sometimes the actual state of things is due to the wants of another age,—as, for instance, in the overwhelming preponderance of theological chairs; all the arts and sciences, it is well known, were formerly made to centre in theology. Sometimes it is due to mere haphazard, to the accident of a founder having appeared for one study, and no founder having appeared for another. Clearly it was not deliberate design which provided Anglo-Saxon with a chair at Oxford, while the Teutonic languages, as a group, have none, and the Celtic languages have none. It is as if we had a chair of Oscan, or of *Æolic* Greek, before we had a chair of Greek or Latin. The whole system of our university chairs evidently wants recasting, and adapting to the needs of modern science.

I say, of *modern science*; and it is important to insist on these words. Circumstances at Oxford and Cambridge give special prominence to their function as finishing schools to carry young men of the upper classes of society through a certain limited course of study. But a university is something more and higher than a great finishing school for young gentlemen, however distinguished. A university is a member of a European confraternity for continually enlarging the domain of human knowledge and pushing back in all directions its boundaries. The statutes of the College of France, drawn up at the best moment of the Renaissance and informed with the true spirit of that generous time, admirably fix, for a university professor or representative of the higher studies of Europe, his aim and duty. The *Lecteur Royal* is left with the amplest possible liberty; only one obligation is imposed on him,—to promote and develop, to the highest possible pitch, the branch of knowledge with which he is charged. In this spirit a university should organize its professorships; in this spirit a professor should use his chair. So that if the Celtic languages are an important object of science, it is no objection to giving them a chair at Oxford or Cambridge, that young men preparing for their degree have no call to study them. The relation of a university chair is with the higher studies of Europe, and not with the young men preparing for their degree. If its occupant has had but five young men at his lectures, or but one young man, or no young man at all, he has done his duty if he has served the higher studies of Europe; or, not to leave out America, let us say, the higher studies of the world. If he has not served these, he has not done his duty though he had at his lectures five hundred young men. But undoubtedly the most fruitful action of a university chair, even upon the young college student, is produced not by bringing down the university chair to his level, but by beckoning him up to its level. Only in this way can that love for the things of

the mind, which is the soul of true culture, be generated,—by showing the things of the mind in their reality and power. Where there is fire, people will come to be warmed at it; and every notable spread of mental activity has been due, not to the arrangement of an elaborate machinery for schooling, but to the electric wind of a glowing, disinterested play of mind. “Evidences of Christianity,” Coleridge used to say, “I am weary of the word! make a man feel the want of Christianity.” “The young men’s education,” one may in like manner cry, “I am sick of seeing it organized! make the young men feel the want, the worth, the power of education.”

At this moment, when the narrow Philistinism which has long had things its own way in England, is showing its natural fruits, and we are beginning to feel ashamed, and uneasy, and alarmed at it; now, when we are becoming aware that we have sacrificed to Philistinism culture, and insight, and dignity, and acceptance, and weight among the nations, and hold on events that deeply concern us, and control of the future, and yet that it cannot even give us the fool’s paradise it promised us, but is apt to break down, and to leave us with Mr. Roebuck’s and Mr. Lowe’s laudations of our matchless happiness, and the bank-rate of discount at 10 per cent., and the largest circulation in the world assured to the *Daily Telegraph*, for our only comfort; at such a moment it needs some moderation not to be attacking Philistinism by storm, but to mine it through such gradual means as the slow approaches of culture, and the introduction of chairs of Celtic. But the hard unintelligence, which is just now our bane, cannot be conquered by storm; it must be supplanted and reduced by culture, by a growth in the variety, fulness, and sweetness of our spiritual life; and this end can only be reached by studying things that are outside of ourselves, and by studying them disinterestedly. Let us reunite ourselves with our better mind and with the world through science; and let it be one of our angelic revenges on the Philistines, who among their other sins are the guilty authors of Fenianism, to found at Oxford a chair of Celtic, and to send, through the gentle ministration of science, a message of peace to Ireland.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



BEAMISH AND CATHERINE.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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The Village on the Cliff.

CHAPTER III.

BY THE RIVER.



CATHERINE had forgotten her morning visions; they had turned into very matter-of-fact speculations about Totty's new hat and Rosa's Sunday frock, as she came home through the park late in the afternoon. A long procession of beautiful ladies was slowly passing, gorgeous young men were walking up and down and along the Row, looking at the carriages and parasols, and recognizing their acquaintances. The trees and the grass were still green and in festive dress, the close of this beautiful day was all sweet and balmy and full of delight for those who could linger out in the long daylight. The Serpentine gleamed through the old elm-trees and in the slant

sun-rays. Catherine was delighted with the sweet fresh air and childishly amused by the crowd, but she thought she had better get out of it. As she was turning out of the broad pathway by one of the small iron gates of the park, she came face to face with Dick Butler walking with a couple of friends. He took off his hat as he passed, and Miss George again bowed with the air of a meek little princess.

"Who is that?" said Beamish. "I don't know her."

Mr. Beamish was destined to improve his acquaintance, for there came a little note from Mrs. Butler to Dick early next morning.

"MY DEAR RICHARD,—I am very sorry to find that I cannot possibly join your party this afternoon, but the girls and your aunt will be delighted to come. The children declare you would be horribly disappointed if they did not make their appearance. I am afraid of their being troublesome. May I send Miss George to keep them in order?—They are beyond their sisters' control, I fear. Ever affectionately yours,

" S. BUTLER.

" P.S.—Will not you and Mr. Beamish be amiable and look in upon us this evening? you will find some friends."

Dick's studio was in Queen's Walk. He lived in one of those old brown houses facing the river. He could see the barges go by, and the boats and the steamers sliding between the trees which were planted along the water-side. An echo of the roar of London seemed passing by outside the ancient gates of his garden; within everything was still and silent, and haunted by the past. An old daïs of Queen Anne's time still hung over his doorway, and he was very proud of his wainscoted hall and drawing-room, and of the oaken stairs which led up to his studio. His friend lived with him there. Mr. Beamish was in the Foreign Office, and had good expectations. As he was an only son and had been very rigidly brought up, he naturally inclined to Dick, and to his Bohemian life, and the two young men got on very well together. The house had been a convent school before they came to it, and gentle black-veiled nuns had slid from room to room, rosy ragged children had played about the passages and the oaken hall, and had clattered their mugs, and crumbled their bread-and-butter, in the great bow-windowed dining-room at the back. The young men had seen the place by chance one day, were struck by its quaintness and capabilities, and they agreed to take it together and to live there. The children and the nuns went away through the iron gates. Butler put workmen in to repair, and polish, and make ready, and then he came and established himself, with his paint-pots and canvases.

The studio was a great long room, with a cross-light that could be changed and altered at will; for which purpose heavy curtains and shutters had been put up. There was matting on the floor, and some comfortable queer-shaped chairs were standing round the fireplace. The walls were panelled to about four feet from the ground, and from hooks and nails and brackets, hung a hundred trophies of Butler's fancies and experiences. Pictures begun and never finished, plaster casts, boxing-gloves, foils, Turkish pipes and scimitars, brown jugs of graceful slender form, out of Egyptian tombs. Bits of blue china, and then odd garments hanging from hooks, Venetian brocades of gold and silver, woven with silk, and pale and strange-coloured stuffs and gauzes, sea-green, salmon-colour, fainting blue, and saffron and angry orange-browns. English words cannot describe the queer, fanciful colours.

There was a comfortable sofa with cushions, and a great soft carpet spread at one end of the room, upon which the tea-table stood, all ready laid with cakes and flowers. Beamish had gone out that morning and bought a waggon-load of flowers, for the studio and the balcony. There was a piano in a dark corner of the room, where the curtains cast a gloom, but the windows on the balcony were set wide open, and the river rolled by grey and silvery, and with a rush, carrying its swift steamers and boats and burdens. The distant banks gleamed through the full-leaved branches, a quiet figure stood here and there under the trees, watching the flow of the stream. It was a strange, quaint piece of mediæval life set into the heart of to-day. The young men should have worn powder and periwigs, or a still more ancient garb. In the church near at hand, a martyr lies buried, and it is the old bygone world that everything tells of—as the river flows past the ancient houses. Presently the clock from the steeple of old St. Mary's Church clanged out, and at that very instant there was a loud ring at the bell. Beamish started up. Dick looked over the balcony. It was only the punctual children, who had insisted upon starting much too soon, and who had been walking up and down the street, waiting until it should be time for them to make their appearance.

"Do you know, we very nearly didn't come at all, Dick?" they instantly began telling him from down below in the hall. "Mamma said she couldn't come, and Miss George didn't want to, did you, Miss George? and they said we should be a bother; and we were afraid we were late, but we weren't." All this was chiefly in Algy's falsetto. Lydia joined in—"Wouldn't you have been disappointed if we had not come, Dick? and why have you hung up all these little things?"

"They are kitchen plates and old clothes," says Algy, splitting with laughter; "and some foils—oh, jolly."

"Algy," said Miss George, very determined and severe, because she was so shy—"remember that I am going to take you away if you are troublesome."

"He won't be troublesome, Miss George. He never is," said Dick, good-humouredly. "Look here; won't you sit down?" and he pushed forward the enormous tapestried chair in which he had been lounging. Catherine sat down. She looked a very small little person in her white gown, lost in the great arm-chair. She glanced round curiously, with her bright eyes, and forgot her rôle of governess for a minute.

"How delightful the river is—what a dear old place," she said, in her plaintive childish voice. "What nice china!"—she happened to have a fancy for bowls and cracked teapots, and had kept the key of her step-mother's china closet. "This is Dutch, isn't it?" she asked. And then she blushed up shyly, and felt very forward all of a sudden.

"Here is a nice old bit," said Beamish, coming up to Dick's assistance, with a hideous tureen he had picked up a bargain. "Butler and I are rival collectors, you know."

"Are you?" said Catherine, blushing again.

"Yes," said Beamish. And then there was a pause in the conversation, and they heard the river rushing, and both grew shyer and shyer.

Meanwhile, Dick was going about with the children, who had fortunately preserved their composure, and who seemed all over the place in a minute.

"And now show us something else," said Algy. "Miss George!" he shouted, "I mean to be an artist like Dick—when I'm a man."

"What a brilliant career Algy is chalking out for himself, isn't he, Beamish?" said poor Dick.

"He might do worse," Beamish answered, kindly. "You must let Miss George see your picture. He has painted a capital picture this time, Miss George."

Dick had modestly turned it with its face to the wall. "They don't want to see my picture," said Dick; and he went on pulling one thing out after another, to the delight of the three little girls who stood all in a row, absorbed in his wonderful possessions. Algy was inspecting a lay figure, and quite silent and entranced by the charming creature. Poor little Miss George, meanwhile, sat in her big chair, growing shyer and shyer every minute: she was longing for the others to appear. Perhaps Beamish also was looking out for them.

They came at last, with a roll of wheels, a rustle, some gentle laughter and confusion on the stairs; and the two young fellows rushed down to receive their guests. Georgie was in blue, and had her affected manner on; Catherine Butler was all in a light grey cloud from head to foot, and looked like a beautiful apparition as she came under the curtain of the door, following her aunt. Madame de Tracy was bustling in, without any poetic or romantic second thoughts, exclaiming at everything she saw—delighted with the convenience of the house. She was unlike Mrs. Butler in the sincere and unaffected interest she took in all sorts of other people's schemes, arrangements, money matters, and love-makings, lodgings, and various concerns.

"But how well-off you are here, Dick! I congratulate you! you must feel quite cramped at Tracy after this! Catherine! Look at that river and the flowers. . . . Is it not charming?—you are quite magnificent; my dear Dick, you are receiving us like a prince!"

"Beamish got the flowers," said Richard, smiling; "I only stood the cakes. Now then, Catherine, you must make tea, please."

They all went and sat round the tea-table in a group. Madame de Tracy and Georgina were upon the sofa. The children were squatting on the floor, while Miss George stood handing them their cakes and their tea, for Dick's chairs were big and comfortable, but not very numerous. Catherine Butler, with deft, gentle fingers, dipped the china into the basin, poured water from the kettle with its little flame, measured, with silver tongs and queer old silver spoons, the cream and sugar into the fragrant cups. She might have been the priestess of the flower-decked altar, offering up

steaming sacrifices to Fortune. Beamish secretly pledged her in the cup she handed him with her two hands, and one of her bright sudden smiles. A little person in white, who was standing against some tapestry in the background, cutting bread and jam for the hungry children, caught sight of the two, and thrilled with a feminine kindness, and then smiled, hanging her head over the brown loaf. Dick, who was deeply interested in the issue of the meeting that afternoon, was sitting on the back of the sofa, and by chance he saw one Catherine's face reflected in the other's. He was touched by the governess's gentle sympathy, and noticed, for the first time, that she had been somewhat neglected.

"You want a table, Miss George," said Dick, placing one before her, and a chair. . . . "And you have no tea yourself. You have been so busy attending to everybody else. Catherine, we want some tea here. . . . Beamish, why don't you go and play the piano, and let us feast with music like the Arabian Nights? . . ."

"How pretty the flowers are growing," cried little Sarah, pointing. "Oh, do look, Miss George dear. . . ."

"It's the sun shining through the leaves," said Madame de Tracy, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"The water shines, too," said Augusta. "I wish there was a river in Eaton Square; don't you, Catherine?"

"I envy you your drawing-room, Dick," said Madame de Tracy, conclusively. "Mr. Beamish, pray give us an air."

Beamish now got up and went to the piano. "If I play, you must show them your picture," he said, striking a number of chords very quickly, and then he sat down and began to play parts of that wonderful Kreutzer sonata, which few people can listen to unmoved. The piano was near where Catherine Butler had been making the tea, and she turned her head and listened, sitting quite still with her hands in her lap. I think Beamish was only playing to her, although all the others were listening round about. I know he only looked up at her every now and then as he played. Little Catherine George had sunk down on a low chair by the children, and had fallen into one of her dreams again. . . . She understood, though no one had ever told her, all that was passing before her. She listened to the music; it seemed warning, beseeching, prophesying, by turns. There is one magnificent song without words in the adagio, in which it seems as if one person alone is uttering and telling a story, passionate, pathetic, unutterably touching. Catherine thought it was Beamish telling his own story in those beautiful, passionate notes to Catherine, as she sat there in her grey cloud dress, with her golden hair shining in the sunset. Was she listening? Did she understand him? Ah, yes! Ah, yes, she must! Did everybody listen to a story like this once in their lives? Catherine George wondered. People said so. But, ah! was it true? It was true for such as Catherine Butler, perhaps—for beautiful young women, loved, and happy, and cherished; but was it true for a lonely and forlorn little creature, without friends, without

beauty (Catherine had only seen herself in her glass darkly as yet), with no wealth of her own to buy the priceless treasure of love and sympathy? The sun was shining outside; the steamers and boats were still sailing by; Catherine Butler's future was being decided. Little Catherine sat in a trance; her dark eyes were glowing. Beamish suddenly changed the measure, and crashed about on the piano, until by degrees it was Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," which went swinging through the room in great vibrations. Then Catherine George seemed to see the mediæval street, the old German town, the figures passing, the bridegroom tramping ahead, the young men marching along in procession. She could almost see the crisp brocades and the strange-cut dresses, and hear the whispering of the maidens following with the crowned bride; while from the gables of the queer old town—(she even gave it a name, and vaguely called it Augsburg or Nuremberg to herself)—people's heads were pushing and staring at the gay procession. It was one of those strange phantasmagorias we all know at times, so vivid for the moment that we cannot but believe we have seen it once, or are destined to witness it at some future time in reality.

Beamish left off playing suddenly, and bent over the instrument, and began talking to Catherine Butler in low, eager tones. Madame de Tracy and Georgie, who had had enough music, were standing at the window by this time, watching the scene outside. The children, too, had jumped up, and ran out one by one upon the balcony. Not for the first time, and, alas! not for the last, poor child! a weary, strange, lost feeling came over Catherine George, as she sat on an overturned chest, in the great, strange room. It came to her from her very sympathy for the other two, and gladness in their content. It was a sharp, sudden thorn of aloneness and utter forlornness, which stung her so keenly in her excited and eager state that two great tears came and stood in her eyes; but they were youthful tears, fresh and salt, of clear crystal, unsoiled, undimmed as yet by the stains of life.

Dick, who was himself interested for his friend, and excited beyond his custom, and who had begun to feel a sort of interest in the sensitive little guest, thought she was feeling neglected. He had noticed her from across the room, and he now came up to her, saying, very gently and kindly, "Would you care to see my picture, Miss George? my aunt and my cousin say they want to see it. It's little enough to look at."

As he said, it was no very ambitious effort. An interior. A fishwife sitting watching for her husband's return, with her baby asleep on her knee. One has seen a score of such compositions. This one was charmingly painted, with feeling and expression. The colours were warm and transparent; the woman's face was very touching, bright and sad at once; her brown eyes looked out of the picture. There was life in them, somehow, although the artist had, according to the fashion of his school, set her head against a window, and painted hard black shadows and deeply marked lines with ruthless fidelity. The kitchen was evidently

painted from a real interior. The great carved cupboard, with the two wooden birds pecketting each other's beaks, and the gleaming steel hinges, with two remarkable rays of light issuing from them; the great chimney, with the fire blazing; (the shovel was an elaborate triumph of art;) the half-open window, looking out across fields to the sea; the distaff, the odd shuttles for making string, hanging from the ceiling; the great brass pan upon the ground with the startling reflections. It was all more than true to nature, and the kitchen—somewhat modified, and less carefully polished—might be seen in any of the cottages and farmsteads round about the Château de Tracy for miles.

"My dear Dick, you have made an immense start," said his aunt. "It's admirable. It's by far the best thing you have done yet. Who is it so like? Catherine, only look at the brass pan and the cupboard. Madame Binaud has got just such a one in her kitchen."

Dick shrugged his shoulders, but he was pleased at the praise. "I have another thing here," he said, smiling, "only it isn't finished." And he rolled out another canvas on an easel.

"It's quite charming! What's the subject?" said Madame de Tracy, looking through her eyeglass.

"Oh, I don't know. Anything you like. A cart—Normandy peasants going for a drive—coming back from market," said Dick, blushing and looking a little conscious. . . . "I have been obliged to paint out the girl's head, Georgie. I wish you'd sit to me." And looking up as he spoke—not at Georgie—he met the glance of two soft dark eyes which were not Georgie's. "I wish you would sit to me, Miss George," cried Dick, suddenly inspired. "You would make a first-rate fishwife; wouldn't she, aunt Matilda?"

"I think Miss George would look very nice indeed in the costume," Madame de Tracy good-humouredly said. "She is a brunette, like all our girls." And Madame de Tracy turned her eyeglass on Miss George, and nodded. She then glanced at Dick.

"I should be very glad to sit to Mr. Butler," said Miss George in her gentle way, "but I am afraid I should not have time. I am very much occupied, and the children mustn't be neglected, and I hope they are not in trouble now," she added, looking round. "I'm afraid it is time for us to go." The clock of the old church had struck six some time, and as she said, it was time to go.

Madame de Tracy looked at her watch, and gave a little scream. "Yes, indeed," she said, "my brother Charles and half-a-dozen other people dine in Eaton Square to-night. Are you coming?"

"Beamish and I are coming in to dessert," said Dick; at least he seemed to wish it this morning.

"We have to get home, we have to dress," said Madame de Tracy, pre-occupied. "Georgie, where is my parasol? Catherine, are you ready? Have you finished your talk?"

Beamish and Catherine had finished their talk by this time, or begun

it rather, for it was a life-long talk that they had entered into. The carriage had come back for the elders of the party. The children, who had eaten enormously, went off slightly subdued.

The two young men stood in the iron gateway, watching the carriage as it drove away, and the governess and the little pupils slowly sauntering homewards along the river side.

Beamish looked very tall and very odd as he stood leaning against the iron gate, round which some clematis was clinging.

Dick glanced at him, and then at the river, and then at his friend again. "Well!" he said, at last, pulling a leaf off a twig.

"It is all right," Beamish said, with the light in his face as he put out his hand to Dick; and then the two cordially shook hands, to the surprise of some little ragged children who were squatting in the road.

CHAPTER IV.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY.

CATHERINE held little Sarah's hand tightly clasped in hers as they went home along the busy streets. She had not met with so much romance in her short hard life, this poor little Catherine, that she could witness it unmoved in others. She had read of such things in books before now, of Lord Orville exclaiming with irresistible fire, "My sweet, my beloved, Miss Anville!" of Rochester's energetic love-making, of Mr. Knightley's expressive eyes, as he said, "My dearest Emma, for dearest you will be to me, whatever may be the result of this morning's conversation." And she had read of the sweet bunch of fragrant lilac, which a young lover had sent to his lady, and now here was a sweet bunch of lilac for Catherine Butler; so the little governess called it to herself, and the sweetness and scent seemed diffused all round, until they, the bystanders, were all perfumed and made fragrant too.

Catherine had heard Mr. Beamish saying,—*"I shall come this evening and see you,"* as he put Miss Butler into the carriage. The girl had not answered, but her face looked very sweet and conscious, as she bent over and held out her hand to him. Poor Dick was looking on too, and a little old refrain came into his head. *"En regrettant la Normandie,"* it went, *"En regrettant . . ."* This sweet dream of love-making made the way short and pleasant, though the children lagged and stopped at every interesting sight along the road. The man pouring beer out of his can, the milkwoman setting down her pails, the cart full of oranges and blue paper, the grocer taking in faggots two by two out of a cart: all was grist that came to their little mills, and delayed the fatal return to evening tasks and bed. For the little governess the sweet summer twilight was all a-glow, and she was in a sort of enchanted world, where perfect happiness was waiting at

unexpected corners ; where people understood what was in one another's hearts ; where there was a little trouble to begin with, but where at two or three and twenty (Miss Butler was little more), or even sooner, the fragrant bunch of lilacs flowered for most people, and then what mattered all the rest ? If the flowers were blooming on the branches, a passing storm, or wind, or darkness, could not unmake the spring.

One privilege belonging to her position Miss George had not, perhaps, valued so highly as she might have done. It was that of coming down in white muslin with Augusta after dinner whenever she liked. Little sleepy Sarah, and the aggrieved Lydia, would be popped into white calico and disposed of between the sheets ; but Miss George and Augusta were at liberty to enjoy the intoxicating scene if they felt so inclined.

Mr. Butler, nodding off over the paper. Mrs. Butler at her davenport, writing civil notes, one after another, in her large even handwriting. Catherine and Georgina strumming on the pianoforte. The back-room quite dark, and the tea stagnating on a small table near the doorway. This was when there was nobody there. When there was company the aspect of things was very different. Both the chandeliers would be lighted, the round sofa wheeled out into the middle of the room. Three ladies would be sitting upon it with their backs turned to one another ; Georgina and a friend, in full evening dress, suppressing a yawn, would be looking over a book of photographs.

"Do you like this one of me ?" Georgina would say, with a slight increase of animation. "Oh, what a horrid thing !" the young lady would reply ; "if it was me, I should burn it—indeed I should. And is that your sister ?—a Silvy I am sure." "Yes, my cousin Richard cannot bear it ; he says she looks as if her neck was being wrung." In the meantime, Catherine Butler, kindly attentive and smiling, would be talking to old Lady Shiverington, and trying to listen to her account of her last influenza, while Mrs. Butler, with her usual tact, was devoting herself to the next grander lady present. Madame de Tracy, after being very animated all dinner-time, would be sitting a little subdued with her fan before her eyes. Coffee would be handed round by the servants. After which the climax of the evening would be attained, the door would fly open, and the gentlemen come straggling up from dinner, while tea on silver trays was being served to the expectant guests.

Mr. Butler, with a laugh, disappears into the brilliantly-lighted back-room with a couple of congenial white neckcloths, while Mr. Bartholomew, the great railway contractor, treads heavily across the room to his hostess and asks if these are some more of her young ladies ? and how was it that they had not had the pleasure of their company at dinner ? "My daughter Augusta is only twelve, Mr. Bartholomew, and is not thinking of coming out," Mrs. Butler would say ; "and that is Miss George, my children's governess. It amuses her to come down, poor girl. *Have you had any tea ?*"

Miss George, far from being amused by all this brilliancy, generally

kept carefully out of the way; but on this particular evening, after the five o'clock tea at the studio, she had been haunted by a vague curiosity and excitement, and she felt as if she must come down—as if it would be horrible to sit all alone and silent in the schoolroom, out of reach, out of knowledge, out of sight, while below, in the more favoured drawing-room, the people were all alive with interest, and expectation, and happiness.

Just before dinner she had met Madame de Tracy on the stairs, fastening her bracelets and running down in a great hurry. Catherine looked up at her and smiled as she made way, and the elder lady, who was brimming over with excitement and discretion, and longing to talk to every one on the subject which absorbed her, said,—

“Ah, Miss George, I see you found out our secret this afternoon—not a word to the children. Mr. Beamish is coming to-night after dinner to speak to my brother. Hush! some one is on the stairs.”

Miss George was not the only person in the establishment who surmised that something was going on. Madame de Tracy's vehement undertones had roused the butler's curiosity; he had heard the master of the house confessing that he was not totally unprepared; while Mrs. Butler was late for dinner, an unprecedented event, and had been seen embracing her daughter with more than usual effusion, in her room upstairs. Mrs. Butler was one of those motherly women entirely devoted to their husbands and children, and who do not care very much for anybody else in all the world, except so far as they are conducive to the happiness of their own family. She worked, thought, bustled, wrote notes, arranged and contrived for her husband and children. Her davenport was a sort of handmill, at which she ground down paper, pens, monograms, stamps, regrets, delights, into notes, and turned them out by the dozen. Her standard was not a very high one in this world or in the next, but she acted industriously up to it such as it was, and although her maternal heart was stirred with sympathy, she was able to attend to her guests and make small talk as usual. I do not think that one of them, from her manner, could have guessed how she longed secretly to be rid of them all.

Catherine George, who was only the little governess and looker-on, felt her heart stirred too as she dressed in her little room upstairs to come down after dinner; unconsciously she took more than usual pains with herself; she peered into her looking-glass, and plumed and smoothed out her feathers like a bird by the side of a pool.

She thought her common gown shabby and crumpled, and she pulled out for the first time one of those which had been lying by ever since she had left her own home. This was a soft India muslin, prettily made up with lace and blue ribbons. Time had yellowed it a little, but it was none the worse for that, and if the colours of the blue ribbons had faded somewhat, they were all the softer and more harmonious. With her rough dark hair piled up in a knot, she looked like a little Sir Joshua lady when she had tied the bead necklace that encircled her round little throat, and then she came down and waited for Augusta in the

empty drawing-room. Catherine was one of those people who grow suddenly beautiful at times, as there are others who become amiable all at once, or who have flashes of wit, or good spirits; Catherine's odd sudden loveliness was like an inspiration, and I don't think she knew of it. The little thing was in a strange state of sympathy and excitement. She tried to think of other things, but her thoughts reverted again and again to the sunny studio, the river rushing by, the music, the kind young men, and the beautiful, happy Catherine, leaning back in the old carved chair, with her bright eyes shining as she listened to Beamish's long story. The sun had set since he had told it, and a starlight night was now reigning overhead. The drawing-room windows were open, letting in a glimmer of stars and a faint incense from Catherine Butler's flowers outside on the balcony. Little Miss George took up her place in a quiet corner, and glanced again and again from the dull drawing-room walls to the great dazzling vault without, until the stars were hidden from her by the hand of the butler who came in to pull down the blinds and light the extra candles, and to place the chairs against the wall. Whilst he was thus engaged in making the room comfortable, he remarked that "the ladies would not be up for ten minutes or more, and if Miss George and Miss Augusta would please to take a little ice there would be plenty of time?"

"Yes, certainly," said Augusta; "bring some directly, Freeman." And she and Miss George shared their little feast with one spoon between them.

The ladies came up from dinner, and Augusta was summoned to talk to them, and little Miss George was left alone in her corner. She was quite happy, although she had no one to speak to: she was absorbed in the romance of which she had conned the first chapters, and of which the heroine was before her in her white gauze dress, with the azalias in her hair.

And so one Catherine gazed wondering and speculating, while the other sat there patiently listening to the old ladies' complaining talk,—to stories of doctors, and ailments, and old age, and approaching death, coming so soon after the brilliant strains of youth, and music, and romance.

One Catherine's bright cheeks turned very pale; the other, who was only looking on, blushed up, when almost immediately after the tea-tray, the door opened, and Dick and Mr. Beamish walked in without being announced. Mrs. Butler looked up and smiled and held out her hand. Mr. Butler came striding forward from the back-room. Madame de Tracy put up her eyeglass; Catherine Butler looked down, but she could say "yes" quite quietly to old Lady Shiverington, who asked, in a loud whisper, if that was Mr. Beamish. "The young men come to dinner, my dear, time after time," said the old lady, nodding her ancient head, "but they are all so much alike I don't know one from another."

And so this was all that Catherine had come out of her schoolroom to see? Charles Butler had been looking on too from the other end of the

room, with little blinking eyes instead of dark fawn-like orbs, and at this stage of the proceedings he moved out of the way, and came across and sank down, much to Miss George's alarm, in a vacant arm-chair beside her. There she sat in her muslin, fair, pretty, soft, with shy, quick, curious glances; and there sat the old fellow with his wrinkled face and thick eyebrows: she need not have been afraid, though he looked somewhat alarming. If Mr. Bartholomew, who was standing by, could have known what was passing in the minds of these two people, he might have been struck, had he been romantically inclined, by the duet they were unconsciously playing.

"Matilda has been in great force to-night," thought Mr. Butler; "but her confidences are overpowering, whispery mystery,—hiss, hiss, hiss—how she does delight in a love-affair. If it had been poor unlucky Dick now—but I suppose no woman of sense would have a word to say to him, and he will make a terrible fool of himself sooner or later. Eh, eh, we have all made fools of ourselves. . . It is only about half a century since I first saw his mother under the lime-trees. Poor dear! Poor dear!" and the old fellow began to beat a tune to a dirge with his foot as he thought of what was past. Meanwhile Miss George was playing her treble in the duet. "What can it be like," the little governess was thinking, "to love, to be loved, actually to live the dreams and the stories? Oh, I cannot imagine it! Is it like listening to music? is it like that day when we climbed the hill in the sunset, my mother and I, higher and higher, and it was all like heaven in the valley? Is there some secret sympathy which makes quite old and wrinkled people care when they see such things, or does one only cease to feel in time? How calm Catherine looks, she scarcely speaks to Mr. Beamish. I can see Madame de Tracy smiling and nodding her head to her across the room. Can people care really and truly and with all their hearts, and give no more sign? What should I do if I were Catherine? Ah, what am I thinking?"

Here Mr. Butler suddenly gave a grunt and said,—

"I am quite convinced the fault of all arm-chairs is that they are not made deep enough in the seat; my legs are quite cramped and stiff from that abominable contrivance in which I have been sitting. I cannot imagine how my brother can go to sleep in it night after night in the way he does."

"Isn't Mr. Butler's arm-chair comfortable?" said Catherine smiling. "The children and I have always looked at it with respect: we never should venture to sit in it, or not to think it deep enough in the seat."

"I see Mr. Beamish is not too shy to occupy the chair of state," said old Mr. Butler, glancing at Catherine from under his thick eyebrows, and unconsciously frightening her into silence.

Catherine was oppressed by circumstance, and somewhat morbid by nature, as people are who have lively imaginations, and are without the power of expansion. She had lived with dull people all her life, and had never learnt to talk or to think. Her stepmother was a tender-hearted

and sweet-natured sad woman, who was accustomed to only see the outside of things. Mrs. George had two dozen little sentences in her repertory, which she must have said over many thousand times in the course of her life ; and which Catherine had been accustomed hitherto to repeat after her, and to think of as enough for all the exigencies and philosophy of life. But now everything was changing, and she was beginning to idea thoughts for herself, and to want words to put them into ; and with the thoughts and the words, alas ! came the longing for some one to listen to her strange new discoveries, and to tell her what they meant. But it was not old Charles Butler to whom she could talk. She looked across the room.

Yes, Beamish was there installed : they were all welcoming him for the sake of their beloved princess. " Ah, what am I thinking ! " thought Catherine again, " would there be any one in the world to care if —— " She did not finish the sentence, but a vague impossibility, in the shape of a Geraint with sleepy eyes and without a name, passed through her mind. As chance would have it, Dick Butler came sauntering up at this minute, and she started and blushed as usual, and her visions vanished. Catherine almost felt as if he must see them flying away.

It was not Dick, with his short-sighted eyes, who saw the little fancies flying away ; but there were others present who were more experienced and more alive to what was passing. Madame de Tracy was a woman of lively imagination, who scarcely knew any of the people present, and had nobody to talk to ; and so it happened that at the end of a quarter of an hour, she began to think that her nephew had been conversing quite long enough with Miss George.

All the world might have heard what he was saying to her. Dick was only telling Miss George about Normandy, about the beautiful old ruins, the churches turned into barns, talking Murray and little else. For reasons best known to himself he liked telling of the places he had lately seen, although he said but little of the people he had known there. And Miss George was a good listener, she said not much, but her bright little face brightened as he went on with his stories. They were prosy enough some people might have thought. His uncle had joined in once and exclaimed, " Spare us the description of the next church you visited, Richard ; " but Catherine George liked every word, and listened in delighted attention. Catherine listened ; she had better far have sat up all alone in her schoolroom, poor child, with her candle-ends and fancies of what might have been.

Later in life, when people have outlived the passionate impatience of youth, when the mad wild longings are quieted, and the things their own, perhaps, and no longer valued, for which they would have given their lives once—long ago—when people are sober and matter-of-fact, when they have almost forgotten that strange impetuous self of former days, it is easy to blame and to phoo-phoo, to crush and brush away the bright beautiful bubbles which the children are making in their play. Madame

de Tracy did not feel one moment's remorse, sentimental as she was, when she came across and interrupted little Catherine's happy half-hour, and Dick in his eloquent talk.

Dick was asking Catherine what she thought of the five o'clock tea. "We had music, uncle Charles, hadn't we, Miss George? Beamish played first fiddle, *Ah ti voglio ben assai*, a Neapolitan air, uncle Charles. Nobody ever sung it to *you*." And Dick, who was excited and in high spirits, began humming and nodding his head in time. He suddenly stopped—old Charles made a warning sign. "Miss George was present and knows all about it; don't be afraid, she is discretion itself, and of course we are all thinking about the same thing. What is the use of pretending?"

"If Miss George is discretion itself, that quite alters the case," said Mr. Butler.

Meanwhile Dick was going on,—“Look at uncle Hervey performing the *père noble*, and making Beamish look foolish. Dear old Beamish, I shouldn't let him marry Catherine if he was not the best fellow in the whole world.”

“My niece is fortunate to have secured such a paragon,” said Charles, showing his sympathy by a little extra dryness.

“Their faces are something alike, I think,” said Miss George, timidly; “they seem very well suited.”

“Of course,” said Dick: “5,000*l.* a year in prospect—what can be more suitable? If they had no better reason for wanting to get married than because they were in love with one another, then you should hear the hue-and-cry their affectionate relatives can raise.”

“Quite right too,” said old Mr. Butler.

Catherine glanced from one to the other.

“You don't think it quite right, do you, Miss George?” said Dick, and then his aunt came up and carried him off.

“Young fellows like Dick often talk a great deal of nonsense,” said old Butler, kindly, as Catherine sat looking after the two as they walked away arm-in-arm. “Depend upon it, my nephew would no more wish to marry upon an incompetence than I should. Remember, he is not the man to endure privation except for his own amusement.”

He spoke so expressively, blinking his little grey eyes, that the girl looked up curiously, wondering whether he could mean anything. All the evening she had been sitting there in her white gown, feeling like a shade, a thing of no account among all this living people, a blank in the closely written page, a dumb note in the music. A sort of longing had come over her to be alive, to make music too; and now to be warned even, to be acting a part ever so small in this midsummer night's dream, was enough to thrill her sad little childish heart with excitement. Could he be warning her? Then it came like a flash, and her heart began to beat faster and faster. There was something possible after all besides governessing and lesson-books in her dull life, something to beware of, to give interest, even the interest of danger to the monotonous road. To be

scorned did not seem to her so unutterably sad as to be utterly passed by and ignored. Charles Butler never guessed the harm he had done.

It was not the Miss George who had dressed herself in her yellowed muslin who went upstairs to bed that night. It was another Catherine George. The little moth had burst out of its cocoon, the wings had grown, and it was fluttering and fluttering in the candle's beautiful golden light.

My simile would have been better if Catherine, the moth, had not herself blown out her candle when she reached her bedroom upstairs. She was hanging out of her window, trying to drink the night calm into her veins. "Is that bright beautiful planet my star I wonder?" the governess was thinking. "How gaily it sparkles; it seems to be dancing in space. How the night wanes and shines; how the stars blaze beyond the house-tops! Did any one ever tell me that was my star? Why do I think so?" As Catherine gazed at the heavens and thought all this, not in words, but with quick sensitive flashes—down below, just under her feet, the well was being dug into which the poor little philosopher was doomed to tumble. Ah me! was truth at the bottom of it, I wonder, instead of up overhead in the beautiful shining stars of good promise?

It seemed to little Catherine as if a burst of sunshine had come out suddenly into her dull life. She did not know whence or how it came; she did not know very clearly what she was feeling; she did not tell herself that she ought to shut her heart and ears and eyes, until some one suitable in fortune and worldly circumstances came across her way. She is only twenty years old, impressionable, soft-hearted. What can her girlish day-dreams have taught her? Can she have learned from them to mistrust people who are kind, to be careful and cautious and reserved—to wall up and bury the natural emotions of youth?

For the first time in her short life, ideas, feelings, sensations hitherto unthought and unfelt, came crowding upon Catherine George. Everything seemed changed, although she walked the same walks in the square—corrected the same mistakes in the children's exercises—sat in her old place in the schoolroom. The walls seemed to have opened somehow to let in the unfamiliar crowd of strange new ideas, of feelings impossible to realize or to define. The difference in Catherine was not greater than that which a passing cloud makes in the sky, or a burst of sunshine breaking across the landscape. Out of the vague images and shadows which had hitherto made up her solitary life, came a sudden reality. The drifting dreams and fancies of what might be, had vanished for ever; they were gone, and in their stead it was to-day; and Catherine, as she was—no ideal self to be—who was sitting there, and who had awakened one morning to find herself living her own life in the world of the present. Other discoveries she might make as she travelled farther; and times might come to her, as to most of us, when solemn visions close round about once more, and we realize with terrible distinctness that we are only dreaming in a kingdom of mists and shadows—a kingdom where the sounds die into silence—where the suns set day by day. But at this

time everything was real and keen enough to the poor little thing, of vast meaning and moment—never to finish, she thought—never to seem of import less vital—never, ah, never!

CHAPTER V.

WHAT CATHERINE WISHED FOR.

FATE, which for some time past seemed to have strangely overlooked the thread of Catherine George's existence, now suddenly began to spin it somewhat faster, and to tie a few knots in the loose little string. For one thing, Madame de Tracy's thread flew so fast, that it was apt to entangle itself with others alongside, and it would set all those round about flying with the vibrations of its rapid progress.

Dick was a great deal in Eaton Square at this time, more than he had ever been before. The house was not generally so pleasant, as it was just then; Madame de Tracy was there bustling about and enjoying herself, and making a great talk and life and stir. Charles Butler, too, was in town, and often with his sister, and Dick was unaffectedly fond of his uncle's society. Everybody used to scold the young painter when he appeared day by day, for leaving his work; but all the same they would not let him go back to it, once he was with them.

"I ought to go," Dick would say, as he remained to take his pleasure, and Catherine coming down demurely at the end of the little procession, never knew who she might find down below. One great triumph Richard had to announce. He had sold his picture, and got a good price for it; although he hesitated, to the dealer's surprise, when it came to parting with his beloved fishwife. He had also received an order for the "Country-cart," as soon as it should be finished, and once again he said at luncheon—

"Miss George, I *wish* you would let me put you into my cart."

Some shy impulse made her refuse—she saw Mrs. Butler looking prim and severe, and Madame de Tracy unconsciously shaking her head. It seemed very hard. Catherine nearly cried afterwards, when she woke up in the night and wondered whether Richard had thought her ungrateful. What could he think after all his kindness? why had she been so shy and foolishly reserved? . . . "No, Lydia, it was William the Conqueror who came over in 1066, not Julius Cæsar."

Meanwhile Richard the Conqueror, Butler Cæsar, went about his business and his pleasure with feelings quite unwounded by anything Catherine could do or say; when she saw him again, he had forgotten all about her refusal, and to her delight and surprise his manner was quite unchanged and as kind as ever. What trifles she pondered over and treasured up! It was like the old German stories of twigs and dried leaves carefully counted and put away in the place of gold pieces—chance encounters—absurdities—she did not know what she was about.

Madame de Tracy, who never let go an idea, or who let it go a hundred times to return to it again and again at stray intervals, shook her head at all these chance meetings. Her departure was approaching—her vigilance would be removed—she could not bear to think of what might not happen in her absence, and she had spoken to Mrs. Butler of a scheme for appealing to Dick's own better feelings.

"My dear Matilda! I entreat you to do nothing of the sort. Dick can bear no remonstrance," Mrs. Butler cried. "I will see that all is right, and, if needs be, Miss George must go. I have a most tempting account of this German governess. Charles told me to bring Miss George to his picnic on Friday, but I think it will be as well that she should not be of the party."

Poor unconscious little Catherine! She would have died of horror, I think, if she had guessed how quietly the secrets of her heart were discussed by unsympathetic bystanders, as she went on her way, singing her song without words. It was a foolish song, perhaps, about silly things; but the voice that sang it was clear and sweet, and true.

Charles Butler, the giver of the proposed entertainment, was one of those instances of waste of good material which are so often to be met with in the world: a tender-hearted man with few people to love him, living alone, with no nearer ties than other people's children; a man of ability who had never done anything except attend to the commonplaces of life: and these were always better arranged and controlled at Lambswold than anywhere else, for he knew what should be done and how to make other people do it, and perhaps gave an attention and effort to small things which should have gone elsewhere. It was a kindly spirit in a wrinkled, ugly, cranky old body. Charles Butler's hook nose and protruding teeth and fierce eyebrows, his contradictoriness and harsh little laugh, were crimes of nature, so to speak, for they frightened away women and children and timid people. They had frightened Charles Butler himself into mistrusting his own powers, into believing that there was something about him which must inevitably repel; they had destroyed his life, his best chance for happiness. He was a diffident man; for years he had doubted and hesitated and waited; waited for this sad lonely aching old age which had come upon him now. His little nephews and nieces, however, had learnt not to be afraid of him on a certain day in the year when it was his custom to ask them all down for the day to Lambswold in honour of his god-daughter Augusta's birthday. They often stayed there at other times, but this one day was the happiest of all, they thought. It came in midsummer with a thrill of sweetness in the air, with the song of the thrush, when the strawberry-heads were hanging full and crimson, when all the roses were flushing. Little Sarah used to say she thought Lambswold was a pink place.

It was an old-fashioned country-house, standing in the hollow of two hills, with a great slope in front and a wide plenteous world of wheat-fields, farmsteads, and straggling nut-woods to gaze at from the dining-room

windows and the terrace. There were rising green meads on either side, and at the back of it kitchen-gardens, fruit-walls, and greenhouses and farm-buildings, all in excellent order and admirably kept.

"Oh, Miss George, how sorry you must be not to come," Algy would say.

"Yes, I am very sorry," Catherine honestly answered in her child's voice ; for she had not yet outgrown the golden age when all things call and beckon, and the apples and the loaves and the cakes cry, Come eat us, come eat us, and the children wandering in fairy-land reply, We come, we come. She loved cakes and apples and all good things still, and had not reached to the time when it is no penalty to be deprived of them. But she had to pay the price of her youth ; and to those who are tied and bound down by circumstance, youth is often, indeed, only a blessing turned into a curse. It consumes with its own fire and tears with its own strength. And so when Catherine with a sinking heart heard them all talking over arrangements for spending a day in Paradise with the angels—so it seemed to her—and not one word was spoken to include her in the scheme ; when she guessed that she was only to be left in the schoolroom, which represented all her enjoyment, all her hopes, her beginning and ending—then a great wave of disappointment and wishing and regretting seemed to overflow and to choke the poor little instructress of youth, the superior mind whose business in life it was to direct others and to lead the way to the calm researches of science, instead of longing childishly for the strawberries of life. But there were strawberries ripening for Catherine.

One afternoon she was with the children, crossing the road to the house ; they were carrying camp-stools, work, reels, scissors, the *Heir of Redclyffe*, covered in brown paper, for reading aloud ; the *Boy's Own Magazine*, *Peter Parley*, *A Squib* ; Sandy, tightly clasped round the neck by Algy ; a rug and various other means for passing an hour : when suddenly Catherine's eyes began to brighten as they had a trick of doing, Sandy made a gasping attempt at a bark, and little Sarah rushing forward, embraced a young gentleman affectionately round the waist. He was standing on the side of the pavement, and laughing and saying,—“Do you always walk out with all this luggage ?”

“We have only a very few things,” said little Sarah. “Are you coming to our house ? Oh, Richard, is it arranged about the picnic ?”

“The carriage has not come back yet, there's nobody at home. Oh, Dick, do wait and have tea with us,” cried Lydia.

“I think you might as well,” Augusta said, in an aggrieved tone,—“but I suppose you won't, because we are children.”

“Oh, do, do, do, do, do,” said Algy, hopping about with poor Sandy, still choking, for a partner.

“I want to see my aunt and settle about Lambswold,” said Richard, walking along with Miss George. “I think we shall have a fine day.”

“I hope you will,” Catherine answered.

“You are coming, of course ?” said Dick, following them upstairs into the schoolroom.

"I am going to see my sisters," said Catherine, blushing up. She took off her bonnet as she spoke, and pushed back her black cloud of hair.

Richard thought Catherine looked much prettier, when she went upstairs, blushing still and confused, with dishevelled locks, than when she came down all neatly smoothed and trimmed a few minutes after, and sat down demurely at the tea-caddy.

Outside she may have looked prim and demure,—inside she was happier than any of the children, as she sat there with her radiant down-cast eyes reflected on the teapot. Never was a guest more welcome, and more made of, than Richard at his little cousins' tea-table. He was to be waited on by them all at once; he was to have the arm-chair; he was to choose his favourite cup. He chose Algy's little old mug, to the children's screams of laughter.

"I think I shall make this my dinner," said Dick. "A slice and a half of thick bread-and-butter will be about enough—I don't want to be ungrateful for hospitality, but pray, why is it cut so very thick?"

"Don't you like it?" said Lydia, anxiously. "I will go and beg Mrs. Bluestring for a small piece of cake for you."

Augusta and Miss George began to laugh, Dick said he was not accustomed to cake, and insisted upon eating his thick bread-and-butter. The children despatched theirs, and chattered and enjoyed his jokes, and so did the little governess at her tea-tray. The coachmen were, as usual, pumping in the court.

Again came the sunshine streaming through the window. Dick's hair was all brushed up, and his grey eyes were twinkling. The children's high spirits and delight were infectious; all Miss George's primness, too, seemed to have melted away; pretty little looks of expression of interest, of happiness, were coming and going in her round face. One of the golden half hours which are flying about all over the world had come to them. They had done nothing to deserve it, but it was there.

Catherine was still presiding at her little feast, when the carriage came home with Charles Butler and the two elder ladies, who were surprised to hear unusual shouts of laughter coming from the schoolroom.

"They all seem very merry," said Mrs. Butler, stopping with her hand on the lock.

"I am certain I heard Richard's voice," said Madame de Tracy, to Charles, who was toiling up more slowly, and as Mrs. Butler opened the door, to one person within it seemed as if all the fun and the merriment, all the laughter and brightness, escaped with a rush, and left the room quite empty.

"Oh, mamma," said Lydia, sighing from contentment, "we have had such fun, Dick has been having tea with us out of Algy's old mug."

"So I perceive," said Madame de Tracy, with a glance at Catherine.

"Come in, come in," cried the children, hospitably, "do come in too."

"I think you may come upstairs to us," said their mother, after

a moment's hesitation, "for our tea is ready in the drawing-room." And then somehow to Catherine,—it was like a dream—all the gay little figures disappeared, dancing off, chattering and talking still, with Sandy barking after them. The sunset was still shining in, but the beautiful glowing colours had changed to glare. Dick had risen from his place, when the two aunts entered, and he seemed to vanish away quite naturally with the rest. It was, indeed, like waking up from a happy little dream of friends' faces and brightness, and with the music of beloved voices still ringing in one's ears, to find oneself alone in the dark.

Catherine remained sitting at the tea-table with the scraps and dregs, the crumbled bits of bread. Algy's half-eaten slice,—Lydia's cup overturned before her. She sat quite still, no one had noticed her, even Dick had gone off without saying good-by. As on that day at the studio, a swift pang came piercing through her. She felt all alone—suddenly quite alone—in a great cruel terrible world in which she was of no account, in which she was carried along against her will, feeling—oh, so strangely—helpless and impotent. She did not know what she wanted, she did not know what she feared, but she shrunk from her own self with an aching impatience.

She jumped up and ran to the window to shake her new terror off. She looked down into the yard, where the hard-working coachman was pumping still, and a couple of dogs were turning over and over in play. Everything was ugly, sad, desolate, that had been so gay and delightful a minute before. Utterly depressed and bewildered, the poor little thing sat down on the window-sill, and leant her weary head against the pane. Richard Butler, coming down a few minutes later, saw her through the half-open door still sitting there, a dark little figure against the light.

"Good-night, Miss George," he said, with a kind inflexion in his voice, coming in and shaking her by the hand; "and thank you for your good tea." And then he went away.

He had spoken kindly; he had said something—nothing; but it was more than enough to make her happy again. As for Richard himself, he was vexed, chafed, disquieted. He had had a little talk with his aunts upstairs, which had made him indignant and angry. They had taken him to task gently enough; but all that they said jarred upon him, and stirred up secret springs of which they had no conception. He could hardly conceal his irritation as the two went on, blandly pouring out their advice from either side of the tea-table, when he asked whether Miss George was not to be of the party.

"No; I had not thought of inviting Miss George," said Mrs. Butler stiffly. "It is always doubtful in these cases . . ."

"Not to speak of the danger of mixin' the different grades of society," said Hervey, who was present, cross-legged, and looking like the Solomon who was to decide all difficulties.

"Danger," said Richard; "what possible danger can there be?"

"You had better bring her," grunted Charles. "She has got a pair

of uncommon bright eyes ; and I suppose there are strawberries enough for us all ? ”

“ Or we might take down a pottle on purpose for Miss George of an inferior quality,” Richard said. “ I do think it is hard lines that a nice little pretty thing like that should be shut up from morning to night in a dreary little hole of a sch—— ”

Mrs. Butler, with a glance at Lydia, who was standing by, absorbed in the conversation, hastened to interpose.

“ She is quite admirable and excellent in her own way (children, go into the back drawing-room) ; but, my dear Richard, there is nothing more undesirable than putting people into false positions. . . . The person of whom you speak is not *de notre classe*, and it would be but mistaken kindness.”

“ Precisely so,” said Hervey, much pleased with the expression, “ Miss George is not *de notre classe*.”

“ Confound *notre classe*,” said Richard, hastily.

“ Don’t be blasphemous, Dick,” said his uncle Charles.

And then, remembering that this was not the way to speak in such company, the young man stopped short, and begged Mrs. Butler’s pardon.

She was pouring out small black-looking cups of tea, and looking offended with a turned-down mouth ; and, indeed, the maternal autocrat was not used to such plain-talking.

“ It seems to me, Richard, that you are scarcely the person to provide amusement for Miss George,” she said.

“ Ah, Dick,” cried Madame de Tracy, giving a little shriek and forgetting her prudence ; she could keep silence no longer. “ Be careful, my dearest boy ; do not let yourself be carried away by your feelings. I guessed—I am rapid to notice things—I have trembled ever since that day at the studio.” She looked so anxious and so concerned between her frizzy curls that Dick burst out laughing.

“ So this is your fine scheme ? No, you have not guessed right, aunt Matilda. Poor little Miss George is not dangerous for me, but I cannot help losing my temper when I hear persons of sense using the wicked old commonplaces which have made so many people miserable, and which condemn a poor child to such a dreary, unsatisfactory mockery of existence. There, she is just as well-mannered and pretty as Georgie or Catherine ; and I am not to eat a piece of bread-and-butter in her company for fear of being contaminated,” cried Dick in a fume.

“ Ah, my poor Dick,” said Madame de Tracy, “ you are unconscious, perhaps, of the sentiment ; but I fear it is there.”

“ I am speaking from no personal feeling,” cried Dick, still angry ; and to Madame de Tracy at least his words carried conviction at the time. (But was it so, I wonder ; and had Miss George’s soft, pretty eyes nothing to do with the question ?) “ It is a mere sense of fairness and justice,” Dick went on, “ which would make me dislike to see any fellow-creature hardly used ; and if I have spoken half-a-dozen words of kindness to her,

it was because It is no use staying any longer, I shall only offend more and more. Good-night." And then he suddenly took up his hat and went away. On his way downstairs, he relieved his mind by being even more kind than usual to a person whom he considered unjustly treated by the world in general and his aunts in particular.

Women usually respect a man when he is angry, even when he is in the wrong, and Richard was not in the wrong. "I think for once I was mistaken," said Madame de Tracy; "and yet people are not always conscious of their own feelings. But, under the circumstances, we must take Miss George, or Dick will fancy . . ."

"Oh, certainly, if you all wish it," said Mrs. Butler. "Will you have any more tea, Matilda? Now, children, what are you all about? You may go and ask Miss George to the picnic; and then come up and help me to dress."

Meanwhile Richard was walking away, biting and pulling his moustache. He went along Eaton Square until he came to the public-house at the corner of Hobart Place. There he was stopped by a crowd of children and idlers who had taken up their position on the pavement, for Mr. Punch was squeaking at the top of his voice from his pulpit, and they had all gathered round to listen to his morality. The children had already taken up their places in the stalls and were sitting in a row on the curb-stone. "Ookedookedookedoo," said Mr. Punch, "where's the babby? Throw the babby out of window."

"Dook! dere it go," cried another baby, sitting in the gutter and clapping its dirty little hands.

Richard stopped for a minute to look at Punch's antics: going on with his reflections meanwhile. It seemed to him as if the world, as it is called, was a great cruel Punch, remorselessly throwing babies and children out of window, and Miss George among the rest, while the people looked on and applauded, and Toby the philosopher sat by quite indifferent in his frill collar.

"That poor little thing," he was thinking, "her wistful, helpless glances move me with pity; was there ever a more innocent little scapegoat? Oh, those women! their talk and their assumption and suspicions make me so angry I can scarcely contain myself. *De notre classe*," and he began to laugh again, while Punch, capering and singing his song of "ookedook," was triumphantly beating the policeman about the head. "Would they think *Reine de notre classe*, I wonder?" Dick said to himself; "will it be her turn some day to be discussed and snubbed and patronized? My poor noble *Reine*"—and Richard seemed to see her pass before him, with her eager face—"is there one of them to compare to her among the dolls and lay figures *de notre classe*?" He walked on, Punch's shrieks were following him, and ringing in his ears with the children's laughter. As he went along, the thought of *Reine* returned to him again and again, as it had done that day he walked along the sands to Tracy; again and again he was wondering what she was doing: was she in her farm superintending,

was she gone on one of her many journeys along the straight and dusty roads, was she spinning flax perhaps at the open door, or reading by the dying daylight out of one of her mother's old brown books? . . . A distant echo of Punch's weird "ookedookedoo" reached him like a warning as he walked away.

The day at Lambswold was a great success the children thought. It was about twelve o'clock, when the shadows were shortest and the birds most silent, that the drag and the fly from the station came driving up the steep and into the court. Charles Butler received them all at the door, shaking hands with each as they ascended the steps. Catherine and the children had come in the fly, and the others preceded them in the drag. The house had been silent for months, and now, one instant after the arrival, the voices were echoing in the hall, upstairs in the bedroom, the children were racing round and round, Sandy was scampering up and down. It was like one of Washington Irving's tales of the Alhambra, and of deserted halls suddenly re-peopled with the life of other days. There was a great array of muslins, and smart hats and feathers. Catherine, too, had unconsciously put out all her simple science to make herself look harmonious as it were, and in keeping with the holiday, with the summer parks, and the gardens full of flowers, with the fields through which they had been speeding, daisy-sprinkled, cool, and deeply shadowed, with cattle grazing in the sunshine; in keeping with the sky which was iridescent, azure, and gently fleeced; in keeping with her own youth and delight in its freshness. As Miss George came with her pupils, smiling, up the ancient flight of stone steps leading to the house, Charles Butler was pleased with the bright happy face he was looking down upon. It is only older people, after all, who are quite unselfish and feel the greatest pleasure in witnessing the happiness of others.

"I am very glad to see you here," he said, shaking hands with her courteously.

Mrs. Butler, who was in the hall, looked round surprised at the unusual urbanity. Catherine George herself was not surprised, she expected everybody to be kind to-day, everything to be delightful. The pretty figure came climbing the steps, with all the landscape for a background. The sun was shining through the flying folds of her muslin draperies, it was again reflected in the burning feather in her hat. The lights shone from the dark eyes in anticipation of the happiness which was already hers. What did not she expect?—for the minute, 'anything, everything.' Like many of us, she thought happiness was yet to come, and behold, the guest was here beside her. Happiness is but a shy goddess, as we all know; she comes bashfully into the room, all the hearts suddenly leap and the eyes begin to brighten, but she is very apt to fly if we rush forward to embrace her. "How remarkably well Miss George is looking," said Beamish, to his future mother-in-law.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Butler, "remarkably well."

Criminal Women.

EDUCATION, whether we use the word in its narrowest or widest sense, whether we confine it to tuition or comprehend by it "every preparation that is made in our youth for the sequel of our lives," appears to exercise a most powerful influence on woman—a more powerful influence than might at first sight be supposed. To it she owes all that is valuable in her character; without it her wifely and maternal qualifications are of a very low order. It cannot be without significance that our criminal women are all uneducated, untrained women. An educated man in the felon's dock is not an uncommon sight; an educated woman in such a position is rarely seen. The prison cells present to our view men of intellectual attainments: men trained in a healthy home atmosphere; men, the keenest point of whose punishment is the memory of the advantages they have made light of, the opportunities they have lost, the friends they have disgraced. On the other hand, if we inspected all the borough and convict prisons in England and Wales, we should not find a sufficient number of educated women to warrant us to challenge the assertion that, as a rule, educated women are not known in prison.

While we give the full value to the extenuating plea that man, as the bread-winner, is exposed to temptations from which the majority of women are exempt, we feel inclined to say that he makes a less certain return for education than woman. Woman may be said to give cent. per cent. If it were necessary that one or the other should dispense with education, man could better afford to do it than woman—better afford to trust to his native strength to find means to supply the deficiencies, to remedy the evils of early bad associations. Woman not only receives impressions more easily, but retains them more tenaciously than man. The limited sphere of her action prevents her from casting out old ideas, and acquiring in their place new ones. Occasionally we hear of self-made, of self-educated men—of men who have overcome the disadvantages of their early surroundings, rarely of women who have accomplished the feat. For the most part these remain in the position into which they were born, or at least in which they were suffered to grow up to maturity.

Again, it is notorious that a bad man—we mean one whose evil training has led him into crime—is not so vile as a bad woman. If we take a man and woman guilty of a similar offence in the eye of the law, we shall invariably find that there is more hope of influencing

the former than the latter. Equally criminal in one sense, in another sense there is a difference. The man's nature may be said to be hardened, the woman's *destroyed*. Women of this stamp are generally so bold and unblushing in crime, so indifferent to right and wrong, so lost to all sense of shame, so destitute of the instincts of womanhood, that they may be more justly compared to wild beasts than to women. To say the least, the honour of womanhood requires that a new appellation be invented for them.

From observation and memoranda made during a period extending over several years, we are enabled to make a few remarks on the habits and antecedents of criminal women. It seems to us that one of the best ways of proving what education and training do for women, is to show what they are without it.

Criminal women, as a class, are below ordinarily respectable domestic servants. From the lower class of domestic servants downwards they are found. Only a few can read, fewer still can write. None, so far as we have seen, can spell: they have been deprived of all those educational processes which a well-ordered, an honest and cleanly home supplies. They have had no training except in evil.

But let us go into details. It may be painful to expose one of the sores of the body politic, yet the process is salutary. In exposure lies a chance of remedy—partial, if not entire. To many of our readers the study will be a new one. It refers to the stratum of society unexplored for the most part by the moral geologist. A superficial knowledge of it produces a feeling of intense disgust; a thorough acquaintance with the subject generally creates a desire to do something towards effecting a cure.

Criminal women, as a class, are found to be more uncivilized than the savage, more degraded than the slave, less true to all natural and womanly instincts than the untutored squaw of a North American Indian tribe. Let us look at their habits first—at their antecedents last: this was the order of the writer's experience.

From the mass of evil habits that these women have accumulated, it is not easy to select illustrations that shall convey a vivid impression to the reader's mind. As a class they are guilty of lying, theft, unchastity, drunkenness, slovenliness. To finish the picture, it may be added, they are so ignorant, so obtuse, that instruction—oral instruction—might as well be given in an unknown tongue, so little do they understand it. Lying may be said to be their native language. They are shrewd enough to take a rapid mental survey of the person who addresses them. In a moment they can distinguish a tyro at the work, and to such an one they pour forth a volley of complaints to excite pity. And not only with a beginner, but with what must be termed a credulous mind, this is their plan of action. They will invent the most extraordinary falsehoods, give names and dates, and abundance of what seems corroborative testimony. It is

only when you follow up the case, write letters, &c. on their behalf, that the truth oozes out. The address is false, the whole story is false. We can call to mind a woman who kept up a deception for seven months. She was visited once a week, and therefore reiterated her assertions about thirty times. She told her tale well, and but for herself it would have passed muster. At the end of the seven months she gave up. Missing her face on a visiting day, we inquired the cause of her absence, and were answered by an official,—

“Oh ! A. B. She is put into the laundry. She begged me to give her some scrubbing, or washing, or anything that would prevent your seeing her. She said she had been telling you a string of falsehoods all along, and that she was tired of it. She did not wish to reform and she might as well tell you so.”

This woman, instead of being the injured individual she had made out, was an adept at theft, and paid five shillings a week to a person to take care of her child, in order that she might get rid of it and the better follow her nefarious trade.

There is no need to multiply instances on this point. It may be taken for granted that such women will deceive in every possible way, not only when they suppose their interest requires falsehood, but from the pleasure of misleading the questioner. And their tongues are not more accustomed to lying than their fingers to theft. These two vices are practised from earliest youth, and so powerful is habit that reform in these particulars is very rare. They look upon thieving as an art worthy of deep study, and pride themselves on their dexterity. A woman said when urged to give it up, “Of course what you say is right, but I am so clever at it. Every time you come near me I can see how to take something, *only I wouldn't, of course.*” Here and there you meet with expressions of regret and desire to amend. In some cases this is downright hypocrisy, in others it is a momentary impulse towards reformation—only momentary, as in forty-nine cases out of fifty, so soon as the opportunity of thieving returns it is embraced. As a rule they have no hesitation about stealing from those who have befriended them. He who helps them is not safer from their depredations than he who scorns them. Conscience has not a spark of life here.

One instance comes to the memory in which a woman who stole calico from her employer—she was a slop-worker—without compunction, hesitated to use her plunder for her mother's corpse. She said in rather a lofty tone, “I may crib for common things, but I wouldn't bury my mother in a crib. I saved up a shilling to buy her a gown for her coffin.” Her scruples were rather the result of superstition than of conscience. She probably apprehended some dire punishment if she shrouded the corpse in her ill-gotten gains.

That such women should lead unchaste lives is not surprising. It would be almost as absurd to expect a blind man to have a clear con-

ception of light, as to expect purity from females of this description, and this will be more evident still when we come to their antecedents.

Drunkenness, too, follows as a natural consequence. All, or nearly all, are drunkards. Old, middle-aged, and young, their habits require stimulants. Without dram-drinking they could hardly go through their career. One fact we have noticed with regard to this habit which may be worth the attention of philanthropists. The victims groan under it. An address on drunkenness invariably moves them to tears. They know well what the habit has done for them, and they know equally well that it is like a long and heavy chain around them, that it binds them fast; and that reason as they will when gin is not within reach, they will take the cup directly they can get it.

Many a female hawker under twenty-one has confessed that she is "muddled" every night—mostly drunk; and has excused herself by saying that standing about the streets in all weathers is such miserable work, that she finds it impossible to refuse the many offers she has in the course of the day "to take a drop." Others again excuse themselves by the dreadful craving which follows upon each act of indulgence. Excessive drinking, as is well known, destroys the taste for wholesome food, where it can be procured. "More, more," is the drunkard's cry, and nothing but "more" gives her a temporary satisfaction.

A word on slovenliness. If the reader will take a walk through some of the by-streets of London, he will see slovenliness exemplified, as regards the class of whom we write, in those awfully wretched-looking creatures that lounge about or squat down at the entrance of the courts with dirty faces, hair uncombed, a kerchief tied over the half-exposed bosom. Dozens of such he may see any day, their very countenances looking something less than human. When a woman gets to be utterly careless as to personal appearance—personal cleanliness—you may be sure that she is careful for nothing else that is good. For this reason we may afford a little pity to those refractory paupers who tear up their clothes. Those who have seen the shreds of their garments have ceased to wonder at the deed. No pen could adequately describe their foulness. After wearing them for months and months, their not very sensitive perceptions take alarm, and they make a summary end of them. "Why did you tear up your clothes?" has been asked, and the answer was, "I got so miserable I couldn't bide them any longer. I knew I couldn't earn enough to buy new ones. I don't mind going to gaol for it. I shall get something to cover me somehow, and anything is better than what I have destroyed."

Of course these women are grossly ignorant—ignorant of what is mere A B C to a child brought up in a National School, and altogether incapable of instruction, apparently. They seem unable to make a mental effort—(the cunning we spoke of, be it remembered, is common to the lower order of animals)—to grasp a single truth in morals or religion. We

remember to have asked a woman if she had ever heard of the Saviour: her only reply was a vacant stare. The question was repeated. Presently she answered, "I beg your pardon; I'm not a larned woman." "Do you mean to say that you have lived all these years and never heard of Jesus Christ?" "Oh! Jesus Christ. Yes—oh, yes; I have heard of him." Her manner indicated pretty clearly that one name had as much significance to her as the other. Such women are not of course, as a rule, ignorant of the Saviour's *name*. It may be doubted, however, if they understand a word of teaching by parable. Take the parable of the Prodigal Son—explain it clearly, as you think, and then ask them what you have been talking about. Either there will be no answer, or they will answer in a way which shows that they have only a literal understanding of what they have heard. The last time the writer tried this plan the answer was, "You have been talking about killing a calf and making a good supper." Again, "What do you understand by the Good Shepherd?" A pause. "You don't, perhaps, know who the Good Shepherd is?" "Oh, yes, I do. I have seen him driving the sheep to market in the streets over and over again." A woman who had been taught to read, and could learn an easy hymn, said that by the term "Lamb of God," she supposed a sheep was meant. All attempts to teach them should be in the plainest language; ordinary methods of tuition fail altogether. A simple truth contained in a short sentence, and this repeated several times, till you can get them to give some sign of comprehension, appears the only way of getting anything into their minds.

So far then an attempt has been made to give a sketch of the habits of the lowest class of women in London, of a class, be it observed, lower than the ordinary poor with whom most householders come more or less in contact. Many individuals of this latter class may be put into the former, and in proportion as they are untrained, and suffered to follow their own devices, irrespective of good parental example or control.

Sick at heart at the contemplation of the habits of these unhappy creatures—convinced that the majority of them are irreclaimable, the writer set to work to learn their antecedents, with the hope of finding the root of the evil—of learning whether there were any possibility of taking the disease in an early and preventible stage. How came these women to be in this state in a rich, active, and Christian country? How is it that we have a class of women amongst us who poison the springs of their home life—who bring forth children to follow in their steps—whose influence helps so largely to degrade our streets, to fill our gaols, and whose cost, consequently, to the country is considerable?

The broad answer is—they are totally uneducated. They were *born into this state*. They have been suffered to *grow up* in it; and the habits and customs of years have rendered them indifferent to, or rather unconscious of, the foulness of their lives and surroundings. Indeed, it is

difficult to blame them for what is a law of nature—cause and effect. “Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?” “Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit?”

Let us for a moment try to realize the facts of the case. Let us in mental vision transport ourselves to the scene of their birth and early days. A female infant, the offspring of depraved and diseased parents, comes into the world. With its mother's milk it imbibes the poison that results from dram-drinking, occasionally raw spirits are forced into its mouth to still its cries of pain, or to keep it quiet, so that the mother can move about or leave it untended with more freedom. The little body is not only never invigorated with a bath, but scarcely knows the health-giving touch of cold water. If there were nothing else to say, this fact would account for much of what has been alleged to be the habits of the adult. Just fancy what it would be to ourselves to have no access to cold water. Imagine for a moment, how we should feel after a week's deprivation of it; and what must be the effect upon the body of a tender infant when it is obliged to wear foul clothes week by week, and to breathe foul air day and night? We are beings of a complex nature: soul and body are so intimately connected, that to hurt the one is often to injure the other; and this want of cleanliness is the first deadening effect upon the child.

So soon as it has any perceptions, any power of reasoning, its eyes rest upon that which unsexes it—father, mother, sisters, brothers sleeping in one room. Its ears are accustomed to profane, obscene, violent language. The human voice—that wonderful power for good as well as evil—is rarely heard by it except in lying, bullying, or swearing. A pleasant word is hardly known to such a child. Child we say, but this infant has no childhood, no hours of innocent mirth and healthful play. Almost as soon as it can run about it is set in the streets to beg—to say nothing of the time when the mother hawks it about in her arms—to sell matches and to sweep crossings. Let it be noted here that the indiscriminate bestowal of pence on such young beggars perpetuates the evil. A cripple or an old man at a crossing may properly be relieved, but no one who ought to be *working* for a livelihood. From infancy to girlhood, from girlhood to womanhood, our tale is the same. All the amenities of home life are wanting, all social decencies, all moral influence, all religious training. There is never a time in the early or later life of such a being—until evil has become rampant—when she is urged to be honest and chaste. The parochial and national school may be within a stone's throw, but their shelter and benefits are despised—set at naught by the examples of neighbourhood which the denizens of the alleys and courts afford. Of maternal love such a creature can know but little,—not enough to bear comparison with that which is bestowed upon the offspring of the lower animals. The mother of these latter will do her best to shield her young from harm:

✓ the depraved mother knowingly places her daughter in the way of temptation. She urges evil upon her by inciting her to put her hands upon every thing she can get hold of, by receiving what is thus pilfered. In short, she has no hesitation in doing by her child what her own mother did by her: she will sell her, body and soul, for food and drink!

It may be worth noticing that mothers of a better class, mothers who have had some approach to a decent home, however poor, are always anxious to save their children from the evil ways they themselves have fallen into. We have seen the most hardened start and shudder when the question has been asked,—“Are you going to bring your children up in the way you live?” A woman of this class, one remove from the worst, spoke of her child in the most anxious words. He was almost like an angel, she said. He had never been naughty, never spoken a bad word, never been disobedient: “I would give anything to get him into a respectable place.” To explain this it may be added that he had only rarely been with his mother—the widow of a small publican. After the husband’s death—who was anything but respectable—she leagued with sharpers, and found herself continually in prison: consequently, the child, now eleven years of age, was thrown upon the parish, and was brought up in a workhouse school, and the mother had very little to do with him. When he was with her she could see his good qualities—could appreciate them, and strongly desired that he might be kept in the right path.

But a word or two more must be said of our example, and the history of one is the history of hundreds. Before other girls have the first blush of womanhood on their cheeks, she is acquainted with every phase of vice. She generally follows the business of a hawker; occasionally turns to slop-work, but, as a rule, she hates the needle. As a hawker her temptations are great. Exposed to every change of weather, to the summer’s heat and winter’s cold, to the jeers and jokes of the unthinking and evilly-disposed of the opposite sex, with no home to retire to, after the wear and tear of the day, with the risk of having fruit or cakes spoilt by sun and rain, is it any wonder, considering her antecedents, that she finishes the day by drunkenness and prostitution?—that, as quoted above, she goes to bed—no, not to bed, for that is an unknown luxury—to sleep, at best “muddled?” By-and-by she marries, or dispenses with the marriage ceremony: any way she gives birth to children who go the same awful round as herself. Do not their antecedents fully account for the habits of these wretched women? If “the soul, like nature, has no vacuum,” does it not necessarily follow that the mind which has been deprived of all good training will be filled with evil? If “the human soul, without education, is like marble in a quarry”—hard, rough, full of imperfections; if education—and we mean, of course, spiritual and moral influence,—can shape it into worth by removing its specks and spots, by developing

its natural properties, whose fault is it that generation after generation of wild, untamed, unwoman-like women live and die in a worse than heathen state?

If it is inevitable that the adults of this class choose their own way, can no means be devised to rescue the young? The Archbishop of Dublin, speaking of the once neglected Connemara district, wrote as follows to *The Times*:—"Then too, the young people—the *girls* above all—trained up in habits of order, decency, and self-respect; carefully instructed, as in the orphanages they are, in all household and domestic work, cannot fail to be, evidently are, a potent leaven in society—and one which is everywhere making itself felt." A leaven for good! The unhappy girls, worse than orphans, we have attempted to describe, are evidently a potent leaven for evil! From them spring bad sons, bad husbands; indeed, who shall put a limit to their evil influence? Who shall put a limit to a woman's influence? Its potency is acknowledged theoretically. Poets have sung of it from the earliest times; it has not only inspired the pen but influenced the sword; but when the subject is alluded to, we generally have in the mind's eye *good women*—women of heroic mould, women who are strong to suffer, to submit, to serve; women who are capable of generous love and patient endurance. Rarely do we think of the influence of evil women. This is the object of this paper: to give a faint notion of such influence, and to note the fact that education must be, to a great extent, an antidote, since the lowest class exhibits women uneducated in any sense of the word, and the other classes—and there are two or three grades amongst criminal women—do not show a woman who can read, write, and spell. One point seems evident, that the only way to help the young in this case is to remove them from their parents, whose baneful influence would destroy all the good done in a day-school could they be persuaded to send them to one. To this cause—home influence—may be attributed the relapse of so many of our parochial and national scholars. We can well recall a girl in the second year of her apprenticeship as pupil-teacher, who could, when she sat down to think, write her grammatical theme for the inspector creditably, and yet never advanced in conversation beyond, "you was," "he were." The spoken language of her home—her parents kept a huckster's shop—at that stage of her education was more powerful over the ear than her book knowledge. And by the same law the influence of a bad home destroys to a great extent the school leaven for good.

The great source of demoralization is the over-crowded dwelling-houses. This evil neutralizes the good effect of church and schools. So long as it is tolerated the worst class of women will exist. This over-crowding goes on to a fearful extent, as witness, amongst other instances, the room at Highgate, wherein twenty-three inmates were lately discovered. The female hawker, as we have seen, is born into this evil; and when she migrates from her home it does not cease. She pays fourpence a

night for the privilege of lying on the floor in a crowded room, where not even the square feet required by her rug is allowed, for she is ordered, in common with others, to place her head against the wall and incline her feet towards the centre, as by that means the room is made more commodious. When we see how important a woman's office is—how all society is leavened by her influence for good or ill—when we see how plentiful a return she gives for all educational efforts made on her behalf, we cannot but ask why more is not done. And this question is asked without the least intention of disparaging existing agencies for her reformation. For every effort, single or collective, there is just cause for thankfulness. Yet would it not be wiser to try to check the evil in an early stage, than to suffer it to grow to a monstrous proportion before we came forward with our assistance? There is room, of course, for both operations. While one is straining every nerve to rescue the fallen, another can be working might and main at the root of the evil. Each plan can have its own advocate. The writer's cry is, Get hold of the young. Legislate for the young. Make education to a certain extent compulsory; multiply industrial schools; train girls for service as you do boys for trades. It is a mistake to think good servants, like poets, are born, not made. An untrained servant, *i. e.* untrained either at an institution or under a good servant in a gentleman's house, or by a middle-class matron, is always a domestic nuisance, and not unfrequently gives up her place in disgust for a more questionable mode of life. When some effective means shall be devised to rescue the very young from their incorrigibly bad, degraded parents, the effect will be in that generation to decimate the ranks of criminal women. And if a parent ceases to act as a parent, her claims to her child may be taken up with a very good conscience. The next generation would be in an entirely different position. Reformatory efforts may get hold of a few, educational efforts would rescue the many. To any one interested in the subject the sentence at the beginning of this paper is repeated,—An educated woman is almost unknown in prison.

The Pearl Harvest.

THE question "What is a Pearl?" has been often asked, but has never been satisfactorily answered. Technical persons over and over again tell the public what they know already, namely, that the Pearl is a hard, white, smooth, shining substance, usually roundish in shape, found in a testaceous fish of the oyster kind. Poetic writers again speak of the Pearl as a lovely mystery, or as a beautiful molluscous secretion; whilst high-flown Oriental authors call it the globe of light, the hoar-frost of heaven, the moon of the waters, the dew of delight, &c.; but no writer or naturalist has settled what a pearl really is, how it is originally formed, or what it is formed from. It is not creditable to our progress in natural science that we are still unable to solve the mystery of the Pearl. We should at once endeavour to obtain an answer to the question, and also more reliable details than we have yet got as to the growth and habits of the animal which yields such an admirable gem; if, indeed, it be not too late to obtain the information, so far at any rate as the pearl-fisheries of Ceylon are concerned, for we have it from an authentic source that so lately as December last not a single oyster, old or young, was to be found on any of the banks near that Island of Jewels.

Much nonsense has, from first to last, been written about the Pearl, and many curious and extravagant notions have been advanced by both ancient and modern observers as to the Eastern mollusc and the formation of the gem which it holds in its pearly prison. Many of the Indian divers are under the impression that pearl-fishes descend from the clouds of heaven, and by all of the fisher-caste rain-water is thought to be an indispensable element in their formation. There is one old and rather poetic Eastern legend, or, as Sir Richard Hawkins calls it, old philosopher's conceit, which accounts for the production of the pearl by the fish rising every morning from its rocky bed at the bottom of the sea to the surface of the water, in order that it may open its shell and imbibe the dews of heaven. This dew-drop was said to fall upon the gaping animal, and then by the cunning of Nature became straight congealed into a pearl. This account of the gem's formation has been alluded to by the poet Moore, who says:—

And precious the tear as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.

The leading idea in most of the old conceits about the pearl-fish, is that the animal is endowed with the power of loosing itself from its moorings, and floating to the top of the water to bask in the rays of the

sun, which is one way of solving Sir Richard Hawkins' puzzle, as to how the dew necessary to the formation of the pearl obtained entrance into the shell. It is important for us to note this old idea of locomotion, because it has been revived of late years by those who have been inquiring into the natural history of the pearl-fish: who indeed go further than the old naturalists, and account for the empty shells now found on many of the banks, as also for the want of shells on some banks, by telling us that the mollusc can leave its house, and migrate from place to place, or that it can go away shell and all.

We must, however, get clear of the old ideas about the pearl and its shelly habitation, before we come to consider and discuss these modern discoveries as to the habits of this peculiar animal, or those mysterious visitations which, frequently occurring, sweep away the animal from its well-known haunts, and leave the banks for years at a stretch without a single shell. In remote ages, when currency was first given to the absurd ideas about the natural history of many animals that are still believed in by the ignorant people of the East—as that eels were formed out of the dew—it never seemed to be imagined that any animal was of itself reproductive. Some original and very roundabout way of accounting for the existence of every living thing, other than the real one, had to be discovered, and this accounts for our so often finding the pearl-yielding mollusc the subject of invention. One of the numerous stories regarding the origin of this shell-fish is still retailed by the Parawas, and is to the following effect:—In the rainy season the fresh-water brooks of the land that flow into the sea can be traced running into the salt water for many leagues without undergoing any immediate change, but after many days' exposure to the heat of the sun, this fresh water is changed into a frothy substance, which, ultimately dividing into small portions, becomes hardened, and then falls to the bottom of the sea—pearl oysters ready made. We are also told that the Indians, after smoothing the troubled waters by the old process of throwing oil on them, could dive down upon the pearl shells, induce the animals, by means of a tempting bait, to open their shells, and then, after pricking them with a fork, receive the liquor from the wound; the precious drop was then set away to rest in an iron vessel, till it hardened into a pearl.

Passing away from old legends and imaginative natural history, we may at once inform the reader that the pearl-bearing animal of the Eastern seas, although very like the edible oyster of English commerce, is not an oyster, but a hardy wing shell, with a byssus at its hinged portion, and known scientifically as *Meleagrina Margaritifera*; in fact, the pearl oyster is a mussel. These pearl-bearing animals, like the edible mussel, multiply their kind by means of what is technically called spat. The pearl-mussel is very prolific in the years that it does give out its seed. There is great reason to believe it does not do so annually, but that it is a most prolific animal we know, as great quantities of its spawn are

frequently washed ashore. It would be interesting to learn how often the pearl-mussel yields a full spat. Our own edible oyster spats very irregularly. We have not had a very good spatting season since 1860, the previous very good fall having taken place in 1849. The spat on the French oyster-beds has also fallen very irregularly for some years, 1860 having been, as in England, the best year for a long time back. Some observers say that the spat of the pearl-oyster, after it is exuded, rises to the surface of the water, where it floats about for a period, and then sinks in search of a permanent resting-place. The same floating quality has been affirmed of the spat of the edible oyster; but Mr. Buckland, who is well versed in the natural history of that bivalve, says the spat does not rise, but floats about in mid-water till it becomes fixed to a stone or shell. There can be no doubt whatever that the spat floats about both in and on the water, for we have ourselves seen it on the surface of the sea at Cockenzie, near Edinburgh; and thus it becomes fixed occasionally to strange places, the bottoms of boats, the sides of floating timber, anchors, buoys, &c. As to the spat of the pearl-mussel, Mr. Donovan, the Master Attendant at Colombo, reports, in a recent letter,* that he lately (end of 1865) found about thirty young oysters (mussels), of the size of a shilling and larger, on an iron buoy placed on the twenty-feet rock in the roadstead there. The buoy had been in the water for about six months, and was brought on shore for the purpose of being cleaned, when the oysters were found adhering to it. If they first clung to it as spat, they must grow rapidly in these seas to attain to the size of a shilling in six months.

The pearl-mussel is said to be in its finest condition as a pearl-producer when it attains its seventh year; in fact, that year seems to be a culminating period for it. In mussels which live beyond that age, the pearl is found to deteriorate in value; but it is thought by those who have had good opportunities for observation, that the pearls of the seventh year are of double the value of those which are contained in six-year-old shells. As to the effect of accumulating age on the value of these gems, we have some authentic knowledge. The cholera morbus having broken out during the Ceylon fishery of 1829, the diving was brought to a premature termination; and in March of the following year, when diving was resumed, the pearl proved to be greatly increased in size, and the fishery yielded at least 15,000*l.* above what was expected.

Pearls of any commercial value are not found in shells that are younger than four years; the young mussels, *i.e.* those of about four years old, have pearls of a yellow tinge, whilst the produce of the old oyster is of a pinky hue: but pearls are found of many hues, some of them being

* Kindly placed at the service of the writer by Mr. Steuart of Colpetty, formerly superintendent of pearl-fisheries at Ceylon.

red, others quite black. Tastes differ about the colour of pearls. The dealers of Bagdad prefer the round white pearl, whilst at Bombay those of yellow hue and perfect sphericity are preferred; others again choose their pearls of a rich pinky colour. It is a popular idea that the deeper the water the finer the pearl; but this, like many other popular ideas, is erroneous; the mussels, for instance, that are found on the banks at Arippe, are famed for their beauty, but the beds of shells there are not nearly so deep as some others that are found in the Indian seas. One observer says that the best pearls are found in five or six fathoms water.

Many reasons have been assigned for the present sudden falling-off in the fisheries, but the total cessation of this important industry is no new thing at Ceylon. The productive power of the pearl-fisheries at Manaar has more than once varied so considerably as to excite apprehensions of their becoming finally exhausted; indeed, it was generally found that after a good year or two's fishing, the supply began to fluctuate, and finally the fishing became altogether unproductive. From the year 1732 till 1746, there was no fishing at Ceylon worthy of being chronicled, and there was a long suspension, but not entirely for want of pearls, between the years 1768 and 1796, and again from 1820 to 1828, and also between the years 1837 and 1854, during which period the fishery for pearls in the Gulf of Manaar became a very profitless speculation, causing an annual outlay instead of any profit to the Government. Some of the reasons usually assigned on occasions of failure, are that unnatural currents sweep away the tender brood, or that the pearl animal is devoured by hordes of enemies, or that the mussel has removed to a new bank. Long ago, indeed, so far back as the eleventh century, it was said that the pearl-mussel found in the Gulf of Serendib had migrated to Sofala. There can be no doubt that there are many undiscovered pearl banks in the neighbourhood of Ceylon, because the spat of a bed often drifts away to some distance, and thus new beds are constantly being formed. This fact in part accounts for the long-continued success of the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf: new beds are ever and anon found. It is thought by those well versed in the economy of the fisheries, that many valuable banks are lying in the Indian Ocean, at depths beyond the power of the divers to explore.

The theory of the eleventh century, as to the migratory power of the pearl-mussel, was recently revived by the late Dr. Keelart, and others. Dr. Keelart declares he has found out, by close observation, that the pearl-mussel can leave its shell, and creep up the sides of a glass aquarium! He also found that this animal has the power of casting away its byssus, and forming a new one; and the inference drawn from this is, that the mussel can move about from place to place at its own will. If mussels can leave their shells and migrate to new banks—which I question, indeed deny—how about their dwelling-place? Do they find on arrival

at their destination, that new shells await their entrance, or do they form new ones? And does the naked mollusc carry its pearls with it, or leave them in its old house? And are pearl-mussels endowed with greater locomotive powers than the edible oyster, or the common bait mussel of our British seas? And have these animals any but the slightest power of locomotion? We are told by the best naturalists, and the present writer has ascertained by personal observation, that the first thing necessary for the infant oyster (the edible oyster is here meant,) is a holding-on place; if the spat where it falls does not obtain a "coigne of vantage" to adhere to, then it is lost for ever; it becomes a prey to numerous enemies, or it perishes among the mud, which substance is always fatal to it.

As to the powers of locomotion with which the pearl-fish is said to be endowed, I have over and over again, at Joppa, near Edinburgh, marked scores of the common edible mussels in order to find whether or not they were endowed with the power of moving from place to place, but, whatever they might do when they were hidden by a few feet of water, they were always found in their place when the ebb of the tide permitted me to examine the rocks; and, if any of them had moved when covered by the water, it must have been with great precision, for they lay on the sides of the stones as closely packed as the eggs in a cod roe, and when examined were always found on the exact spot on which they had been left. At the great mussel farm of the Bay of Aiguillon, mussels are bred on an artificial plan, that is to say, the foreshore being all mud and not affording any holding-on place, places have been made on which to grow the mussels from their most infantile stages till they are ripe for market; and they are never known to move off the substance on which they originally fixed. The spat of the pearl-mussel, we may be sure, requires the same conditions for its growth as the spat of the edible oyster or mussel; no matter whether it be growing in the Gulf of Manaar or on the coasts of Persia.

In a recent report on the pearl-fisheries of the Persian Gulf made by Colonel Pelly to the Government of Bombay, we learn that the best oyster-beds in the Persian seas are level, and formed of fine whitish sand overlaying the coral in clear water. Any mixture of mud or earthy substance with the sand is considered to be detrimental to the pearl-fish, as at home it is thought to be to the edible oyster, and such beds as have this defect are liable to exhaustion. As regards the fisheries of Ceylon, we are told that large quantities of the mussels are found clinging together, that they can sometimes be gathered in great strings called cables, and that the divers have great difficulty in separating the shells: also that very often the thickness of a bed amounts to several feet. Indeed, some divers are of opinion that many of the banks are crowded with oysters to the height of a man, only those at the top being alive. Yet, in the face of this, we are assured that whole colonies of the pearl-mussel have fled away to new

beds. It has been told to me by persons who have recently inspected the banks, that dead mussels were found in large quantities; some say that the mussels on these banks were killed by a species of skate that preys upon them,—others are inclined to assign other causes for the mortality. Have these beds of dead mussels been examined? Could not they—were the dredge in use—be brought to the surface, and the pearls be taken from them? And on all the beds where the oysters have died out, or decayed from some unknown cause, are there not countless pearls lying wasting in the waters? and might not these be obtained by dredging over the ground with the same kind of instrument that we employ in dredging the Clyde or the Thames? The outer skin of such pearls might be dull, but they could be peeled; for the gem is made up, like an onion, of so many layers, and a dull pearl can sometimes be peeled into a bright one.

The falling-off of the Ceylon pearl-fisheries is certainly remarkable, seeing that the fisheries there have always been regulated by intelligent officials, whilst the pearl-fisheries of the Persian Gulf are more productive than ever; and they are a common fishery where all may fish, or at least where many people do fish, upon the payment of a small sum of money. Colonel Pelly, in the report already alluded to, says that the pearl banks of the Persian Gulf (which extend about three hundred miles in a straight line), though annually fished from the earliest historic periods, continue as prolific as ever; the yield during late years having been more than usually large. An immense number of boats congregate at the fisheries: as many, sometimes, as 5,000 will assemble, and continue fishing from April to September, there being both a spring and summer fishery. The boats fish from the various little islands which stud these Indian seas, and from Bahrein in particular. After filling their boats, which takes some days, they resort to these islands for the purpose of washing out the pearls, (they open the fish at once with a knife), and also for supplies of provisions, which are usually of the simplest kind, consisting of fruit and rice. The boats are of all sizes, and the crews vary from five to thirty men, some of whom fish on their own account, but most of whom are in pawn to the agents of pearl-merchants who reside either at Bahrein or on the pirate coast, who secure the men by making advances of money to them during the period when there is no diving. The amount of money derived from the pearl-fisheries carried on in the Persian Gulf has been estimated at 400,000*l.*, half of which may be earned by the Bahrein divers, who fish on the richest banks, the other half being earned by the divers of the Arab littoral. Most of the pearls found by these fishers are sent to Bombay, where fancy prices are obtained. These Persian fisheries are much more valuable than the fisheries of Ceylon ever were. Here are a few authentic figures illustrating the income derived from the thirty-four banks and seventy-four rocks comprised in the four fishing districts off the island. The three years' fishing, 1796, 1797, and 1798, produced 99,000*l.* The net revenue of the Ceylon

fisheries from 1799 to 1820, was 297,390*l*. From 1820 to 1827, the fisheries were, as now, suspended, but from 1828 to 1837 the amount obtained was 227,131*l*.

It is really curious that the Ceylon pearl-beds should have failed, and that these Persian beds should be *always* productive, especially when we consider the fact that no care whatever is taken of the banks in the Persian waters, whilst the fishing of the banks at Ceylon has always been more or less regulated; the beds being surveyed, the supply estimated, and the time calculated during which a certain number of boats should be allowed to fish: the number of boats was always carefully estimated by the supposed yield of the bank to be fished.

In the days when there was a pearl harvest to gather in the waters around Ceylon, the following was the mode of gathering it:—Before a fishery could be authorized, it was considered necessary to make a survey of the various banks, in order to determine which of them should be fished—as it was never usual to permit indiscriminate fishing, or to fish each bank annually. During the course of the survey, a few thousand oysters—usually from three to five thousand—are gathered as a sample from which to estimate the probable produce of the beds determined to be fished. The shells being carried to Colombo, and the washing away of the meat being accomplished, the sample of pearls thus obtained is submitted to a committee of experts, generally Moormen, in order to be valued. As to be appointed a member of this committee is thought a high honour, there is reason to believe that an honest verdict is usually returned.

When the report of the experts is given in, those in power then decide whether or not to hold a fishery, of which, when a fishery is determined on, due public notice is given by advertisement, stating on which of the many pearl-banks the fishery will take place, the number of boats that will be allowed to fish, and the number of days the fishery will last, all of which matters are very carefully settled beforehand. If the fishery is to be conducted on account of the Government, the advertisement says so, and announces that the oysters (they are always called oysters) will be put up for sale in such lots as may be deemed expedient; if, on the other hand, the fishery is to be open to speculators, it is then announced that tenders will be received from such persons as may be desirous of becoming purchasers of the whole right of that particular fishery.

These preliminary matters having been all satisfactorily arranged, the boats that are to take part in the fishery come on the scene, and these are just the one-masted boats in common use all round the coast as carrying and fishing boats, and they may range from six to ten tons' burden. On the advertisement announcing that a fishery will be held being published, a great many more boats usually apply than can be employed, and bribes are frequently given in order to obtain a preference. We have seen a complaint from Twandle Swany, a native boat-owner,

who having paid 120 rupees for getting his boat appointed, was dismissed after fishing for seven days, his take averaging about 25,000 oysters per day—a hard case for so good a sommnatty. Each boat employed in pearl-gathering requires altogether a crew of twenty-three persons to work it efficiently. Ten of the number are divers, two men to each stone, and five stones to each boat; other ten of the crew are rowers, and attend on the divers when the boat is on the bank. The remainder of the number are the tindal, or master, who acts as steersman; the sommnatty, or owner; and a toda, or baler-out of the water. A peculiarity of the pearl-fishery is that every person connected with it, as in some of our home fisheries, is paid in kind. When the Government engage the boats to carry on a fishery, it claims three-fourths of all the shells brought on shore; and when a speculator, as is sometimes the case, has contracted to pay a certain sum to Government, and so takes the risk of the entire fishery, he claims the same allowance, or more if he can get it. Out of the remaining fourth of the produce a great many deductions have to be made before the boat-owners obtain their chance of payment, which is also made in this universal shell currency. For instance, many of the Government officials were at one time remunerated by a percentage of the capture, namely, two oysters from each stone; a similar allowance being made to that important personage the shark-charmer, without whose presence no fishery can proceed. Then, besides these, charity oysters have to be given for the Hindoo temples; indeed, some of the temples were at one time allowed the privilege of having a boat at some of the fisheries. After all the deductions have been made, the diver, who sustains the most laborious occupation in connection with the fishery, may obtain 134 oysters out of every 2,000 he brings up, as his own share: in sober money, he just earns about nine shillings per day; and he and the rowers only obtain a share on five days out of the six. On the sixth day the master gives the crew no pay at all, in order to swell his own gains.

The *modus operandi* of pearl-fishing has been so often described that there is no occasion for again going over the general details of how these gems are procured, except in so far as I may correct some of those inaccuracies which have been so frequently repeated in the stereotyped accounts published in many of our school-books, and at the same time consider whether or not the use of the common oyster-dredge may not be recommended as a substitute for the diver. After a fishery has been determined upon, and the boats have been engaged, licensed—for which a small fee is charged—and numbered, the commencement of active operations is often delayed on account of unsuitable weather, generally because of a north-east wind blowing from the shore, whilst the proper wind for the fishery is a breeze blowing from the sea, sufficiently powerful to carry the boats to the shore. This is ascertained by the experiment of making a boat go out once or twice. When the wind is strong enough to blow her right inshore, then the fishery begins, a lucky day being selected by the natives for the commencement. The start of the fishery

is usually in the beginning of March. Before that time the bank which is to be fished is marked with flags. At the commencement of the fishery a signal gun is fired at midnight, when the fleet immediately sets sail—the *ardapanaars*, or headmen, of the fisher caste leading the way with a light shining, as a guide to those who follow; a light is also shown at intervals by the Government guard-ship. Starting at so early an hour, the boats reach the vessel long before daylight, and they are required to anchor till they can see to fish. Soon after sunrise a signal gun directs the fleet to proceed to the fishing-ground, and at half-past six the hoisting of a flag permits the divers to begin their labours. Immediately five or six hundred naked swarthy figures plunge into the tranquil waters. Active operations are usually carried on for six hours, the divers descending into and rising from the water with great regularity.

Each boat is furnished with five diving stones, with a complement of two divers to each stone. The divers belonging to each stone go down time about: while one is down the other is breathing and resting. Divers are generally of the *Parawa* caste, from the coasts of *Madura*, *Jaffna*, and *Manaar*, and the pearl-fishery is in a sense a recreation for them, in the same way as a boat-race is recreation for the *Thames* watermen.

The shark-charmer, a cunning person, who is considered so indispensable to the fishery that he is paid by Government, is constantly in attendance at the fishing-bank. At one time, the charmer used to be allowed a percentage of one oyster per day from each diver, but this has been commuted into a money payment. Accidents have never been known to occur on the pearl-banks from sharks, which is of course attributed by the superstitious natives to the wise charming of the charmer; but it is quite easy to suppose that the noise made by so many divers frightens away these ferocious monsters. Exaggerated stories have been told of the time that a pearl-diver can remain under water, two minutes and even three having been mentioned as the common time, but fifty seconds is the usual period when the men are regularly at work; instances have, however, been frequent of an immersion lasting for eighty and even eighty-seven seconds. The divers enter strenuously into their work, and a good hand will, when the mussels are plentiful, send up as many as three thousand in the course of the six hours he is on the pearl-ground. At a given signal the fishery ceases for the day: then the crews which have been lucky shout for joy, others who have obtained but a scant supply linger on the bank till driven away by the guards. If the breeze be not strong enough to carry the boats to the shore, the men have to take the oars and row them home.

Meantime the boat-owner has been in utter anxiety to know what luck his boat has had, and the moment the little vessel reaches the shore he springs forward to ascertain the result of the day's diving, and to look over and fondle the wealth-giving shells. Others, all who are speculating in the fishery, are quite as anxious about the day's take; and the

fact is, that the thousands of people who gather on the coast—and they are so numerous that it looks as if a large town had suddenly been set down by the sea-side—are more or less speculators in the fishery: it is one great lottery. All kinds of people are assembled, and they are from all countries, and are of all colours, of many castes and of very different occupations; they erect with great rapidity tents, huts, bazaars, and shops; there are sutlers, jewellers, and merchants of all kinds on the scene, the grand idea being there as everywhere else, to make money. Everybody speculates, from the wealthy Hindoo merchant, who buys the right of fishing, down to the humblest outcast—for there are questionable characters of all kinds to be seen around, monks, fakirs, beggars, and the like. Strokes of luck are constantly being announced; a poor man may buy a fanam's worth of shells, and find himself in consequence of his purchase in possession of a little fortune. One person at a recent fishery bought three shells for a sum which could be represented by twopence of our money, and in one of the shells he found the largest pearl of that year's fishing. A pearl-fishery is as exciting to the natives of the East as the Derby or the Leger is to a Londoner.

When the fleet arrives with the mussels, they are all carried ashore and are divided into four heaps, three of which are selected by Government when the fishery is carried on by the executive, the other being the property of the boat-owners, and falling, as has been already explained, to be divided amongst the divers, rowers, and others. The shells are exposed in heaps or in pits, so that the pearls may be rotted out of them—the flesh of the fish is never eaten except by very low-caste natives—they are kept till the end of the fishery and then placed in canoes to be washed; poor buyers, however, cannot afford to wait, but seek out the pearls at once, at a considerable loss. Every individual shell is carefully washed and examined, and the pearls picked out, and afterwards the canoe itself is submitted to a series of washings in order to find out such pearls as may have escaped observation. These are usually found among the sand, children being employed to give a last look over the débris, in order that their young eyes may pick out the small seed-pearls which are sure to escape the eyes of the older people. The pearls are assorted into ten or twelve sizes by being riddled through a series of perforated brass saucers or colanders fitting closely into each other, the first of which has twenty holes in it, and those pearls which do not escape from it are called of the twentieth basket. The other baskets have each an increasing number of holes, thirty, eighty, one hundred, and progressing to a thousand perforations; each basket, of course, giving its name to the gems it contains, as pearls of the fiftieth basket, and so on. The price of the pearls is fixed per "chow," a local term which gathers into one word, size, form, colour, and weight, thus enabling the quality to be appraised. As to the yield of pearls, it may be stated that it is most uncertain: as many as one hundred pearls of various sizes have been found in one shell, and oftentimes a hundred and fifty shells may be opened and not one pearl be seen.

The largest pearls are said to be found in the beard of the animal. The estimate of the shells taken up for the sample previous to a fishery being announced, will average from ten to thirty Madras rupees per thousand oysters. Frauds of all kinds are constantly being perpetrated: mock pearls are mixed with genuine ones, and an endless variety of thefts committed; the coolies will swallow the gems, and the women will carry them away in their hair. The natives are very dexterous in picking out the pearls from the freshly taken shells, and also in concealing them. Plots are made up by the boat-owners and others to cheat their employers. When a man obtains the chance of stealing a large pearl, he contrives to signal to a confederate, who will, upon getting the hint, ostentatiously steal a small gem in order to throw the watchers off the scent: the small theft is at once detected, an uproar ensues, due punishment is meted out to the culprit, and during the time that this little drama is being enacted the "big thief" contrives effectually to conceal the treasure which he has purloined.

From these details it will be obvious that the falling-off of the Ceylon pearl-fishery will deprive our Indian exchequer of a considerable source of revenue, and the people of a means of obtaining wealth; but we may now hope that a proper inquiry will be instituted into the former fluctuations and present failure of the Ceylon banks. Mr. Holdsworth has been sent out by the Government to Ceylon, to report on the natural history of the pearl, and to suggest the best method of insuring successful fisheries; but a person on the spot, who is well versed in the matter, writes me that, in his opinion, "the science of all the naturalists in Europe will not replenish the beds till Nature so disposes." Now, it is hard to agree entirely with this gentleman. Science can not only replace the fisheries, but it can constitute fisheries where they have never existed before. It is proposed, I believe, to recruit the exhausted fisheries of the Tinnevely pearl-banks, on the continent opposite, by means of artificial culture; and a portion of the harbour of Tuticorin is to be walled in for the purposes of pearl cultivation, where the shells will be kept and tended during three stages of their growth, after which they will be placed in the sea on their natural banks. By this means we may find out a great deal about the habits of the pearl-mussel that we do not yet know, and so be enabled, perhaps, to solve the mystery which at present hangs over the beds.

Some recondite speculations have been recently ventured upon as to the present falling-off of the Ceylon pearl supplies, but no one can with any certainty point out the true causes of the failure. It is a curious circumstance that the unregulated fisheries of the Persian Gulf are prosperous, although there is an indiscriminate fishery carried on upon them every year, whilst the Ceylon and Tinnevely banks are at present quite barren. The fishermen of Whitstable say there is nothing so good for an oyster-bed as the perpetual dredging and working of it; but the dredge is not known to these Eastern people, although it might be used

with great advantage, both in the saving of labour, and in freeing the mussel-beds from the various kinds of enemies by which they are at certain times infested. Many of the banks are quite level, and the depth of water ranges from five to thirty-five fathoms; so that there could be no objection to the dredge being used on the score of the bottom being unsuitable, or the water too deep. Meantime, the failure of the banks must remain a mystery. It is needless to pretend that we know the cause, or that any one cause will account for so many different kinds of failure — some of the banks being filled with empty shells, whilst on other banks the fish has altogether disappeared, and again, on some banks, the traces of an enemy can be seen in the many broken shells that are lying around. I may just hint, however, that “over-fishing” must have more or less to do with the exhaustion of some of the banks at Ceylon. This idea is confirmed by the assurance of Mr. Steuart, who has an intimate acquaintance with the incidence and economy of the pearl-fisheries, that after fisheries have been held successfully for several nearly consecutive years, the banks cease to be productive. The want of a fall of spat may also, as in the case of our own edible-oyster, be a cause of failure.

It is curious that, just as our Eastern pearl-fishery began to fail, a considerable supply of excellent pearls were derived from the rivers of Scotland. Mr. Unger, of Edinburgh, the chief dealer in these Scottish pearls, which are very beautiful, and the instigator of the trade in Scotland as now carried on, pays a great deal of money annually, chiefly to the peasantry in the neighbourhood of the pearl-producing rivers, for these Caledonian gems, many of which are of great individual value, the best kinds ranging in price from 5*l.* to 50*l.*: as much as one hundred sovereigns, indeed, have been obtained for a fine specimen. It is not unlikely, I think, from the impetus given to the fishery by the dealers, that the streams of Scotland will speedily be exhausted, for mussels in Scotland are not found in beds as in the sea, but individually or in very small clusters, which of course are greedily seized upon and at once destroyed in the hope of obtaining a few of the gems. As regards the productiveness of the Scottish pearl-mussel, a practical hand tells us that one pearl is on the average found in every thirty shells, but as only one pearl in every ten is saleable, it requires the destruction of one hundred and thirty shells in order to find that one gem. Of course shells are occasionally found that contain a great many pearls, but these are an exception to the rule, and it may be easily calculated how long the capital stock of any river will stand out against the determined efforts of the peasantry surrounding it, when they know that by a little exertion they can pay their rent by collecting pearls.

As to the question “What is a Pearl,” the best informed writers concur in thinking the gem to be the result of a disease of the mussel. Reaumur tells us, in one of his learned dissertations, that pearls are found in the mussel, just as stones are found in other animals, and

that they are apparently the effects of a disease in the fish ; M. Geoffrey, another learned Frenchman, thinks pearls to be of the same nature as bezoars ; * whilst some of the ancient naturalists thought in their day that pearls were the unfructified seed of the animal that produced them. Pearls peeled to the core, or sawn in halves, show nothing in the shape of a nucleus that is very determinable ; most pearls are nacre into the very heart. It was lately suggested at a meeting of the Royal Physical Society (Edinburgh) that the watering of the black cattle on our Scottish streams was an important aid to the production of pearls, as the animals broke the shells, and thereby produced a nucleus suitable for the formation of the gem. But black cattle do not water in the Persian Gulf, nor on the pearl banks of Ceylon,—in short, the Physical Society has not yet solved the mystery. It would be interesting to know whether or not the disease or gem-producing power of the pearl-bearing animals, is hereditary ; it is not unlikely that this may be the case. The proportion of shells that contain pearls to the total quantity brought on shore, is, as has already been stated, very small, and usually the shells likely to contain the gems within them can at once be singled out because they are generally rough-looking and deformed. This is so, also, in the case of the pearl-producing shells of our Scottish streams, which, however, are quite different in shape from those of the Oriental waters. Adepts in pearl-seeking on the Doon or Ythan delight in finding rugged ugly shells, as they know that they are the likeliest to contain pearls. Once obtained from sea or river, the pearl requires nothing at the hand of man, having been perfected and polished by Nature herself. .

* The bezoar is a concrete matter found in the stomachs of goats and antelopes, and is of considerable money value, particularly in India, where bezoars are valued on account of imaginary medicinal virtues.

Defamation.

WE have often wondered why more attempts have not been made to embody, in the form of popular treatises, some information on those branches of the law which concern the ordinary affairs of life. We have handbooks upon most other subjects—from cookery and croquet to medicine and metaphysics ; but of legal guides for unprofessional readers there are but few, and these, for the most part, not sufficiently attractive in form to beget a liking in the popular mind for that kind of mental pabulum. Hence, the only school wherein an ordinary individual can acquire any knowledge of the laws under which he lives, is the practical one of actual litigation, the result of which is rather apt to be the same as that of the method of teaching people to swim by pitching them headforemost into water out of their depth : if they possess peculiar natural aptitude for the exercise, they may swim ; but more probably, if not drowned, they will emerge from the experiment with such a horror of the water as will effectually keep them out of it in the future. Besides, the terms at this school are so high, that the longest purse will only enable a pupil to acquire a knowledge of one, or two at the most, of the subjects composing the curriculum, so that the most litigious of men must always be far from attaining that ideally perfect knowledge of the whole law which the law itself is sanguine enough to expect of every citizen. And yet, to speak seriously, great evils attend the profound ignorance of most people on this subject. We can see no reason why it should be so completely banished as it is from our system of education, and should hail with pleasure the appearance of a series of well-written treatises which might help non-professional people to approximate a little nearer than they do to the aforesaid legal ideal of a good citizen. A little knowledge may, under certain circumstances, be a dangerous thing ; but total ignorance must always be so ; and we believe it would be a good thing, both for the public and the legal profession, if the latter had not quite such a monopoly of legal knowledge as at present.

The subject with which we have headed this article appears to offer a particularly good opening for a book of the sort we have mentioned, because the necessity of some knowledge about it must occasionally come home to everybody, and also because it is one of those subjects, any information on which, to be useful, must be always at hand, professional assistance being generally not available till too late. We have not yet taken to sending our letters to counsel to settle, or submitting cases for opinion as to the amount of abuse we may safely bestow on bargees, cabmen, and other objects of wrath ; and even if guineas were no object

to us, time would seldom permit us to have recourse to that source of information; so that a handbook of the law on this subject would seem to be an indispensable companion to *The Complete Letter Writer* and the *Guide to Polite Society*, and more absolutely necessary, indeed, than either of them, seeing that a slip of grammar, or a breach of etiquette, involves no more heavy penalty than a laugh or a sneer, whilst the use of a wrong word of abuse may cost us an action at law with damages according to the fancy of the jury. Such a handbook would, we are sure, meet with a favourable reception, and we commend the idea to the attention of those rising barristers whose souls are daily vexed by fruitless attempts to find a vent for the legal knowledge with which their heads are splitting. It would contain, of course, besides a concise account of the state of the law, common forms of letters, written under all conceivable degrees of provocation, and a glossary of all the terms of abuse which may be used with safety by an indignant Briton under any circumstances. In the meantime, however, we propose, as a temporary expedient, to attempt a slight sketch of the present state of the law relating to the offence of defamation, more especially as some recent cases have drawn public attention to the subject.

To begin, then, after the time-honoured custom in such matters, with a definition: defamation as between private persons is the malicious publication of anything untrue of a person, the immediate and natural consequence of which is some temporal injury to that person. Here, then, are four things necessary to constitute the offence—publication, malice, falsehood, and injury or damage; but the law, in all cases, except those of the privileged communications which we shall presently mention, presumes the existence of malice whenever there is damage, and in some cases presumes the existence of damage, and consequently of malice, from the nature of the defamatory matter published, in which cases an action is technically said to be without alleging special damage. It is as to this latter presumption that the distinction arises between the publication of defamatory matter, by writing, printing, pictures or other signs technically called libel, and that by word of mouth technically called slander, damage being presumed much more readily, as we shall see, in the former case than the latter.

First, then, we will briefly enumerate the different kinds of matter, the publication of which by any means is actionable without alleging special damage. Under this head come all words imputing indictable offences, unless the circumstances of the case show plainly that the words were used merely as terms of abuse, and without any serious intention of imputing a crime. As an instance of this exception, the words,—“Thou art a thief, for thou hast taken my beasts under an execution, and I will hang thee,” were held not to be actionable, because the reason given for the accusation showed that it was not meant seriously, it being clearly no theft to take beasts under an execution. Whence we may conclude that an Irishman may safely relieve his feelings by the use of

such national epithets as "murthering villain," "thief of the world," at least to an Englishman; if he were to use the words to a compatriot, the certainty that a breach of the peace would ensue might alter the case. Under the same head, come imputations of misconduct in discharge of any office of profit or trust, and statements calculated to injure persons in their trade, profession, or occupation. Apropos of these last, may be mentioned the celebrated decision that it is no libel to call a parson a great fool, the reason given being in the law French of the old reports, "*Par ce que on peut estre bon parson et grand fou; d'un attorney, aliter,*" to which estimate of the respective intellectual requirements of the two professions our clerical readers will probably demur. Lastly, under this head, are imputations upon a person which, if true, would exclude him from society, as to say that one has a contagious disorder.

Further than this the law does not go as to oral defamation or slander, so that words spoken which do not come under some of the above classes are not actionable without allegation of special damage. But there is yet another kind of matter which, if published by writing, printing, pictures, or similar signs, is defamatory, and actionable without special damage; viz., anything imputing to a person conduct or qualities which would degrade, or disparage, or expose him to public hatred, ridicule or contempt; a tolerably extensive definition, and one which includes most of the remaining terms of abuse and derision, a pleasing collection of which may be collected from the reported cases.

With regard to the publication of a libel or slander, it must be remembered that it is not only the original author who is considered to be guilty of publishing it, but every one who knowingly contributes to its dissemination, on which principle a railway company has been held liable for a libel contained in a telegraphic message transmitted by them. So far has this been carried that in the case of an action for publishing a ridiculous story of the plaintiff, it was held to be no defence that the story was originally told by the plaintiff himself. Think of this, all you tellers of good things, and beware how you repeat anecdotes confided to you in convivial moments, in which the narrator appears in an undignified or absurd character, lest your friend sober repent him of the confidence reposed in you when drunk, and you become a case to be appended to *Cook v. Ward*, the case just alluded to. Why the plaintiff in that case having told the story himself should have objected to its being told again, it is difficult to see; for there was nothing very discreditable to himself in it, the simple fact being that on his way to see an execution he had been mistaken for the hangman, and been the subject for some little time of much awe and curiosity among the country folks, to whom he was pointed out in that character. There was certainly one unpleasant consequence of this incident; viz., that he henceforth acquired the nickname of Jack Ketch, but we may be quite sure that he did not get rid of it by his action for libel.

We have stated above, as a general rule, that the law presumes the

existence of malice when there is damage; but there are certain communications which, either from the interest of the parties making them in the subject matter, or from the relation between them, are considered to be privileged, and, therefore, are not actionable, even when containing undoubtedly defamatory matter, unless the existence of malice is actually proved. The reason for this privilege is, that the circumstances of the case rebut the presumption of malice, which, as we have before observed, the law entertains in ordinary cases from the existence of damage. Very erroneous notions seem to prevail among the general public as to what communications are privileged, and even lawyers do not seem always to be as clear on the point as they might be. Thus we often hear people talking as if some immunity in this respect attached to newspaper writers and editors as such; but, as was stated by Mr. Justice Blackburn in the recent case of *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, "There is no authority to show that the publisher or editor of a newspaper stands in any privileged situation different from that of the rest of the Queen's subjects." In the same case Mr. Justice Crompton very clearly laid down the limits of the privilege in these words:—"It is necessary to confine these cases of privilege to those in which there is some special interest or duty leading a man to come forward with the slanderous matter, and I think we should confine them to those already established by law." What these are, we will proceed briefly to consider.

To begin with communications of a public nature: speeches and proceedings in Parliament are privileged, but not necessarily reports of the same; indeed, the contrary was decided in the celebrated case of *Stockdale v. Hansard*, in which an action was successfully maintained against the well-known Parliamentary publishers for a report of certain evidence given before a committee of the House, and imputing gross immorality to the plaintiff. In consequence of this decision, an Act was passed in the beginning of the present reign, protecting all reports published by the authority of either House; but the publishers of all other reports of Parliamentary proceedings are still liable for defamatory matter contained in them.

Next in this class of privileged communications are proceedings in courts of justice, as to which we may lay down the general principle, that the privilege extends to all the pleadings and evidence, and to all statements made by judges, magistrates, and witnesses in open court. Statements made by counsel in open court are also privileged, if relevant to the matter in issue, and based upon instructions; such, at least, has been the limitation to the privilege generally laid down, though, in the case of *Hodgson v. Scarlett*, a strong opinion was expressed by Mr. Justice Holroyd that counsel could not be made liable even for statements transgressing this rule, without direct proof that they were made maliciously, and without reasonable cause. The soundness of this dictum may be questioned; for the result of holding it would be practically to give complete immunity to counsel, whatever unfounded aspersions they might cast

upon the character of any person (direct proof of malice being in most cases almost impossible); and though the bar as a body are not likely to abuse such a privilege, occasional instances are not wanting to show the danger of allowing too absolute licence to them in this respect. We may instance a recent *cause célèbre*, in which the counsel for the defendant, a man of high standing, so far forgot himself as to accuse the plaintiff, a lady, of a deliberate forgery of certain words in a letter, and to assert that he would prove it, when, from the nature of the case, he could have had no reasonable grounds for such an accusation. Now according to the above dictum, such conduct would be legally justifiable, because it would have been impossible to prove actual malice. And here we may observe that it does not at all follow because such proceedings in courts of justice, as we have been speaking of, are privileged, that therefore reports of them have the same immunity. It has indeed been clearly settled that fair reports of *trials* in public courts of justice are entitled to this privilege; but the same is by no means true of reports of preliminary or *ex parte* proceedings, the publishers of which, whatever practical immunity they may enjoy, are still legally responsible for defamatory matter contained therein. To quote a judgment of Lord Tenterden's, when Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the authority of which has not yet been shaken, "This court has on more than one occasion within a few years been called upon to express its opinion judicially on the publication of preliminary and *ex parte* proceedings, and has on every occasion delivered its judgment against the legality of such publication. Many persons have lamented the inconvenience and the mischievous tendency of such publications. They were within the memory of many persons now living, rare and unfrequent; they have gradually increased in number, and are now unhappily become very frequent; but they are not on that account the less unlawful, nor is it less the duty of those to whom the administration of justice is entrusted to express their opinion against them." Certain it is that the premature publication of such proceedings does in many cases seriously impede the course of justice, besides inflicting unnecessary pain upon individuals; and it may be doubted whether the advantage of publicity is sufficient to compensate for the evils attending a transgression of the strict rule of law as laid down in the above judgment. As to reports of preliminary criminal proceedings before magistrates, a distinction has been established, by a series of recent cases, between those cases where the accused is discharged and those where he is committed or held to bail; the reports being held to be privileged in the former case, and not in the latter. This rule, if strictly enforced, would considerably diminish the number of police reports in the daily papers, a not undesirable result, but one which we are perhaps not very likely to see, inasmuch as the persons who figure in police cases are not generally in a position to maintain an action for libel against the proprietors of newspapers.

Petitions and applications for redress to the Queen, either House of Parliament, or other public bodies or officers, are privileged if addressed

to the proper quarter. Next we may mention an important class of privileged publications, viz., fair criticisms upon works of literature and art. As might have been expected from the proverbial sensitiveness of authors, artists, and actors, they have not unfrequently, when smarting under the lash of criticism, had recourse to the law for a salve to their wounded vanity in the shape of damages, but they have seldom taken anything by the motion. There is a case of an action brought by one Sir John Carr, Knight, against that prince of jesters, Thomas Hood, which must have furnished some amusement in its day to the pupils of the pleader through whose chambers it passed. The worthy knight appears, from the report of the case, which alone has preserved him from a probably well-merited oblivion, to have been the author of some books of travel, with the titles *The Stranger in France*, *Northern Summer*, *The Stranger in Ireland*, and others of a similar kind, which probably were dull, and certainly were very voluminous. The libel complained of was an article entitled "My Pocket-book; or, Hints for a right merrie and conceited Tour, in Quarto, to be called the Stranger in Ireland in 1805." But the gist of the offence was in the frontispiece, which was described in the declaration, with amusing circumstantiality, as "a certain false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory print, of and concerning the said Sir John Carr, and of and concerning the said books of the said Sir John Carr, therein called frontispiece, and entitled 'The Knight (meaning the said Sir John Carr) leaving Ireland with regret,' and containing and representing in the said print a certain false, scandalous, malicious, ridiculous, and defamatory representation of the said Sir John Carr in the form of a man of ludicrous and ridiculous appearance, holding a pocket-handkerchief to his face and appearing to be weeping, and also containing therein a false, malicious, and ridiculous representation of a man of ridiculous and ludicrous appearance following the said representation of the said Sir John Carr, and loaded with and bending under the weight of three large books, and a pocket handkerchief appearing to be held in one of the hands of the said representation of a man, and the corners thereof appearing to be held or tied together as if containing something therein, with the printed word 'wardrobe' depending therefrom; thereby falsely and maliciously meaning and intending to represent—for the purpose of rendering the said Sir John Carr ridiculous and exposing him to laughter, ridicule, and contempt,—that one copy of the said first above-mentioned book, and two copies of the said secondly above-mentioned book, were so heavy as to cause a man to bend under the weight thereof, and that his, the said Sir John Carr's, wardrobe was very small, and capable of being contained in a pocket-handkerchief." However the court was not moved (except to laughter) by this touching description of the wrongs of the unhappy knight; the judge, Lord Ellenborough, told the jury that if the alleged libel only ridiculed the plaintiff in his character of an author, the action could not be maintained, and directed them, if they thought that the publisher of the article had not

travelled out of the work criticized for the purpose of slander, to find for the defendant, which they accordingly did.

Next we come to privileged communications of a private nature, and these we may divide into two classes, viz., communications between persons having a common interest in the subject-matter of them, and those made at the request of any persons, by way of advice to protect their interests. As examples of the first class, we may mention communications between two persons respecting proposals of marriage to a relation of both, and those between schoolmasters and parents as to the conduct and education of children. The second class includes those very troublesome communications—characters to servants and others in our employ, in which the fear of incurring legal liability too often leads to the no less dangerous expedient of concealment or misrepresentation of the facts. To allay such fears, we will repeat that such communications, if made without malice at the request of the person to whom they are made, and with a *bonâ fide* belief in their truth, cannot be made the subjects of an action, whatever be their purport ; and moreover, subsequent communications of facts discovered after a prior communication has been made, are privileged, though made gratuitously without any request at all. But the person to whom the communication is addressed must have some interest in the subject-matter of it, or else there is no privilege ; a good instance of which is the case of the man who, when asked separately by his cook and footman why he had discharged them, replied that they had both robbed him, whereupon each brought an action against him for slander, and it was held that he was liable.

As we have before observed, in all cases where communications are privileged, the privilege rests upon the ground that the peculiar circumstances of the case do away with the presumption of malice, which the law would otherwise entertain ; whence it follows that if actual malice is shown to exist, the protection of privilege cannot be claimed under any circumstances. We have hitherto considered only those different kinds of defamatory communications in which the law presumes the existence of damage from their very nature ; but it also follows from our definition, and the foregoing observations as to the legal presumption of malice from the existence of damage, that if it can be proved that damage to any person was the result of the publication of any false statement concerning him, he may maintain an action. The special damage complained of must be of a material nature ; so eminently practical is the law that any amount of mental suffering goes for nothing in its estimation, while the loss of a dinner gives an immediate claim to redress. And no doubt, practically, the law is right, for if British juries were called upon to estimate, in damages, the exact value of broken hearts, wounded vanity, soured tempers, and the like, we should certainly have more of those incomprehensible verdicts which occasionally cause us a momentary doubt whether the venerable institution of trial by jury is quite such a perfect machinery for the discovery of truth as we

have always been taught to believe. But for this rule, what a dreadful problem would have been presented by a recent case in which the special damage complained of was that the plaintiff, a female member of some very select and exclusive sect of religionists, had, in consequence of a false report circulated by the defendant, been turned out of the congregation; and the sect not having very many adherents, she had not succeeded in getting into another to her liking. Fortunately, the court was able to decline to entertain the question of the spiritual damage sustained by the plaintiff, in not being able any longer to "sit under" her favourite minister; but if they had not been able to do so, what a hopeless task would have been theirs. Fancy the long array of black-coated gentlemen who would have been called, on the one side, to prove that the case of those outside the pale of that particular sect was indeed desperate, and the equally long array, on the other side, to prove that the doctrines of the said sect were, in fact, most erroneous and pernicious; and that, in truth, the plaintiff, so far from having any reason to regret having been compelled to leave it, ought to be very thankful that she had "come out of it." To what a pitiable state of imbecility would the learned judge have been reduced by the time he came to sum up!

If the patient reader who has followed us thus far is not yet imbued with a sufficient horror of the legal consequences of committing himself to writing, it remains to be added that, besides the civil action for libel, the offence may also be made the subject of a criminal prosecution, and until recently the latter was much the most fatal proceeding for the offender, because of a distinction which prevailed as to the defence which might be set up in either case; for while it was always a good defence to the civil action to prove the truth of the alleged libel, it was not allowed to set up such a defence to criminal proceedings for the same offence, as to which the maxim was, the greater the truth the greater the libel. This distinction rested upon the theory that the reason for the offence being the subject of criminal proceedings was its tendency to produce a breach of the peace, and that that tendency was greater when the accusation complained of was true than when it was false, conscious guilt being much more likely to take refuge in a breach of the peace than calm innocence. However, this distinction no longer exists, for an Act passed in the beginning of the present reign known as Lord Campbell's Act, enacts that, in criminal proceedings for libel, it shall be lawful to plead the truth of the alleged libel, and that it was for the public good that it should be published, and on proof of the truth, if the jury are satisfied that the public have an interest in the publication of the matter complained of, the defendant shall be entitled to a verdict.

Several other important alterations in the law of defamation were made by this Act, but we have only space to particularize one of the most important. As the law then stood, a person was liable to a criminal prosecution for a libel published by his agent, though it might be without his knowledge or consent, and it was not allowed to him to bring any

evidence to prove that he had not authorized such publication. This worked great hardship in many cases to booksellers and others, who were often subjected to heavy penalties in consequence of books and pamphlets being sold, or otherwise disseminated, without their ever knowing of their existence; to remedy which injustice, the Act provides that on an indictment or information for libel, it shall be lawful for the defendant to prove that it was published by his agent without his knowledge, and contrary to his orders.

We have only treated in these pages of the offence of private defamation, but besides this there are the offences of blasphemous and seditious libels and slanders, and that called *scandalum magnatum*, or defamation of peers and others in high position and office. Prosecutions for these offences were, at one time, very common, especially at the close of the last century, and it was in a series of cases of the sort at that time that some of the greatest battles for liberty of speech were fought, and that greatest of modern advocates, Erskine, won some of his proudest forensic triumphs. But we have neither time nor space to pursue this branch of our subject, and we must refer the reader who has not yet had enough of the law of libel to Erskine's published speeches, and to his life in Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, in which latter he will find a very interesting narrative of the most celebrated of these political libel cases, and also much information as to the law of libel at that time, and the alterations subsequently made in it.

If any readers have been patient enough to follow us thus far, we hope they may be rewarded by having gained a few hints which may help them in future to keep well within the limits which the law prescribes to freedom of speech, and thus to avoid that very unpleasant kind of posthumous fame which consists in figuring as defendants in a leading case on the law of defamation.

The Agriculturist in Prussia.

(BY A GERMAN.)

THE history of no class of people is more enveloped in darkness and mystery than that of the agricultural, although it makes, even in this industrial country, a very large portion of its population. The English agricultural forms and customs are alone in all Europe preserved in their feudal shape, and unfortunately so preserved that there seems to be no direct roads out of it left. In ancient time the crown was the dispenser of all land, and kings awarded tracts of country to their barons, for fighting their battles. Through what phases these and their peasants have gone we cannot here trace; but we have before us this day a handful of men owning all the British soil, and, on the other hand, instead of peasants, labourers cultivating the land for wages, with the farmers between them—a sort of industrial class. The barons and their descendants, under whatever new designations and titles, have kept power, legislature, and patronage, up to these days, well in hand; and although forced by the growing influence of the large mercantile, industrial, and professional classes to yield in points interesting *them*, the lowly agriculturist has had no advocate, and, unlike aggrieved artisans in cities, who can assemble, talk, and petition, he has no means to agitate and help himself. The destruction of primogeniture and entail in the families of the lords of the land is a very roundabout way to benefit the labourer and the public at large; yet it did honour to Messrs. Cobden and Bright to advocate it. A great moral wrong and political predominance will be broken down with the abolition of these mediæval customs. To a foreigner these customs of giving all to the first-born and nothing to the second, are a horror and an abomination; and if a father's feelings are drowned in family pride and ambition, I am sure that many an English mother's heart must bleed on seeing her younger sons and daughters turned out to positions in life which are in flagrant contrast to all they enjoy, and cannot avoid enjoying, in their childhood. Do not tell me that such positions will still be better than those of thousands or millions in the land, for the man bred in luxury will be miserable with an income of 300*l.* or 400*l.*, whilst an artisan may be perfectly happy on 40*l.* or 50*l.* a year. The division of the land on the Continent has been going through very different phases. In the Prussian provinces, which are not under the Code Napoleon, there was a perfect medley up to the present century. The nobility held large tracts of land. They had under them, either in their own or neighbouring villages, numerous peasants, who held buildings and land, for which they

worked, with a certain number of hands and horses, three days a week on the lord's lands. The peasant could sell out his tenancy or leave it, as was often done in war times, when farming did not pay, or families died out, but the lord could not force him out of it. This Frohn service was abolished after the Napoleonic wars for a consideration in money on the part of the peasants, gradually paid off; in some cases, also, by giving up to the lord a part of the land so far held. After that there remained only free landowning peasants in Prussia. Previous to this there existed, beside the nobility, large landed proprietors, free peasants, and cottagers with some land sufficient for a family to live upon, without or with the aid of a trade, such as smith, wheelwright, weaver, tailor, bootmaker, musician. The country has since then been divided amongst the nobility, gentry, or yeomanry, free landowning peasants and free landowning cottagers, and with very little trouble and scarcely any expense land may be transferred at the will of the actual holder, except a very small number of entailed estates. I have seen villages with 1,000 acres of land, owned by ten or fifteen free peasants at once, or gradually bought up by the nobility or capitalists, and united into one estate, the peasants emigrating to some distant forest domains of the state, which were to be cultivated and sold at such low prices as to enable the peasants to double or treble their land and wealth with the proceeds of their old home. I have also seen large estates divided and sold to a dozen or more small owners. This may happen through indebtedness of the owner, extinction of a family, preference for official life, devotion to an industrial career, or any other motive. In some counties large estates predominate, in others peasant property—the latter particularly in districts which were laid ownerless and waste by wars, and to which the Electors and Kings called the persecuted Huguenots and Protestants from France and Austria. Some communes contain one large estate, several peasants and also cottagers, all freeholders. Generally, however, you will pass alternately from a large estate into a village of peasants as you travel across the country, and the small owner can watch and imitate the progress of his richer and more intelligent neighbour, and will do so, when the superior crops of the latter have taught him that it is folly to remain in stubborn adherence to the habits of his father. As a rule, Prussian landowners farm their own lands. The peasants do so with the assistance of unmarried male and female servants, their own grown-up children, or if owning large estates, as in some districts (although still called peasants and eating their meals with all their family and servants at the same table), with the aid of cottagers; or, in harvest and other busy times, with occasional help of the village tradespeople. The nobleman and other large proprietors cultivate their estates with labourers or cottagers, and when possessed of more than one village and the land surrounding it, they put salaried inspectors over estates where they do not reside. The letting of estates to farmers is comparatively rare. The castle or mansion of the owner generally overlooks the farmyard, which is

surrounded with numerous stables and barns : most corn is carried into barns and very little stacked, except in years of extraordinary plenty.

The labourers' houses generally stretch off in a line from one side of the farmyard on both sides of the public road. These labourers represent the class of the English peasant, but I think them a very superior class. In the first place they are under the immediate eye of their lord or inspector, whilst here they have the farmer dealing with them, having to squeeze everybody for his rent. Wages form no comparison, as I will point out.

Let us look at a Prussian estate and village. They average perhaps 100 inhabitants. The houses are one-storied, highly gabled, with much loft room, built either of a wooden frame filled in with clay and thatched, or, in later times, of brick and tiles. They are built for two families, and have either a common entrance and kitchen with separate hearth, or both separate, with a dwelling-room, a bedroom, and a store-room. They are as a rule quite as lofty as the rooms in six or eight-roomed London houses : walls in and outside whitewashed. Between the houses are, at a small distance, the stables, behind them a small yard and a pretty large garden. Man and wife sleep in the dwelling-room, the babies in a cradle ; the children in the one bedroom : sometimes these labourers have a servant, who also sleeps with the children—never more than two in one bed. You will find a deal or oak table ; behind it along the wall a bench, and about the room a number of wooden or reed chairs, all scrupulously scoured if not painted. You will see somewhere a huge coffer, containing linen and clothes ; a cabinet holding food ; on the wall a clock ; and often other articles of furniture. The bed is very good ; there being generally two good thick goosefeather beds on a quantity of frequently renewed straw, put loose into the boxlike bedsteads and shaken up every day. A feather-bed covers the sleeper, with two good linen sheets, a fancy coverlet, and not unfrequently there are curtains. The stables contain a cow, one or two pigs for killing in autumn, a goose, which will breed them ten to twelve young ones, which are ready for killing in October, and half-a-dozen to a dozen hens furnishing eggs and breeding chickens. The garden at the back yields potatoes, turnips, carrots, and greens enough for the summer's consumption. Cows and geese are, during the summer, sent to graze, whilst pigs and hens are fed at home with household waste and some ground corn, the pigs being fattened on pease towards killing time. The geese get fat on the ears in the field after harvest, and a little extra barley feeding. For the wants of the winter there is a plot of ground given each labourer in the field for potatoes, and a plot for flax, as also a plot for meadow hay for the cow, straw being furnished from the farm as wanted. For firing, wood and turf are used. The latter is almost found on all estates, or if the former is wanting, it must be bought from the next forest. All carting of these things is done by the landlord's waggons. The labourer is bound to work all the year round for the landlord ; his wife (or, if she cannot

work, a female servant), a large number of days in the year. They receive wages, settled monthly, under deduction of a certain number of days for rent of cottages and all the benefits enumerated above. As for grain, the men get a percentage of what they thresh in winter in lieu of wages. This protects them in dearth from high prices; they earn generally more than they want, having some for sale, unless the families are large. Work may be considered to last from sunrise to sunset—somewhat less in summer and somewhat more in winter—with one or two hours' rest for dinner. But there are always odd hours, after finishing work in one field, when it is not worth the landlord's while to go to another task; and then the labourer is left to look after his own garden, potatoes, flax, hay, and hemp. The winter evenings leave a good deal of time. Supper being done at five or six, the women sit down at their wheels, spinning their own flax and tow and wool, which last they have to buy, into yarn, which gradually goes to the village weaver to be woven into linen for underclothes, bed and table-clothes, sacking, and a mixture of linen and wool, of which, being first dyed blue, coats and frocks are made—the latter mostly at home, the former by the village tailor; whilst socks and gloves, all wool, are knitted by the women all the year round, and everywhere. The men in their winter evenings do nothing but pay visits to each other, sitting round the women gossiping, telling tales, or listening to one of the children reading aloud books which the parson, schoolmaster, or squire lends them. Parsons and schoolmasters generally have a good stock of books of their own, but there are also books going from one schoolmaster to another all over the county. Who furnishes and pays for them, I don't know. There is a considerable sprinkling of historical books with a strong patriotic bias, and the people know much of the last wars, and the old generals and their battles; and they astonish one often as much as Scotch miners in the Highlands do, when you open a conversation on politics or the Bible with them over their after-dinner pipe. The men smoke the rooms quite blue, but you hardly ever see spirits, beer, or any other drink. I remember that the inns, thirty or fifty years ago always full of drinking villagers, gradually became deserted by them, and were only used periodically by the young people for dancing and offering travelling pedlars and artisans a resting-place: many vanished altogether. All children visit school from their sixth year, and continue till their fourteenth year, in winter from eight to eleven and one to four, in summer from six to ten o'clock, with fourteen days' vacancy in harvest-time, fourteen days in October for potato-digging, and about a week for the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun holidays each—during which time, however, the children have to learn by heart some hymns and Bible chapters, and, besides, they have writing and arithmetic to do. The schoolmasters are all trained in Government seminaries, bringing a respectable amount of information there to enable them to pass their examination on entering. No commune can

appoint a schoolmaster unless he is so trained ; but it has to keep and pay him, Government no longer interfering, except by an annual inspection and examination by a Government commissioner travelling all over the country. The labourers pay but little for schooling, and all the same rate, whether they send one child to school or half a dozen. The chief support of the school must come from the landlord ; but in most cases there is land attached to schools, as well as to the parsonage. Altogether the learning and trouble of a schoolmaster is but ill requited in many cases, although there is always a pressure to enter the profession. The schoolmaster has the children, boys and girls, on separate benches. They learn reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography ; some drawing and mathematics and natural history, much singing and religious doctrine, besides Bible history and Catechism. The singing of hymns and of pretty two and four part songs by the children, is really charming. From the tenth year the children go to church, and take their place in the organ choir on both sides of the schoolmaster, who plays the organ (which all schoolmasters understand perfectly), the children singing the Liturgy, which the congregation does not join in. But all sing the fine old hymns ; and everybody knowing the tunes well, they go off with a grand majestic sound, the like of which you would vainly seek to hear in a London church. When twelve years old, the parson takes the children in hand twice a week, beside the ordinary schooling, preparing them for their confirmation on their fourteenth year through two years. The children know the Catechism already, but they are then led through the great Catechism, being a course of instruction in the Christian faith, duties, morals, sins of commission and omission, and original sin, &c. Unless a child be well grounded in these matters, being otherwise in possession of its mental faculties, the parson will not confirm it on reaching fourteen years, but consign it back to school for another year : this is considered a great disgrace to the child, and therefore it rarely happens. During these two years the children are also held to be able, and are required to give, an extract of the Sunday's sermon in writing, or verbally, the following Monday. Confirmation Day, about Easter-time, is a great annual fête day. There are touching scenes between parson and schoolmaster and the young people on taking leave ; and if the latter, or some of them, afterwards are not what they should be, church and school are not at fault. The next steps in life of the young people are, of course, not so easy to follow, as they are in all classes and all countries. Some remain with their parents, and are employed by the landlord on light work at wages which increase with years. A good number will be taken up to the court, as the landlord's mansion and farmyard is called, and are there hired at an annual rate with half-yearly notice. The girls are employed as chambermaids, kitchenmaids, dairymaids, others for tending fowls, pigs, helping the gardener, &c. The young men have first to assist the shepherds, tend the cattle, and do other light work, and when about twenty years old, they get the charge of four horses, doing carting

and field work ; the most successful driving the landlord's carriage and four, which are, if not exclusively devoted to that service, only doing light work. Thus, on a medium estate, there will be living and boarding at court, about twenty single young persons. The women sleep in the house, the men near the horses, in the stables or above. The winter evenings find all servants together in the dining-room : the girls do sewing, knitting, &c. of their own, in view of a future household, and the men smoke and carry on flirtations with the girls. Many engagements are here formed, resulting, after a number of years' saving of linen, clothes, and ready money to buy furniture, in marriage : when the landlord lets them a cottage to live in, and enrolls them among his labourers. They never crowd into their parents' dwellings. If there be no room in the village, they will go to a neighbouring one, young families being generally welcome to landlords. Early marriages are not in favour, and twenty-five years must be considered as an early average on male and female side. Many young men after reaching twenty years have to serve as soldiers for three years. This may be considered of doubtful benefit, but the men certainly bring home improved manners, and a spirit of order and cleanliness, which remain with them and give a good example to others. The other young people engage as servants to the parsons, schoolmasters, to such tradesmen as there are, to the neighbouring peasants, or go as domestic servants into the towns ; some of the boys learn a trade. Amongst all these you will see the superior intelligence come into play ; and as education has put these labouring people on a par with the peasant and landowning cottager and country tradesman, some marry into these classes, whilst, on the other hand, peasants' and tradespeople's children, when poor, come to be labourers. Sometimes, when they have some money, this step is only taken till they find an opportunity to buy a small property or emigrate to some new district to be broken up, where land is cheap. The peasant, as a rule, works as hard as the labourer, often harder, when greedy to save, and the living and outward appearance is not very different. The labourer wears his coat and all his garments in the same cut as the peasant and the landlord, and if the material is of rougher cloth or mixed material, and if the finer wedding-coat, reserved for church-going only, does not remain in the newest fashion, there is in a German labourer no class look. No more will you meet in his countenance the bovine look and unintelligent stare which you encounter twenty miles out of London in the agricultural population ; nor have I ever heard or seen German labourers begging the largess, as English will, when you go in autumn to the seaside and stroll along a country road, where men are harvesting. Most people, if not burdened with large families of children, manage to save money for times of sickness, or, if preserved therefrom, to give the children an easier start. Doctoring is contracted for by the landlord, and costs nothing to the labourer. There are no poor-rates or unions in the country. The family ties are very close, and protect the aged, infirm, or orphan relations from

want, these being often still of use at home to look after the small children and prepare meals when the wife is out earning wages. The landlord will keep those who have no other support: he cannot drive them from his estate. Many labourers are born and die on the same estate, and good landlords will have few changes. The more exacting and worse-paying landlord will get more notices to quit, and as a necessary consequence will have a less efficient staff of labourers. All removals are made on the same day, twice a year, in spring and autumn, the landlords sending their waggons to fetch their new labourer with his family and goods from their previous place of abode, generally not many miles distant. The diet of the labourers consists generally of a soup of milk and flour, meal or groats for breakfast; a variety of stews, pudding and dishes of potatoes, pease, flour, buckwheat groats, dried fruit, &c. for dinner; and salt meat threetimes a week, and boiled potatoes and herring for supper: brown bread forming a considerable accompaniment at all meals. Fresh mutton and beef are rare, and when obtained from the killing at the mansion, it is consumed boiled. We do not pretend that the fare is rich, but it is producing strong men and women, with flesh on their bones and healthy complexions, as any one can see passing across the country.

I remember a letter which appeared in *The Times* some months since, and was rather startled by the writer's views about labourers. According to him the English labourer, as he was, and as he wished to preserve him, would be *de facto* nothing better than a slave or a beast of burden. I must believe it to be a gross libel on humanity, that the superior education of the children makes them disobedient and disrespectful to their untutored parents, and causes them to leave them as early as they can, never caring for them in their old age. Where this can be so, church and school must be sadly at fault. I should object to schooling before the age of six years. A child's bodily development and joyous freedom should not be oppressed with mental exercise, before it can comprehend the meaning of what it is taught, and should also not be made to feel the double authority of parents and teachers. There are no persons living in Prussia who cannot read printed books, but there are many above the age of fifty years who have learnt no more; in fact, most of the agricultural population is in that state. Government-trained schoolmasters became only universal thirty years ago. I learnt my A B C myself from the old tailor-schoolmaster of my native village, shortly before the new era, and taught my father to write and sign his name, as many of my school-fellows did at the time, to avoid their signing crosses to their deeds and papers. It never entered our heads or heart, that therefore our parents had less authority over us, or that we owed them less obedience and respect. The old folks certainly blessed the superior advantages of their children, and would often give in to us, saying, "Well, you have learnt much more than we, and must know best." We have it from our parents, that in their childhood, early this century, disturbances, labourers' strikes of whole villages, murder of landlords, and firing of farmyards, were not un-

known, but they are never heard of in modern times, with a more educated, more intelligent, and better contented population of labourers. A Prussian labourer is no property of his landlord, and will not grovel before him in the dust, but stand up and speak to him like a man ; yet he will pay him hearty respect, will do his duty cheerfully, and if, for some reason, they wish to part, it is generally done after mutual explanation, and without rancour. The writer in *The Times* says that labourers' children, rather than being sent to school, should earn wages. The feudal party in Prussia, of which Bismarck is the chief, and who would fain ape the British aristocracy, say the same. They want darkness, and hate all education ; they also think it desirable to have the right of flogging their villagers reintroduced in their domains. However, they are like one to a hundred in Prussia, and though still in great political power, but a remnant of the past in their own class of landed proprietors ; who, as a whole, are well contented with the present state of things on their estates.

I have already said that in Prussia most large landowners farm their own lands. They have a staff of inspectors, assistants, and apprentices, all gentlemen of their own station, and living with them as members of the family, unless married, when they have their own residence and household. Over the outlying estates elderly married inspectors will be set, or sons of the owner. Now, an estate of 1,000 acres or less will seldom be cut to pieces and divided amongst the children. The owner will, during twenty-five to thirty years' farming, be able to save a considerable sum of money ; if he then be still hearty and willing to work on, the elder boys get some money to enable them to buy a farm, or enable them to get on in the career for which they have been educated. The daughters will be married early or later as chances offer ; they receive a marriage-portion, which may be stated by a scrupulous father to his son-in-law, but is generally only guessed at by the latter. When it comes to making the will, it may appear that the second, fourth, or fifth son is most fit or most in need to succeed to the estate. He then has to become the debtor of his brothers and sisters to such an extent as appears right and equitable to the father and family ; and if the outgoing children want the money instead of the interest, it must be raised on mortgage. Unless a man is richer in cash or other property than the value of his estate, the heir will always have an advantage over the other children, and fatherly love generally leaves the less gifted and less able to fight the world's struggle in his home as successor in the estate. The eldest son succeeding in preference is no recognized custom at all. If no will is made, the owner's widow is next heir absolute, and if she make no will, the child who is willing or able to pay most out to his brothers and sisters succeeds. If they cannot agree, the estate is sold, and the proceeds are divided equally. On the same rule the peasants and smaller owners proceed. There is never any such thing as estates without a proprietor. Complete registers being kept in the county town, the law knows everybody born an heir to the estate, and every heir can force a

legal settlement on his co-heirs without delay. If many children become to be heirs to a small estate, some of them will early see the necessity to follow some other calling than farming, and will do so.

The few thousands of landed proprietors of England may say, "What is it to you if we and our families are satisfied to consider our first-born a different being from those that come after him?" Well, as far as they are alone concerned, I would not meddle with them. What I aim at is, the better education, improvement, and happiness of the agricultural labourer. Those landowners who have got a conscience should place the means of instruction within the reach of their cottagers, and if Government and Parliament will not make schooling obligatory, although its magistrates will send to jail for stealing some turnips a man whom it never gave a chance to know that he did wrong,—I think Government ought to abolish all the laws made for a class, and which are in the way of complete free trade in the soil of the United Kingdom, and which have had the effect of concentrating the whole land of England in the hands of about 30,000 individuals. I am certainly against dwarf-farming, but the evils of centralizing are ten times more important, and affect seriously the whole British nation. In many of the settlements of the wealthy families, sums are set aside to be invested in land; the result is, that where land is scarce already, prices are paid which were never expected to yield a return. The consequence is, it is left unproductive as hunting-grounds and parks. Men who have incomes of 50,000*l.* or 100,000*l.* a year want no more money; but they let their cottages tumble down, and do systematically all they can to depopulate their domains, so that it has come to pass that England requires an annual importation of about 6,000,000 quarters of wheat, which could all be raised in the country if the waste land were put under cultivation, giving the labourer useful occupation, check emigration, and make and keep England independent of foreign supplies in times of war, scarcity, and other disturbances. Land could be let at a lower rent, the labourer would get better housed, receive higher wages, and the trader be able to sell more commodities to him, while the whole land would retain treasure and grow in wealth.

The Theory of Flirtation.

By this word we in no way allude to the easy flow of conversation, or that harmless repartee and interchange of sense or nonsense between the sexes which is so often misnamed flirtation, simply from the accident of a man taking part in it, and which is as compared with the genuine article "as moonlight is to sunlight, and as water is to wine,"—nor do we mean that genial mirthfulness and laughter which are as a matter of fact quite as often to be witnessed between women only as between men and women, and might be so entirely for any point or significance to be attached thereto; we are speaking of that intercourse between the two sexes which is habitually distinguished by those actions, operations, and expressions that by dimly discerning eyes are regarded as the provocations of love, but which may be more truly termed the provocations of the spirit, and which require to be initiated, regulated and intensified, prolonged, sustained, or abbreviated by one or other of the acting parties, and whether that party be man or woman is wholly immaterial to the discussion: bearing these distinctions well in mind, we propose to consider the necessities, conditions and privileges, in short all the things which go to make up a genuine flirtation.

To a well-developed affair of this order the aids of dress are perhaps the most common and the least noble, but they are almost all that some people have to rely on or can hope to possess, so they must needs be mentioned, though we assign to them the lowest place. Fashions come and go and reappear in their stubborn vitality, and each trick of dress has in divers ages had its separate potency in conquest. "To what end are these crisped false hairs, painted faces, such a composed gait, with not a step awry?" demands an ancient satirist. "Why," asks Lucian, "all these pins, pots, glasses, ointments, irons, combs, bodkins, setting-sticks?" Why, indeed? for we ask ourselves, Could Lucian possibly have put such a question had he lived in our day? Hierome somewhere thus describes a woman,—“She walks along, and with the ruffling of her clothes makes men look at her . . . her waist is pulled in to make her look small. She is straight girded; her hairs hang loose about her ears. Her upper garment sometimes falls and sometimes tarries to shew her naked shoulders; and as if she would not be seen, she covers that in all haste which voluntarily she shewed.” “If women were bad, men were worse in tricking themselves up,” says Seneca; “they go beyond the women, and do not walk, but jet and dance.” However, we have changed all that, and now a woman will sit motionless all perhaps except her eyes; and so far from “jetting and dancing” in their gait, men lounge into their

chairs as if they were dropping into their coffins, and can hardly force their muscles to articulate their speech. But the first represents a leopardess *couchant*, and the second a lion *fuinéant*, whence it arises that in these days the most finished and perfect examples of flirtations are initiated and conducted to their end chiefly by the courage and genius of women, whereby men earn a fitful and inglorious repose and lose more than need here be described. No doubt coarse and meretricious arts in dress are rarely or never displayed in the nineteenth century, at least in England, where in many respects we are not as other people are ; but whenever they are practised it springs from a taste neither artistic nor fastidious, but greedy, clamorous, and undiscerning,—one which prefers to gather a large tribute in coppers from the multitude rather than accept a single jewel from a critical and instructed observer. Personal appearance stands by some degrees higher than dress. “Fair sparkling eyes, white necks, coral lips, rose-coloured cheeks, are of themselves potent enticers ;” and when to these are added “a comely well-composed look and pleasing gesture and carriage,” Montaigne deems them far more forcible than such articles as “curious needlework, spangles, pendants, tiffanies.” As for gestures, they must be used in moderation ; they are but the dumb show and prognostics of greater things. “’Tis not the eye but the carriage of it that causeth effects.” The eye is the silent orator, the secret interpreter which wounds, heals, questions, explains, affirms, denies, and promises. It opens negotiations, makes appointments and annuls them, signs treaties, sues for peace, proclaims war ; and many a capitulation has been offered and accepted by a glance of which the most observing bystanders remained in profound ignorance. Laughter should be rare, for flirtation is not a subject for mirth, but a high exercise of capacity ; nor must smiles be too frequent, but when exchanged should be full of intelligence and suggestion. They are, as it were, the password, without which no counter-signal can be returned, but therefore not to be perpetually offered for the information alike of friend and foe. It is impossible for the expression of the features to be too highly refined and significant, and for this reason men who wear beards, or as an old writer puts it, “who now do clothe their pretty mouths with hair,” are bereft of one-half their power, and retain only the preaching of the eye. The mouth is one of the most characteristic and important features of the face, but all that it can indicate of power, persuasion, firmness, content, or displeasure, is entirely lost and unproductive. If men like the hero of certain novels rely much on biting their lips, writhing their mouths, and setting their teeth, so far as effect is concerned, they may as well set these last, as they do their razors, in the privacy of their own dressing-room. One peculiar distinction which belongs to flirtation, as compared with love-making, is the condition of reciprocity. With the last indeed it often occurs that there is *un qui baise et l’autre qui tend la joue*—it is required that one must be bridled and saddled, and the other booted and spurred : but flirtation, when seen in perfection, is a race, a contest, a tournament which develops

and tests the capabilities of the two concerned in it. In some degree it is in the nature of a warfare, for blows are given and taken; severe cuts and thrusts are interchanged; the combatants take their punishment well or ill according to their temper and breeding: some bleed inwardly and make no sign, others even in the very moment of defeat will, by a Parthian shot, win back all they have lost, and change a retreat into a triumph. Diversity of age is no bar to flirtation, provided it does not pass a certain point of maturity sooner reached by women than men, and a few years' advantage on one side often confers a certain power; but the line must be drawn just within the boundary when, though the knowledge and experience necessary are at their highest point, the inclination to do mischief or to confer benefits and instruct youth begins to fade. It is, perhaps, fortunate that the blood of seventeen is rarely united to the wisdom of sixty. *Ah, si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!* It may be added, that any benefit which superiority in age is supposed to give is precisely the one which most feminine flirts would part with, if it were but possible. One of the first conditions to the particular relations which we are discussing is a certain amount of equality in social position; or, in default of this, some great and counterbalancing quality must not only exist, but be plainly apparent on the side of the party where the deficiency occurs. Without this, there is always a degree of condescension in the one, and a servility or at least embarrassment in the other, which is fatal to a full and free exercise of their best powers. Their conversation or interchange of sentiment is apt to degenerate into the badinage of a gentleman with a serving-woman, or the insincere and peremptory affection which a well-born and zealous wife displays towards her husband's constituents when an election is imminent. For this reason, though as a specimen of sedulous flirtation and the success to which it may ultimately attain, nothing has ever been written like it, the provocations of Jane Eyre with Mr. Rochester have always struck us as being of a faulty and degraded type. That gentleman was indeed, as Methodists express it, "greatly exercised" by Miss Eyre, but there was too much attitudinizing as master and servant, or employer and dependant, to make it an example to be recommended for the guidance of others. When that remarkable book was in process of demolition by those reviewers whose predestined fate it was to have to eat their words, the most sensible remark about it was made by the wife of a Scotch minister: "The only grudge I have against the book is, that since it was published all the governesses have taken to imitate Jane Eyre, and the plainer they are the more they do it." "What are the signs?" we demanded. "Keeping diaries, speaking in monosyllables, and addressing all gentlemen as 'Sir.' Watch, and you will see." We watched, saw, and were convinced. Discretion is a vast power, for the draught of air which would blow a spark into a flame, will, if too vigorous, extinguish it altogether. There are, however, indiscretions which, so far from being attended by loss, are capable of being turned to advantage by a prompt and happy presence of mind. A little

time ago, at a French country-house not many miles from Paris, there was in a *salon* a lady whom we will call Madame V., and a gentleman well known as an admirer of the sex. The conversation took a tone partly gallant, partly tender, and M. de L. was in the act of kissing the lady's hand with more *empressement* than was necessary, when there passed by the window, which opened into the grounds, Madame de B., who at a glance saw all that there was to see. She had a little *malice* in her disposition, the two had been, nay, were, rivals, and the *qu'en dira-t-on* presented itself instantly to Madame V. "Allez, je vous en prie, Monsieur; c'est une méchante, une rapporteuse, faites votre possible qu'elle se taise, ou ne revenez jamais chez moi." M. de L. went, and returned shortly with an air of satisfaction. "Rassurez vous, Madame; elle a bien tout vu, mais elle sera discrète; je lui ai imposé silence d'une telle manière qu'elle se taira sur cette petite affaire." "Qu'est donc que vous lui avez dit?" "Je ne lui ai rien dit," was the reply. "Je l'ai baisée aussi—et sur les lèvres. C'est tout simple, c'était une bonne idée qui m'inspira." It is said that Madame de B. did in this instance keep her word. Egotism is above all things to be avoided; it is fit for lovers, not for flirts, and is such an act of boredom that the first attempt to inflict it should be to a well-regulated mind an instant and final cause of rupture. It is unnecessary to remark that the miserable and illegitimate fashion, which at present represents women as being favourably influenced by listening to the shameless self-complacent and ungenerous details of histories about other women, is as untrue to nature as it is false and treasonable to good taste. To say of any one, *C'est un homme qui parle*, is as decisive a blow to the reputation of a man among women, as it would be with men to state that he cheated at cards. Self-assurance, again, is not inconsistent with that modest demeanour which is, when possessed, such an admirable quality; but there is a certain air, *capable et composé*, which is of itself exasperating to humanity. There is of course a fussy and ostentatious, and a quiet way of doing all things. Silence is often more eloquent than speech, and a sigh will say more than a smile; but it may in general be affirmed, that the woman who flirts with least sign or action, and the man who does the same thing with the smallest appearance of it, are the people who effect the most, and obtain the greatest enjoyment from their pastime. Some women can sit immovable and motionless while they flirt with half-a-dozen men at a time, but there is a looseness, even a want of decorum about this proceeding which we are not prepared to commend. It dissipates the mind, and prevents that purity and concentration of purpose which is inseparable from the attainment of great results; it likewise attracts attention and creates enmity; but they are quiet flirts after all who are, as the phrase is, the most dangerous, or as we should term them the most skilful and meritorious. Temper, whether naturally good or otherwise, should at least be kept well in hand; real storms ought never to be indulged in, they are only picturesque to witness when we are ourselves sheltered from their fury; and a too

electric condition of the atmosphere is absolutely fatal to the pleasurable intercourse which we are describing. Between two persons who are flirting there should be entire loyalty and union in defence of each other, and great promptness in making any third party effectually repent of any kind of interference. However much they may chastise, aggrieve, or contend with each other, they should permit none else to do so. With regard to their mutual operations, there can be no limits laid down. Tantalizing up to torment is not only allowable but often advisable. A little cruelty is what the grater is to the lemon; but, whatever degree of pressure or even torment is exercised, there should be the utmost generosity observed in concealing the victory from the world. Manner should be courteous, significant, and suggestive. It must be, when needful, reverential on the part of a man, admiring and appreciating in a woman. It should never be too earnest or too heartless, for earnestness is apt to become embarrassing, and when a man is urged to that point he is apt to look awkward, which sometimes brings about a vexatious reaction; while a woman rarely forgives one who causes her to feel *embarrassée de sa personne*. The heart may not, nor is it desirable that it should be, seriously engaged, yet there should be a decorous appearance of consulting it, though not in a too searching fashion. As much sentiment should be indicated, and no more, as can be safely ventured on in case of a repulse; otherwise a retreat may be turned into a rout. A German diplomatist, when no longer young, was paying court to a very charming Englishwoman, and with the cumbrous gallantry of his race, besought permission to kiss her hand. The lady languidly assenting, resigned her hand, and the German mumbled at it for a minute or two. The ceremony over, came the question,—“And that really gives you pleasure, Monsieur?” to which he replied with much effusion of sentiment and a rapturous assent. “I wish I could say as much!” was the almost pathetic exclamation of the lady. In most well-studied and carefully-adapted flirtations, infinite patience is required on the part of the strongest, and the same tact should be employed in ascertaining preferences and aversions as a skilful physician practises towards his patients. Questions are put so insidiously and indirectly, that not even the invalid suspects the importance of the inquiries or the consequences of his own admissions. Perseverance is called for against passive resistance, courage and decision against open mutiny or revolt, dexterity in attack, promptness in according pardon, especially when, as often occurs, it is not the aggressor who demands it. All this and more is required to conduct a flirtation to its possible perfection. With regard to the conversation of a man under these circumstances, it should be brilliant and incisive, if nature has gifted him with sufficient wit to make it so; and on rare occasions—if they do not arise, he must create them—serious. It must be most frequently intensely personal and monopolizing; but sometimes it may turn on abstract subjects, in which emotion or the appearance of it may be permitted. Tenderness is allowable in the manner of speech, but not in the matter or subject of it. A

sure sign of advance in intimate understanding is when, without apology or introduction, conversation begins at once at the exact point where it left off before; but it is a proof of mature growth when the parties concerned find that their mutual presence is indispensable for their comfort and enjoyment; that, in fact, they are incapable of putting forth their best powers or sustaining even their usual reputation, without the stimulus, support, and sense of protection which the sight and countenance of the one affords to the other. We need hardly observe that two thorough and resolute flirts who thus exercise themselves in mutual provocations and the science and practice of flirtation from considerations of an exclusively moral and intellectual kind, are sure to be misjudged and libelled by the outside world, to which equally they will be too high-minded to pay any sort of attention. It will be said that they are making love. Unjust accusation! for where love-making begins real flirtation ends. Love involves passion, sincerity, earnestness, often selfishness, and even a barbarous and savage jealousy which flirtation does not; not that it is or need be insincere, but that sincerity is irrelevant to the whole proceeding. To be accused of intending to marry because a man proposes to flirt, is as hard as if, because he tries to see a landscape from the best point of view, he is to be taken as giving an order for a picture of it. There are some people who always mistake the preliminary canter for the actual race, but time, and the decay which time brings with it, generally convinces the world of its error in confounding flirts with lovers. And this leads to the melancholy reflection that the most admirably-conducted and highly-finished flirtation, even when based on the most philosophical of systems, is not perpetual in duration. It may live for ever in the memory, but in actual life, "*quand la félicité humaine est arrivée à son apogée, déjà elle touche à sa fin.*" The best fate we can desire for it is, that it should decline into that intimate and cordial friendship which is so wrongfully stigmatized as Platonic; the saddest it can ever deserve is that it should be entirely forgotten. In our analysis of the nature and object of this admirable and elevating game, we have been careful to combat the current faith that the aim of it is or ever need be marriage. But our words would be to many of our readers more acceptable if we could add that its tendencies are all that way, and that in the majority of cases such is the final result. But this would be to encourage enterprise altogether illegitimate, and theories essentially demoralizing. Besides it would not even be true. Many people, both men and women, who have in their day flirted, and flirted well, are like certain books. We study them diligently, we read them until we know by heart every word and sentence in them, we underline a few passages, turn down one or two leaves; they have impressed themselves unmistakably on one portion of our lives, but we do not purchase them. From the circulating library they come, and to it they return. In a certain sense they have been and still are morally and in the abstract our own, but sometimes the reader parts from his book without any interest even in the marks made during perusal.

The Claverings.

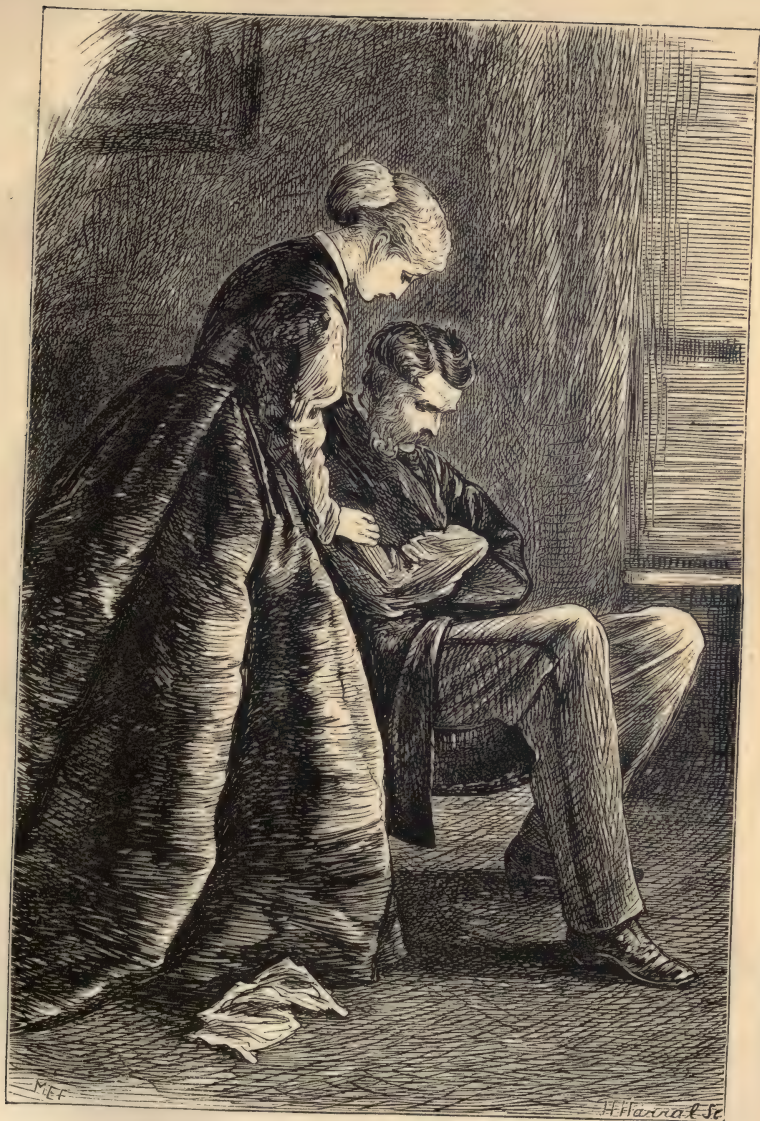
CHAPTER XIX.

THE BLUE POSTS.



II; so you 'ave come to see me. I am so glad." With these words Sophie Gordeloup welcomed Harry Clavering to her room in Mount Street early one morning not long after her interview with Captain Archie in Lady Ongar's presence. On the previous evening Harry had received a note from Lady Ongar, in which she upbraided him for having left unperformed her commission with reference to Count Pateroff. The letter had begun quite abruptly. "I think it unkind of you that you do not come to me. I asked you to see a certain person on my behalf, and you have not done so. Twice he has been here. Once I was in truth out. He came again the next evening at nine, and I was then ill, and had gone to bed. You

understand it all, and must know how this annoys me. I thought you would have done this for me, and I thought I should have seen you.—J." This note he found at his lodgings when he returned home at night, and on the following morning he went in his despair direct to Mount Street, on his way to the Adelphi. It was not yet ten o'clock when he was shown into Madame Gordeloup's presence, and as regarded her dress he did not find her to be quite prepared for morning visitors. But he might well be indifferent on that matter as the lady seemed to disregard the circumstances altogether. On her head she wore what he took to be a nightcap, though I will not absolutely undertake to



"THE LORD GIVETH AND THE LORD TAKETH AWAY."

say that she had slept in that very head-dress. There were frills to it, and a certain attempt at prettiness had been made; but then the attempt had been made so long ago, and the frills were so ignorant of starch and all frillish propensities, that it hardly could pretend to decency. A great white wrapper she also wore, which might not have been objectionable had it not been so long worn that it looked like a university college surplice at the end of the long vacation. Her slippers had all the ease which age could give them, and above the slippers, neatness, to say the least of it, did not predominate. But Sophie herself seemed to be quite at her ease in spite of these deficiencies, and received our hero with an eager pointed welcome, which I can hardly describe as affectionate, and which Harry did not at all understand.

"I have to apologize for troubling you," he began.

"Trouble, what trouble? Bah! You give me no trouble. It is you have the trouble to come here. You come early and I have not got my crinoline. If you are contented, so am I." Then she smiled, and sat herself down suddenly, letting herself almost fall into her special corner in the sofa. "Take a chair, Mr. Harry; then we can talk more comfortable."

"I want especially to see your brother. Can you give me his address?"

"What? Edouard—certainly; Travellers' Club."

"But he is never there."

"He sends every day for his letters. You want to see him. Why?"

Harry was at once confounded, having no answer. "A little private business," he said.

"Ah; a little private business. You do not owe him a little money, I am afraid, or you would not want to see him. Ha, ha! You write to him, and he will see you. There;—there is paper and pen and ink. He shall get your letter this day."

Harry, nothing suspicious, did as he was bid, and wrote a note in which he simply told the count that he was specially desirous of seeing him.

"I will go to you anywhere," said Harry, "if you will name a place."

We, knowing Madame Gordeloup's habits, may feel little doubt but that she thought it her duty to become acquainted with the contents of the note before she sent it out of her house, but we may also know that she learned very little from it.

"It shall go, almost immediately," said Sophie, when the envelope was closed.

Then Harry got up to depart, having done his work. "What, you are going in that way at once? You are in a hurry?"

"Well, yes; I am in a hurry, rather, Madame Gordeloup. I have

got to be at my office, and I only just came up here to find out your brother's address." Then he rose and went, leaving the note behind him.

Then Madame Gordeloup, speaking to herself in French, called Harry Clavering a lout, a fool, an awkward overgrown boy, and a pig. She declared him to be a pig nine times over, then shook herself in violent disgust, and after that betook herself to the letter.

The letter was at any rate duly sent to the count, for before Harry had left Mr. Beilby's chambers on that day, Pateroff came to him there. Harry sat in the same room with other men, and therefore went out to see his acquaintance in a little antechamber that was used for such purposes. As he walked from one room to the other, he was conscious of the delicacy and difficulty of the task before him, and the colour was high in his face as he opened the door. But when he had done so, he saw that the count was not alone. A gentleman was with him, whom he did not introduce to Harry, and before whom Harry could not say that which he had to communicate.

"Pardon me," said the count, "but we are in railroad hurry. Nobody ever was in such a haste as I and my friend. You are not engaged to-morrow? No, I see. You dine with me and my friend at the Blue Posts. You know the Blue Posts?"

Harry said he did not know the Blue Posts.

"Then you shall know the Blue Posts. I will be your instructor. You drink claret. Come and see. You eat beefsteaks. Come and try. You love one glass of port wine with your cheese. No. But you shall love it when you have dined with me at the Blue Posts. We will dine altogether after the English way;—which is the best way in the world when it is quite good. It is quite good at the Blue Posts;—quite good! Seven o'clock. You are fined when a minute late; an extra glass of port wine a minute. Now I must go. Ah; yes. I am ruined already."

Then Count Pateroff, holding his watch in his hand, bolted out of the room before Harry could say a word to him.

He had nothing for it but to go to the dinner, and to the dinner he went. On that same evening, the evening of the day on which he had seen Sophie and her brother, he wrote to Lady Ongar, using to her the same manner of writing that she had used to him, and telling her that he had done his best, that he had now seen him whom he had been desired to see, but that he had not been able to speak to him. He was, however, to dine with him on the following day,—and would call in Bolton Street as soon as possible after that interview.

Exactly at seven o'clock, Harry, having the fear of the threatened fine before his eyes, was at the Blue Posts; and there, standing in the middle of the room, he saw Count Pateroff. With Count Pateroff was the same gentleman whom Harry had seen at the Adelphi, and whom the

count now introduced as Colonel Schmoff; and also a little Englishman with a knowing eye and a bull-dog neck, and whiskers cut very short and trim,—a horsey little man, whom the count also introduced. "Captain Boodle; says he knows a cousin of yours, Mr. Clavering."

Then Colonel Schmoff bowed, never yet having spoken a word in Harry's hearing, and our old friend Doodles with glib volubility told Harry how intimate he was with Archie, and how he knew Sir Hugh, and how he had met Lady Clavering, and how "doosed" glad he was to meet Harry himself on this present occasion.

"And now, my boys, we'll set down," said the count. "There's just a little soup, printanier; yes, they can make soup here; then a cut of salmon; and after that the beefsteak. Nothing more. Schmoff, my boy, can you eat beefsteak?"

Schmoff neither smiled nor spoke, but simply bowed his head gravely, and sitting down, arranged with slow exactness his napkin over his waistcoat and lap.

"Captain Boodle, can you eat beefsteak," said the count; "Blue Posts' beefsteak?"

"Try me," said Doodles. "That's all. Try me."

"I will try you, and I will try Mr. Clavering. Schmoff would eat a horse if he had not a bullock, and a piece of a jackass if he had not a horse."

"I did eat a horse in Hamboro' once. We was besieged."

So much said Schmoff, very slowly, in a deep bass voice, speaking from the bottom of his chest, and frowning very heavily as he did so. The exertion was so great that he did not repeat it for a considerable time.

"Thank God we are not besieged now," said the count, as the soup was handed round to them. "Ah, Albert, my friend, that is good soup; very good soup. My compliments to the excellent Stubbs. Mr. Clavering, the excellent Stubbs is the cook. I am quite at home here and they do their best for me. You need not fear you will have any of Schmoff's horse."

This was all very pleasant, and Harry Clavering sat down to his dinner prepared to enjoy it; but there was a sense about him during the whole time that he was being taken in and cheated, and that the count would cheat him and actually escape away from him on that evening without his being able to speak a word to him. They were dining in a public room, at a large table which they had to themselves, while others were dining at small tables round them. Even if Schmoff and Boodle had not been there, he could hardly have discussed Lady Ongar's private affairs in such a room as that. The count had brought him there to dine in this way with a premeditated purpose of throwing him over, pretending to give him the meeting that had been asked for, but intending that it should pass by and be of no avail. Such was Harry's belief, and he

resolved that, though he might have to seize Pateroff by the tails of his coat, the count should not escape him without having been forced at any rate to hear what he had to say. In the meantime the dinner went on very pleasantly.

"Ah," said the count, "there is no fish like salmon early in the year; but not too early. And it should come alive from Grove, and be cooked by Stubbs."

"And eaten by me," said Boodle.

"Under my auspices," said the count, "and then all is well. Mr. Clavering, a little bit near the head? Not care about any particular part? That is wrong. Everybody should always learn what is the best to eat of everything, and get it if they can."

"By George, I should think so," said Doodles. "I know I do."

"Not to know the bit out of the neck of the salmon from any other bit, is not to know a false note from a true one. Not to distinguish a '51 wine from a '58, is to look at an arm or a leg on the canvas, and to care nothing whether it is in drawing, or out of drawing. Not to know Stubbs' beefsteak from other beefsteaks, is to say that every woman is the same thing to you. Only, Stubbs will let you have his beefsteak if you will pay him,—him or his master. With the beautiful woman it is not always so;—not always. Do I make myself understood?"

"Clear as mud," said Doodles. "I'm quite along with you there. Why should a man be ashamed of eating what's nice. Everybody does it."

"No, Captain Boodle; not everybody. Some cannot get it, and some do not know it when it comes in their way. They are to be pitied. I do pity them from the bottom of my heart. But there is one poor fellow I do pity more even than they."

There was something in the tone of the count's words,—a simple pathos, and almost a melody, which interested Harry Clavering. No one knew better than Count Pateroff how to use all the inflexions of his voice, and produce from the phrases he used the very highest interest which they were capable of producing. He now spoke of his pity in a way that might almost have made a sensitive man weep. "Who is it that you pity so much?" Harry asked.

"The man who cannot digest," said the count, in a low clear voice. Then he bent down his head over the morsel of food on his plate, as though he were desirous of hiding a tear. "The man who cannot digest!" As he repeated the words he raised his head again, and looked round at all their faces.

"Yes, yes;—mein Gott, yes," said Schmoft, and even he appeared as though he were almost moved from the deep quietude of his inward indifference.

"Ah; talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion!" said the

count. "I do not know whether you have ever thought of it, Captain Boodle? You are young, and perhaps not. Or you, Mr. Clavering? It is a subject worthy of your thoughts. To digest! Do you know what it means. It is to have the sun always shining, and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met with smiles, and to be greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds, to sleep with sweet dreams, to be touched ever by gentle, soft, cool hands. It is to be in paradise. Adam and Eve were in paradise. Why? Their digestion was good. Ah! then they took liberties, eat bad fruit,—things they could not digest. They what we call, ruined their constitutions, destroyed their gastric juices, and then they were expelled from paradise by an angel with a flaming sword. The angel with the flaming sword, which turned two ways, was indigestion! There came a great indigestion upon the earth because the cooks were bad, and they called it a deluge. Ah, I thank God there is to be no more deluges. All the evils come from this. Macbeth could not sleep. It was the supper, not the murder. His wife talked and walked. It was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion because he is always so cross; and your Carlyle must have the worst digestion in the world, because he never says any good of anything. Ah, to digest is to be happy! Believe me, my friends, there is no other way not to be turned out of paradise by a fiery two-handed turning sword."

"It is true," said Schmoﬀ; "yes, it is true."

"I believe you," said Doodles. "And how well the count describes it, don't he, Mr. Clavering. I never looked at it in that light; but, after all, digestion is everything. What is a horse worth, if he won't feed?"

"I never thought much about it," said Harry.

"That is very good," said the great preacher. "Not to think about it ever is the best thing in the world. You will be made to think about it if there be necessity. A friend of mine told me he did not know whether he had a digestion. My friend, I said, you are like the husbandmen; you do not know your own blessings. A bit more steak, Mr. Clavering; see, it has come up hot, just to prove that you have the blessing."

There was a pause in the conversation for a minute or two, during which Schmoﬀ and Doodles were very busy giving the required proof; and the count was leaning back in his chair, with a smile of conscious wisdom on his face, looking as though he were in deep consideration of the subject on which he had just spoken with so much eloquence. Harry did not interrupt the silence, as, foolishly, he was allowing his mind to carry itself away from the scene of enjoyment that was present, and trouble itself with the coming battle which he would be obliged to fight with the count. Schmoﬀ was the first to speak. "When I was eating a horse at Hamboro'——" he began.

"Schmoﬀ," said the count, "if we allow you to get behind the ramparts of that besieged city, we shall have to eat that horse for the rest of

the evening. Captain Boodle, if you will believe me, I eat that horse once for two hours. Ah, here is the port wine. Now, Mr. Clavering, this is the wine for cheese;—'34. No man should drink above two glasses of '34. If you want port after that, then have '20."

Schmoff had certainly been hardly treated. He had scarcely spoken a word during dinner, and should, I think, have been allowed to say something of the flavour of the horse. It did not, however, appear from his countenance that he had felt, or that he resented the interference; though he did not make any further attempt to enliven the conversation.

They did not sit long over their wine, and the count, in spite of what he had said about the claret, did not drink any. "Captain Boodle," he said, "you must respect my weakness as well as my strength. I know what I can do, and what I cannot. If I were a real hero, like you English,—which means, if I had an ostrich in my inside,—I would drink till twelve every night, and eat broiled bones till six every morning. But alas! the ostrich has not been given to me. As a common man I am pretty well, but I have no heroic capacities. We will have a little chasse, and then we will smoke.

Harry began to be very nervous. How was he to do it? It had become clearer and clearer to him through every ten minutes of the dinner, that the count did not intend to give him any moment for private conversation. He felt that he was cheated and ill-used, and was waxing angry. They were to go and smoke in a public room, and he knew, or thought he knew, what that meant. The count would sit there till he went, and had brought the Colonel Schmoff with him, so that he might be sure of some ally to remain by his side and ensure silence. And the count, doubtless, had calculated that when Captain Boodle went, as he soon would go, to his billiards, he, Harry Clavering, would feel himself compelled to go also. No! It should not result in that way. Harry resolved that he would not go. He had his mission to perform and he would perform it, even if he were compelled to do so in the presence of Colonel Schmoff.

Doodles soon went. He could not sit long with the simple gratification of a cigar, without gin-and-water or other comfort of that kind, even though the eloquence of Count Pateroff might be excited in his favour. He was a man, indeed, who did not love to sit still, even with the comfort of gin-and-water. An active little man was Captain Boodle, always doing something or anxious to do something in his own line of business. Small speculations in money, so concocted as to leave the risk against him smaller than the chance on his side, constituted Captain Boodle's trade; and in that trade he was indefatigable, ingenious, and, to a certain extent, successful. The worst of the trade was this; that though he worked at it above twelve hours a day, to the exclusion of all other interests in life, he could only make out of it an income which would have been considered

a beggarly failure at any other profession. When he netted a pound a day he considered himself to have done very well; but he could not do that every day in the week. To do it often required unremitting exertion. And then, in spite of all his care, misfortunes would come. "A cursed garron, of whom nobody had ever heard the name! If a man mayn't take a liberty with such a brute as that, when is he to take a liberty?" So had he expressed himself plaintively, endeavouring to excuse himself, when on some occasion a race had been won by some outside horse which Captain Boodle had omitted to make safe in his betting-book. He was regarded by his intimate friends as a very successful man; but I think myself that his life was a mistake. To live with one's hands ever daubed with chalk from a billiard-table, to be always spying into stables and rubbing against grooms, to put up with the narrow lodgings which needy men encounter at race meetings, to be day after day on the rails running after platers and steeplechasers, to be conscious on all occasions of the expediency of selling your beast when you are hunting, to be counting up little odds at all your spare moments;—these things do not, I think, make a satisfactory life for a young man. And for a man that is not young, they are the very devil! Better have no digestion when you are forty than find yourself living such a life as that! Captain Boodle would, I think, have been happier had he contrived to get himself employed as a tax-gatherer or an attorney's clerk.

On this occasion Doodles soon went, as had been expected, and Harry found himself smoking with the two foreigners. Pateroff was no longer eloquent, but sat with his cigar in his mouth as silent as Colonel Schmoff himself. It was evidently expected of Harry that he should go.

"Count," he said at last, "you got my note?" There were seven or eight persons sitting in the room besides the party of three to which Harry belonged.

"Your note, Mr. Clavering! which note? Oh, yes; I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you here to-day but for that."

"Can you give me five minutes in private?"

"What! now! here! this evening! after dinner? Another time I will talk with you by the hour together."

"I fear I must trouble you now. I need not remind you that I could not keep you yesterday morning; you were so much hurried."

"And now I am having my little moment of comfort! These special business conversations after dinner are so bad for the digestion!"

"If I could have caught you before dinner, Count Pateroff, I would have done so."

"If it must be, it must. Schmoff, will you wait for me ten minutes? I will not be more than ten minutes." And the count as he made this promise looked at his watch. "Waiter," he said, speaking in a sharp tone which Harry had not heard before, "show this gentleman and me

into a private room." Harry got up and led the way out, not forgetting to assure himself that he cared nothing for the sharpness of the count's voice.

"Now, Mr. Clavering, what is it?" said the count, looking full into Harry's eye.

"I will tell you in two words."

"In one if you can."

"I came with a message to you from Lady Ongar."

"Why are you a messenger from Lady Ongar?"

"I have known her long and she is connected with my family."

"Why does she not send her messages by Sir Hugh,—her brother-in-law?"

"It is hardly for you to ask that?"

"Yes; it is for me to ask that. I have known Lady Ongar well, and have treated her with kindness. I do not want to have messages by anybody. But go on. If you are a messenger, give your message."

"Lady Ongar bids me tell you that she cannot see you."

"But she must see me. She shall see me!"

"I am to explain to you that she declines to do so. Surely, Count Pateroff, you must understand——"

"Ah, bah; I understand everything;—in such matters as these, better, perhaps, than you, Mr. Clavering. You have given your message. Now, as you are a messenger, will you give mine?"

"That will depend altogether on its nature."

"Sir, I never send uncivil words to a woman, though sometimes I may be tempted to speak them to a man; when, for instance, a man interferes with me; do you understand? My message is this:—tell her ladyship, with my compliments, that it will be better for her to see me,—better for her, and for me. When that poor lord died,—and he had been, mind, my friend for many years before her ladyship had heard his name,—I was with him; and there were occurrences of which you know nothing and need know nothing. I did my best then to be courteous to Lady Ongar, which she returns by shutting her door in my face. I do not mind that. I am not angry with a woman. But tell her that when she has heard what I now say to her by you, she will, I do not doubt, think better of it; and therefore I shall do myself the honour of presenting myself at her door again. Good-night, Mr. Clavering; au revoir; we will have another of Stubbs' little dinners before long." As he spoke these last words the count's voice was again changed, and the old smile had returned to his face.

Harry shook hands with him and walked away homewards, not without a feeling that the count had got the better of him, even to the end. He had, however, learned how the land lay, and could explain to Lady Ongar that Count Pateroff now knew her wishes and was determined to disregard them.

CHAPTER XX.

DESOLATION.

IN the meantime there was grief down at the great house of Clavering; and grief, we must suppose also, at the house in Berkeley Square, as soon as the news from his country home had reached Sir Hugh Clavering. Little Hughy, his heir, was dead. Early one morning, Mrs. Clavering, at the rectory, received a message from Lady Clavering, begging that she would go up to the house, and, on arriving there, she found that the poor child was very ill. The doctor was then at Clavering, and had recommended that a message should be sent to the father in London, begging him to come down. This message had been already despatched when Mrs. Clavering arrived. The poor mother was in a state of terrible agony, but at that time there was yet hope. Mrs. Clavering then remained with Lady Clavering for two or three hours; but just before dinner on the same day another messenger came across to say that hope was past, and that the child had gone. Could Mrs. Clavering come over again, as Lady Clavering was in a sad way?

"You'll have your dinner first?" said the rector.

"No, I think not. I shall wish to make her take something, and I can do it better if I ask for tea for myself. I will go at once. Poor dear little boy."

"It was a blow I always feared," said the rector to his daughter as soon as his wife had left them. "Indeed, I knew that it was coming."

"And she was always fearing it," said Fanny. "But I do not think he did. He never seems to think that evil will come to him."

"He will feel this," said the rector.

"Feel it, papa! Of course he will feel it."

"I do not think he would,—not deeply, that is,—if there were four or five of them. He is a hard man;—the hardest man I ever knew. Who ever saw him playing with his own child, or with any other? Who ever heard him say a soft word to his wife? But he will be hit now, for this child was his heir. He will be hit hard now, and I pity him."

Mrs. Clavering went across the park alone, and soon found herself in the poor bereaved mother's room. She was sitting by herself, having driven the old housekeeper away from her; and there were no traces of tears then on her face, though she had wept plentifully when Mrs. Clavering had been with her in the morning. But there had come upon her suddenly a look of age, which nothing but such sorrow as this can produce. Mrs. Clavering was surprised to see that she had dressed herself carefully since the morning, as was her custom to do daily, even when alone; and that she was not in her bedroom, but in a small sitting-room which she generally used when Sir Hugh was not at the park.

"My poor Hermione," said Mrs. Clavering, coming up to her, and taking her by the hand.

"Yes, I am poor; poor enough. Why have they troubled you to come across again?"

"Did you not send for me? But it was quite right, whether you sent or no. Of course I should come when I heard it. It cannot be good for you to be all alone."

"I suppose he will be here to-night?"

"Yes, if he got your message before three o'clock."

"Oh, he will have received it, and I suppose he will come. You think he will come, eh?"

"Of course he will come."

"I do not know. He does not like coming to the country."

"He will be sure to come now, Hermione."

"And who will tell him? Some one must tell him before he comes to me. Should there not be some one to tell him? They have sent another message."

"Hannah shall be at hand to tell him." Hannah was the old house-keeper, who had been in the family when Sir Hugh was born. "Or, if you wish it, Henry shall come down and remain here. I am sure he will do so, if it will be a comfort."

"No; he would, perhaps, be rough to Mr. Clavering. He is so very hard. Hannah shall do it. Will you make her understand?" Mrs. Clavering promised that she would do this, wondering, as she did so, at the wretched, frigid immobility of the unfortunate woman before her. She knew Lady Clavering well;—knew her to be in many things weak, to be worldly, listless, and perhaps somewhat selfish; but she knew also that she had loved her child as mothers always love. Yet, at this moment, it seemed that she was thinking more of her husband than of the bairn she had lost. Mrs. Clavering had sat down by her and taken her hand, and was still so sitting in silence when Lady Clavering spoke again. "I suppose he will turn me out of his house now," she said.

"Who will do so? Hugh? Oh, Hermione, how can you speak in such a way?"

"He scolded me before because my poor darling was not strong. My darling! How could I help it? And he scolded me because there was none other but he. He will turn me out altogether now. Oh, Mrs. Clavering, you do not know how hard he is."

Anything was better than this, and therefore Mrs. Clavering asked the poor woman to take her into the room where the little body lay in its little cot. If she could induce the mother to weep for the child, even that would be better than this hard persistent fear as to what her husband would say and do. So they both went and stood together over the little fellow whose short sufferings had thus been brought to an end. "My poor dear, what can I say to comfort you?" Mrs. Clavering, as she

asked this, knew well that no comfort could be spoken in words; but—if she could only make the sufferer weep!

"Comfort!" said the mother. "There is no comfort now, I believe, in anything. It is long since I knew any comfort;—not since Julia went."

"Have you written to Julia?"

"No; I have written to no one. I cannot write. I feel as though if it were to bring him back again I could not write of it. My boy! my boy! my boy!" But still there was not a tear in her eye.

"I will write to Julia," said Mrs. Clavering; "and I will read to you my letter."

"No, do not read it me. What is the use? He has made her quarrel with me. Julia cares nothing now for me, or for my angel. Why should she care? When she came home we would not see her. Of course she will not care. Who is there that will care for me?"

"Do not I care for you, Hermione?"

"Yes, because you are here; because of the nearness of the houses. If you lived far away you would not care for me. It is just the custom of the thing." There was something so true in this that Mrs. Clavering could make no answer to it. Then they turned to go back into the sitting-room, and as they did so Lady Clavering lingered behind for a moment; but when she was again with Mrs. Clavering her cheek was still dry.

"He will be at the station at nine," said Lady Clavering. "They must send the brougham for him, or the dog-cart. He will be very angry if he is made to come home in the fly from the public-house." Then the elder lady left the room and gave orders that Sir Hugh should be met by his carriage. What must the wife think of her husband, when she feared that he would be angered by little matters at such a time as this! "Do you think it will make him very unhappy?" Lady Clavering asked.

"Of course it will make him unhappy. How should it be otherwise?"

"He had said so often that the child would die. He will have got used to the fear."

"His grief will be as fresh now as though he had never thought so, and never said so."

"He is so hard; and then he has such will, such power. He will thrust it off from him and determine that it shall not oppress him. I know him so well."

"We should all make some exertion like that in our sorrow, trusting to God's kindness to relieve us. You too, Hermione, should determine also; but not yet, my dear. At first it is better to let sorrow have its way."

"But he will determine at once. You remember when Meeny went." Meeny had been a little girl who had been born before the boy, and who had died when little more than twelve months old. "He did not expect

that ; but then he only shook his head, and went out of the room. He has never spoken to me one word of her since that. I think he has forgotten Meeny altogether,—even that she was ever here.”

“He cannot forget the boy who was his heir.”

“Ah, that is where it is. He will say words to me which would make you creep if you could hear them. Yes, my darling was his heir. Archie will marry now, and will have children, and his boy will be the heir. There will be more division and more quarrels, for Hugh will hate his brother now.”

“I do not understand why.”

“Because he is so hard. It is a pity he should ever have married, for he wants nothing that a wife can do for him. He wanted a boy to come after him in the estate, and now that glory has been taken from him. Mrs. Clavering, I often wish that I could die.”

It would be bootless here to repeat the words of wise and loving counsel with which the elder of the two ladies endeavoured to comfort the younger, and to make her understand what were the duties which still remained to her, and which, if they were rightly performed, would in their performance, soften the misery of her lot. Lady Clavering listened with that dull, useless attention which on such occasions sorrow always gives to the prudent counsels of friendship ; but she was thinking ever and always of her husband, and watching the moment of his expected return. In her heart she wished that he might not come on that evening. At last, at half-past nine, she exerted herself to send away her visitor.

“He will be here soon, if he comes to-night,” Lady Clavering said, “and it will be better that he should find me alone.”

“Will it be better ? ”

“Yes, yes. Cannot you see how he would frown and shake his head if you were here ? I would sooner be alone when he comes. Good-night. You have been very kind to me ; but you are always kind. Things are done kindly always at your house, because there is so much love there. You will write to Julia for me. Good-night.” Then Mrs. Clavering kissed her and went, thinking as she walked home in the dark to the rectory, how much she had to be thankful in that these words had been true which her poor neighbour had spoken. Her house was full of love.

For the next half hour Lady Clavering sat alone listening with eager ear for the sound of her husband’s wheels, and at last she had almost told herself that the hour for his coming had gone by, when she heard the rapid grating on the gravel as the dog-cart was driven up to the door. She ran out on to the corridor, but her heart sank within her as she did so, and she took tightly hold of the balustrade to support herself. For a moment she had thought of running down to meet him ;—of trusting to the sadness of the moment to produce in him, if it were but for a minute.

something of tender solicitude; but she remembered that the servants would be there, and knew that he would not be soft before them. She remembered also that the housekeeper had received her instructions, and she feared to disarrange the settled programme. So she went back to the open door of the room, that her retreating step might not be heard by him as he should come up to her, and standing there she still listened. The house was silent and her ears were acute with sorrow. She could hear the movement of the old woman as she gently, trembling, as Lady Clavering knew, made her way down the hall to meet her master. Sir Hugh of course had learned his child's fate already from the servant who had met him; but it was well that the ceremony of such telling should be performed. She felt the cold air come in from the opened front door, and she heard her husband's heavy quick step as he entered. Then she heard the murmur of Hannah's voice; but the first word she heard was in her husband's tones, "Where is Lady Clavering?" Then the answer was given, and the wife knowing that he was coming, retreated back to her chair.

But still he did not come quite at once. He was pulling off his coat and laying aside his hat and gloves. Then came upon her a feeling that at such a time any other husband and wife would have been at once in each other's arms. And at the moment she thought of all that they had lost. To her her child had been all and everything. To him he had been his heir and the prop of his house. The boy had been the only link that had still bound them together. Now he was gone, and there was no longer any link between them. He was gone and she had nothing left to her. He was gone, and the father was also alone in the world, without any heir and with no prop to his house. She thought of all this as she heard his step coming slowly up the stairs. Slowly he came along the passage, and though she dreaded his coming it almost seemed as though he would never be there.

When he had entered the room she was the first to speak. "Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed, "oh, Hugh!" He had closed the door before he uttered a word, and then he threw himself into a chair. There were candles near to him and she could see that his countenance also was altered. He had indeed been stricken hard, and his half-stunned face showed the violence of the blow. The harsh, cruel, selfish man had at last been made to suffer. Although he had spoken of it and had expected it, the death of his heir hit him hard, as the rector had said.

"When did he die?" asked the father.

"It was past four I think." Then there was again silence, and Lady Clavering went up to her husband and stood close by his shoulder. At last she ventured to put her hand upon him. With all her own misery heavy upon her, she was chiefly thinking at this moment how she might soothe him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and by degrees she moved it softly to his breast. Then he raised his own hand and with it

moved hers from his person. He did it gently ;—but what was the use of such nonsense as that ?

“The Lord giveth,” said the wife, “and the Lord taketh away.” Hearing this Sir Hugh made with his head a gesture of impatience. “Blessed be the name of the Lord,” continued Lady Clavering. Her voice was low and almost trembling, and she repeated the words as though they were a task which she had set herself.

“That’s all very well in its way,” said he, “but what’s the special use of it now. I hate twaddle. One must bear one’s misfortune as one best can. I don’t believe that kind of thing ever makes it lighter.”

“They say it does, Hugh.”

“Ah ! they say ! Have they ever tried ? If you have been living up to that kind of thing all your life, it may be very well ;—that is as well at one time as another. But it won’t give me back my boy.”

“No, Hugh ; he will never come back again ; but we may think that he’s in Heaven.”

“If that is enough for you, let it be so. But don’t talk to me of it. I don’t like it. It doesn’t suit me. I had only one, and he has gone. It is always the way.” He spoke of the child as having been his—not his and hers. She felt this, and understood the want of affection which it conveyed ; but she said nothing of it.

“Oh, Hugh ; what could we do ? It was not our fault.”

“Who is talking of any fault ? I have said nothing as to fault. He was always poor and sickly. The Claverings, generally, have been so strong. Look at myself, and Archie, and my sisters. Well, it cannot be helped. Thinking of it will not bring him back again. You had better tell some one to get me something to eat. I came away, of course, without any dinner.”

She herself had eaten nothing since the morning, but she neither spoke nor thought of that. She rang the bell, and going out into the passage gave the servant the order on the stairs.

“It is no good my staying here,” he said. “I will go and dress. It is the best not to think of such things,—much the best. People call that heartless, of course, but then people are fools. If I were to sit still, and think of it for a week together, what good could I do ?”

“But how not to think of it ? that is the thing.”

“Women are different, I suppose. I will dress and then go down to the breakfast-room. Tell Saunders to get me a bottle of champagne. You will be better also if you will take a glass of wine.”

It was the first word he had spoken which showed any care for her, and she was grateful for it. As he arose to go, she came close to him again, and put her hand very gently on his arm. “Hugh,” she said, “will you not see him ?”

“What good will that do ?”

“I think you would regret it if you were to let them take him away

without looking at him. He is so pretty as he lays in his little bed. I thought you would come with me to see him." He was more gentle with her than she had expected, and she led him away to the room which had been their own, and in which the child had died.

"Why here?" he said, almost angrily, as he entered.

"I have had him here with me since you went."

"He should not be here now," he said, shuddering. "I wish he had been moved before I came. I will not have this room any more; remember that." She led him up to the foot of the little cot, which stood close by the head of her own bed, and then she removed a handkerchief which lay upon the child's face.

"Oh, Hugh! oh, Hugh!" she said, and, throwing her arms round his neck, she wept violently upon his breast. For a few moments he did not disturb her, but stood looking at his boy's face. "Hugh, Hugh," she repeated, "will you not be kind to me? Do be kind to me. It is not my fault that we are childless."

Still he endured her for a few moments longer. He spoke no word to her, but he let her remain there, with her head upon his breast.

"Dear Hugh, I love you so truly!"

"This is nonsense," said he, "sheer nonsense." His voice was low and very hoarse. "Why do you talk of kindness now?"

"Because I am so wretched."

"What have I done to make you wretched?"

"I do not mean that; but if you will be gentle with me, it will comfort me. Do not leave me here all alone, now my darling has been taken from me."

Then he shook her from him, not violently, but with a persistent action.

"Do you mean that you want to go up to town?" he said.

"Oh, no; not that."

"Then what is it you want? Where would you live, if not here?"

"Anywhere you please, only that you should stay with me."

"All that is nonsense. I wonder that you should talk of such things now. Come away from this, and let me go to my room. All this is trash and nonsense, and I hate it." She put back with careful hands the piece of cambric which she had moved, and then, seating herself on a chair, wept violently, with her hands closed upon her face. "That comes of bringing me here," he said. "Get up, Hermione. I will not have you so foolish. Get up, I say. I will have the room closed till the men come."

"Oh, no!"

"Get up, I say, and come away." Then she rose, and followed him out of the chamber, and when he went to change his clothes she returned to the room in which he had found her. There she sat and wept, while he went down and dined and drank alone. But the old housekeeper

brought her up a morsel of food and a glass of wine, saying that her master desired that she would take it.

"I will not leave you, my lady, till you have done so," said Hannah. "To fast so long must be bad always."

Then she eat the food, and drank a drop of wine, and allowed the old woman to take her away to the bed that had been prepared for her. Of her husband she saw no more for four days. On the next morning a note was brought to her, in which Sir Hugh told her that he had returned to London. It was necessary, he said, that he should see his lawyer and his brother. He and Archie would return for the funeral. With reference to that he had already given orders.

During the next three days, and till her husband's return, Lady Clavering remained at the rectory, and in the comfort of Mrs. Clavering's presence she almost felt that it would be well for her if those days could be prolonged. But she knew the hour at which her husband would return, and she took care to be at home when he arrived. "You will come and see him?" she said to the rector, as she left the parsonage. "You will come at once;—in an hour or two?" Mr. Clavering remembered the circumstances of his last visit to the house, and the declaration he had then made that he would not return there. But all that could not now be considered.

"Yes," he said, "I will come across this evening. But you had better tell him, so that he need not be troubled to see me if he would rather be alone."

"Oh, he will see you. Of course he will see you. And you will not remember that he ever offended you?"

Mrs. Clavering had written both to Julia and to Harry, and the day of the funeral had been settled. Harry had already communicated his intention of coming down; and Lady Ongar had replied to Mrs. Clavering's letter, saying that she could not now offer to go to Clavering Park, but that if her sister would go elsewhere with her,—to some place, perhaps, on the sea-side,—she would be glad to accompany her; and she used many arguments in her letter to show that such an arrangement as this had better be made.

"You will be with my sister," she had said; "and she will understand why I do not write to her myself, and will not think that it comes from coldness." This had been written before Lady Ongar saw Harry Clavering.

Mr. Clavering, when he got to the great house, was immediately shown into the room in which the baronet and his younger brother were sitting. They had, some time since, finished dinner, but the decanters were still on the table before them. "Hugh," said the rector, walking up to his elder nephew, briskly, "I grieve for you. I grieve for you from the bottom of my heart."

"Yes," said Hugh, "it has been a heavy blow. Sit down, uncle.

There is a clean glass there; or Archie will fetch you one." Then Archie looked out a clean glass and passed the decanter; but of this the rector took no direct notice.

"It has been a blow, my poor boy,—a heavy blow," said the rector. "None heavier could have fallen. But our sorrows come from Heaven, as do our blessings, and must be accepted."

"We are all like grass," said Archie, "and must be cut down in our turns." Archie, in saying this, intended to put on his best behaviour. He was as sincere as he knew how to be.

"Come, Archie, none of that," said his brother. "It is my uncle's trade."

"Hugh," said the rector, "unless you can think of it so, you will find no comfort."

"And I expect none, so there is an end of that. Different people think of these things differently, you know, and it is of no more use for me to bother you than it is for you to bother me. My boy has gone, and I know that he will not come back to me. I shall never have another, and it is hard to bear. But, meaning no offence to you, I would sooner be left to bear it in my own way. If I were to talk about the grass as Archie did just now, it would be humbug, and I hate humbug. No offence to you. Take some wine, uncle."

But the rector could not drink wine in that presence, and therefore he escaped as soon as he could. He spoke one word of intended comfort to Lady Clavering, and then returned to the rectory.

CHAPTER XXI.

YES; WRONG;—CERTAINLY WRONG.

HARRY CLAVERING had heard the news of his little cousin's death before he went to Bolton Street to report the result of his negotiation with the count. His mother's letter with the news had come to him in the morning, and on the same evening he called on Lady Ongar. She also had then received Mrs. Clavering's letter, and knew what had occurred at the park. Harry found her alone, having asked the servant whether Madame Gordeloup was with his mistress. Had such been the case he would have gone away, and left his message untold.

As he entered the room his mind was naturally full of the tidings from Clavering. Count Pateroff and his message had lost some of their importance through this other event, and the emptiness of the childless house was the first subject of conversation between him and Lady Ongar. "I pity my sister greatly," said she. "I feel for her as deeply as I should have done had nothing occurred to separate us;—but I cannot feel for him."

"I do," said Harry.

"He is your cousin, and perhaps has been your friend?"

"No, not especially. He and I have never pulled well together; but still I pity him deeply."

"He is not my cousin, but I know him better than you do, Harry. He will not feel much himself, and his sorrow will be for his heir, not for his son. He is a man whose happiness does not depend on the life or death of any one. He likes some people, as he once liked me; but I do not think that he ever loved any human being. He will get over it, and he will simply wish that Hermy may die, that he may marry another wife. Harry, I know him so well!"

"Archie will marry now," said Harry.

"Yes; if he can get any one to have him. There are very few men who can't get wives, but I can fancy Archie Clavering to be one of them. He has not humility enough to ask the sort of girl who would be glad to take him. Now, with his improved prospects, he will want a royal princess or something not much short of it. Money, rank, and blood might have done before, but he'll expect youth, beauty, and wit now, as well as the other things. He may marry after all, for he is just the man to walk out of a church some day with the cookmaid under his arm as his wife."

"Perhaps he may find something between a princess and a cookmaid."

"I hope, for your sake, he may not;—neither a princess nor a cookmaid, nor anything between."

"He has my leave to marry to-morrow, Lady Ongar. If I had my wish, Hugh should have his house full of children."

"Of course that is the proper thing to say, Harry."

"I won't stand that from you, Lady Ongar. What I say, I mean; and no one knows that better than you."

"Won't you, Harry? From whom, then, if not from me? But come, I will do you justice, and believe you to be simple enough to wish anything of the kind. The sort of castle in the air which you build, is not one to be had by inheritance, but to be taken by storm. You must fight for it."

"Or work for it."

"Or win it in some way off your own bat; and no lord ever sat prouder in his castle than you sit in those that you build from day to day in your imagination. And you sally forth and do all manner of magnificent deeds. You help distressed damsels,—poor me, for instance; and you attack enormous dragons;—shall I say that Sophie Gordeloup is the latest dragon?—and you wish well to your enemies, such as Hugh and Archie; and you cut down enormous forests, which means your coming miracles as an engineer;—and then you fall gloriously in love. When is that last to be, Harry?"

"I suppose, according to all precedent, that must be done with the distressed damsel," he said,—fool that he was.

"No, Harry, no ; you shall take your young fresh generous heart to a better market than that ; not but that the distressed damsel will ever remember what might once have been."

He knew that he was playing on the edge of a precipice,—that he was fluttering as a moth round a candle. He knew that it behoved him now at once to tell her all his tale as to Stratton and Florence Burton ;—that if he could tell it now, the pang would be over and the danger gone. But he did not tell it. Instead of telling it he thought of Lady Ongar's beauty, of his own early love, of what might have been his had he not gone to Stratton. I think he thought, if not of her wealth, yet of the power and place which would have been his were it now open to him to ask her for her hand. When he had declared that he did not want his cousin's inheritance, he had spoken the simple truth. He was not covetous of another's money. Were Archie to marry as many wives as Henry, and have as many children as Priam, it would be no offence to him. His desires did not lie in that line. But in this other case, the woman before him who would so willingly have endowed him with all that she possessed, had been loved by him before he had ever seen Florence Burton. In all his love for Florence,—so he now told himself, but so told himself falsely,—he had ever remembered that Julia Brabazon had been his first love, the love whom he had loved with all his heart. But things had gone with him most unfortunately,—with a misfortune that had never been paralleled. It was thus he was thinking instead of remembering that now was the time in which his tale should be told.

Lady Ongar, however, soon carried him away from the actual brink of the precipice. "But how about the dragon," said she, "or rather about the dragon's brother, at whom you were bound to go and tilt on my behalf? Have you tilted, or are you a recreant knight?"

"I have tilted," said he, "but the he-dragon professes that he will not regard himself as killed. In other words he declares that he will see you."

"That he will see me?" said Lady Ongar, and as she spoke there came an angry spot on each cheek. "Does he send me that message as a threat?"

"He does not send it as a threat, but I think he partly means it so."

"He will find, Harry, that I will not see him ; and that should he force himself into my presence, I shall know how to punish such an outrage. If he sent me any message, let me know it."

"To tell the truth he was most unwilling to speak to me at all, though he was anxious to be civil to me. When I had inquired for him some time in vain, he came to me with another man, and asked me to dinner.

So I went, and as there were four of us, of course I could not speak to him then. He still had the other man, a foreigner—”

“Colonel Schmoff, perhaps?”

“Yes; Colonel Schmoff. He kept Colonel Schmoff by him, so as to guard him from being questioned.”

“That is so like him. Everything he does he does with some design,—with some little plan. Well, Harry, you might have ignored Colonel Schmoff for what I should have cared.”

“I got the count to come out into another room at last, and then he was very angry,—with me, you know,—and talked of what he would do to men who interfered with him.”

“You will not quarrel with him, Harry? Promise me that there shall be no nonsense of that sort,—no fighting.”

“Oh, no; we were friends again very soon. But he bade me tell you that there was something important for him to say and for you to hear, which was no concern of mine, and which required an interview.”

“I do not believe him, Harry.”

“And he said that he had once been very courteous to you—”

“Yes; once insolent,—and once courteous. I have forgiven the one for the other.”

“He then went on to say that you made him a poor return for his civility by shutting your door in his face, but that he did not doubt you would think better of it when you had heard his message. Therefore, he said, he should call again. That, Lady Ongar, was the whole of it.”

“Shall I tell you what his intention was, Harry?” Again her face became red as she asked this question; but the colour which now came to her cheeks was rather that of shame than of anger.

“What was his intention?”

“To make you believe that I am in his power; to make you think that he has been my lover; to lower me in your eyes, so that you might believe all that others have believed,—all that Hugh Clavering has pretended to believe. That has been his object, Harry, and perhaps you will tell me what success he has had.”

“Lady Ongar!”

“You know the old story, that the drop which is ever dropping will wear the stone. And after all why should your faith in me be as hard even as a stone?”

“Do you believe that what he said had any such effect?”

“It is very hard to look into another person’s heart; and the dearer and nearer that heart is to your own, the greater, I think, is the difficulty. I know that man’s heart,—what he calls his heart; but I don’t know yours.”

For a moment or two Clavering made no answer, and then, when he did speak, he went back from himself to the count.

"If what you surmise of him be true, he must be a very devil. He cannot be a man—"

"Man or devil, what matters which he be? Which is the worst, Harry, and what is the difference? The Fausts of this day want no Mephistopheles to teach them guile or to harden their hearts."

"I do not believe that there are such men. There may be one."

"One, Harry! What was Lord Ongar? What is your cousin Hugh? What is this Count Pateroff? Are they not all of the same nature; hard as stone, desirous simply of indulging their own appetites, utterly without one generous feeling, incapable even of the idea of caring for any one? Is it not so? In truth this count is the best of the three I have named. With him a woman would stand a better chance than with either of the others."

"Nevertheless, if that was his motive, he is a devil."

"He shall be a devil if you say so. He shall be anything you please, so long as he has not made you think evil of me."

"No; he has not done that."

"Then I don't care what he has done, or what he may do. You would not have me see him, would you?" This she asked with a sudden energy, throwing herself forward from her seat with her elbows on the table, and resting her face on her hands, as she had already done more than once when he had been there; so that the attitude, which became her well, was now customary in his eyes.

"You will hardly be guided by my opinion in such a matter."

"By whose, then, will I be guided? Nay, Harry, since you put me to a promise, I will make the promise. I will be guided by your opinion. If you bid me see him, I will do it,—though, I own, it would be distressing to me."

"Why should you see him, if you do not wish it?"

"I know no reason. In truth there is no reason. What he says about Lord Ongar is simply some part of his scheme. You see what his scheme is, Harry?"

"What is his scheme?"

"Simply this—that I should be frightened into becoming his wife. My darling bosom friend Sophie, who, as I take it, has not quite managed to come to satisfactory terms with her brother,—and I have no doubt her price for assistance has been high,—has informed me more than once that her brother desires to do me so much honour. The count, perhaps, thinks that he can manage such a bagatelle without any aid from his sister; and my dearest Sophie seems to feel that she can do better with me herself in my widowed state, than if I were to take another husband. They are so kind and so affectionate; are they not?"

At this moment tea was brought in, and Clavering sat for a time silent with his cup in his hand. She, the meanwhile, had resumed the old

position with her face upon her hands, which she had abandoned when the servant entered the room, and was now sitting looking at him as he sipped his tea with his eyes averted from her. "I cannot understand," at last he said, "why you should persist in your intimacy with such a woman."

"You have not thought about it, Harry, or you would understand it. It is, I think, very easily understood."

"You know her to be treacherous, false, vulgar, covetous, unprincipled. You cannot like her. You say she is a dragon."

"A dragon to you, I said."

"You cannot pretend that she is a lady, and yet you put up with her society."

"Exactly. And now tell me what you would have me do."

"I would have you part from her."

"But how? It is so easy to say, part. Am I to bar my door against her when she has given me no offence? Am I to forget that she did me great service, when I sorely needed such services? Can I tell her to her face that she is all these things that you say of her, and that therefore I will for the future dispense with her company? Or do you believe that people in this world associate only with those they love and esteem?"

"I would not have one for my intimate friend whom I did not love and esteem."

"But, Harry, suppose that no one loved and esteemed you; that you had no home down at Clavering with a father that admires you and a mother that worships you; no sisters that think you to be almost perfect, no comrades with whom you can work with mutual regard and emulation, no self-confidence, no high hopes of your own, no power of choosing companions whom you can esteem and love;—suppose with you it was Sophie Gordeloup or none,—how would it be with you then?"

His heart must have been made of stone if this had not melted it. He got up and coming round to her stood over her. "Julia," he said, "it is not so with you."

"But it is so with Julia," she said. "That is the truth. How am I better than her, and why should I not associate with her?"

"Better than her! As women you are poles asunder."

"But as dragons," she said, smiling, "we come together."

"Do you mean that you have no one to love you?"

"Yes, Harry; that is just what I do mean. I have none to love me. In playing my cards I have won my stakes in money and rank, but have lost the amount ten times told in affection, friendship, and that general unpronounced esteem which creates the fellowship of men and women in the world. I have a carriage and horses, and am driven about with grand servants; and people, as they see me, whisper and say that is

Lady Ongar, whom nobody knows. I can see it in their eyes till I fancy that I can hear their words."

"But it is all false."

"What is false? It is not false that I have deserved this. I have done that which has made me a fitting companion for such a one as Sophie Gordeloup, though I have not done that which perhaps these people think."

He paused again before he spoke, still standing near her on the rug. "Lady Ongar——" he said.

"Nay, Harry; not Lady Ongar when we are together thus. Let me feel that I have one friend who can dare to call me by my name,—from whose mouth I shall be pleased to hear my name. You need not fear that I shall think that it means too much. I will not take it as meaning what it used to mean."

He did not know how to go on with his speech, or in truth what to say to her. Florence Burton was still present to his mind, and from minute to minute he told himself that he would not become a villain. But now it had come to that with him, that he would have given all that he had in the world that he had never gone to Stratton. He sat down by her in silence, looking away from her at the fire, swearing to himself that he would not become a villain, and yet wishing, almost wishing, that he had the courage to throw his honour overboard. At last, half turning round towards her he took her hand, or rather took her first by the wrist till he could possess himself of her hand. As he did so he touched her hair and her cheek, and she let her hand drop till it rested in his. "Julia," he said, "what can I do to comfort you?" She did not answer him, but looked away from him as she sat, across the table into vacancy. "Julia," he said again, "is there anything that will comfort you?" But still she did not answer him.

He understood it all as well as the reader will understand it. He knew how it was with her, and was aware that he was at this instant false almost equally to her and to Florence. He knew that the question he had asked was one to which there could be made a true and satisfactory answer, but that his safety lay in the fact that that answer was all but impossible for her to give. Could she say, "Yes, you can comfort me. Tell me that you yet love me, and I will be comforted?" But he had not designed to bring her into such difficulty as this. He had not intended to be cruel. He had drifted into treachery unawares, and was torturing her, not because he was wicked, but because he was weak. He had held her hand now for some minute or two, but still she did not speak to him. Then he raised it and pressed it warmly to his lips.

"No, Harry," she said, jumping from her seat and drawing her hand rapidly from him; "no; it shall not be like that. Let it be Lady Ongar again if the sound of the other name brings back too closely the memory of other days. Let it be Lady Ongar again. I can understand that it

will be better." As she spoke she walked away from him across the room, and he followed her.

"Are you angry?" he asked her.

"No, Harry; not angry. How should I be angry with you who alone are left to me of my old friends? But, Harry, you must think for me, and spare me in my difficulty."

"Spare you, Julia?"

"Yes, Harry, spare me; you must be good to me and considerate, and make yourself like a brother to me. But people will know you are not a brother, and you must remember all that, for my sake. But you must not leave me or desert me. Anything that people might say would be better than that."

"Was I wrong to kiss your hand?"

"Yes, wrong, certainly wrong;—that is, not wrong, but unmindful."

"I did it," he said, "because I love you." And as he spoke the tears stood in both his eyes.

"Yes; you love me, and I you; but not with love that may show itself in that form. That was the old love, which I threw away, and which has been lost. That was at an end when I—jilted you. I am not angry; but you will remember that that love exists no longer? You will remember that, Harry?"

He sat himself down in a chair in a far part of the room, and two tears coursed their way down his cheeks. She stood over him and watched him as he wept. "I did not mean to make you sad," she said. "Come, we will be sad no longer. I understand it all. I know how it is with you. The old love is lost, but we will not the less be friends." Then he rose suddenly from his chair, and taking her in his arms, and holding her closely to his bosom, pressed his lips to hers.

He was so quick in this that she had not the power, even if she had the wish, to restrain him. But she struggled in his arms, and held her face aloof from him as she gently rebuked his passion. "No, Harry, no; not so," she said, "it must not be so."

"Yes, Julia, yes; it shall be so; ever so,—always so." And he was still holding her in his arms, when the door opened, and with stealthy, cat-like steps Sophie Gordeloup entered the room. Harry immediately retreated from his position, and Lady Ongar turned upon her friend, and glared upon her with angry eyes.

"Ah," said the little Franco-Pole, with an expression of infinite delight on her detestable visage, "ah, my dears, is it not well that I thus announce myself?"

"No," said Lady Ongar, "it is not well. It is anything but well."

"And why not well, Julie? Come, do not be foolish. Mr. Clavering is only a cousin, and a very handsome cousin, too. What does it signify before me?"

"It signifies nothing before you," said Lady Ongar.

"But before the servant, Julie——?"

"It would signify nothing before anybody."

"Come, come, Julie, dear; that is nonsense."

"Nonsense or no nonsense, I would wish to be private when I please. Will you tell me, Madame Gordeloup, what is your pleasure at the present moment?"

"My pleasure is to beg your pardon and to say you must forgive your poor friend. Your fine man-servant is out, and Bessy let me in. I told Bessy I would go up by myself, and that is all. If I have come too late I beg pardon."

"Not too late, certainly,—as I am still up."

"And I wanted to ask you about the pictures to-morrow? You said, perhaps you would go to-morrow,—perhaps not."

Clavering had found himself to be somewhat awkwardly situated while Madame Gordeloup was thus explaining the causes of her having come unannounced into the room; as soon, therefore, as he found it practicable, he took his leave. "Julia," he said, "as Madame Gordeloup is with you, I will now go."

"But you will let me see you soon?"

"Yes, very soon; that is, as soon as I return from Clavering. I leave town early to-morrow morning."

"Good-by, then," and she put out her hand to him frankly, smiling sweetly on him. As he felt the warm pressure of her hand he hardly knew whether to return it or to reject it. But he had gone too far now for retreat, and he held it firmly for a moment in his own. She smiled again upon him, oh! so passionately, and nodded her head at him. He had never, he thought, seen a woman look so lovely, or more light of heart. How different was her countenance now from that she had worn when she told him, earlier on that fatal evening, of all the sorrows that made her wretched! That nod of hers said so much. "We understand each other now,—do we not? Yes; although this spiteful woman has for the moment come between us, we understand each other. And is it not sweet? Ah! the troubles of which I told you;—you, you have cured them all." All that had been said plainly in her farewell salutation, and Harry had not dared to contradict it by any expression of his countenance.

"By, by, Mr. Clavering," said Sophie.

"Good evening, Madame Gordeloup," said Harry, turning upon her a look of bitter anger. Then he went, leaving the two women together, and walked home to Bloomsbury Square,—not with the heart of a joyous thriving lover.

Love's Light.

Last year she wandered through the wood,
 The Spring was on the breeze,
 And overhead, among the trees,
 The building cushats cooed and cooed ;
 And all around a hundred notes
 Poured fresh and sweet from warbling throats ;
 And she was gay with Earth's glad mood.

With girlish laughing glee she strayed
 Amid the primrose flowers,
 And from the hawthorn shook in showers
 The fragrant blossoms—wanton maid—
 And making havoc as she went,
 Her merry voice glad snatches sent
 Of song and carol through the glade.

Again the Spring was in the grove,
 Blithe carolled every bird,
 And overhead again were heard
 The plaintive cushats crooning love ;
 Again along the primrose glade,
 Beneath the thorns the maiden strayed,
 And felt the Spring her pulses move.

But not again she shook the sprays
 With playful fingers rude,
 To scatter in her careless mood
 Their blooms along the forest ways ;
 But violet, and primrose-fair,
 She gathered in a garland rare,
 And lily bells, and fragrant mays.

And she was glad, she knew not why—
 And yet her heart knew well
 That fairer smiled each bloomy dell,
 And brighter glowed the glowing sky ;
 The stilly beauty of the place
 Had passed into her musing face,
 And softened all her lustrous eye.

And through the woodland on she moved,
Until she reached the stile,
And resting there, saw many a mile
Of field and mead, where cattle roved ;
The homestead and the cottage small,
Her eye dwelt lovingly on all—
She loved them, for she was beloved.

Last year she was a wayward child,
A merry madcap thing,
And frolic as the birds that wing
Their random flights along the wild ;
But Love has come, and everywhere,
In blooming earth, in balmy air,
It seems as though an angel smiled.

And what is Love ? A sympathy,
An intuition rare,
A sense that need hath ne'er
Of words to thread the intricacy
Of thought and feeling's maze,
A foretaste of the eternal days,
When God shall lighten every eye.

C. U. D.

Sleep.

WE may fairly apply to the subject of Sleep the well-known theory of Auguste Comte, that each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge, passes successively through three different theoretical conditions: first, the theological; secondly, the metaphysical; and thirdly, the positive or scientific. It may be doubted, however, whether, in the minds of the many, sleep has even now come forth from the first of these, or at any rate from the second, which is but a modification of the first. The supernatural and the mysterious still envelope sleep and dreams, and men in general, as well as poets or metaphysicians, are far from that knowledge which Comte would have called positive.

In the old days, when there were gods on Olympus, nay, even at an earlier time, before the Titanic divinities fell from their high estate to "wander in vain about bewildered shores," Sleep, the son of Erebus and Nox, gave rest to mortals and gods. Sleep, the brother of Death (*consanguineus leti*), dwelt in his dark cave with Dreams around him, and Morpheus as his minister to guard him from noise. Sleep and Death together bore Sarpedon's body to the land of the Lycians: and at the very vestibule and gate of Orcus did the pious Æneas see the same twin brethren seated when he visited Pluto's realm. Sleep was as godlike an agency to the nations of old as death itself. The death of each day's life it still seems to us, and men tread softly and speak low in the presence of the dead as though they fear to wake them from their everlasting rest. "It is that death by which we may literally be said to die daily: a death which Adam died before his mortality: a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between death and life. In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without prayers, and an half-adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God." *

Passing from the theological, we come to a stage, where if sleep be not a divinity, it nevertheless is supernatural, beyond the physical, metaphysical. Something which metaphysicians and psychologists have much pondered and marvelled at—something which they have hoped would explain the union of mind and body, and the disunion thereof: from which great men even of to-day think we may learn the mind's independence of matter, its capacity of existence without matter, illustrated by all the wonderful phenomena of dreams. The long succession of images passing through the mind in a moment of time has seemed to prove our independence of time and space. "We are somewhat more than our-

* Sir T. BROWNE.

selves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams."* In this metaphysical stage of inquiry, dreams, not sleep, are the phenomena to be investigated. But who shall exhaust the subject of dreams, or who shall review the treatises written thereupon, and the speculations they have called forth? All have experience of them; all have marvellous stories to relate, and all have theories to correspond. But "man is but a patched fool" if he go about to expound his dreams, and so I do not intend to examine the metaphysics of them. Rather may this stage be left as a thing of a past epoch, like the theological. It may be regarded as a historical curiosity, like the metaphysical examination of the waking consciousness, which has a great charm for many, and seems to have a vast importance in their own eyes, but which in truth is of little profit to any one else.

But putting aside all metaphysics and the mysteries of dreamland and of soul and mind, let us approach the positive view of bodily sleep—that sleep, kindly and beneficent, "which covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak, that is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."† This is the sleep which we can really examine positively, as we see it in others, as we see others enjoy it or fade for want of it, as we see it in the infant who passes more than half its whole life asleep, as we see it in the stripling, the sound and dreamless sleep, the *dulcis et alta quies* of healthy vigour, or the sleep of old age, when the inactive brain is either refreshed by short slumbers, or, in its atrophy and second childhood, sleeps away its declining days. For excessive proneness to sleep is a sign of decay and waste of brain. It has been noticed in the wane of many a once great intellect. It was noticed only the other day in one of the giants of our own time, William Whewell.

Whereas the metaphysician speaks of the soul as quitting in dreams its earthly tenement, and wandering at its will, knowing no laws,—the physician looks on sleep as the rest, and the only rest, of the brain, of that portion of the brain wherein reside those functions which we call mind. All parts of our bodies rest at one time or other: they cannot always work, but for their rest they need not all sleep. They rest when not in active work, between their work, some more, some less; but the brain proper, that is, the higher mental part thereof, rests only in sleep. It may labour little, it may cease, as many have to cease, from extreme toil; but it only really rests and recruits itself for fresh work when sleep is present: and so in many illnesses, in the fierce raving of delirium, in maniacal frenzy, and the wandering of fever, we know that sleep must come, or death. The other parts of the bodily system, as of the nervous system, are at work during sleep, though with slackened pace. The

* SIR T. BROWNE.

† CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*.

heart beats slower, the breath comes more quietly and less frequently; but heart and lungs do their work, and are supplied with due nerve-power in sleep as well as in waking. The same with the great organs of alimentation, digestion, and so on. All that are concerned with the vegetative life of the organism discharge their functions during natural sleep. Even the muscular organs are more or less at work: we can sleep sitting in a chair or on horseback, nay even standing. The muscles may be relaxed, the head may sink upon the chest, or fall back against the chair, but the body does not fall as it would were muscular power totally abolished. Even movements may be executed in sleep from reflex action, or mere automatic instinct; but they are not guided by consciousness. In short, we see that, although the body and the bodily functions, muscular and visceral, partake, to a great extent, of the general respite from anything like hard work, yet they are not stopped, like the higher functions of the brain. The body does not sleep, the higher brain alone does.

What are the higher functions of the brain, and do they all and always lie idle in sleep? Here is matter for much curious speculation. The higher functions of the brain we call collectively "mind," and philosophers are now pretty well agreed to divide mind into three groups of phenomena. 1. Those of intellect or ideas. 2. Those of feeling. 3. Those of the will. These are all of them in abeyance in perfect dreamless sleep; but in the different states or stages between waking and this perfect sleep there is every gradation in the activity or inactivity of them. If it be asked which of the three groups is most completely extinguished by sleep, is least compatible with sleep, we may, I think, at once answer,—the will. As sleep steals over us, we can neither control our thoughts nor actions. As we fall asleep after dinner, the book or the paper slips from our hands, and we lose control of thought; we cannot fix our attention on the page, our ideas wander and get mixed up or confused, and we slide into oblivion, to dream or not—most likely the former. Here, then, volition has come to an end, feeling and sensation will be extinguished, or nearly so; but if dreams are going on, the third, or idea-faculty, will be still active and at work, the others being at rest. Sleep, the rest of the brain, is then imperfect: ideas, memories of old events, of people past and present, long since stored up in the brain-granary and in waking-time forgotten, now course along one after the other, jumbled in fantastic mêlée, "the fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train." But they do not always excite feeling: we are not always surprised or hurt or grieved or pleased. When they do, when they become more exciting, and we are terrified at the lion or the bull that seems about to seize us, feeling is strongly roused, and we wake. The same with external sensations of cold, heat, noise, or light. Slight sensations we may experience, and still sleep on, but strong feeling or sensation, and sleep, are incompatible. The idea faculty may be at work in sleep almost throughout; but feeling will be absent, except in a very slight degree, and volition will be quite annihilated; we have no control over our dreams. Volition seems to be that

perfect harmony of feeling and intellect, which is broken at once by sleep.

The dislocation of these two, whether by sleep or by any brain disease or disturbance, terminates true volition. But sleep, in which the idea-portion of the mind is at work, is not perfect sleep, or perfect rest of the brain. We wake unrefreshed, and say we have been dreaming all night, and if the dreams have been terrific, and great feeling has been excited, the sleep will have been all the less refreshing. Every-day experience clearly proves that the sounder the sleep and the less the mind is at work during it, the greater is the benefit derived. It is an old and vexed question whether we are always dreaming in sleep or not. It was asked by Aristotle, and is asked still, and great names may be ranked on either side of the controversy. Sir Benjamin Brodie and Sir Henry Holland say that dreams are always going on: Lord Brougham thinks the contrary, that we only dream just as we wake. It is a point not capable of demonstration; but we are often awakened out of deep sleep without having the slightest consciousness of dreaming, and if we closely observe a sleeper, we may often see to some extent whether he dreams or not. Dreams cannot exist in the sleep of a new-born child for the simple reason that ideas do not yet exist. They have not as yet been laid up in the babe's storehouse of experiences: its life is one of sensations and feelings, which when repeated and remembered grow into ideas, but time is required before this can happen. Upon the whole, it is most reasonable to suppose that in perfect sleep we do not dream, that our ideas are so reduced to inactivity, so disconnected one from another, that nothing like a dream goes on. And this only I conceive to be perfect rest of brain. In a state short of this perfect rest, ideas start into train and assume shape and sequence, and constitute a dream, and this may become frightful and evoke feeling, and we wake. Further than this I do not wish to discuss dreams: I only mention them to show that, in perfect sleep, dreams, that is, idea-operations, are absent, as well as feeling and volition. The mind, or, in other words, the highest brain function, ceases to act; nutrition and repair alone go forward in the brain. All animals and all parts of animals require their periodic rest. The heart rests between its beats, the lungs between the respirations, muscles cannot always be at work, the stomach cannot always be digesting. These are all nourished and revived when not at work, and so is the brain when it rests in sleep.

We may conclude from all this, that conscious feeling is incompatible with sleep. The course of ideas in a dream may be sometimes preserved in memory, and the feeling they excite, if very vivid, may by memory be kept and reproduced for a long period, but during the dream we cannot be said to have been conscious of our real and actual existence. And this brings us to consider what that is which either rouses us from sleep, or forbids sleep to fall upon us, which keeps the brain at work, and hinders its repose. It appears to be a certain strong excitation of that function of the nerve-centres, which we roughly call Feeling, whether it be the

feeling of emotional excitement, such as the passions or sentiments, or fear of impending disaster, or hopes of much-coveted and eagerly expected good-fortune, or the feeling of bodily pain, or even strong sensations of noise or light. All these may be grouped together under the name of feelings, and any one of them, if sufficiently potent, will prevent the access of sleep or banish it from the sleeper. Let us look at this at somewhat greater length.

Probably the most frequent cause which keeps awake those who enjoy neither the happy carelessness of childhood, nor the apathy of old age, with its torpid and blunted sensibilities, is mental worry, or anxiety of some kind or other. The professional man, whatever his calling, has constantly some important matter on hand, which may turn out well or ill, about which he cannot help thinking. The physician has some patient in danger, who by to-morrow will be better or worse; the lawyer has some *cause célèbre*; the artist is thinking whether his picture will be hung at the Academy, or rejected; the speculator is wondering whether the funds will rise or fall; each one's bread and his family's, his fame and fortune, are at stake; he is over-anxious, he cannot sleep. Another has been sitting up late at some brainwork, and though, perhaps, he has no great fears about it, yet he has been working long and hard, and he cannot forget it and shake it off, and it follows him after he has laid his head on his pillow, longing for sleep. Anticipated pleasure, no less than fear, may excite and rouse us and banish sleep. The eve of many a day of keen enjoyment to be marked with a white stone, the first of September, or the long-looked-for holidays, have brought but scanty slumbers to expecting youth. As men grow older, they take such things more quietly. The *giorni da festa* are rarer and less gay. They are kept awake more by anticipated pains than pleasures.

Not only mental but bodily causes also may prevent sleep. There may be discomfort of every conceivable kind, from actual violent pain to the *malaise* of dyspepsia after an indigestible meal, or an uncomfortable position, or an ill-made bed. Most of us have been kept awake by pain of some kind, a raging tooth or a gouty toe. And most of us know the uneasiness attending upon indigestion, which, though it may not amount to pain, does nevertheless, by that mysterious process which the old writers called "sympathy," react upon the nervous centres, and stimulates them sufficiently to banish sleep. And in the same way hunger, when there is nothing at all to be digested, will often keep us awake. Cold will prevent sleep; so also will undue heat. Here, too, is discomfort, and besides this, cold extremities bear a certain reference to the general circulation of the blood, which also is affected by excess of heat. Any stimulus of the external senses will prevent sleep, and anything to which the senses are not accustomed will stimulate them. We most of us need the silence and the darkness of the night to lull us, but fatigue and custom will overcome this habit, and many can in a short time sleep in daylight, or with incessant noise sounding in their ears. And the very withdrawal of this

accustomed noise will often act as a stimulus to these persons, and rouse them up.

What wakes us up when we are sleeping a healthy sleep? Very little will do it, when we have had a good long refreshing sleep, comparatively slight external stimuli—sound, light, or touch. We are said to wake of our own accord, which means generally that some little incident rouses us from our light morning sleep. It is in the morning, too, that we dream most, which goes to show that we dream in our light, and not in our profound sleep. But if we have only been asleep a short time, it takes a loud noise and a hard push to wake us. But we may be roused by other causes besides external ones: we may be disturbed by bodily pain or internal discomfort, or by an uneasy posture. Lastly, we are often waked by a vivid dream. The feeling of the nerve-centres is strongly stimulated by something or other, and the result is action, as it is after every excitation of feeling, action either mental or bodily. A certain amount of action may take place without waking: we change our position in sleep if it be uncomfortable, and then we probably sleep on. Nay, we may even be prompted to the action of the somnambulist, or somniloquist, without waking; but if the stimulation be strong, whether it be pain, or the fright of a dream, or an external sensation, it excites the centre beyond sleeping point, and we wake.

What is the explanation of all this? Why are we prevented from sleeping: why are we aroused? What is the physical condition which favours or repels sleep? This much we may conclude from what has been already said, that, as sleep is the rest of the highest part of the brain, it must be a condition of this part which favours or repels sleep. Healthy sleep presupposes a healthy state of brain, and we must carefully exclude from our notions of sleep all those phenomena which are the result not of healthy but of unhealthy processes going on in the brain, some of which, though apparently akin to sleep, nevertheless depend on an entirely opposite condition of things. Such states as coma, trance, catalepsy, insensibility from apoplexy or pressure, or alcohol or poisons, have only this in common with sleep, that there is unconsciousness: they differ altogether in the fact that from this unconsciousness the sufferer cannot be roused. From healthy sleep we can be roused easily.

Recent observations and researches seem to prove to demonstration that the sleep of man and animals depends on the state of the circulation of the blood in the brain proper. One theory, which I mention, but which is now nearly abandoned, is that it depends on the pressure of distended veins. The modern opinion, and I believe the true explanation, is, that it follows a diminution both in the quantity and rapidity of the circulating blood, and that if this reduced rate of circulation be increased by any cause, sleep departs. The writings and experiments of Mr. Durham, Dr. Jackson, and others have thrown great light on this subject, and tend strongly to remove all doubt as to this being the true interpretation. As

it is clearly of great practical importance that we should know what it is that we want to bring about when we are trying to procure sleep, it will be well to examine the theory briefly. The principal evidence as to the state of the human brain in sleep is derived from the observation of a woman at Montpellier, a case well known and often quoted. She had lost a portion of the skull-cap, and the brain and its membranes were exposed. "When she was in deep or sound sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless: when she was dreaming it became elevated, and when her dreams, which she related on waking, were vivid or interesting, the brain was protruded through the cranial aperture." This condition has also been experimentally brought about and observed in animals, and the same result has been seen, namely, that in sleep the surface of the brain and its membranes became pale, the veins ceased to be distended, and only a few small vessels containing arterial blood were discernible. When the animal was roused, a blush spread over the brain, which rose through the opening of the bone. The surface became bright red; innumerable vessels, unseen before, were now everywhere discernible, and the blood seemed to be coursing through them very rapidly. The veins, like the arteries, were full and distended, but their difference of colour rendered them clearly distinguishable. When the animal was fed and again allowed to sink into repose, the blood-vessels gradually resumed their former dimensions and appearance, and the surface of the brain became pale as before. The contrast between the appearances of the brain during its period of functional activity, and during its state of repose or sleep, was most remarkable.*

These observations entirely contradict the theory that sleep is due to pressure from distended veins, to venous congestion. And further experiments made by Mr. Durham proved that when pressure was made upon the veins, and distension of them produced, the symptoms which followed were not those of sleep, but of torpor, coma, or convulsions. And this view is completely corroborated by what we know of diseases which are accompanied by these symptoms. Common observation, too, confirms it; we must often have noticed when looking at a person asleep, that the face appeared paler than usual, and that a flush came over it on waking; and all are agreed that the general circulation is diminished, as also the respiration, during sleep. A person in tranquil and natural sleep often breathes so slowly and so gently, that we are obliged to listen attentively to discover that he breathes at all.

Can we go any further? Can we say why it is that the diminished supply of blood produces sleep and rest for the brain? We may have recourse to one of two theories, but here we cannot bring demonstrative proof so easily as we did before. First, we may propound a chemical theory, that oxidation of the brain-substance, being in proportion to the vascular activity, is diminished as the latter is reduced, and then sleep

* DURHAM on the "Physiology of Sleep."—*Guy's Hospital Reports*. 1860.

follows. This is true, no doubt, so far as it goes. That the blood in the brain changes from arterial to venous, parting with its oxygen, we know, but there still remains the question, why does the arterial action lessen so as to allow of sleep ensuing? The chemists say that the products of oxidation accumulate, and by their accumulation interfere with the continuance of the process, and act as a kind of regulator, just as a lighted taper is extinguished in a close jar by the products of its own combustion. But we constantly see that this is not the case, that although the brain action be violent in the extreme, and sleep be absent for days together, no products of oxidation put a stop to the process, but it goes on till ended by death. Chemistry fails, as it always does, to explain the whole of any vital process. In the more guarded, though less mathematical, language of physiology, we may say that everything which *stimulates* the brain to a certain amount of action prevents sleep, and that this stimulus must be removed before sleep can be obtained. The stimulus may arise within or without the bodily organism. External events influencing the mind, and causing cares and anxieties—hopes and fears; or affecting the body, as heat and cold—may quicken the circulation and drive away sleep. The stimulus, too, may arise from within. The disordered stomach may, by sympathy with heart and lungs, quicken the flow of blood to the brain, and either banish sleep or disturb it, and so bring to us all the horrors of nightmare. That mental emotion does quicken the brain circulation, is a fact known to all; whether it be slight or whether it be violent, transitory or permanent, it increases cerebral action. And this acceleration once established does not cease of a sudden. An instant conversion of fear or anxiety into the certainty of prosperity or success, may sometimes at once bring relief, and from sheer fatigue sleep may follow, but more frequently the effect of the mental tension is kept up for some considerable time. When we have been working for hours with toiling brain, we do not go to sleep the moment we lay our heads on the pillow—sleep comes to us slowly and coyly. The head feels hot, and we hear the rapid pulse beating in it as we lie, and only by degrees does the quickness of this abate.

Why brainwork raises the rate of the circulation, is a question of physiology, which, like many others, we can only answer by having recourse to general principles. Whenever any part of the body is actively employed, a larger supply of blood is sent to it: as motion warms our hands and feet, so the working brain demands and procures a larger supply of blood than the idle one. And the brain is stimulated beyond all doubt, not only according to the quantity of the blood sent to it, but also according to the nature and quality of it. It is reasonable to suppose that alteration in this must affect the brain-function, and observation and experiments prove that it does. From all this that has been said about the various circumstances which prevent sleep, it may be possible to deduce the methods of procuring it, at any rate, on some of the occasions when it appears as if it would never come. Many persons are habitually bad

sleepers, and all know what it is to lie awake and be unable to go to sleep, even when they are in ordinary health. We can promote sleep by removing everything which is likely to stimulate the brain and the brain circulation, and also by reducing the circulation by other means, and lessening the susceptibility and excitability of the brain as far as possible.

First, we must get rid, so far as we are able, of all sources of discomfort which are likely to harass and stimulate the brain. Mental anxiety and worry are perhaps the most frequent of these. But it will be said that we cannot remove anxiety. This is too frequently true; and then, if it banishes sleep night after night, and the sufferer is harassed and worried and gets no rest, serious results follow. If the anxiety or grief be irremovable, something ought to be done to counteract it, and to substitute other thoughts in the place of it. Change of locality, change of companions, will often break through the dominant and painful idea, and repose and quiet will soon follow. Possibly it may be not over-anxiety, but simply over-work that for nights together prevents us sleeping, and this is more easily dealt with. The late and excessive work must cease. If we have been toiling till midnight, and then with heads full of our subject, go to bed to lie down and take no rest, we must give it up, or take the consequences. It will not do to lie awake, day after day, till three or four o'clock in the morning. We cannot counteract this state of things; the brain is over-worked and over-stimulated, and the stimulus which keeps up the active functional circulation must be removed. Again if sleep be prevented by bodily discomfort, external or internal, this must be remedied so far as it can. The bed may be too hard or too soft, or too short; the pillow may be too high or too low. Heat and cold will much affect the circulation in the head. If the surface and extremities are cold, especially the feet, there will be a deficiency of blood in them, and consequently an excess in the internal parts, and in the head. In this way we are kept awake by cold as much as by the actual discomfort arising from it. Heat will directly accelerate the circulation. And although the fatigue caused by heat may in some degree counteract this, yet most people sleep less in the very hot nights of summer than they do in cooler weather. We are both prevented from going to sleep, and roused from sleep by this cause. Excess of heat and cold are to be avoided if we wish to sleep soundly. Bedrooms must be warmed in winter and cooled in summer; people must get over the old prejudice about opening bedroom windows, and must eschew feather-beds and mountains of blankets. Many an one, if he do this, will sleep better than he has done all his previous life.

Another thing which promotes sleep is the partaking of food. As indigestible food hinders sleep or rouses us from it, so a digestible meal favours it. All know what it is to feel sleepy after a hearty dinner, nay even a light lunch will often have the same effect if we sit or remain inactive after it. And this is not due to the strong liquids imbibed, for a dinner with water alone may have the same effect. There are different

theories as to the cause of our being rendered sleepy by food. One is, that the circulation is affected by the ingestion and digestion of it: that an extra supply of blood is directed to the stomach and digesting organs, and so diverted from the head. The circulation in the head is lessened, and sleep ensues. This idea is probably not incorrect, and partially explains the phenomena, but not entirely. It seems insufficient to account for the sleepiness produced by some kinds of food, and the wakefulness caused by others. One man, at ten o'clock at night, takes a glass of beer, another an equal quantity of green tea: the one goes to sleep, the other lies awake half the night. Therefore, we must needs suppose that the elements and material of the food taken into the blood alter the composition of it, and lessen or increase its stimulating properties. After a hearty meal, the blood which is necessary for keen, clear brain-action is loaded with new material just taken in from the newly-digested food, and is less fitted, on this account, to excite and keep up the functional activity of clear intellect. This theory agrees, I think, better with the facts than that of the diversion of the blood from the head to the stomach, by the digestion process. For we may often observe that sleepiness will follow the swallowing of a very trifling quantity of food or drink, as one glass of wine or beer. It is not to be supposed that the process of digesting this will divert much blood to the stomach. It must affect us, therefore, by the material entering the circulation. When a man lies dead drunk, no one doubts but that the brain is affected by the alcohol conveyed to it by the blood. It can be collected in the brain after death. And what happens in the case of a large quantity of spirit, happens probably in the case of a small quantity of food or drink. Again, if sleep is caused by the diversion of blood in and for the process of digestion, it is reasonable to suppose that the longer and more difficult the digestion, the more blood would be diverted, and the sounder the sleep. But, on the contrary, we know that the more indigestible the food, the more sleep is prevented, while quickly-digested materials, which are easily assimilated, promote slumber. A single small cup of tea can hardly be said to require digestion; yet this will banish sleep from many, and can only do so by affecting the nervous centres.

If there is undue excitability of the brain, and the ordinary stimuli of thought or noise are sufficient to keep off sleep, if the nervous susceptibility of the individual of itself keeps him awake, what can be done in addition to the means already mentioned? We must try and lessen this excitability, from which some occasionally suffer till it almost constitutes a disease. This may be done, and often is done, by non-medical methods. In fact, we know that each one has his proper and peculiar recipe for going to sleep. One man counts tens, hundreds, or thousands—counts till he can count no longer. Another repeats from memory Latin verses, it may be, or English poetry. One man fixes his attention strongly on one subject, and tries to exhaust himself upon this. Another does just the opposite, and tries to think of no one thing, but to jumble his ideas into a confused

chaos, as he finds them wandering when he is dropping off to sleep ; and this man probably succeeds the best. Now these plans for the most part are based upon the principle of diminishing the excitability of the brain by means of fatigue. We know that in health fatigue is one of the chief causes of sleep. Fatigue of body and fatigue of head, not calling up anxiety or emotional excitement, are excellent sleep-compellers, and fatigue, especially of body, if excessive, will so deaden the excitability of the brain, that stimuli, even of a powerful sort, will have no effect upon it. This is why men and boys have gone to sleep on a ship's deck in the midst of battle. Many will sleep in any position, even the most uncomfortable, amidst great noise, or even in great dangers, from sheer fatigue. And when excessive and morbid wakefulness is present, it is a very good and natural method of invoking sleep to subject the body to hard exercise ; and fatiguing the brain by counting, or the like, may have the same effect, though less surely. If by working our memory till we are tired, we can produce fatigue without calling up any anxious feelings or thoughts, volition at last ceases, and we sleep. But if sleep does not come, is there any other method ?

It may be that we lie awake because we are hungry. Hours may have passed since our last meal. Whether we feel hungry or not, it is at any rate a fact that something to eat will often bring sleep. The effect of food has been already mentioned. It is a reasonable plan, but one often neglected, probably from the difficulty of procuring something in the night. There is a popular fallacy abroad that we ought not to go to sleep on a full stomach, a fallacy adhered to in the face of the fact that every animal eats before sleep, that infants almost invariably require a full stomach to send them to sleep ; and so, fearing to go to bed with a full stomach, people go with an empty one, and do not sleep. Many would sleep much better with an early dinner and a good supper, than they do with their six-o'clock dinner, which allows them to get hungry again before they want to go to sleep. Many have found this out and guard against it, and if they wake in the night they tempt sleep again by eating or drinking something which has been placed in readiness by their bedside.

If all means fail, and the nights get worse and worse, and the sufferer more and more restless, he needs must have recourse to the physician and his pharmaceutical treasury, and he gets a sleeping potion, which in all probability will be some preparation of opium. Now every one has his views and theories about opium, amounting altogether to what De Quincey calls "the fiery vortex of hot-headed ignorance upon the name" of it. Let him who wants to read the poetry of this drug study the "Confessions." The prose thereof is written in the pages of many medical authors, yet no two are agreed upon the mode of its action, whether the beneficial or the poisonous. Most admit, however, that in small quantities it is a stimulant, in large a narcotic, a poison. Some say that the small or stimulating doses procure sleep, and are alone beneficial, yet this is contrary to the

foregoing remarks, which tend to show that stimulation of all sorts drives off sleep. That small doses of opium will keep many awake, is as certain as that green tea does. It quickens the pulse in these small quantities, and stimulates the circulation of the brain. A double dose will reduce the circulation and procure sleep. The opium conveyed by the blood to the nerve-centres, appears to lessen their force and energy, and to deaden the excitability both of the mental brain, and also of the nerve-structures which supply the bodily organs. When the dose goes beyond this, it becomes poisonous, and it not only lessens, but destroys the excitability, and we have coma, collapse, convulsions, and death. But this is not the place for an examination of this question, nor for an enumeration of all the other substances which the physician employs to "entice the dewy feathered sleep." The Socratic hemlock, the common hop, the lettuce, the henbane, are amongst the best known and most commonly used; but they can by no means rival the juice of the poppy. "Inwardly taken," says Burton,* "are simples, as poppy, nymphaea, violets, roses, lettuce, mandrake, henbane, nightshade or solanum, saffron, hempseed, nutmegs, willows, with their seeds, juice, decoctions, &c." With one other quotation from the same old author I will conclude:—"When Ptolemy, King of Egypt, had posed the seventy interpreters in order, and asked the nineteenth man what would make one sleep quietly in the night, he told him the best way was to have divine and celestial meditations, and to use honest actions in the daytime."

* *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

The Scot at Home.

MANY of our readers are doubtless acquainted with that pleasant book of Mr. Hill Burton's, *The Scot Abroad*, in which he gives so interesting an account of the *Scoti extra Scotiam agentes*,—the brave Scottish adventurers who for many generations sought their fortunes with pen and sword over all Europe. But whatever the well-informed Englishman knows of the Scot Abroad, it is seldom that he has any intimate acquaintance with that equally important character, the Scot at Home. It has indeed often struck us as curious that after a union lasting more than a century and a half, North and South Britain should know so little of each other. There is no doubt a great deal more travelling than there was between the two; but that is part of the general increase of travelling of all kind, and not one tourist in fifty, as we all know, sees anything but the public and outside life of the countries which he visits. What their distinctive institutions are; how their distinctive national character has been formed; what their inner domestic existence is like;—these are questions with which he does not trouble himself. Now, this state of things is all very well as between nations standing apart from each other; but when nations have joined once for all, and joined happily and prosperously, it is scarcely creditable. How many Englishmen, not ignorant either of Paris or Switzerland, know what a "U. P." is, or what the disruption of 1843 turned upon; how the functions of a sheriff-substitute differ from those of a procurator-fiscal; or what a rink means in the ancient winter game of curling? Yet every year the two peoples are more and more acting upon each other. Every year many Scotsmen emigrate southward; Scottish and English families become connected by marriage; and the old peculiarities of Scottish life wane away. The inevitable fusion ought to be an intelligent one on both sides. And perhaps a few jottings about the most characteristic differences between the countries, as seen by eyes trained in the south, but not unfriendly to the north, may help to stimulate curiosity a little on the subject.

First, then, for the historical aspect of the business.—What is a Scot?—a Scot is the *tertium aliquid* between an Englishman and an Irishman. In his perfection he unites Teutonic solidity with Celtic dash; prudence with passion; industry with religious zeal; the whole seasoned with antiquarian and natural poetry and romance. This, we say, is the ideal Scot—the Scot of Burns and Sir Walter; and no nation ever reaches its ideal except in a few brilliant specimens. Alcibiades, Frederick Barbarossa, Bayard, Sir Philip Sydney—these are the typical men of races, and we don't expect to meet them every day in the streets, though the qualities

combined in them exist diffused in various degrees through their respective countrymen. Just so, the typical Scot—a Crichton in early times, a Marshal Keith or Sir Walter in modern—is rare. But he is the result of forces working through all his nation towards the production of a definite individuality; and the Scottish individuality, we say, is best defined as an intermediate something between the English individuality and the Irish. It is a curious circumstance to be noted, here, that a Scotsman has to go for one-half of his proper reputation to his old allies of the Continent; and for the other half to his comparatively new fellow-subjects of England. The Frenchman sees little but his romantic—the Englishman little but his prosaic side. To a Frenchman, the Ecossais is rather a sentimental figure. He is the old soldier of fortune of the King's Guard; the *bon philosophe* of Joseph Scaliger; the man eager in argument and proud of blood, of Erasmus. The Frenchman thinks of the feudal men; the wandering scholars; the exiled Jacobites of the little kingdom. The Englishman has seen the soberer and uglier side of the country; its needy, toadying courtiers come to batten on the fatter south; its keen, shrewd traders, painfully conscious of a good education, and anxious to pinch, save, and lay by. The Frenchman's mind is full of Quentin Durward; the Englishman of the sarcasms of Cleveland, Swift, Churchill, Macklin, Johnson, and Hazlitt. But pure truth belongs neither to romance nor to satire. It is found only by long reading and careful observation; and both will satisfy the inquirer, we venture to say, that the true Scot, if rarely coming up to the Scot of romance, is still less to be sought in the Scot of satire. He is solid, sagacious, sometimes grasping, not always a pleasant kind of man; but honest, humane, intellectual, and with a vein of humour entirely peculiar, and of very exquisite flavour.

And further, we say, that being the *tertium aliquid* between an Englishman and an Irishman, the Scot is more English than Irish. This reflection brings us to notice the curious obscurity and error which long hung over Scottish history, and is not yet by any means dispelled. The war of independence, followed as it was by incessant struggles, so isolated the Scotch from the south, that they threw back their present impressions of separation into the past, and substituted for real history a series of half-true traditions. They forgot, in fact, their own history, and it was nobody's else business to put them right. They talked of themselves as a homogeneous nation of immemorial antiquity; and looked upon Edward's attack on their independence as a Dutchman does upon Louis the Fourteenth's invasion of Holland. The Stuarts they regarded as descendants of Banquo; Bruce and Wallace as Scots in the sense in which Harold was an Englishman, or Tell a Swiss; and their "auld enemies" of England as a race differing from them like German from Slavonian, or Frenchman from both. Indeed, notions of this kind are widely held in Scotland even now. Yet nothing can be more certain than that the governing part of Scotland—the Lowlands—the "southern or civil part of Scotland," to borrow the happy expression of an Elizabethan writer—

was essentially Teutonic long before Edward was thought of. The language is there to speak for itself, in excellent Saxon, with a Scandinavian admixture; while, to complete the likeness between North and South Britain, even in the thirteenth century, if England had a Norman aristocracy by conquest, Scotland had one by colonization. The Stuarts, or more properly Stewarts, came from Shropshire; bringing the ancestors of Wallace (*Le Waleys* was as much a Scotch as an English name), and of other "Scotch" gentlemen with them. The Bruces were Yorkshiremen of Norman descent; the Maxwells, either Saxon or Norse; the Lindsays, Hays, Setons, Montgomeries, Maules, &c., all Normans to a man. We need not hold with Sir Francis Palgrave, that Scotland was a mere part of the Saxon empire, and that Edward had a just claim to its *suzeraineté*, though this view has been virtually accepted by so patriotic and accomplished a Scot as Lord Lindsay. It is not necessary to our present purpose to enter on that inquiry. What is necessary to point out is, that the races were cognate through and through—the Highlanders being as different from the Lowlanders as Welsh from English; and this is the key at once to the Scottish character and the Scottish history. For, after all, the qualities even of the conventional Scot of English literature, his thrift, his mother-wit, his dry reserve, his determination to get on, are only ugly exaggerations of the known qualities of the English themselves. A Celt thinks them both cold and both slow, and the Scot only the colder and slower of the two. The fundamental resemblance between the nations is much more seen by comparing the northern than the southern Englishman with the Lowlander. Indeed, in some respects, a man of Cumberland is more like a man of Dumfriesshire, or a Northumbrian like a Berwickshire man, than either is like his fellow-countrymen of Sussex and Devonshire. When a Highlander was producing *Ossian*, a Lowlander was producing the *Wealth of Nations*, which the English mind accepted at once, and has since made the basis of its commercial policy. And if the union has proved so successful, it is not that the Scotch have been quite without grievances, such as agitators might have worked successfully if the Scottish mind had been disposed to listen. It is that the natural ethnological affinity of the populations has told under the influence of free intercourse just as it would probably have told, even had Edward succeeded in prematurely uniting the two kingdoms by the sword; in achieving that union by a rape, which Providence had decreed should be achieved by a marriage.

Separated, however, as Scotland was, chiefly owing to the genius of the great Norman, Robert Bruce, her institutions were essentially similar, though with some important differences of detail, to those of her more important and splendid neighbour. She had a parliament, which consisted only of one chamber; but which was composed of the same ranks; required the assent of the same three estates; and was convoked in the same manner as the parliament of England. The feudal law predominated there as here. The burghs early acquired representation, and the

monarchy was opposed in any attempt to acquire overwhelming power by the baronial elements which first successfully performed the same work in the south. The main points of difference were that the towns of the north rose far more slowly; and that the barons had more power, and the crown less, than in England. None but tenants *in capite* ever had any right of suffrage. Sub-infeudation lasted among the Scots, and the nobles made war on each other, and had jurisdiction over their vassals, long after these mediæval characteristics had vanished here. But the aristocratic system of Scotland, though feudal at bottom, received most important modifications from an infusion of the patriarchal element,—the contribution of the primæval race of the land. The domination of families was lightened, while strengthened, by their expansion into clans, which prevailed amongst the Teutonic as well as amongst the Celtic portions of the nation. The Scotts and Johnstones of the south formed clans as well as the Campbells and Camerons of the west; the Norman Lindsays no less than the Celtic Macphersons. They acted together, whether in home feuds or foreign war; their name formed a kind of common worship like that of the Lar among the Roman *gentes*; and one effect of this was to spread an aristocratic feeling through the whole nation, which did much to develope individual character. Pride of birth and love of argument—these are the two characteristic points which Erasmus singles out in the *Encomium Morie* as distinguishing the Scot. *Fier comme un Ecossois* was a French proverb at the same time. Such results naturally came from the organization of life which prevailed, and from the close connection of Scotland with the Continent,—ever more rigid than England in its aristocratic forms. For the long separation of Scotland from its natural and predestined ally,—an event, as we contend, much more *political* than anything else, and in some degree anomalous,—involved consequences graver and more durable than may appear at first sight. At bottom, the Scot and the Englishman were brothers,—but brothers destined to be educated in different schools. Their fundamental similarity made them pursue the same objects—political freedom; a reformation in religion; a modern as distinct from a mediæval system of education. But they pursued them in different ways, and achieved them in different forms. Scotland—shut out from the southern part of the common island—naturally formed herself by the help of continental Europe. Her reformation took its shape from Calvinism. Her courts of law were modelled on those of France, and the Roman law entered largely into her jurisprudence. Her universities resembled Louvain or Padua much more than they resembled Oxford and Cambridge. Her sons emigrated to the Loire or the Rhine, and not to the Thames or the Severn, and planted scores of families, whose descendants have, since the union, met their kinsmen on fields of battle. French words crept into her old Teutonic tongue, where they are still recognisable, like those half effaced *fleurs-de-lis* which the traveller sees on the old houses of the Knights of St. John at Rhodes. French cookery made important contributions to her *cuisine*, and French architecture raised

in Fife and Aberdeenshire turrets such as the same ages saw amidst the woods of Lorraine. To this day, the church of Scotland is more like that of Holland than of England. The law of Scotland is a special study pursued by a national bar. And the education of the Scotch is a system by itself radically different from that of the rest of the empire.

These diversities in matters so essential have been at the bottom of whatever is important in Scotch history during the last three hundred years. Scotch history, since then, has turned, in fact, on the difficulty of uniting a country organized after continental patterns with a country organized out of its ancient elements after a pattern of its own. The necessity of such union, visible even in the thirteenth century, became imperious after both nations had adopted the Reformation. But the Scotch adopted it in the Presbyterian form,—a cardinal fact in their history which has affected it ever since, and is one of the main causes of whatever is distinctive in the Scot of to-day. Presbyterianism, by its popular character, its boldness and inquisitiveness, and the power which it gave to the clergy, made a lasting impression of disgust on the mind of James the First, and thus drove the Stewarts into that Anglican High-churchism which was such an important feature of their policy. Opposed and resisted and interfered with, Presbyterianism gradually became for masses of the Scotch a symbol of their nationality itself, and determined the national action during the Civil War, in which the Scotch fought for Presbyterianism, while the English were fighting for liberty. The foolish and wicked persecutions after the Restoration further stamped it into the blood and bones of the people; and when the Revolution came, and Presbyterianism was finally established, its traditions were too stern, its recollections too agitating, for it to work easily embodied as a State church,—and that a church which, though theoretically self-governing, had relations towards the State nowhere accurately defined. An Englishman accustomed to hear convocation treated as a farce, and to receive the incumbent appointed to a vacant living as naturally as the officers of a regiment receive a colonel, can little enter into the State and Church and Patronage controversies, which vex Scotsmen to this day; can little realise to himself an ecclesiastical government of kirk-sessions, presbyteries, and synods,—all headed by a General Assembly, or ecclesiastical parliament, the meeting of which, and of its dissenting counterparts, is one of the great events of the Scottish year. During the last century, the moderate or Conservative party in the Church, guided by Principal Robertson, the historian, retained the ascendancy, and Patronage was steadily enforced in obedience to the law. But the excitement of the Evangelical revival and of the Reform Bill gave a prodigious stimulus to the old spirit of the democratic opposition. The State and Church controversy concentrated itself on the point of Patronage; and the opposition, impotent to change the Constitution, and unwilling to obey it, broke off, in 1843, from the Establishment, and set up the Free Church. There are now three Presbyterian churches in Scotland, sharing the country amongst them more

equally in all respects than the Church and Dissenters of England,—the Established Church, Free Church, and United Presbyterian (or “U.P.”) Church,—the last an amalgam of different bodies of the earlier seceders. These churches all profess the same Calvinistic creed, and enjoy the same Presbyterian government. Their doctrine and discipline are identical; and a stranger who wandered into any of their places of worship would be unable to distinguish one from another by anything he heard or saw. The Establishment has, on the whole, the largest share of those of the upper class who are not Episcopalians. But there is no such gulf between its *personnel* and that of the Dissenters, as there is in England. They come from the same middle or lower middle-class families; receive the same education; and, though the advantage is, on the whole, with the Establishment, in these, as in other respects, their attainments and social position are on much the same level.

These facts help to explain what is one of the most conspicuous features of the Scot at Home as distinct from the Scot Abroad,—we mean the absurdly undue prominence which ecclesiastical matters occupy in his life. Abroad, the Scot takes these things as easily as his neighbours. He may have been a Presbyterian in his native country if only from a kindly feeling of association with his progenitors. He knows that his grandfather was baptized in the parlour with an extemporary prayer, being held by his dad over the family punch-bowl. He knows that his great-grandfather was laid in the bleak Scottish churchyard with a silence as deep as that of the grave itself; with no rites except a prayer (also extemporary) in the dining-room,—and the consumption of six dozen of the best claret at the funeral feast, or “dredgie.” He knows, too, if he is a man of sense, that there was much more feeling and meaning in all this simplicity than a hasty thinker might fancy; and he pardons a somewhat rough style of praying and preaching for the sake of its influence on the humble part of the congregation. But once out of his own country, he finds his Presbyterianism sit lightly upon him. In London, for instance, Presbyterianism has no influence commensurate with that of the masses of Scotsmen here,—though there are excellent and distinguished Presbyterian clergymen in London, such as Dr. Hamilton, Professor Lorimer, and Mr. Roberts, the author of *Discussions on the Gospels*. In India, which swarms with Scotsmen, Presbyterianism is notoriously unprosperous. The Scot Abroad is tolerant and liberal. He can find beauty in a liturgy and devotional inspiration in an organ; and, above all, he learns how to take such questions quietly, and not to tease himself or his neighbours about Erastianism, Prelacy, Forms of Prayer, Patronage, the Aberdeen Act, the Sabbath question, and so forth. But in Scotland, partly owing to the fact that the big scale of her dissent has *over-parsoned* her, there is a vast deal too much ecclesiastical agitation of every kind. What was the position of Titus in Crete; whether the *episcopos* of the Gospel was superior in rank to the *presbyteros*, or was only a *presbyteros* doing a particular duty; did the ancient church stand to pray and sit to

sing; are organs forbidden, or only matters of choice possibly mischievous?—such questions as these are discussed habitually in Scottish newspapers for the delight of the Scot at Home. The organ question, for instance,—surely a very foolish one when we remember that the Presbyterian Church of Holland has some of the finest organs in Europe,—excites as much interest in Scotland as a Reform Bill or a European war. The evils of this undue wrangling are many. It exasperates differences already incurable between sect and sect, and within the bosoms of the sects themselves. It draws away energy which ought to be levelled at the real evils of the country,—the poverty and immorality of the rural labourers, the drunkenness and filth of the large towns. It hardens men's hearts, and vulgarizes their manners. It is especially fatal to the higher culture,—that of the clergy included. The Scottish minister is usually an excellent specimen of the Scottish middle-class—taking the term in its widest sense. He is a shrewd, thoroughly moral and respectable man, with a homely good nature, and sometimes a genuine touch of humour about him. In his solid comfortable manse you are always sure of his hospitality,—of admirable Scotch mutton and a glass of wine, or better still, an unimpeachable tumbler. And, of course, there are a few men standing high above their fellows, and capable of holding their own anywhere. But the cloth, as a whole, is sadly deficient in literary attainments. We are not speaking, now, of those “niceties of scholarship,” by declaiming about which some foolish persons try to evade this charge. We are speaking of a good wholesome knowledge of the Latin, Greek, English and French languages and literatures. The examinations of candidates for the ministry are conducted by the presbyteries,—not always without suspicion of improper partiality, and always with too much leniency. A probationer has been known to get through without being able to construe or parse a verse of the Greek Testament. No wonder that a clergy thus recruited should contribute nothing solid to theology or letters—nothing but small goody-goody story-telling and twaddling essays. Nor is it wonderful that the Scot at Home of the more cultivated sections of society should be apt to hold his national clergy somewhat cheap—a most undoubted fact, as every close observer knows. The Scotch clergy have many difficulties to contend with. The Reformed Church was shamefully endowed at the beginning of its career; and its stipends being regulated by the price of grain, are now fallen painfully low, relatively to the scale of living in modern society. The Scotch aristocracy,—inevitably Anglicized by the Union—have largely withdrawn from the Scotch churches—except the episcopal ones, which, however, they very imperfectly support otherwise. Indeed, the ecclesiastical position of the Scotch aristocracy is unique in Europe. They attend the Episcopal Church without supporting it, and support the Established Church (politically) without attending it. They have never been absentees in the strict Irish sense. But they have long passed a good deal of their lives away from home; and home perhaps attracts them, now, more by

its field sports than by its other charms. All this, we say, tells against the influence of the Scottish clergy. But they don't make the most of the advantages which they have. They ought to revise their examination system, and raise their intellectual standard; deal boldly and liberally with such minor questions as those of church music and "standing to sing," and reproduce in a fashion suited to the nineteenth century, the old cultivated, tolerant, and sensible Presbyterianism of Robertson, Blair, and Carlyle. At all events, this is the only chance for the Establishment. The more violent Presbyterians will always be drawn to the Free and United Presbyterian Churches,—the amalgamation of which, moreover, is only a question of time. The Aberdeen Act—a compromise of the Patronage difficulty, giving the flocks of the Establishment a right to offer objections to nominees,—will certainly have to be revised,—when *that* old source of trouble will be opened again. And if a church has neither the hearty assistance of an aristocracy, nor of a cultivated and wealthy middle-class; nor of the bulk of the common people,—what is to become of it? The cause of the Scottish Establishment—certain improvements secured—is the cause of enlightened, generous, and accomplished church life in that country. The narrow bigotry and low-bred fanaticism which so much disgusts strangers, are chiefly found amongst the Dissenters. As for Bishop Wordsworth's scheme of a union between the Established Churches of England and Scotland, it has been advocated by him with abundant ability, learning, and courtesy to opponents. The Episcopal Church of Scotland is fortunate in having such a prelate—nor, to do her justice, has she ever been without such. But the scheme seems to us, we confess, "a devout imagination." The Scot at Home, it must be repeated, is less pliable than the Scot Abroad. The spirit of the South works upon him whether he likes it or not, but he will hardly allow it to change the whole ecclesiastical structure in which he has lived so long. Besides, there is a jealousy of the Episcopal Church of Scotland prevailing in the Scottish Establishment, which will always tell against any proposition coming from within *her* fold. She is always drawing away one convert or another from the Presbyterian churches; and will probably do so still more now that she is coming into nearer connection with the Church of England. Some join her because they like a liturgy; some to get rid of Presbyterian squabbling and austerity; some because they think Episcopalianism a "genteel" form of Church government. One of the comic aspects of Scottish ecclesiastical life is the furious zeal of the humbler of these converts. The grandson of a "U.P." butcher is sometimes heard to talk of the "great Presbyterian *ménagerie*;" and similar language is often used by men whose families have risen out of the ranks of manual labourers solely through the help of the system of popular education established by the Presbyterian church. It is a curious sight to see the young Scot who has become a high-flying Episcopalian taunting his poor old Presbyterian father with the homeliness of the institution through whose portals he himself entered into the Christian world. But

it must be admitted that the young Scot is severely tried, and that long sermons, and vexatious visiting, and a vulgar kind of spiritual bullying, and a constant atmosphere of rigid narrowness and intolerance, are heavy strains on the human patience. Meanwhile, there is a strong south wind always blowing over the land—the wind of London freedom of speculation, daring of comment, playfulness of wit and fancy,—which slowly but steadily thaws the northern snow. The young Scotch Presbyterian minister is not what the man of the last generation was. There is a dash of jaunty Anglicanism about his waistcoat and tie, and he likes to be called “a parson.” An odour of Maurice and Kingsley may be smelt in his sermons—like the scent on his handkerchief; and his elaborate “extemporary” prayers are streaked with phrases from the English Prayer-book. He takes a walk on Sundays, and in moods of a sublimer daring smokes a cigar in public. What would he give—could one see his heart of hearts—to be an Oxford first-class man, and to hold a jolly living in some county, where he would be a magistrate, and have a good social position, and could even join the hounds without being instantly set down as having ridden straight off to the Old Gentleman! But *fata obstant*. He has to pass his life under the *surveillance* of a rigid congregation, all ready to go off to the Free or U.P. Churches, if he does not please them, if he does not “visit,” for instance, as steadily as his rivals of those sects. His sermons are gossipped over at tea-tables, and compared with those of all the preachers round about; for preaching is to the Scotch lower middle-class, what singing is to the peoples of Southern Europe—the one art of which everybody is supposed to be a judge. When the presentee to a living is opposed under the Aberdeen Act mentioned above, the most ignorant clowns are called to depose that they were not “edified” by the discourse; and as much rancour is displayed as at a contested election. The most fashionable preaching in Scotland just now is of the florid order. With all their hard-headedness, the Scotch love a luxuriant kind of eloquence, just as the Dutch love a prodigious show of flowers in their gardens. Hence, their admiration of the “finest” parts of Wilson’s writings, which to an Englishman are the most distasteful things he did. Hence, the too great rotundity of Alison; and the tedious verbosity of Aytoun’s *Norman Sinclair*. So, the old analytical and metaphysical kind of preaching has been superseded amongst them by a kind in which ornament—of anything but classical simplicity and elegance—is predominant.

If the ecclesiastical side of Scottish life be, as we are inclined to think, the most distinctively characteristic side of it in the eyes of a stranger, there is another national institution which rivals it in importance,—we mean the law. The Scot at Home has a law of his own, and a bar of his own, as well as a church or churches of his own. The bar is the highest profession in Scotland, not only by its historical traditions, but by the position of its leaders politically and otherwise; as well as from the fact that—excepting in the case of medicine, and that only partially—it is far the most profitable profession of all. The Lord Advocate is the organ by

whom the Scotch as a nation are represented in the common British Government ; and he is selected from the leading advocates of the party which is in power. The special Scotch legislation is conducted by him ; he is the leader of the Scotch Members ; and he is public prosecutor, in the discharge of which duty he is assisted by four deputy-advocates, and by the procurator-fiscals, a class of local public prosecutors who act as his representatives, and take the initiative in all cases of crimes committed. There being no Scottish Viceroy, or Scottish Secretary of State, it is obvious that an officer on whom all this devolves, holds a very important place ; and that much must depend on the condition of the profession from which he is selected. So little is known about these matters in the South that it will not be the least superfluous if we say that the superior court of law and equity (for there is no division of the branches) in Scotland,—the Court of Session—consists of two houses—the Outer and Inner, the latter of which consists of two chambers—the First and Second Divisions. Cases commence before one or other of the judges of the Outer House sitting as Lords Ordinary, and may be carried by appeal to the Inner House, the first division of which is presided over by the Lord President or Lord Justice General, and the second by the Lord Justice Clerk. The Court of Session (from which an appeal lies to the House of Lords) is the supreme Scottish Court. There are also Sheriffs' Courts all over the kingdom, with both civil and criminal jurisdictions, and which do all the duties performed in England by the county court judges, quarter sessions, and revising barristers. There are two orders of sheriffs—the sheriff-substitutes, who reside each in the locality to which he has been appointed, and the sheriff-deputes (or “sheriffs” simply), who hold courts at intervals, and to whom an appeal lies from the sheriff below him. The former judgeships are usually given to gentlemen who are content to sacrifice the chance of high success at the bar, and to settle down permanently on a comfortable competency. There is no promotion from them—except in such peculiar cases as that of one of them being held by the relation of a Lord Advocate ; nor is the sheriff-substitute allowed to practise. The superior sheriff may ; and his berth is a better one altogether. It is obvious from what we have said, that an action at law in Scotland may be a long affair. It may go from sheriff-substitute to sheriff ; from sheriff to Outer House ; and from Outer House to Inner House. The Scotch are getting tired of this prolixity, and it has often been proposed to abolish one set of the sheriffs as superfluous ; and even to cut down the number of judges of the Court of Session as too large. The bar is, of course, interested in keeping up a machinery which gives employment to so many advocates ; and the existence of which, indeed, is one reason why it is so largely recruited. That a special Scottish bar must continue to exist is a necessity arising from the differences between the laws of Scotland and England. These differences extend over both civil and criminal law, and affect every department of human affairs,—succession to property,

marriage, partnership, bankruptcy, wills, contracts, torts.* The two systems speak different languages, and employ different forms of procedure; and now that the two nations are socially much mixed up, it may often be a serious question to a man under which of them his affairs fall to be regulated. That at some future time they will be assimilated, admits of no doubt; and Scotch lawyers claim that already much English law reform is only an approximation to the more philosophical jurisprudence of the North. Be this as it may, the bar is, as it always was, the favourite profession of the Scot at Home. To be a minister is respectable, but nothing more. The office is hardly an object of *ambition* except to the peasantry. But the young Scot of the middle class dons the white neckcloth, which is the badge of an advocate, with a pride such as the naval cadet feels in his gold-laced and crowned cap, or the ensign in his glowing scarlet. The secret of this is the aristocratic character which belonged to the Faculty of Advocates in old days, and the tradition of which has survived its reality. The great Scottish text-books of law were all written by members of old landed families; by Erskine, and Stair, Bankton, who was a McDowall of Galloway, and Dirleton, who was a Haliburton of East Lothian and the borders. Lord Hailes was a Dalrymple; Lord Kames a Home; Lord Monboddo a Burnet; and if we seek for names of equal distinction, we must seek them among the Dundases, the Blairs, and the Hopes. The judges, however, of this old school were far from being only lawyers and gentlemen. They were scholars and men of letters, wits and humourists. Lord Hailes was an admirable historian, and a great antiquary. He and his contemporaries had nearly all received part of their education out of Scotland, just as Hume pursued his early studies in France, and Adam Smith at Oxford. They used to go to Leyden or Groningen to learn the civil law, and Lord Hailes had been to Eton to begin with. The society which they formed, therefore, in Edinburgh was not provincial,—it led an old cordial Scottish national life, flavoured and refined by foreign culture and polish. Sir Walter Scott saw in his youth the sunset of those fine old luminaries, and has recorded how a little glimpse of the country gentleman's attire could be seen under the judge's gown, indicating that he was a laird as well as a lawyer. Indeed, some forty or fifty years ago, it was thought a little audacious in a man not connected with a landed family to come to the Scottish bar at all. This feeling has long since vanished, and the constitution of the profession is altogether unlike what it was. A few of the ancient families still send sons there, but these gentlemen are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. The de-nationalization of Scotland began with her upper class. By slow degrees, they have abandoned her universities and schools, deserted her capital, turned a cold shoulder to her church; and there will soon be none of them, or none worth speaking of, at her

* Let us refer the reader who is curious on this subject to the excellent work of Mr. James Paterson, M.A., of the Middle Temple—*A Compendium of English and Scotch Law*. (Edinburgh: Black, 1865.)

bar. Doubtless this change was inevitable; the civilization of the South is a richer, more cultivated, and more generous civilization. But we must remember that its consequences are important, if only in justice to the state of Scotland at present. For generations, Scotland has been drained by emigration, permanent or temporary, not of her people of rank only, but of her most able and enterprising sons of all conditions. We cannot, then, expect, from what may be called without offence the rump of a nation, a large national life. A Cockburn or a Pollock cannot be in the courts of Westminster and those of Edinburgh at one and the same time; and if a Macaulay, a Mill, a Hood, a Gladstone, or a Ruskin, is born to a Scottish emigrant in England and educated there, the Scot must be content to hear him called an Englishman; and may, perhaps, remember with a sigh, that, after much the same fashion, his nation gave Molière to France, and Kant to Germany. His country must carry on her so-called national life the best way she can with the material at her disposal, and must make a great deal of her porridge out of her second-best oatmeal. Accordingly, we have heard a veteran Scotch judge, old enough to remember the last great generation of his countrymen, predict the fall of Scotland's independent judicature for want of a profession to carry it adequately on. He said openly that there was a decay in the intellectual quality of the men coming up; and his opinion might be abundantly corroborated by that of others equally entitled to give it. Only two of the existing Court of Session are recognized by the Scotch public as men of consummate legal capacity—the venerable Lord President, McNeill, and the Lord Justice Clerk, Inglis. We have heard of translations of Latin charters being supplied to the bench in a great forest case—a fact to make Monboddo tremble in his grave. As with the church, so with the bar, the tests of the higher education are not nearly rigid enough. The bar has the advantage, because some of them have been at the English Universities. But the typical young advocate of the newest school, whom one sees lounging round the fire in the Parliament House, or pacing under its noble old roof, wigged and gowned, arm-in-arm with another of the mighty tribe of the burghers, is apt to be a poorish kind of creature in these respects. He has never had the prolonged grounding of an English public school-boy; nor the intellectual opportunities, combined with a pleasant, liberal, gentleman-like sociability of an English university man. He has passed in Latin, that is to say, he can read some of the easier prose in a rough and tumble way; and he has pretty punctually selected German instead of Greek, and coached up enough of it to get through. But he has no basis on which to build anything solid in the way of attainment; his law is learned in an office, and as a matter of practice and routine only; and of all law not required for everyday use—all the learning of the law properly so called,—he is nearly destitute. His favourite literature is naturally composed of the popular novels, and poems, and reviews of the day; and he sometimes dabbles a little in magazing himself. In this case his avidity for London literary gossip

is painfully curious; and it is worth notice that this avidity is quite compatible with an intense and even bitter provincialism of feeling. To the young advocate of the class which we have in our eye, Edinburgh is the centre of the universe; and the Parliament House is the centre of Edinburgh. The last small joke by Lord Niggle, the wag of the bench; the last job in a sheriffship; an anecdote of little Dogley, who rode out to Linlithgow, and finding his nag restive, brought him home by train; an anecdote of Miss Renfrew, who declined point-blank to be introduced to a gentleman at a dinner-party, and so supplied the town with a topic for a week,—these are our friend's daily delights. He is always ready with an account of the last snub given by the bench to the loquacious Patter; the last trick of the astute Foxy, the "Artful Dodger" of the profession. He can mimic the solemnity of Mr. Berwickshire Bumpshus; or describe how Gutter, unable to weather the corner of his street the other night under stress of whisky, was persuaded that it had been blocked up by an iron railing all across. He is, indeed, intensely provincial in his gossip. His little world of ideas is bounded by Granton, the Parliament House, the Calton Hill, and Moray Place. He repeats Wilson's jokes against cockneys,—forgetting that there are Edinburgh cockneys as well as other breeds. But he has still a secret misgiving that there are greater worlds, and he longs, without acknowledging their greatness, to hear their news.

The Scottish bar has no system of Inns of Court like that prevailing in England. The Faculty of Advocates is a corporation headed by a dean; and possesses a noble library, especially rich in everything relating to Scotland, and the advantages of which are opened to laymen with great liberality. But there are no "dinners in hall," or special aggregations of chambers; and the barrister puts "advocate" on his house-door as general practitioners in medicine do in London. This want of a common collegiate or monastic life, such as English traditions favour, also extends to the life of the Scottish universities. The students dwell in scattered lodgings, and meet in the class-rooms of the professors; and in Edinburgh they do not even wear a cap and gown. Their position as a body in Edinburgh—the chief, though the youngest university of Scotland—is a very unsatisfactory one. They are never seen in the better society of the place, and their means do not admit of their being of any consideration even in the eyes of the shopkeepers. They have, indeed, the air rather of the lads of a third-rate commercial school in the South than of the students of a university; and so far from living in the luxury of Oxford, they do not approach the decent comfort and homely elegance of Leyden. Ale and whisky-drinking at taverns called "pumps," and which are divided into curious little compartments for boozing unknown elsewhere, constitute their chief amusement; and they are rarely heard of as a body in Edinburgh except when they get up a snow-balling match with the *gamins* of the city. The fact that the gentry are not educated in Scotland as they are in England, in company with the middle class, is an unfortunate

peculiarity of the Scottish system. It prevents that comparative fusion of social degrees which in England develops the men of one degree, while it polishes the men of another. Hence, though the Scotch peasantry are certainly in advance of the English, and though there is more intellectual activity among the Scotch than the English trading classes, no such superiority belongs to the Scotch professional class. The average Englishman of that rank is nearly always a better-bred man, and of more agreeable manners than the corresponding Scot; and even when he has no intrinsic superiority, he is pleasanter to consort with, as a sovereign is a nicer thing than a dusky one-pound note, though the note is also worth twenty shillings. On the whole, too, there is more of the finer culture among this section of the English; though not a larger proportion of it than their superior advantages ought to secure them. No people talk more about education than the Scotch, but it is astonishing how they have let their higher education go to the wall. Their chief grammar-school—the High School of Edinburgh—is in so painfully decadent a condition, that since Dr. Schmitz resigned, it has been gravely proposed to abolish the rectorship, and even to turn it into a mere commercial school! The question is being agitated while we write. But in any case, the school system and university system of Scotland do not fit into each other; instead of the university being the complement of the school, an ignoble rivalry prevails between them. A lad won't wait till he has reached the rector's class in a grammar-school, if a college professor is willing to teach him the elements; so the college gets degraded into a school, and the school withers for want of support. Then there is nothing in the way of endowments to encourage learning in Scotland, though the subject is perpetually agitated, and though the country is now rith. And it is impossible to live in Scotland without seeing that education is chiefly valued by the Scotch, not for its own sake, but as a means of getting on in the world. If you can become a popular preacher, or even a professor of divinity, without scholarship, why be a scholar? The great living Scotch Grecian, Mr. William Veitch, never received the smallest preferment of any kind, clerical or academic, from his countrymen, and owed his first real recognition to the delegates of the Clarendon Press at Oxford. Schoolmasters of every grade are badly paid and meanly treated through the length and breadth of Scotland; and as for the parochial teachers—those honest, humble men to whom the country owes its great educational glory, the instruction of *the people*—their history is one of the most shameful chapters in the history of literature. Their beggarly stipends were only raised a few years ago, after a long agitation between the Establishment, which desired to retain the control of them, and the Free Church, which was jealous of that last vestige of State Church superiority. While these people were disputing who was to ride the steed, the steed was starving. They are now a little better off; are examined, not by the presbytery, but by a board nominated by the universities, and are liable to trial for misconduct by the Home Secretary and the sheriff.

As a general rule, the social position of these poor fellows has been below that of the small farmers; they have been familiarly known by the nickname of "dominies;" and the greatest honour paid them has been the welcome presentation of a goose or a bun at Christmas from their scholars,—a compliment duly recorded in the local paper. *Apropos*, we may say here, that *all* Scotch papers are "local papers." There is no central press exercising the kind of influence which is exercised over England by the press of London. Glasgow, for instance, has journals of its own, in no way inferior to those of Edinburgh, and which are widely diffused throughout the whole west. The growing provincialism of Scotland is perhaps more marked in its newspapers than in any other department of its life. Cultivated journalists of the stamp of the writers in *The Times* or *Saturday Review* are almost wholly unknown. The English press, however, is steadily and surely spreading its influence over Scotland,—like the English language, the English ways of living, the English church-music, the English game of cricket,—nay, even (a much more questionable novelty) the English pronunciation of Latin!

From what we have said, the reader will gather that the gradual decomposition of Scottish nationality, the steady, continuous transmutation of that nationality into provincialism, is the one great movement which attracts the attention of observers of the Scot at Home. This fact can be illustrated not merely from the condition of the churches, the bar, and the universities of Scotland, but from her literature and social life. The genius of the Scotch for literature was proved very early. George Buchanan was the acknowledged chief of the Latin poets of Europe in the sixteenth century, and his name was pronounced with benediction from the Elbe to the Tagus. His treatise *De Jure Regni apud Scotos* was declared by so thorough an Englishman as Dryden to have deeply affected the politics of Milton; and it may be said without exaggeration to have been the fountain of all political free-thinking, and one of the earliest stones laid in the edifice of modern liberalism. But the Scottish literature proper of that early time was not much less remarkable. Bishop Douglas (a younger son of "the lion in his den" of *Marmion*) translated the whole *Æneid* before the Earl of Surrey had translated any of it; and there is evidence that the Earl of Surrey made some use of his version. Humour and poetry are still to be seen in the pages of Sir David Lindsay; and there is strong power of every kind in the *History of the Reformation* by Knox. After these men, little was done till Robertson appeared; but when he came, the eighteenth century accepted him at once as one of its best historians. Scottish literature had still a national character, both in style and subject, all that century through. Hume, for instance, was as much in sympathy with the French as with the English mind; looked out upon life, and thought from an independent national position; and had distinct Scottish tendencies in sympathy and character which Scottish men of letters easily recognize. The same thing is true, though it would require a more elaborate analysis to prove it, of Adam Smith; while the Scotticism

of Burns and Scott needs hardly to be mentioned. But since Scott's time all has changed. The very vehemence of Wilson's nationality was partly the result of Wilson's consciousness that the nationality was passing away; just as the Burns' centenary speeches of 1859 were rather the voices of a generation going out than of a generation coming in. Now-a-days, a Scottish poet forms himself on Keats and Tennyson much as he might do if he had been born at York or Newcastle. There are imitations of the old Scots songs and ballads written; but they are only imitations, and they no longer take a place in literature. Indeed, the Scotch themselves now draw a distinction between "a poet" and "a *pote*." Mr. Alexander Smith, for example, is a poet; but "*potes*" count by scores among the weavers and labourers of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire. The vast impulse of Burns set all the country off—as an earthquake sets the bells ringing; and there are little bells ringing from that mighty vibration yet. But little of the poetry thus produced is ever good of its kind; much less good enough to constitute a national poetry in a cultivated and fastidious age. The historical school to which Mr. Hill Burton and Mr. Joseph Robertson belong is at least national in its subject. But it addresses itself only to a part of the population; and the Scot at Home who writes to the reading public proper, writes insipid tales, respectable reviews, or twaddling essays, precisely similar in character to those of Englishmen of the same calibre.

What is true in literature of the Scot at Home, is true in life. No Scot of the cultivated class now talks Scots, though it was talked by such within the memory of men who are still alive. He never calls money "siller," or orders the landlord to bring the "lawing," or speaks of a fox as "a tod," or of gooseberries as "grosets." He may speak of eatables as "vivers" sometimes, and if his tumbler is discoloured, may say that it is "drumlie;" but trifles of this kind are the extent of his indulgences in this direction. So, too, throughout all social life. In Edinburgh, a regular Scotch dinner may be ordered at a tavern, with cockaleekie, sheep's head, and haggis in due order: and an admirable dinner the visitor will find it. But the regular Edinburgh dinner of private life differs in no respect from a dinner given in the same rank of society in London. In one detail, Edinburgh has the advantage; families produce *claret* there, who would not produce it in the South; and this is one of the most honourable traditions of the ancient kingdom. Indeed, the wine in Edinburgh is excellent; fish is good and cheap, the oysters are little inferior to those of Whitstable, and the strawberries are unrivalled. The expenses of living are now nearly assimilated in the two cities; but the Scotch middle class live more economically than their compeers in the South. What is true of the dining-room, is true of the drawing-room. You hear the same fashionable foreign music of the day which you hear in the metropolis—not the characteristic Scottish music of the soil. There are damsels to be met in Scotland, however, who sing the national songs charmingly; and a really good-looking Scottish damsel, with paley-gold hair, fair complexion,

and a figure inherited from a vigorous race, is one of the prettiest sights of a country, whose own beauty deserves to be adorned by living beauty. It must be admitted, however, that good looks are more freely scattered over England than over Scotland. Scotswomen of the lower class are too often harsh and osseous. But this cannot be wondered at by any one who sees the rough and dirty life of the Scotch villages—the gloomy whitewashed cottages—the children running barefoot in all weathers—the desolate treeless aspect of the whole place, with its ugly church and bleak churchyard. There is wild beauty enough and to spare in Scotland; and there are great moral qualities in the people. What is wanted now is a gentler sunnier civilization, to take off that rough edge of incivility under the mask of independence, which people used to it all their lives probably fail to remark, but which grates on the nerves of strangers from other lands. Two or three years ago, an English gentleman in Edinburgh happened to ask a policeman whether he could pass through a particular street, traffic in which had been interrupted by a fire. On receiving a very rough answer in the negative, he simply said, “Thank you,” and was moving off. “*Ye’re a ceevil mon,*” said the policeman, relaxing under the unwonted courtesy. “*Ye can gang that way if ye like.*” This hardness of the Scotch common people is not out of keeping with the peculiar humour of the nation, which still lingers among the mass, the latest depositories of all traditions. It is a humour that turns on character, and that is drawn from the elemental founts of the ludicrous feeling, rather than a brilliant superficial humour like that of the Irish. It has generally, too, a caustic intellectuality about it, and the laughter which it produces reminds one of Hobbes’s *dictum* that “the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmities of others.” An Irishman rather than not be funny will be funny at his own expense. A Scot’s fun is generally a ludicrous way of showing that he has *reason* on his side at somebody’s else expense. Their odd, dry sarcastic pleasantry, however, though exquisitely racy to those who can appreciate it, and always based on something worth examining below the surface, is not accompanied with much quickness of perception or nicety of touch. Sydney Smith’s remark about the “surgical operation” necessary to get a joke into a Scotsman’s head was only a joke itself. But it was so far true that the Scotch have no ready appreciation of the lighter kinds of epigram and irony. They are a literal-minded, self-complacent people. But even these ingrained characteristics of the nation—these qualities bred in blood and bone—are being palpably modified by the changes of time. To see the old Scotch mind, you must not go to Edinburgh, which is in the curious position of having ceased to be Scotch without having become thoroughly English. There is more of it in Glasgow, and more of it still in towns like Paisley, where the old mother-wit and jollity of the country are still to be seen sharply defined. In such towns, no false theory of politeness prevents the hot water from being produced after dinner, and the inquiry of a sportive guest whether there is

a "kettle in the hoos" expedites the movement. The tumblers are duly accompanied by ladles and wine-glasses,—for toddy after all is the wine of the country, and far more wholesome than all but the best and dearest wine; the water is boiling, and poured directly from the kettle; and lemon is repudiated as destructive of the true flavour. Before long, the host proposes a health, and speeches are made all round. The Scot is fond of oratory, especially of the convivial kind, and it is curious how many excuses for it are discovered throughout the country in the course of a year. There is always some honest Scot getting a testimonial from his friends for one reason or other, and the testimonial is always presented at a dinner in "Mrs. McGilp's best style." The Scotch have forgotten their literature, and care no longer for Buchanan and Lindsay. They are content to have given up their independence, and are agreed that it was wise. They are gradually dropping their language, and allowing a thousand little innovations in manners to creep into their land. But they are still true to the native beverage with a deep and enduring love. The Scottish heart is preserved as the hearts of Bruce and the good Sir James Douglas were,—in spirits. On this point, however, too much humorous exaggeration prevails in South Britain. It would be well if there were fewer raw drams drunk by the Scotch working-men, and if among other English importations they imported more beer. But it is not for the gin and brandy consuming cockneys of the middle-class to be hard on a nation which drinks a better spirit than either, and drinks it in the form of that toddy which, according to Lockhart, Sir Walter preferred to all the wine in the world. Besides, the amount of toddy consumed is exaggerated by popular rumour. Ten-tumbler men are now rare. A minister like that Dumfriesshire man, who after his ten was heard to observe that he felt "michtily refreshed," could not now be found; much less the Aberdeenshire one, who falling asleep after giving out the psalm, and being wakened by his precentor with the word, it's "dune," answered, "Na, na, there's mair in the black pig yet,"—under the impression that they were carousing together in his manse. The Ten Tumbler Club of Cupar, the chairman of which once went to bed on eight tumblers, and observed in the morning that he would not again tamper with his constitution, is extinct. And the old laird who on seeing two friends enter his avenue, exclaimed, "Rax me down the whisky bottle, Jock—we'll start fair!" has long since laid his moist clay with that of his fathers.

As a general rule it may be laid down that the best Scotsmen acquiesce, not sulkily but contentedly, in the changes which are passing over their country. When they see what is happening to small nations all through Europe, they thank God that *their* struggle fell upon a time when valour could not be neutralized by needle-guns and rifled cannon; and that afterwards they were able to join a great nation, and share all its advantages, on terms never secured by a small nation before. The consequent changes they take as matters of course, and have full reliance on

an equitable result of international questions should such ever rise again. They know that the Scottish lion is a well-fed beast, who has gained flesh without losing wind by his new position ; and that the thistle transplanted into English soil loses no purple from its bonnet, and is not sacrificed to the growth of the fairer rose. This, we say, the best Scotsmen know, and are ready to admit on whichever side of the Border you find them. But there is a little knot of men in the North,—agitators who never succeed in creating an agitation,—who think differently. According to them, it is a grave offence to Scotland, if a statesman uses “England” as the representative name of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. On the same principle, we suppose, to talk of the “Longmans” is a gross injustice to Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, or whoever may be the present partners of that respectable firm. This horrible practice is a mere matter of convenience, and is adopted by the French (the ancient allies of Scotland, as they have not yet forgotten) themselves. The French talk of what “*l’Angleterre*” is doing, and of the “*politique Anglaise*” as a mere matter of course, and for precisely the same reasons. The truth is that language always instinctively follows the state of facts. Scotland is *not* a separate nation in the sense which would alone justify these grumblers in their complaint ; and what nationality she has left, being on the wane, and an immense part of the people having become virtually English by choice of residence, the complaint must necessarily get more absurd every year. So far from being a sign that her nationality is still strong, it is a sign of her growing provincialism. Men conscious of strength are not so fidgety ; and men satisfied with realities are not such sticklers for forms. The provincial mind, however, is intensely jealous as well as feeble, and this little movement is one of its characteristic exploits. What is wanted now is, not an attempt to raise ill-feeling between the two countries,—it is a greater mutual knowledge by the two countries of each other. Every Scotsman who aids in that does some good to England as well as to his own country, and every Englishman some to Scotland as well as *his* own country. These are the international relations to be sought and preserved ; and it would be well if those who think otherwise would, instead of always boasting about Scotland, give Scotland some reason to boast of them.



MEE

H. Harval

"HARRY," SHE SAID "THERE IS NOTHING WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND FLORENCE?"

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.



Richard S.

ARRY CLAVERING, when he walked away from Bolton Street after the scene in which he had been interrupted by Sophie Gordeloup, was not in a happy frame of mind, nor did he make his journey down to Clavering with much comfort to himself. Whether or no he was now to be regarded as a villain, at any rate he was not a villain capable of doing his villainy without extreme remorse and agony of mind. It did not seem to him to be even yet possible that he should be altogether untrue to Florence. It hardly occurred to him to think that he could free himself from the contract by which he was bound to her. No; it was towards Lady Ongar that his treachery must be exhibited;—towards the woman

whom he had sworn to befriend, and whom he now, in his distress, imagined to be the dearer to him of the two. He should, according to his custom,

have written to Florence a day or two before he left London, and, as he went to Bolton Street, had determined to do so that evening on his return home; but when he reached his rooms he found it impossible to write such a letter. What could he say to her that would not be false? How could he tell her that he loved her, and speak as he was wont to do of his impatience, after that which had just occurred in Bolton Street?

But what was he to do in regard to Julia? He was bound to let her know at once what was his position, and to tell her that in treating her as he had treated her, he had simply insulted her. That look of gratified contentment with which she had greeted him as he was leaving her, clung to his memory and tormented him. Of that contentment he must now rob her, and he was bound to do so with as little delay as was possible. Early in the morning before he started on his journey he did make an attempt, a vain attempt, to write, not to Florence but to Julia. The letter would not get itself written. He had not the hardihood to inform her that he had amused himself with her sorrows, and that he had injured her by the exhibition of his love. And then that horrid Franco-Pole, whose prying eyes Julia had dared to disregard, because she had been proud of his love! If she had not been there, the case might have been easier. Harry, as he thought of this, forgot to remind himself that if Sophie had not interrupted him he would have floundered on from one danger to another till he would have committed himself more thoroughly even than he had done, and have made promises which it would have been as shameful to break as it would be to keep them. But even as it was, had he not made such promises? Was there not such a promise in that embrace, in the half-forgotten word or two which he had spoken while she was in his arms, and in the parting grasp of his hand? He could not write that letter then, on that morning, hurried as he was with the necessity of his journey; and he started for Clavering resolving that it should be written from his father's house.

It was a tedious, sad journey to him, and he was silent and out of spirits when he reached his home; but he had gone there for the purpose of his cousin's funeral, and his mood was not at first noticed, as it might have been had the occasion been different. His father's countenance wore that well-known look of customary solemnity which is found to be necessary on such occasions, and his mother was still thinking of the sorrows of Lady Clavering who had been at the rectory for the last day or two.

"Have you seen Lady Ongar since she heard of the poor child's death?" his mother asked.

"Yes, I was with her yesterday evening."

"Do you see her often?" Fanny inquired.

"What do you call often? No; not often. I went to her last night because she had given me a commission. I have seen her three or four times altogether."

"Is she as handsome as she used to be?" said Fanny.

"I cannot tell ; I do not know."

"You used to think her very handsome, Harry."

"Of course she is handsome. There has never been a doubt about that ; but when a woman is in deep mourning one hardly thinks about her beauty." Oh, Harry, Harry, how could you be so false ?

"I thought young widows were always particularly charming," said Fanny ; "and when one remembers about Lord Ongar one does not think of her being a widow so much as one would do if he had been different."

"I don't know anything about that," said he. He felt that he was stupid, and that he blundered in every word, but he could not help himself. It was impossible that he should talk about Lady Ongar with proper composure. Fanny saw that the subject annoyed him and that it made him cross, and she therefore ceased. "She wrote a very nice letter to your mother about the poor child, and about her sister," said the rector. "I wish with all my heart that Hermione could go to her for a time."

"I fear that he will not let her," said Mrs. Clavering. "I do not understand it all, but Hermione says that the rancour between Hugh and her sister is stronger now than ever."

"And Hugh will not be the first to put rancour out of his heart," said the rector.

On the following day was the funeral and Harry went with his father and cousins to the child's grave. When he met Sir Hugh in the dining-room in the Great House the baronet hardly spoke to him. "A sad occasion ; is it not ?" said Archie ; "very sad ; very sad." Then Harry could see that Hugh scowled at his brother angrily, hating his humbug, and hating it the more because in Archie's case it was doubly humbug. Archie was now heir to the property and to the title.

After the funeral Harry went to see Lady Clavering, and again had to endure a conversation about Lady Ongar. Indeed, he had been specially commissioned by Julia to press upon her sister the expediency of leaving Clavering for a while. This had been early on that last evening in Bolton Street, long before Madame Gordeloup had made her appearance. "Tell her from me," Lady Ongar had said, "that I will go anywhere that she may wish if she will go with me,—she and I alone ; and, Harry, tell her this as though I meant it. I do mean it. She will understand why I do not write myself. I know that he sees all her letters when he is with her." This task Harry was now to perform, and the result he was bound to communicate to Lady Ongar. The message he might give ; but delivering the answer to Lady Ongar would be another thing.

Lady Clavering listened to what he said, but when he pressed her for a reply she shook her head. "And why not, Lady Clavering ?"

"People can't always leave their houses and go away, Harry."

"But I should have thought that you could have done so now ;—that is before long. Will Sir Hugh remain here at Clavering ?"

"He has not told me that he means to go."

"If he stays, I suppose you will stay; but if he goes up to London again, I cannot see why you and your sister should not go away together. She mentioned Tenby as being very quiet, but she would be guided by you in that altogether."

"I do not think it will be possible, Harry. Tell her with my love, that I am truly obliged to her, but that I do not think it will be possible. She is free, you know, to do what she pleases."

"Yes, she is free. But do you mean——?"

"I mean, Harry, that I had better stay where I am. What is the use of a scene, and of being refused at last? Do not say more about it, but tell her that it cannot be so." This Harry promised to do, and after a while was rising to go, when she suddenly asked him a question. "Do you remember what I was saying about Julia and Archie when you were here last?"

"Yes; I remember."

"Well, would he have a chance? It seems that you see more of her now than any one else."

"No chance at all, I should say." And Harry, as he answered, could not repress a feeling of most unreasonable jealousy.

"Ah, you have always thought little of Archie. Archie's position is changed now, Harry, since my darling was taken from me. Of course he will marry, and Hugh, I think, would like him to marry Julia. It was he proposed it. He never likes anything unless he has proposed it himself."

"It was he proposed the marriage with Lord Ongar. Does he like that?"

"Well; you know, Julia has got her money." Harry as he heard this, turned away, sick at heart. The poor baby whose mother was now speaking to him, had only been buried that morning, and she was already making fresh schemes for family wealth. Julia has got her money! That had seemed to her, even in her sorrow, to be sufficient compensation for all that her sister had endured and was enduring. Poor soul! Harry did not reflect as he should have done, that in all her schemes she was only scheming for that peace which might perhaps come to her if her husband were satisfied. "And why should not Julia take him?" she asked.

"I cannot tell why, but she never will," said Harry, almost in anger. At that moment the door was opened, and Sir Hugh came into the room. "I did not know that you were here," Sir Hugh said, turning to the visitor.

"I could not be down here without saying a few words to Lady Clavering."

"The less said the better, I suppose, just at present," said Sir Hugh. But there was no offence in the tone of his voice, or in his countenance, and Harry took the words as meaning none.

"I was telling Lady Clavering that as soon as she can, she would be better if she left home for awhile."

"And why should you tell Lady Clavering that?"

"I have told him that I would not go," said the poor woman.

"Why should she go, and where; and why have you proposed it? And how does it come to pass that her going or not going, should be a matter of solicitude to you?" Now, as Sir Hugh asked these questions of his cousin, there was much of offence in his tone,—of intended offence,—and in his eye, and in all his bearing. He had turned his back upon his wife, and was looking full into Harry's face. "Lady Clavering, no doubt, is much obliged to you," he said, "but why is it that you specially have interfered to recommend her to leave her home at such a time as this?"

Harry had not spoken as he did to Sir Hugh without having made some calculation in his own mind as to the result of what he was about to say. He did not, as regarded himself, care for his cousin or his cousin's anger. His object at present was simply that of carrying out Lady Ongar's wish, and he had thought that perhaps Sir Hugh might not object to the proposal which his wife was too timid to make to him.

"It was a message from her sister," said Harry, "sent by me."

"Upon my word she is very kind. And what was the message,—unless it be a secret between you three?"

"I have had no secret, Hugh," said his wife.

"Let me hear what he has to say," said Sir Hugh.

"Lady Ongar thought that it might be well that her sister should leave Clavering for a short time, and has offered to go anywhere with her for a few weeks. That is all."

"And why the devil should Hermione leave her own house? And if she were to leave it, why should she go with a woman that has misconducted herself?"

"Oh, Hugh!" exclaimed Lady Clavering.

"Lady Ongar has never misconducted herself," said Harry.

"Are you her champion?" asked Sir Hugh.

"As far as that, I am. She has never misconducted herself; and what is more, she has been cruelly used since she came home."

"By whom; by whom?" said Sir Hugh, stepping close up to his cousin and looking with angry eyes into his face.

But Harry Clavering was not a man to be intimidated by the angry eyes of any man. "By you," he said, "her brother-in-law;—by you, who made up her wretched marriage, and who, of all others, were the most bound to protect her."

"Oh, Harry, don't, don't!" shrieked Lady Clavering.

"Hermione, hold your tongue," said the imperious husband; "or, rather, go away and leave us. I have a word or two to say to Harry Clavering, which had better be said in private."

"I will not go if you are going to quarrel."

"Harry," said Sir Hugh, "I will trouble you to go downstairs before me. If you will step into the breakfast-room I will come to you."

Harry Clavering did as he was bid, and in a few minutes was joined by his cousin in the breakfast-room.

"No doubt you intended to insult me by what you said upstairs." The baronet began in this way after he had carefully shut the door, and had slowly walked up to the rug before the fire, and had there taken his position.

"Not at all; I intended to take the part of an ill-used woman whom you had calumniated."

"Now look here, Harry, I will have no interference on your part in my affairs, either here or elsewhere. You are a very fine fellow, no doubt, but it is not part of your business to set me or my house in order. After what you have just said before Lady Clavering you will do well not to come here in my absence."

"Neither in your absence nor in your presence."

"As to the latter you may do as you please. And now touching my sister-in-law, I will simply recommend you to look after your own affairs."

"I shall look after what affairs I please."

"Of Lady Ongar and her life since her marriage I daresay you know as little as anybody in the world, and I do not suppose it likely that you will learn much from her. She made a fool of you once, and it is on the cards that she may do so again."

"You said just now that you would brook no interference in your affairs. Neither will I."

"I don't know that you have any affairs in which any one can interfere. I have been given to understand that you are engaged to marry that young lady whom your mother brought here one day to dinner. If that be so, I do not see how you can reconcile it to yourself to become the champion, as you called it, of Lady Ongar."

"I never said anything of the kind."

"Yes, you did."

"No; it was you who asked me whether I was her champion."

"And you said you were."

"So far as to defend her name when I heard it traduced by you."

"By heavens, your impudence is beautiful. Who knows her best, do you think,—you or I? Whose sister-in-law is she? You have told me I was cruel to her. Now to that I will not submit, and I require you to apologize to me."

"I have no apology to make, and nothing to retract."

"Then I shall tell your father of your gross misconduct, and shall warn him that you have made it necessary for me to turn his son out of my house. You are an impertinent, overbearing puppy, and if your name were not the same as my own, I would tell the grooms to horsewhip you off the place."

"Which order, you know, the grooms would not obey. They would a deal sooner horsewhip you. Sometimes I think they will, when I hear you speak to them."

"Now go!"

"Of course I shall go. What would keep me here?"

Sir Hugh then opened the door, and Harry passed through it, not without a cautious look over his shoulder, so that he might be on his guard if any violence were contemplated. But Hugh knew better than that, and allowed his cousin to walk out of the room, and out of the house, unmolested.

And this had happened on the day of the funeral! Harry Clavering had quarrelled thus with the father within a few hours of the moment in which they two had stood together over the grave of that father's only child! As he thought of this while he walked across the park he became sick at heart. How vile, wretched and miserable was the world around him! How terribly vicious were the people with whom he was dealing! And what could he think of himself,—of himself, who was engaged to Florence Burton, and engaged also, as he certainly was, to Lady Ongar? Even his cousin had rebuked him for his treachery to Florence; but what would his cousin have said had he known all? And then what good had he done;—or rather what evil had he not done? In his attempt on behalf of Lady Clavering had he not, in truth, interfered without proper excuse, and fairly laid himself open to anger from his cousin? And he felt that he had been an ass, a fool, a conceited ass, thinking that he could produce good, when his interference could be efficacious only for evil. Why could he not have held his tongue when Sir Hugh came in, instead of making that vain suggestion as to Lady Clavering? But even this trouble was but an addition to the great trouble that overwhelmed him. How was he to escape the position which he had made for himself in reference to Lady Ongar? As he had left London he had promised to himself that he would write to her that same night and tell her everything as to Florence; but the night had passed, and the next day was nearly gone, and no such letter had been written.

As he sat with his father that evening, he told the story of his quarrel with his cousin. His father shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows. "You are a bolder man than I am," he said. "I certainly should not have dared to advise Hugh as to what he should do with his wife."

"But I did not advise him. I only said that I had been talking to her about it. If he were to say to you that he had been recommending my mother to do this or that, you would not take it amiss?"

"But Hugh is a peculiar man."

"No man has a right to be peculiar. Every man is bound to accept such usage as is customary in the world."

"I don't suppose that it will signify much," said the rector. "To have your cousin's doors barred against you, either here or in London, will not injure you."

"Oh, no; it will not injure me; but I do not wish you to think that I have been unreasonable."

The night went by and so did the next day, and still the letter did not get itself written. On the third morning after the funeral he heard that Sir Hugh had gone away; but he, of course, did not go up to the house, remembering well that he had been warned by the master not to do so in the master's absence. His mother, however, went to Lady Clavering, and some intercourse between the families was renewed. He had intended to stay but one day after the funeral, but at the end of a week he was still at the rectory. It was Whitsuntide he said, and he might as well take his holiday as he was down there. Of course they were glad that he should remain with them, but they did not fail to perceive that things with him were not altogether right; nor had Fanny failed to perceive that he had not once mentioned Florence's name since he had been at the rectory.

"Harry," she said, "there is nothing wrong between you and Florence?"

"Wrong! what should there be wrong? What do you mean by wrong?"

"I had a letter from her to-day and she asks where you are."

"Women expect such a lot of letter-writing! But I have been remiss I know. I got out of my business way of doing things when I came down here and have neglected it. Do you write to her to-morrow, and tell her that she shall hear from me directly I get back to town."

"But why should you not write to her from here?"

"Because I can get you to do it for me."

Fanny felt that this was not at all like a lover, and not at all like such a lover as her brother had been. While Florence had been at Clavering he had been most constant with his letters, and Fanny had often heard Florence boast of them as being perfect in their way. She did not say anything further at the present moment, but she knew that things were not altogether right. Things were by no means right. He had written neither to Lady Ongar nor to Florence, and the longer he put off the task the more burdensome did it become. He was now telling himself that he would write to neither till he got back to London.

On the day before he went, there came to him a letter from Stratton. Fanny was with him when he received it, and observed that he put it into his pocket without opening it. In his pocket he carried it unopened half the day, till he was ashamed of his own weakness. At last, almost in despair with himself, he broke the seal and forced himself to read it. There was nothing in it that need have alarmed him. It contained hardly a word that was intended for a rebuke.

"I wonder why you should have been two whole weeks without writing," she said. "It seems so odd to me, because you have spoiled me by your customary goodness. I know that other men when they are engaged do not trouble themselves with constant letter-writing. Even Theodore, who according to Cecilia is perfect, would not write to her then very often; and now, when he is away, his letters are only three

lines. I suppose you are teaching me not to be exacting. If so, I will kiss the rod like a good child; but I feel it the more because the lesson has not come soon enough."

Then she went on in her usual strain, telling him of what she had done, what she had read, and what she had thought. There was no suspicion in her letter, no fear, no hint at jealousy. And she should have no further cause for jealousy! One of the two must be sacrificed, and it was most fitting that Julia should be the sacrifice. Julia should be sacrificed,—Julia and himself! But still he could not write to Florence till he had written to Julia. He could not bring himself to send soft, pretty, loving words to one woman while the other was still regarding him as her affianced lover.

"Was your letter from Florence this morning?" Fanny asked him.

"Yes; it was."

"Had she received mine?"

"I don't know. Of course she had. If you sent it by post of course she got it."

"She might have mentioned it, perhaps."

"I daresay she did. I don't remember."

"Well, Harry; you need not be cross with me because I love the girl who is going to be your wife. You would not like it if I did not care about her."

"I hate being called cross."

"Suppose I were to say that I hated your being cross. I'm sure I do;—and you are going away to-morrow, too. You have hardly said a nice word to me since you have been home."

Harry threw himself back into a chair almost in despair. He was not enough a hypocrite to say nice words when his heart within him was not at ease. He could not bring himself to pretend that things were pleasant.

"If you are in trouble, Harry, I will not go on teasing you."

"I am in trouble," he said.

"And cannot I help you?"

"No; you cannot help me. No one can help me. But do not ask any questions."

"Oh, Harry! is it about money?"

"No, no; it has nothing to do with money."

"You have not really quarrelled with Florence?"

"No; I have not quarrelled with her at all. But I will not answer more questions. And, Fanny, do not speak of this to my father or mother. It will be over before long, and then, if possible, I will tell you."

"Harry, you are not going to fight with Hugh?"

"Fight with Hugh! no. Not that I should mind it; but he is not fool enough for that. If he wanted fighting done, he would do it by deputy. But there is nothing of that kind."

She asked him no more questions, and on the next morning

he returned to London. On his table he found a note which he at once knew to be from Lady Ongar, and which had come only that afternoon.

"Come to me at once;—at once." That was all that the note contained.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CUMBERLY LANE WITHOUT THE MUD.

FANNY CLAVERING, while she was inquiring of her brother about his troubles, had not been without troubles of her own. For some days past she had been aware,—almost aware,—that Mr. Saul's love was not among the things that were past. I am not prepared to say that this conviction on her part was altogether an unalloyed trouble, or that there might have been no faint touch of sadness, of silent melancholy about her, had it been otherwise. But Mr. Saul was undoubtedly a trouble to her; and Mr. Saul with his love in activity would be more troublesome than Mr. Saul with his love in abeyance. "It would be madness either in him or in me," Fanny had said to herself very often; "he has not a shilling in the world." But she thought no more in these days of the awkwardness of his gait, or of his rusty clothes, or his abstracted manner; and for his doings as a clergyman her admiration had become very great. Her mother saw something of all this, and cautioned her; but Fanny's demure manner deceived Mrs. Clavering. "Oh, mamma, of course I know that anything of the kind must be impossible; and I am sure he does not think of it himself any longer." When she had said this, Mrs. Clavering had believed that it was all right. The reader must not suppose that Fanny had been a hypocrite. There had been no hypocrisy in her words to her mother. At that moment the conviction that Mr. Saul's love was not among past events had not reached her; and as regarded herself, she was quite sincere when she said that anything of the kind must be impossible.

It will be remembered that Florence Burton had advised Mr. Saul to try again, and that Mr. Saul had resolved that he would do so,—resolving, also, that should he try in vain he must leave Clavering, and seek another home. He was a solemn, earnest, thoughtful man; to whom such a matter as this was a phase of life very serious, causing infinite present trouble, nay, causing tribulation, and, to the same extent, capable of causing infinite joy. From day to day he went about his work, seeing her amidst his ministrations almost daily. And never during these days did he say a word to her of his love,—never since that day in which he had plainly pleaded his cause in the muddy lane. To no one but Florence Burton had he since spoken of it, and Florence had certainly been true to her trust; but, notwithstanding all that, Fanny's conviction was very strong.

Florence had counselled Mr. Saul to try again, and Mr. Saul was prepared to make the attempt; but he was a man who allowed himself to do nothing in a hurry. He thought much of the matter before he could prepare himself to recur to the subject; doubting, sometimes, whether he would be right to do so without first speaking to Fanny's father; doubting, afterwards, whether he might not best serve his cause by asking the assistance of Fanny's mother. But he resolved at last that he would depend on himself alone. As to the rector, if his suit to Fanny were a fault against Mr. Clavering as Fanny's father, that fault had been already committed. But Mr. Saul would not admit to himself that it was a fault. I fancy that he considered himself to have, as a gentleman, a right to address himself to any lady with whom he was thrown into close contact. I fancy that he ignored all want of worldly preparation,—never for a moment attempting to place himself on a footing with men who were richer than himself, and, as the world goes, brighter, but still feeling himself to be in no way lower than they. If any woman so lived as to show that she thought his line better than their line, it was open to him to ask such woman to join her lot to his. If he failed, the misfortune was his; and the misfortune, as he well knew, was one which it was hard to bear. And as to the mother, though he had learned to love Mrs. Clavering dearly,—appreciating her kindness to all those around her, her conduct to her husband, her solicitude in the parish, all her genuine goodness, still he was averse to trust to her for any part of his success. Though Mr. Saul was no knight, though he had nothing knightly about him, though he was a poor curate in very rusty clothes and with manner strangely unfitted for much communion with the outer world, still he had a feeling that the spoil which he desired to win should be won by his own spear, and that his triumph would lose half its glory if it were not achieved by his own prowess. He was no coward, either in such matter as this or in any other. When circumstances demanded that he should speak he could speak his mind freely, with manly vigour, and sometimes not without a certain manly grace.

How did Fanny know that it was coming? She did know it, though he had said nothing to her beyond his usual parish communications. He was often with her in the two schools; often returned with her in the sweet spring evenings along the lane that led back to the rectory from Cumberly Green; often inspected with her the little amounts of parish charities and entries of pence collected from such parents as could pay. He had never reverted to that other subject. But yet Fanny knew that it was coming, and when she had questioned Harry about his troubles she had been thinking also of her own.

It was now the middle of May, and the spring was giving way to the early summer almost before the spring had itself arrived. It is so, I think, in these latter years. The sharpness of March prolongs itself almost through April; and then, while we are still hoping for the spring, there falls upon us suddenly a bright, dangerous, delicious gleam of

summer. The lane from Cumberly Green was no longer muddy, and Fanny could go backwards and forwards between the parsonage and her distant school without that wading for which feminine apparel is so unsuited. One evening, just as she had finished her work, Mr. Saul's head appeared at the school-door, and he asked her whether she were about to return home. As soon as she saw his eye and heard his voice, she feared that the day was come. She was prepared with no new answer, and could only give the answer that she had given before. She had always told herself that it was impossible ; and as to all other questions, about her own heart or such like, she had put such questions away from her as being unnecessary, and, perhaps, unseemly. The thing was impossible, and should therefore be put away out of thought, as a matter completed and at an end. But now the time was come, and she almost wished that she had been more definite in her own resolutions.

"Yes, Mr. Saul, I have just done."

"I will walk with you, if you will let me." Then Fanny spoke some words of experienced wisdom to two or three girls, in order that she might show to them, to him, and to herself that she was quite collected. She lingered in the room for a few minutes, and was very wise and very experienced. "I am quite ready now, Mr. Saul." So saying, she came forth upon the green lane, and he followed her.

They walked on in silence for a little way, and then he asked her some question about Florence Burton. Fanny told him that she had heard from Stratton two days since, and that Florence was well.

"I liked her very much," said Mr. Saul.

"So did we all. She is coming here again in the autumn ; so it will not be very long before you see her again."

"How that may be I cannot tell, but if you see her that will be of more consequence."

"We shall all see her, of course."

"It was here, in this lane, that I was with her last, and wished her good-by. She did not tell you of my having parted with her, then?"

"Not especially, that I remember."

"Ah, you would have remembered if she had told you ; but she was quite right not to tell you." Fanny was now a little confused, so that she could not exactly calculate what all this meant. Mr. Saul walked on by her side, and for some moments nothing was said. After a while he recurred again to his parting from Florence. "I asked her advice on that occasion, and she gave it me clearly,—with a clear purpose and an assured voice. I like a person who will do that. You are sure then that you are getting the truth out of your friend, even if it be a simple negative, or a refusal to give any reply to the question asked."

"Florence Burton is always clear in what she says."

"I had asked her if she thought that I might venture to hope for a more favourable answer if I urged my suit to you again."

"She cannot have said yes to that, Mr. Saul; she cannot have done so!"

"She did not do so. She simply bade me ask yourself. And she was right. On such a matter there is no one to whom I can with propriety address myself, but to yourself. Therefore I now ask you the question. May I venture to have any hope?"

His voice was so solemn, and there was so much of eager seriousness in his face that Fanny could not bring herself to answer him with quickness. The answer that was in her mind was in truth this: "How can you ask me to try to love a man who has but seventy pounds a year in the world, while I myself have nothing?" But there was something in his demeanour,—something that was almost grand in its gravity,—which made it quite impossible that she should speak to him in that tone. But he, having asked his question, waited for an answer; and she was well aware that the longer she delayed it, the weaker became the ground on which she was standing.

"It is quite impossible," she said at last.

"If it really be so,—if you will say again that it is so after hearing me out to an end, I will desist. In that case I will desist and leave you,—and leave Clavering."

"Oh, Mr. Saul, do not do that,—for papa's sake, and because of the parish."

"I would do much for your father, and as to the parish I love it well. I do not think I can make you understand how well I love it. It seems to me that I can never again have the same feeling for any place that I have for this. There is not a house, a field, a green lane, that is not dear to me. It is like a first love. With some people a first love will come so strongly that it makes a renewal of the passion impossible." He did not say that it would be so with himself, but it seemed to her that he intended that she should so understand him.

"I do not see why you should leave Clavering," she said.

"If you knew the nature of my regard for yourself, you would see why it should be so. I do not say that there ought to be any such necessity. If I were strong there would be no such need. But I am weak,—weak in this; and I could not hold myself under such control as is wanted for the work I have to do." When he had spoken of his love for the place,—for the parish, there had been something of passion in his language; but now in the words which he spoke of himself and of his feeling for her, he was calm and reasonable and tranquil, and talked of his going away from her as he might have talked had some change of air been declared necessary for his health. She felt that this was so, and was almost angry with him.

"Of course you must know what will be best for yourself," she said.

"Yes; I know now what I must do, if such is to be your answer. I have made up my mind as to that. I cannot remain at Clavering, if I am told that I may never hope that you will become my wife."

"But, Mr. Saul——"

"Well ; I am listening. But before you speak, remember how all-important your words will be to me."

"No ; they cannot be all-important."

"As regards my present happiness and rest in this world they will be so. Of course I know that nothing you can say or do will hurt me beyond that. But you might help me even to that further and greater bliss. You might help me too in that,—as I also might help you."

"But, Mr. Saul——" she began again, and then, feeling that she must go on, she forced herself to utter words which at the time she felt to be commonplace. "People cannot marry without an income. Mr. Fielding did not think of such a thing till he had a living assured to him."

"But, independently of that, might I hope?" She ventured for an instant to glance at his face, and saw that his eyes were glistening with a wonderful brightness.

"How can I answer you further? Is not that reason enough why such a thing should not be even discussed?"

"No, Miss Clavering, it is not reason enough. If you were to tell me that you could never love me,—me, personally,—that you could never regard me with affection, that would be reason why I should desist ;—why I should abandon all my hope here, and go away from Clavering for ever. Nothing else can be reason enough. My being poor ought not to make you throw me aside if you loved me. If it were so that you loved me, I think you would owe it me to say so, let me be ever so poor."

"I do not like you the less because you are poor."

"But do you like me at all? Can you bring yourself to love me? Would you make the effort if I had such an income as you thought necessary? If I had such riches, could you teach yourself to regard me as him whom you were to love better than all the world beside? I call upon you to answer me that question truly ; and if you tell me that it could be so, I will not despair, and I will not go away."

As he said this they came to a turn in the road which brought the parsonage gate within their view. Fanny knew that she would leave him there and go in alone, but she knew also that she must say something further to him before she could thus escape. She did not wish to give him an assurance of her positive indifference to him,—and still less did she wish to tell him that he might hope. It could not be possible that such an engagement should be approved by her father, nor could she bring herself to think that she could be quite contented with a lover such as Mr. Saul. When he had first proposed to her she had almost ridiculed his proposition in her heart. Even now there was something in it that was almost ridiculous ;—and yet there was something in it also that touched her as being sublime. The man was honest, good, and true,—perhaps the best and truest man that she had ever known. She could not bring her-

self to say to him any word that should banish him for ever from the place he loved so well.

"If you knew your own heart well enough to answer me, you should do so," he went on to say. "If you do not, say so, and I will be content to wait your own time."

"It would be better, Mr. Saul, that you should not think of this any more."

"No, Miss Clavering; that would not be better,—not for me; for it would prove me to be utterly heartless. I am not heartless. I love you dearly. I will not say that I cannot live without you; but it is my one great hope as regards this world, that I should have you at some future day as my own. It may be that I am too prone to hope; but surely, if that were altogether beyond hope, you would have found words to tell me so by this time." They had now come to the gateway, and he paused as she put her trembling hand upon the latch.

"I cannot say more to you now," she said.

"Then let it be so. But, Miss Clavering, I shall not leave this place till you have said more than that. And I will speak the truth to you, even though it may offend you. I have more of hope now than I have ever had before,—more hope that you may possibly learn to love me. In a few days I will ask you again whether I may be allowed to speak upon the subject to your father. Now I will say farewell, and may God bless you; and remember this,—that my only earthly wish and ambition is in your hands." Then he went on his way towards his own lodgings, and she entered the parsonage garden by herself.

What should she now do, and how should she carry herself? She would have gone to her mother at once, were it not that she could not resolve what words she would speak to her mother. When her mother should ask her how she regarded the man, in what way should she answer that question? She could not tell herself that she loved Mr. Saul; and yet, if she surely did not love him,—if such love were impossible,—why had she not said as much to him? We, however, may declare that that inclination to ridicule his passion, to think of him as a man who had no right to love, was gone for ever. She conceded to him clearly that right, and knew that he had exercised it well. She knew that he was good and true, and honest, and recognized in him also manly courage and spirited resolution. She would not tell herself that it was impossible that she should love him.

She went up at last to her room doubting, unhappy, and ill at ease. To have such a secret long kept from her mother would make her life unendurable to her. But she felt that, in speaking to her mother, only one aspect of the affair would be possible. Even though she loved him, how could she marry a curate whose only income was seventy pounds a year?

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RUSSIAN SPY.

WHEN the baby died at Clavering Park, somebody hinted that Sir Hugh would certainly quarrel with his brother as soon as Archie should become the father of a presumptive heir to the title and property. That such would be the case those who best knew Sir Hugh would not doubt. That Archie should have that of which he himself had been robbed, would of itself be enough to make him hate Archie. But, nevertheless, at this present time, he continued to instigate his brother in that matter of the proposed marriage with Lady Ongar. Hugh, as well as others, felt that Archie's prospects were now improved, and that he could demand the hand of a wealthy lady with more of seeming propriety than would have belonged to such a proposition while the poor child was living. No one would understand this better than Lady Ongar, who knew so well all the circumstances of the family. The day after the funeral the two brothers returned to London together, and Hugh spoke his mind in the railway carriage. "It will be no good for you to hang on about Bolton Street, off and on, as though she were a girl of seventeen," he said.

"I'm quite up to that," said Archie. "I must let her know I'm there of course. I understand all that."

"Then why don't you do it? I thought you meant to go to her at once when we were talking about it before in London."

"So I did go to her, and got on with her very well, too, considering that I hadn't been there long when another woman came in."

"But you didn't tell her what you had come about?"

"No; not exactly. You see it doesn't do to pop at once to a widow like her. Ongar, you know, hasn't been dead six months. One has to be a little delicate in these things."

"Believe me, Archie, you had better give up all notions of being delicate, and tell her what you want at once,—plainly and fairly. You may be sure that she will not think of her former husband, if you don't."

"Oh! I don't think about him at all."

"Who was the woman you say was there?"

"That little Frenchwoman,—the sister of the man;—Sophie she calls her. Sophie Gordeloup is her name. They are bosom friends."

"The sister of that count?"

"Yes; his sister. Such a woman for talking! She said ever so much about your keeping Hermione down in the country."

"The devil she did. What business was that of hers? That is Julia's doing."

"Well; no, I don't think so. Julia didn't say a word about it. In fact, I don't know how it came up. But you never heard such a woman

to talk,—an ugly, old, hideous little creature! But the two are always together."

"If you don't take care you'll find that Julia is married to the count while you are thinking about it."

Then Archie began to consider whether he might not as well tell his brother of his present scheme with reference to Julia. Having discussed the matter at great length with his confidential friend, Captain Boodle, he had come to the conclusion that his safest course would be to bribe Madame Gordeloup, and creep into Julia's favour by that lady's aid. Now, on his return to London, he was about at once to play that game, and had already provided himself with funds for the purpose. The parting with ready money was a grievous thing to Archie, though in this case the misery would be somewhat palliated by the feeling that it was a *bonâ fide* sporting transaction. He would be lessening the odds against himself by a judicious hedging of his bets. "You must stand to lose something always by the horse you mean to win," Doodles had said to him, and Archie had recognized the propriety of the remark. He had, therefore, with some difficulty, provided himself with funds, and was prepared to set about his hedging operations as soon as he could find Madame Gordeloup on his return to London. He had already ascertained her address through Doodles, and had ascertained by the unparalleled acuteness of his friend that the lady was—a Russian spy. It would have been beautiful to have seen Archie's face when this information was whispered into his ear, in private, at the club. It was as though he had then been made acquainted with some great turf secret, unknown to the sporting world in general.

"Ah!" he said, drawing a long breath, "no;—by George, is she?"

The same story had been told everywhere in London of the little woman for the last half dozen years, whether truly or untruly I am not prepared to say; but it had not hitherto reached Archie Clavering; and now, on hearing it, he felt that he was becoming a participator in the deepest diplomatic secrets of Europe.

"By George," said he, "is she really?"

And his respect for the little woman rose a thousand per cent.

"That's what she is," said Doodles, "and it's a doosed fine thing for you, you know! Of course you can make her safe, and that will be everything."

Archie resolved at once that he would use the great advantage which chance and the ingenuity of his friend had thrown in his way; but that necessity of putting money in his purse was a sore grievance to him, and it occurred to him that it would be a grand thing if he could induce his brother to help him in this special matter. If he could only make Hugh see the immense advantage of an alliance with the Russian spy, Hugh could hardly avoid contributing to the expense,—of course on the understanding that all such moneys were to be repaid when the Russian spy's work had been brought to a successful result. Russian spy! There

was in the very sound of the words something so charming that it almost made Archie in love with the outlay. A female Russian spy too ! Sophie Gordeloup certainly retained but very few of the charms of womanhood, nor had her presence as a lady affected Archie with any special pleasure ; but yet he felt infinitely more pleased with the affair than he would have been had she been a man spy. The intrigue was deeper. His sense of delight in the mysterious wickedness of the thing was enhanced by an additional spice. It is not given to every man to employ the services of a political Russian lady-spy in his love-affairs ! As he thought of it in all its bearings, he felt that he was almost a Talleyrand, or, at any rate, a Palmerston.

Should he tell his brother ? If he could represent the matter in such a light to his brother as to induce Hugh to produce the funds for purchasing the spy's services, the whole thing would be complete with a completeness that has rarely been equalled. But he doubted. Hugh was a hard man,—a hard, unimaginative man, and might possibly altogether refuse to believe in the Russian spy. Hugh believed in little but what he himself saw, and usually kept a very firm grasp upon his money.

"That Madame Gordeloup is always with Julia," Archie said, trying the way, as it were, before he told his plan.

"Of course she will help her brother's views."

"I'm not so sure of that. Some of these foreign women ain't like other women at all. They go deeper;—a doosed sight deeper."

"Into men's pockets, you mean."

"They play a deep game altogether. What do you suppose she is, now ?" This question Archie asked in a whisper, bending his head forward towards his brother, though there was no one else in the carriage with them.

"What she is ? A thief of some kind probably. I've no doubt she's up to any roguery."

"She's a—Russian spy."

"Oh, I've heard of that for the last dozen years. All the ugly old Frenchwomen in London are Russian spies, according to what people say ; but the Russians know how to use their money better than that. If they employ spies, they employ people who can spy something."

Archie felt this to be cruel,—very cruel, but he said nothing further about it. His brother was stupid, pigheaded, obstinate, and quite unfitted by nature for affairs of intrigue. It was, alas, certain that his brother would provide no money for such a purpose as that he now projected ; but, thinking of this, he found some consolation in the reflection that Hugh would not be a participator with him in his great secret. When he should have bought the Russian spy, he and Doodles would rejoice together in privacy without any third confederate. Triumviri might be very well ; Archie also had heard of triumviri ; but two were company, and three were none. Thus he consoled himself when his pigheaded brother expressed his disbelief in the Russian spy.

There was nothing more said between them in the railway carriage,

and, as they parted at the door in Berkeley Square, Hugh swore to himself that this should be the last season in which he would harbour his brother in London. After this he must have a house of his own there, or have no house at all. Then Archie went down to his club, and finally arranged with Doodles that the first visit to the Spy should be made on the following morning. After much consultation it was agreed between them that the way should be paved by a diplomatic note. The diplomatic note was therefore written by Doodles and copied by Archie.

"Captain Clavering presents his compliments to Madame Gordeloup, and proposes to call upon her to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock, if that hour will be convenient. Captain Clavering is desirous of consulting Madame Gordeloup on an affair of much importance." "Consult me!" said Sophie to herself, when she got the letter. "For what should he consult me? It is that stupid man I saw with Julie. Ah, well; never mind. The stupid man shall come." The commissioner, therefore, who had taken the letter to Mount Street, returned to the club with a note in which Madame Gordeloup expressed her willingness to undergo the proposed interview. Archie felt that the letter,—a letter from a Russian spy addressed positively to himself,—gave him already diplomatic rank, and he kept it as a treasure in his breastcoat-pocket.

It then became necessary that he and his friend should discuss the manner in which the Spy should be managed. Doodles had his misgivings that Archie would be awkward, and almost angered his friend by the repetition of his cautions. "You mustn't chuck your money at her head, you know," said Doodles.

"Of course not; but when the time comes I shall slip the notes into her hand,—with a little pressure perhaps."

"It would be better to leave them near her on the table."

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes; a great deal. It's always done in that way."

"But perhaps she wouldn't see them,—or wouldn't know where they came from."

"Let her alone for that."

"But I must make her understand what I want of her,—in return, you know. I ain't going to give her twenty pounds for nothing."

"You must explain that at first; tell her that you expect her aid, and that she will find you a grateful friend,—a grateful friend, say;—mind you remember that."

"Yes; I'll remember that. I suppose it would be as good a way as any."

"It's the only way, unless you want her to ring for the servant to kick you out of the house. It's as well understood as A B C, among the people who do these things. I should say take jewellery instead of money if she were anything but a Russian spy; but they understand the thing so well, that you may go farther with them than with others."

Archie's admiration for Sophie became still higher as he heard this.

"I do like people," said he, "who understand what's what, and no mistake."

"But even with her you must be very careful."

"Oh, yes ; that's a matter of course."

"When I was declaring for the last time that she would find me a grateful friend, just at the word grateful, I would put down the four fivers on the table, smoothing them with my hand like that." Then Doodles acted the part, putting a great deal of emphasis on the word grateful, as he went through the smoothing ceremony with two or three sheets of club notepaper. "That's your game, you may be sure. If you put them into her hand she may feel herself obliged to pretend to be angry ; but she can't be angry simply because you put your money on her table. Do you see that, old fellow ?" Archie declared that he did see it very plainly. "If she does not choose to undertake the job, she'll merely have to tell you that you have left something behind you."

"But there's no fear of that, I suppose ?"

"I can't say. Her hands may be full, you know, or she may think you don't go high enough."

"But I mean to tip her again, of course."

"Again ! I should think so. I suppose she must have about a couple of hundred before the end of next month if she's to do any good. After a bit you'll be able to explain that she shall have a sum down when the marriage has come off."

"She won't take the money and do nothing ; will she ?"

"Oh, no ; they never sell you like that. It would spoil their own business if they were to play that game. If you can make it worth her while, she'll do the work for you. But you must be careful ;—do remember that." Archie shook his head, almost in anger, and then went home for his night's rest.

On the next morning he dressed himself in his best, and presented himself at the door in Mount Street, exactly as the clock struck twelve. He had an idea that these people were very punctilious as to time. Who could say but that the French ambassador might have an appointment with Madame Gordeloup at half-past one,—or perhaps some emissary from the Pope ! He had resolved that he would not take his left glove off his hand, and he had thrust the notes in under the palm of his glove, thinking he could get at them easier from there, should they be wanted in a moment, than he could do from his waistcoat pocket. He knocked at the door, knowing that he trembled as he did so, and felt considerable relief when he found himself to be alone in the room to which he was shown. He knew that men conversant with intrigues always go to work with their eyes open, and, therefore, at once he began to look about him. Could he not put the money into some convenient hiding-place,—now at once ? There, in one corner, was the spot in which she would seat herself upon the sofa. He saw plainly enough, as with the eye of a Talleyrand, the marks thereon of her constant sitting. So he seized the moment to

place a chair suitable for himself, and cleared a few inches on the table near to it, for the smoothing of the bank-notes,—feeling, while so employed, that he was doing great things. He had almost made up his mind to slip one note between the pages of a book, not with any well-defined plan as to the utility of such a measure, but because it seemed to be such a diplomatic thing to do! But while this grand idea was still flashing backwards and forwards across his brain, the door opened, and he found himself in the presence of—the Russian spy.

He at once saw that the Russian spy was very dirty, and that she wore a nightcap, but he liked her the better on that account. A female Russian spy should, he felt, differ much in her attire from other women. If possible, she should be arrayed in diamonds, and pearl ear-drops, with as little else upon her as might be; but failing that costume, which might be regarded as the appropriate evening Spy costume,—a tumbled nightcap, and a dirty white wrapper, old cloth slippers, and objectionable stockings were just what they should be.

“Ah!” said the lady, “you are Captain Clavering. Yes, I remember.”

“I am Captain Clavering. I had the honour of meeting you at Lady Ongar’s.”

“And now you wish to consult me on an affair of great importance. Very well. You may consult me. Will you sit down—there.” And Madame Gordeloup indicated to him a chair just opposite to herself, and far removed from that convenient spot which Archie had prepared for the smoothing of the bank-notes. Near to the place now assigned to him there was no table whatever, and he felt that he would in that position be so completely raked by the fire of her keen eyes, that he would not be able to carry on his battle upon good terms. In spite, therefore, of the lady’s very plain instructions, he made an attempt to take possession of the chair which he had himself placed; but it was an ineffectual attempt, for the Spy was very peremptory with him. “There, Captain Clavering; there; there; you will be best there.” Then he did as he was bid, and seated himself, as it were, quite out at sea, with nothing but an ocean of carpet around him, and with no possibility of manipulating his notes except under the raking fire of those terribly sharp eyes. “And now,” said Madame Gordeloup, “you can commence to consult me. What is the business?”

Ah; what was the business? That was now the difficulty? In discussing the proper way of tendering the bank-notes, I fear the two captains had forgotten the nicest point of the whole negotiation. How was he to tell her what it was that he wanted to do himself, and what that she was to be required to do for him? It behoved him above all things not to be awkward! That he remembered. But how not to be awkward? “Well!” she said; and there was something almost of crossness in her tone. Her time, no doubt, was valuable. The French ambassador might even now be coming. “Well?”

"I think, Madame Gordeloup, you know my brother's sister-in-law, Lady Ongar?"

"What, Julie? Of course I know Julie. Julie and I are dear friends."

"So I supposed. That is the reason why I have come to you."

"Well;—well;—well?"

"Lady Ongar is a person whom I have known for a long time, and for whom I have a great,—I may say a very deep regard."

"Ah! yes. What a jointure she has! and what a park! Thousands and thousands of pounds,—and so beautiful! If I was a man I should have a very deep regard too. Yes."

"A most beautiful creature;—is she not?"

"Ah; if you had seen her in Florence, as I used to see her, in the long summer evenings! Her lovely hair was all loose to the wind, and she would sit hour after hour looking, oh, at the stars! Have you seen the stars in Italy?"

Captain Clavering couldn't say that he had, but he had seen them uncommon bright in Norway, when he had been fishing there.

"Or the moon?" continued Sophie, not regarding his answer.

"Ah; that is to live! And he, her husband, the rich lord, he was dying,—in a little room just inside, you know. It was very melancholy, Captain Clavering. But when she was looking at the moon, with her hair all dishevelled," and Sophie put her hands up to her own dirty nightcap, "she was just like a Magdalen; yes, just the same;—just the same."

The exact strength of the picture, and the nature of the comparison drawn, were perhaps lost upon Archie; and indeed, Sophie herself probably trusted more to the tone of her words, than to any idea which they contained; but their tone was perfect, and she felt that if anything could make him talk, he would talk now.

"Dear me! you don't say so. I have always admired her very much, Madame Gordeloup."

"Well?"

The French ambassador was probably in the next street already, and if Archie was to tell his tale at all he must do it now.

"You will keep my secret if I tell it you?" he asked.

"Is it me you ask that? Did you ever hear of me that I tell a gentleman's secret. I think not. If you have a secret, and will trust me, that will be good; if you will not trust me,—that will be good also."

"Of course I will trust you. That is why I have come here."

"Then out with it. I am not a little girl. You need not be bashful. Two and two make four. I know that. But some people want them to make five. I know that too. So speak out what you have to say."

"I am going to ask Lady Ongar to—to—to—marry me."

"Ah, indeed; with all the thousands of pounds and the beautiful

park ! But the beautiful hair is more than all the thousands of pounds. Is it not so ? ”

“ Well, as to that, they all go together, you know.”

“ And that is so lucky ! If they was to be separated, which would you take ? ”

The little woman grinned as she asked this question, and Archie, had he at all understood her character, might at once have put himself on a pleasant footing with her ; but he was still confused and ill at ease, and only muttered something about the truth of his love for Julia.

“ And you want to get her to marry you ? ”

“ Yes ; that’s just it.”

“ And you want me to help you ? ”

“ That’s just it again.”

“ Well ? ”

“ Upon my word, if you’ll stick to me, you know, and see me through it, and all that kind of thing, you’ll find in me a most grateful friend ;—indeed, a most grateful friend.” And Archie, as from his position he was debarred from attempting the smoothing process, began to work with his right forefinger under the glove on his left hand.

“ What have you got there ? ” said Madame Gordeloup, looking at him with all her eyes.

Captain Clavering instantly discontinued the work with his finger, and became terribly confused. Her voice on asking the question had become very sharp ; and it seemed to him that if he brought out his money in that awkward, barefaced way which now seemed to be necessary, she would display all the wrath of which a Russian spy could be capable. Would it not be better that he should let the money rest for the present, and trust to his promise of gratitude ? Ah, how he wished that he had slipped at any rate one note between the pages of a book.

“ What have you got there ? ” she demanded again, very sharply.

“ Oh, nothing.”

“ It is not nothing. What have you got there ? If you have got nothing, take off your glove. Come.”

Captain Clavering became very red in the face, and was altogether at a loss what to say or do. “ Is it money you have got there ? ” she asked. “ Let me see how much. Come.”

“ It is just a few bank-notes I put in here to be handy,” he said.

“ Ah ; that is very handy, certainly. I never saw that custom before. Let me look.” Then she took his hand, and with her own hooked finger clawed out the notes. “ Ah ! five, ten, fifteen, twenty pounds. Twenty pounds is not a great deal, but it is very nice to have even that always handy. I was wanting so much money as that myself ; perhaps you will make it handy to me.”

“ Upon my word I shall be most happy. Nothing on earth would give me more pleasure.”

“ Fifty pounds would give me more pleasure ; just twice as much

pleasure." Archie had begun to rejoice greatly at the safe disposition of the money, and to think how excellently well this Spy did her business; but now there came upon him suddenly an idea that spies perhaps might do their business too well. "Twenty pounds in this country goes a very little way; you are all so rich," said the Spy.

"By George, I ain't. I ain't rich, indeed."

"But you mean to be—with Julie's money?"

"Oh—ah—yes; and you ought to know, Madame Gordeloup, that I am now the heir to the family estate and title."

"Yes; the poor little baby is dead, in spite of the pills and the powders, the daisies and the buttercups! Poor little baby! I had a baby of my own once, and that died also." Whereupon Madame Gordeloup, putting up her hand to her eyes, wiped away a real tear with the bank-notes which she still held. "And I am to remind Julie that you will be the heir?"

"She will know all about that already."

"But I will tell her. It will be something to say, at any rate,—and that, perhaps, will be the difficulty."

"Just so! I didn't look at it in that light before."

"And am I to propose it to her first?"

"Well; I don't know. Perhaps as you are so clever, it might be as well."

"And at once?"

"Yes, certainly; at once. You see, Madame Gordeloup, there may be so many buzzing about her."

"Exactly; and some of them perhaps will have more than twenty pounds handy. Some will buzz better than that."

"Of course I didn't mean that for anything more than just a little compliment to begin with."

"Oh, ah; just a little compliment for beginning. And when will it be making a progress and going on?"

"Making a progress!"

"Yes; when will the compliment become a little bigger? Twenty pounds! Oh! it's just for a few gloves, you know; nothing more."

"Nothing more than that, of course," said poor Archie.

"Well; when will the compliment grow bigger? Let me see. Julie has seven thousands of pounds, what you call, per annum. And have you seen that beautiful park? Oh! And if you can make her to look at the moon with her hair down,—oh! When will that compliment grow bigger? Twenty pounds! I am ashamed, you know."

"When will you see her, Madame Gordeloup?"

"See her! I see her every day, always. I will be there to-day, and to-morrow, and the next day."

"You might say a word then at once,—this afternoon."

"What! for twenty pounds! Seven thousands of pounds per annum; and you give me twenty pounds! Fie, Captain Clavering. It is only

just for me to speak to you,—this! That is all. Come; when will you bring me fifty?”

“By George,—fifty!”

“Yes, fifty;—for another beginning. What; seven thousands of pounds per annum, and make difficulty for fifty pounds! You have a handy way with your glove. Will you come with fifty pounds to-morrow?” Archie, with the drops of perspiration standing on his brow, and now desirous of getting out again into the street, promised that he would come again on the following day with the required sum.

“Just for another beginning! And now, good-morning, Captain Clavering. I will do my possible with Julie. Julie is very fond of me, and I think you have been right in coming here. But twenty pounds was too little, even for a beginning.” Mercenary wretch; hungry, greedy, ill-conditioned woman,—altogether of the harpy breed! As Archie Clavering looked into her grey eyes, and saw there her greed and her hunger, his flesh crept upon his bones. Should he not succeed with Julia, how much would this excellent lady cost him?

As soon as he was gone the excellent lady made an intolerable grimace, shaking herself and shrugging her shoulders, and walking up and down the room with her dirty wrapper held close round her. “Bah,” she said. “Bah!” And as she thought of the heavy stupidity of her late visitor she shrugged herself and shook herself again violently, and clutched up her robe still more closely. “Bah!” It was intolerable to her that a man should be such a fool, even though she was to make money by him. And then, that such a man should conceive it to be possible that he should become the husband of a woman with seven thousand pounds a year! Bah!

Archie, as he walked away from Mount Street, found it difficult to create a triumphant feeling within his own bosom. He had been awkward, slow, and embarrassed, and the Spy had been too much for him. He was quite aware of that, and he was aware also that even the sagacious Doodles had been wrong. There had, at any rate, been no necessity for making a difficulty about the money. The Russian Spy had known her business too well to raise troublesome scruples on that point. That she was very good at her trade he was prepared to acknowledge; but a fear came upon him that he would find the article too costly for his own purposes. He remembered the determined tone in which she had demanded the fifty pounds merely as a further beginning.

And then he could not but reflect how much had been said at the interview about money,—about money for her, and how very little had been said as to the assistance to be given,—as to the return to be made for the money. No plan had been laid down, no times fixed, no facilities for making love suggested to him. He had simply paid over his twenty pounds, and been desired to bring another fifty. The other fifty he was to take to Mount Street on the morrow. What if she were to require fifty pounds every day, and declare that she could not stir in the matter

for less? Doodles, no doubt, had told him that these first-class Russian spies did well the work for which they were paid; and no doubt, if paid according to her own tariff, Madame Gordeloup would work well for him; but such a tariff as that was altogether beyond his means! It would be imperatively necessary that he should come to some distinct settlement with her as to price. The twenty pounds, of course, were gone; but would it not be better that he should come to some final understanding with her before he gave her the further fifty? But then, as he thought of this, he was aware that she was too clever to allow him to do as he desired. If he went into that room with the fifty pounds in his pockets, or in his glove, or, indeed, anywhere about his person, she would have it from him, let his own resolution to make a previous bargain be what it might. His respect for the woman rose almost to veneration, but with the veneration was mixed a strong feeling of fear.

But, in spite of all this, he did venture to triumph a little when he met Doodles at the club. He had employed the Russian spy, and had paid her twenty pounds, and was enrolled in the corps of diplomatic and mysterious personages, who do their work by mysterious agencies. He did not tell Doodles anything about the glove, or the way in which the money was taken from him; but he did say that he was to see the Spy again to-morrow, and that he intended to take with him another present of fifty pounds.

"By George, Clavey, you are going it!" said Doodles, in a voice that was delightfully envious to the ears of Captain Archie. When he heard that envious tone he felt that he was entitled to be triumphant.

A Working Man on the Education of the Working-Classes.*

Of the many means that have been tried or suggested with a view to aid in effecting that very desirable thing, the social and moral elevation of the working-classes, education is admittedly the most important, and has been the most productive of beneficial results. In all civilized communities a wholly uneducated man is an imperfect member of society, however great may be his natural abilities; and the self-evident corollary is, that to give "the masses" such degree of education as the circumstances of their position will admit of their receiving, and as is best adapted to their mode of life, is a first and important step towards not only their intellectual, but also their social elevation. To cultivate the mind of a man, who with his family is condemned to live in some den inferior in every essential of health and comfort to the sty of a prize hog, and compared with which a prison cell would be a desirable residence, and who would regard prison fare as riotous living, may seem to be beginning the task of elevating him at the wrong place, or even to be doing him a positive injury. But practically such is not the case, for though the cultivation of the mental faculties gives rise to a keener and more painful consciousness of physical degradation, that consciousness is essentially of the nature of an ardent desire for better things, and the creation of such a desire is an important step towards its own fulfilment. For while outside help, the help of those above the masses, the help of wise legislation and private benevolence, must aid in any elevation of "the lower orders," it is to their having a thorough and comprehensive sense of their own position in society, abstractly and relatively, to their having an earnest desire for a better state of things, and being capable of self-help, that these orders must chiefly look for any general or permanent amelioration of their condition. And taking it for granted that education is to be the chief instrument in qualifying the working-classes to achieve their own social elevation, the questions naturally arise,—Are the working-classes, as a body, as well educated as they might be, and as their circumstances would fairly admit of their being? and has the enormous expenditure of money and labour, which for years past has been bestowed upon the education of these classes, been productive of proportionately great results? And to these questions the reply of any person having a practical knowledge of the working-classes, and of the state of education among them, would be in the negative. It is true that a large proportion of the

* This paper is the work of a journeyman engineer.—ED.

working-classes can now read and write, and, thanks to cheap educational literature, there are not a few men among them who are, even in a scholarly sense, well educated; but the ignorance, and the want of anything like real or beneficial education, that still prevails among them as a class, and which is seen most markedly in those who have received all the benefits of the educational machinery at present applied to their benefit, is unpleasantly astonishing, and would, I fear, scarcely be credited by the admirers of "the intelligent artisan."

As this last-named individual is supposed to be the best representative of the education and general intelligence of the working-classes, it would be doing both the working-classes and those who take an interest in their welfare a service if some admirer would favour the world with a plain definition of what an intelligent artisan really is. The phrase "intelligent artisan," like many other well-sounding stock phrases, is somewhat vague, and may mean a variety of things, and have different meanings to different people. The mere fact of being an artisan of course implies a certain degree of natural intelligence, and, in many instances, a certain degree of education also; and used in this broad sense, "intelligent artisan" and "artisan" are of course synonymous terms. Again, if by an intelligent artisan is meant a working mechanic having considerable natural shrewdness of character, and capable of holding his own in the battle of life, the class will still be found pretty numerous, as it will also should an intelligent artisan be taken to mean a working man who, without having any definite idea of their meaning, can talk about "the rights" or "dignity" "of labour," "the tyranny of capital," electoral rights, universal suffrage, and other kindred topics. But if by an intelligent artisan is meant a working mechanic who has acquired a tolerably sound education, who is moderately well read in the popular and standard literature of the age, capable of forming opinions for himself upon those topics of the day that more particularly affect the well-being of his own order, and of expressing those opinions in plain and proper language—if you mean a man whose reason must be convinced, or at any rate appealed to, as well as his passions roused, before he will consent to any plan of action pointed out to him by others—if by an intelligent artisan is meant (as many people suppose) a man having such qualifications as these, then intelligent artisans are much scarcer than many persons seem to suppose them to be. They do exist. I have the pleasure of being acquainted with many of them; and, indeed, they may be said to be a numerous body, but, considered in relation to that vast aggregation known as the working-classes, they must be regarded as exceptional beings: the exceptions that prove the rule, that the working-classes, as a body, are not as well educated as they might and (taking into account the vastness of the resources that have been brought to bear upon the task of promoting education among them) ought to be, or as, from the manner in which they have been belauded by admirers more ardent than judicious or well-informed, large numbers of those belonging to other sections of

society believe them to be. They must be regarded as so exceptional as to make the somewhat prevalent idea, that intelligent artisans are a large and well-defined section of the working-classes, an utterly erroneous and misleading one.

I have no wish to speak disparagingly or unkindly of the working-classes. Very far from it. I am myself a working man, "native and to the manner born." All my relations, friends, and companions belong to the working-classes; my life has been spent among them; my best sympathies are with them; and if I appear to speak to their disadvantage in trying to show them as they are rather than as I would wish them to be, or as many of their well-wishers in the higher ranks of society suppose them to be, it is in no unbrotherly or recreant spirit that I do so; but rather in the belief that I shall be doing them a greater service by showing to those who are willing to befriend or anxious to understand them, or even to some of themselves who may not have given the subject any serious consideration, where they are weak, and in what matters and in what manner assistance would be valuable to them, than by adding another layer of tinsel to any of the philanthropically or oratorically highly-gilt and embellished pictures of "the working man," which represent him as having virtues and advantages which he really does not possess; and which pictures too often cause those who believe in their truthfulness, to feel disappointed or disgusted with him for not coming up to the pictorial standard. Working men as a body have many virtues: they are honest, industrious, and provident, and none but themselves can know with what fortitude they face the hardships incidental to their sphere of life, or how kind they are to each other in the hour of need: and they have a fair share of natural intelligence. But in the sense in which intelligence implies a certain degree of general knowledge and refinement of manners, the working-classes generally are *not* intelligent. As this want of educational intelligence cannot be attributed to any lack of easily-accessible educational appliances, the promoters or advocates of the systems on which these appliances are based, or by which they are regulated, are naturally prepared with statistics and statements showing to their own satisfaction that the working-classes, the classes for whose special benefit most of the pet educational schemes and institutions of the day have been founded, *are*, in an educational as well as a natural sense, intelligent. But while believing in the general utility of statistics, I think they should be received with reservation when they are brought forward by the supporters of a theory or system, to demonstrate the success of their system; and at any rate it is admissible in such cases to put the facts sought to be proved to the test, on the principle involved in the text—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

I suppose that it will not be disputed that the workshops of the manufacturing districts, the districts in which artisans are most largely employed, are the best places in which to look for the ripest and best developed specimens of fruit among the working-classes; and if such is the case,

then the small quantity and unsatisfactory quality of that kind of fruit to be found in workshops, must inevitably convince the inquirer that the system of which they are the best productions must be an unsound one. If the working-classes were, in the educational sense of the term, intelligent, would eight men out of ten in a large workshop habitually use black-guard and blasphemous language in their ordinary conversation, and a still larger percentage of them be unable to express themselves emphatically upon any subject without resorting to the same kind of language, as is the case at present? Would the majority of the jokes and jests current in the workshop, and in many of which there is real wit, be so inextricably mingled with, and dependent for their point upon, indecencies and blasphemies, as to be unfit for repetition? Or would there still be in the workshop an almost entire absence—not of substantial kindness, for that is a marked and general characteristic of working communities—but of those little courtesies and civilities which, while costing nothing, enhance the value even of kindness, and are, in fact, in themselves a sort of kindness, softening the disagreeableness of disagreeable things, and making pleasant things still more pleasant; and the non-practising of which upon the part of the working-classes, offers a prominent and ready means of unfavourably contrasting their character with that of other classes of society? If the working-classes had in their degree benefited as much as under a wiser dispensation they might have done, in those boasts of our age, “the march of intellect,” and “the spread of education,” would there still be large bodies of highly-paid artisans notorious for their addiction to drunkenness and to brutal and brutalizing sports, and for an ignorance—except in what pertains to their trade—probably as dense as that which characterized their ancestors in the days when “wild in woods the noble savage ran.” And, above all, were they as well educated as the circumstances of their position would admit of their being, would the great bulk of the working-classes still be “led by the nose as asses are,” by a number of writers and spouters, who trade upon their weaknesses and passions, and live and thrive by the misery which it is their selfish business to create among the classes whose greatest benefactors they claim to be? Would *educated* working men be blindly led to their own destruction by frothy professional agitators, whose only qualifications for the office which they assume of “guide, philosopher, and friend” of the working-classes, are a knowledge of the weaknesses and a belief in the gullibility of those classes, a fixed resolution never to do any hard work, an utter want of principle, an unbounded stock of impudence and power of coarse flattery, and the capability of talking an infinite deal of rubbish about the “bloated aristocracy,” the “tyranny of capital,” and so forth?

What arrant nonsense in the present day is this—among the working-classes—yet unexploded bloated-aristocrat doctrine. What do the present generation of working men, or the individuals whom to their sorrow they allow to be their counsellors, know about aristocracy, bloated or otherwise, that justifies them in regarding the aristocracy and aristocratic insti-

tutions, as being necessarily and specially antagonistic to their interests? Taking that disgrace to humanity, George IV., as the great original bloated aristocrat, the man who in theatrical parlance created the character, there will still probably be found aristocrats as bloated as the spirit of the age will permit them to be. There are doubtless silly and vicious aristocrats, dukes who are duffers, scamping marquises, knavish earls, blackleg baronets, dishonest right honourables, officers who have far greater claims to be considered rogues or blackguards than gentlemen, and younger sons as shameless and impudent spungers as any of the landless, moneyless, long-titled German serenities, who are supposed to fatten upon the loaves and fishes of English "place" or pension. But if among the aristocracy there are, as in other grades of society, bad and worthless members of the body, there are also good and useful ones. In no great national or philanthropical movement for the benefit of the people have some greater or lesser portion of the aristocracy failed to take a worthy part. In the last memorable instance, in which a large section of working men, from no fault of their own, stood in need of the substantial sympathies of all other classes—the cotton famine—did the aristocracy as a body show a less kindly or liberal feeling than others? The subscription lists to the Lancashire distress fund show that they did not. In those lists many of the noblest names in the land will be found credited with amounts as noble as the names of their donors; and far larger—making every allowance for their relative wealth—than the subscriptions of the wealthy traders and manufacturers whose colossal fortunes had been made directly out of the labours of the men who stood in need of assistance. And the newspapers of the time prove that their sympathy was not limited to giving individual subscriptions, for they were among the warmest advocates of the cause of the distressed operatives, and materially assisted in securing for them the practical aid which their case required. So far as the working-classes have any real knowledge of the aristocracy, they have no cause to regard them with hatred; and I believe that, as a rule, working men would be treated with more courtesy, consideration, and equality by the aristocracy than by the moneyocracy, the holders of the bulk of the trading and manufacturing capital of the country,—the capital that is, as the professional agitators put it, "wrung out of the sweat and blood" of the "ground-down" labouring-classes. And though, as an abstract principle, any system which supports a large number of unproductive consumers must necessarily be an unsound one, yet, practically speaking, it is one which, it must be evident to all save visionaries who believe in the possibility of a system of universal brotherhood, must exist *in some shape* in all civilized communities; and the English aristocracy, as it at present exists, is perhaps the least offensive form of it. An English nobleman is usually wealthy enough to support his nobility without *directly* preying upon "the people," and gentlemanly enough to be civil to all men; and he is amenable to the law, and to that perhaps still more dreaded power, public opinion. And if there are noblemen deriving large incomes from landed property who

house the labourers on their estates in hovels less wholesome and comfortable than piggeries, are there not manufacturers employing large numbers of "hands" in unhealthy and laborious occupations, and paying them wages that forces them to live in those filthy overcrowded dens that abound in the poor neighbourhoods of large towns, and in which the poorer orders of the working-classes linger out their miserable and unhealthy existence?—men who neither know how or where their hands live, nor care whether they live at all. In short, as I said before, the working-classes have no *special* grievance against the aristocracy, yet such is the state of intelligence among them (the working men), that a majority of them give credence to the clap-trap talk of agitators, who represent the aristocracy as though they were still "ruthless barons," robbing and killing the people at their own sweet will, and roasting Jews or drawing their teeth whenever they could lay hands on them.

Again, what is the meaning of "the tyranny of capital" of which the professional agitator talks so much? To ninety working men out of a hundred the phrase conveys no definite meaning, while the remaining ten would probably give as many different definitions of it. If it means anything it is, that whatever philanthropic theorists may say about the true interests of capital and labour being identical, those interests are really antagonistic, and that whenever the capitalists are masters of the situation, they make the most of their opportunities for putting the screw on labour. And upon this principle the capitalists might as well talk of a tyranny of labour, as labour is not slow to return the compliment by putting the screw on capital when it has a chance; the great difference in the respective positions of capital and labour in this respect being, that capital being a thing that enables a man to bide his time, and capitalists understanding the relations between capital and labour better than the working-classes, capital is much oftener master of the situation than labour. Though were working men sufficiently well-informed and intelligent to rid themselves of the spouting knaves who prey upon and bring disgrace upon them by using their name, and to trust to their own sense and powers of observation for understanding the true relations between capital and labour, those relations would soon be better equalized, and more satisfactory than they are at present.

The whole tone of workshop life is a practical protest against the belief that working men of the present day are in point of educational intelligence equal to the age they live in. There are still large numbers of them unable to read or write, while many of those who can read and write only do so in a merely mechanical sense: it would be putting it mildly to say that fifty per cent. of them are unable to write a decently readable letter, and that eighty per cent. of them have no knowledge at all of the literature of the country. Many of them who can read, but whose reading is confined to the police intelligence of their weekly newspapers or the leading tales of their halfpenny or penny serials, are ignorant of the meaning of many of the common words in the language, and of the point or

source of the most hackneyed of the quotations that are daily coming under the notice of "the general reader." They have no knowledge beyond the vaguest hearsay of the history of their country or its great men, or of those topics of the day a proper understanding of which would conduce to the welfare of themselves and the class to which they belong. A working man who is moderately well read, who is capable of expressing himself in proper and appropriate language, of writing a well-phrased letter, or drawing up an address or the heading of a subscription-list in suitable terms, is a rarity in a workshop, and is regarded and honoured as such by his fellow-workmen, who speak of him as a great "scholard," refer to him to decide disputes upon general matters, ask him to write for them, or tell them how to write their most particular letters, put their grievances into addresses or petitions, act as secretary to their meetings and associations, and be their spokesman when occasion shall require. Yet such a working man as this ought not to be the comparative rarity that he is, and is only an average specimen of what the bulk of working men might be.

Unsatisfactory, however, as is the state of education among artisans, it is still more deplorable among the lower-paid orders of the working-classes, many of whom are totally uneducated—never having as children enjoyed those opportunities of gaining that little education of which artisans have generally had the advantage, or else they were sent to work at such an early age as to make them speedily forget any little rudimentary education they may have previously received. Artisans are sometimes the sons of men slightly higher in the social scale than themselves, and as a rule they are the sons of artisans or the better kinds of unskilled workmen—of men who have a far-off sense of education, and who, setting a high value on it, determine to give them the best instruction in their power, and—the smallness of their incomes considered—spend large sums of money in carrying out their determination. They send their boys to school at an early age, keep them at it till they are fourteen—when of course they must leave to be "bound 'prentice"—and then send them into the workshop fine scholars, according to workshop ideas of fine scholarship. That is to say, the boys will be able to read and write, work the great horseshoe-and-nails sum, repeat whole chapters of the Bible "off book," and tell the names of the great personages and places of scripture-history; will be able to give a list of the sovereigns of England from the time of the Conquest, with the names and dates of the principal battles that took place during their reigns; give the names of the highest mountain and longest river in the world; tell the distance of the sun from the earth; and even speak a little of what they are pleased to call Latin and French. But boys on leaving school soon forget the fine things that they "knew by heart," or could "say off book," and on becoming men the majority of these fine scholars will be found to be ill-informed members of society, with little legitimate claim to be considered intelligent in any save the primary and natural sense of the term.

It will naturally be asked, How comes it, then, that educational and general literature being so cheap and abundant, educational facilities so wide-spread and easy of access, and artisans endowed with a considerable share of natural intelligence, they should, as a class, be ignorant and ill-informed? The answer to this question is, in my opinion, that the system of education applied to the working-classes is a thoroughly unsound one. The great fault of it is that it attempts too much—attempts to make *scholars* of children, instead of merely trying to pave the way to their becoming intelligent men,—that it is a sort of Jack-of-all-trades-and-master-of-none system, touching in a dry and elementary manner upon a great many branches of education, without going far enough into any one of them to make it sufficiently interesting to the pupils to make them pursue it for the sake of the pleasure it gives after they have left school; and one that sacrifices the cultivation of the higher faculties to the development of a mechanical and comparatively useless power of memory.

Take the case of a well-to-do mechanic's son. Having been taught to read in a woman's school, or a national infant school, he is at seven or eight years of age removed probably to one of those schools known as British schools; in which the general body of the pupils pay from fourpence to sixpence a week each, and an "upper class" a shilling a week each in consideration of learning "extras." On the day on which he is to enter his new school, the hope of the Joneses, attired in the cloth suit which up to the previous day has done duty as his "Sunday clothes," and with hands and face as clean as water and soap can make them, and hair carefully oiled and brushed, is taken to the school by his mother, it being necessary that one of his parents should have an interview with the master. On coming into the master's presence, Mrs. J. makes her best curtsy, and explains that she wishes her boy to be enrolled as a pupil in that school; whereupon the schoolmaster having taken a look at Master Jones, and blandly asked him whether he is a good boy, proceeds to take down his name and age and the address of his parents. He next asks whether he has been to school before, and if so, where; and then tests his powers by putting him to read a few sentences aloud; after which he assigns him a class. The boy being thus disposed of, the master addresses himself to the mother, telling her in the first place that they are very strict as to the personal cleanliness and regular attendance of their pupils, and she having expressed her approval in these matters, he goes on to inform her that "our course" consists of reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, including the use of the globes, the Scriptures, astronomy, composition, history, elocution, singing and elementary science; in addition to which, French, Latin, and geometry are taught in the upper class, for admission into which, however, Master Jones will not be qualified for some time to come. Mrs. Jones listens to the recital of this numerous and high-sounding list of studies respectfully but appalled—wondering why the master should enter into all these details with her;

but she is speedily enlightened upon this point by his going on to say that they find some of the books, but that her son will also require a number of books which they do *not* find, but with which he will be happy to supply her at the same price as the booksellers. Mrs. J., of course, takes and pays for the books, which are duly handed over to her son, who may then be considered fairly established in his new school. And now let us look at the plan of education followed in the school. The hours of attendance are from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, with an hour and a half for dinner, and half an hour—a quarter of an hour morning and afternoon—for play; besides which each pupil has “night lessons,” the preparation of which will take from one to two hours, according to the length of the lessons and powers of memory of the learner. The pupils are divided into from seven to ten classes, irrespective of the upper class; and taking it that our illustrative school has ten classes, we will suppose that our new pupil is placed in the fifth. This class will be “taken” by pupils from the first class, or the younger “pupil-teachers,” boys destined for the teaching profession, but who as yet are mere schoolboys whose inaccessibility to the corrupting influence of marbles cannot be relied upon, and many of whom, it is well known in schoolboy circles, are given to secretly eating the toffee that has been taken from pupils who have been detected devoting greater attention to it than their lessons; and who openly make favourites of some pupils, and take “picks” at others. One of these boys will in the morning “take” the night lessons and sums, this operation consisting in examining the sums, and seeing that a certain percentage of them have the right answers, and listening to the repetition of the lessons, passing those who are tolerably perfect in them, and making those who are very imperfect or totally ignorant “stand on the line,” in order that the master may deal with them. After the taking of the night lessons, come (say) the scripture lesson, which consists in the reading—each boy in the class taking a verse in his turn—of one or more chapters in the Bible, and the asking of a number of questions by the teacher to test the *memory* of the boys concerning what they have been reading. When this has been gone through, it will be time to go into the playground. On assembling in school again, the whole of the pupils are formed into one large class for a singing lesson, at the end of which they break up into their ordinary classes for their writing lessons, which last till dinner-time.

After dinner, the time up to the hour for going into the playground will be occupied by grammar and geography lessons, which in the fifth class will be taught, the former by the pupils’ repeating in a monotonous sing-song tone after the teacher, “There are nine parts of speech—article noun, adjective, pronoun,” &c.; and the latter, by their repeating in the same tone and manner, that the Earth is divided into two hemispheres and four continents; that an island is a piece of land entirely surrounded by water, and a peninsula a piece of land almost surrounded by water. On

returning from the playground, the remainder of the afternoon will be taken up by the reading lesson, consisting, in the fifth class, of "moral lessons in words of two syllables," and the setting of the night lessons, which last will, in the case of our young friend, be confined at this time to the working of half-a-dozen sums, and the learning by heart of a table of weights and measures, and a column of "spellings." But even with this limitation in the matter of night lessons, Master Jones's scholastic task will be a tolerably heavy one for an eight-year-old boy, fond of play, and having to go to bed at eight o'clock in the evening. This, however, is only the beginning of his educational sorrows. We will suppose that he is a moderately good and intelligent boy, that he does not get "put on the line" with unusual frequency, that he never gets sent home for having dirty shoes or face, that he does not occasionally spend his school wages, play truant for a week, and bring a forged note of excuse for his absence; that when he gets a caning he grins, or howls, and bears it, and does not go home crying, and bring his mother with him on the following morning to indignantly state in the face of the assembled pupils, "which her boy is as good a boy as ever breathed, and she ain't a-going to have him beat black and blue to please any nasty puppy of a teacher;"—we will suppose all this, and that he gradually rises from class to class, and takes prizes at the half-yearly examinations, until, at twelve years of age, he reaches the first class, and the full force of the cramming system is brought to bear upon his devoted head. His night sums will now be in the higher rules of arithmetic, which he finds exceedingly difficult, from his having been forced through the earlier rules without being taught the principles of their application; and the lessons will embrace half-a-dozen different subjects besides. These and his day lessons tax his powers of memory to an unnatural extent, while leaving his other faculties dormant. But still the system enables him to shine at the heavily-crammed and oft-rehearsed half-yearly examinations, to take prizes at them, and to cover himself and his master with glory in the presence of the parents of the pupils and others who attend such examinations. Having so distinguished himself, it is considered advisable by his proud and gratified parents either to remove him to a "finishing school" (generally a "genteel academy" at from one to two guineas per quarter), or place him in the upper class of the school he is already attending; this latter being the plan most usually adopted. In consequence of this proceeding, lessons in mathematics and a couple of languages are added to the boy's already cruel load of educational misery. He will now have little or no time for play; his memory will be strained to a stupefying degree; he will begin to sincerely hate school and all pertaining thereto, and urge his parents to send him to work; and when he is sent to work his sense of relief at being freed from the thralldom of lessons will give an additional zest to the general feeling of joy and importance which all boys feel on first going to work.

Nor is it at all surprising that such a system as I have attempted

briefly to describe should produce a hatred rather than a desire for education in the minds of those who suffer under it. In the first place it attempts too much. A moment's consideration must make it evident that boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age, and of only ordinary strength of mind, cannot simultaneously study ten or twelve subjects—several of which really are, and all of which as they are taught to them appear to be, wholly distinct—with any reasonable probability of attaining a useful proficiency in them all ; while the distraction of mind consequent upon this multiplicity of studies makes it very improbable that they will learn any of them well. The mode of teaching practised under this system, and indeed necessitated in order to secure its *apparent* success, is also utterly objectionable. Its chief aim is to produce prize pupils and organize showy public examinations rather than to lay the foundations of a good education. By this mode only the barest and driest outlines of each subject are taught : no attempt is made to interest the pupil in his studies by teaching him the broad principles or general applications of the various branches of knowledge which those studies embrace, or to amalgamate or generalize such of the studies as admit of it. Under this system of teaching, proficiency is sought to be attained by cramming the pupils to bursting-point with definitions, dates, and figures, all of which, though of the utmost importance as parts of the subjects to which they pertain, and essential to the thorough understanding of them, are wholly uninteresting and practically useless to students having no further knowledge of those subjects. Let any person look, for instance, at the class-books from which history and geography—the two most interesting branches of an ordinary English education—are taught in those schools more particularly devoted to the education of the children of working men, and they will find that the best of them are little better than chronological tables recording the dates of the births and deaths of sovereigns, the names and dates of famous battles and sieges, and catalogues of the principal countries, rivers, and mountains of the earth. These books are a good illustration of the striving-to-do-too-much feature which disfigures the system to which they belong, for they profess to give a *detailed* history, or geographical description of the world, in a small volume of about a hundred and twenty pages. That a knowledge of the physical sciences and the ancient and modern languages is a highly desirable thing there can be no doubt, but the circumstances of working men do not admit of their boys being taught these branches of education, and the attempt to teach them during the last year or two at school is a mere waste of time. The smattering he gets (and that is the utmost he can hope to gain) is not sufficient to induce him to continue the study after he has left school, and the smattering itself is speedily forgotten.

Speaking from experience, I have no hesitation in saying that considering that the children of the working-classes must under the most favourable circumstances leave school at fourteen years of age, and many of them much earlier, it is a mistake to attempt to extend their school

studies beyond the plain foundations of reading, writing, and arithmetic. But these, and more especially the first of them, might be taught in so comprehensive a manner as to embrace a useful general knowledge of a variety of subjects. Working men cannot be made *scholars*, but by reading they may gain knowledge, and to create and direct a taste for reading should be the chief aim of their education. Under a system having this object in view, the education of the working-classes would be continued after they left school; for literature of all kinds is so abundant and easy of access that no youth or man who has a taste for reading experiences much difficulty in gratifying it. The merely mechanical power of reading must be taught in some more or less mechanical manner; but as soon as the pupil is able to read sentences intelligibly the work of interesting him in his studies might be commenced. Let there be a "first reader" consisting of short fables and tales selected—and if necessary altered—from *Æsop* and the fairy histories. Let the next "reader" consist of stories of travels and voyages, in connection with which the study of geography might be incorporated, by the teacher pointing out on the globe and map the various places referred to in the readings, showing in what position a ship would be whose latitude and longitude are given, and explaining other geographical points that would necessarily arise. Indeed, in the hands of a judicious and well-informed teacher such a series of readings would supply texts not only for the teaching of geography, but also of some of the most interesting features in astronomy and navigation. These might be followed by an "historical reader" and "scientific reader" for the higher classes; the former consisting of selections—with short explanatory head notes—from the works of Gibbon, Robertson, Macaulay, Froude, Strickland, and other celebrated historians, and the latter of dialogues, in the style of Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*, and allegories illustrating in an interesting manner the principles of science.* And these might be supplemented by a "general reader" made up of selections from the works of the most eminent British poets, essayists, and

* Of the thousands of reading lessons which I had during a five years' pupilage in a large school which is still famous as a working-class school, only two left anything like a lasting impression upon my mind, or were regarded with feelings of real interest, and not as mere task-work. The first was a tale called "The Three Giants," in which, under the guise of a pleasant story, the powers of air, water, and steam were explained and exemplified; though it was only in after years, when I had acquired a practical knowledge of the nature and operation of these natural forces, that I discovered what a really valuable lesson in physical science "The Three Giants" contained. But had the teacher under whom I read the tale pointed the moral of it—as under a more rational system of education he would have done—he might have taught me more science in a few hours than I learned in the course of two years in the "finishing school" to which I was sent to complete my education, and in which "the sciences" were among the too-numerous-to-be-mentioned subjects taught—or rather supposed to be taught. The second of these long-remembered reading lessons was a story of Irish peasant life, called, if I remember rightly, "The Foster Parents," in which one Mickey Flood was a prominent and favourite character. Both stories were contained in a "class-book" issued by an Irish educational society; and I can still

novelists. I leave it to be taken for granted that a knowledge of the Scriptures would form part of this or any other system of English education, but a much higher knowledge of them would be conveyed to the pupil if, instead of setting him to learn chapters of the Bible by way of punishment, or cramming him with the genealogies of the Patriarchs and Apostles just previous to examinations, he was shown the geographical position of the various countries mentioned in Holy Writ, and told the changes they have undergone and their present social position among the nations of the earth; and had pointed out to him the glorious poetry and wisdom of such parts as the Psalms, the Proverbs, and Christ's Parables and Sermon on the Mount, and the applicability of many of the lessons contained in them to the affairs of every-day life at the present time.

That some such educational system as this, administered by competent teachers—teachers qualified to do something more than stolidly listen to their pupils repeating the lessons they have “learned off book,” and count the number of mistakes they make—would be more beneficial to, and better suited to the circumstances of the working-classes than the high-pressure system at present applied to them, no person having a real knowledge of those classes can for a moment doubt. It is true that *scholars* would not be produced under it, nor would the pupils be *perfected* in any single branch of education, but they would gain a considerable amount of general knowledge, and gain it in a manner that would create a desire for further knowledge, in the shape of a taste for reading; and thus induce them to continue what would be practically their education, after they had left school, instead of regarding it as completed when they walk out of the school-house for the last time. Such a system as this might be still further developed, by having attached to each national or other large school attended by the children of the working-classes, a library, consisting of such works as *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, a selection of Scott's, Cooper's, and Marryat's novels, books of voyages and travels, works upon natural history, interesting biographies, historical

remember the thrill of joy which ran through the class, and the smile which lit up the countenance of every pupil, whenever it was announced that either of these had been selected in preference to the “moral” and other dry lessons which usually formed our reading exercises.

A copy of Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues* was the prize that fell to my lot at one of the half-yearly examinations at the working-class school of which I am speaking, and I remember that I read it during the holidays that followed the examination with as much pleasure as I did *Nick of the Woods*, which I read during the same holidays; and I established quite an enviable reputation as a conjuror, by performing some of the simpler experiments explained in the book before a number of my schoolmates whom my parents had invited to take tea at our house. The book made an equally favourable impression upon several of my school friends to whom I lent it—and one of whom, of course, failed to return it; and there can be no doubt that such a book would be a valuable class-book, and, aided by such experiments as might be easily and inexpensively conducted in a school-room, would do much to popularize science.

works, popular books of science, and any works of general interest that might be considered likely to attract and instruct youthful readers. The privilege of borrowing these books could be granted as a reward for diligence in their studies to the boys of the first and second classes, and the condition of each borrower writing out some sort of an epitome or criticism of each work lent to him might be attached to the privilege; and thus, by making it an incentive to application and a means of exercising pupils in composition, the library would be fairly converted into an educational engine, and be quite consonant with the system of which it would form a valuable part. The cause of education among the working-classes might also be materially assisted, if in large towns a number of memberships, varying in length from one to five years, of local mechanics' institutions or literary institutions were given as prizes at school examinations. This form of prize need only be given to boys in their last year at school; and, under a rational system of competitive examinations, they would fall to the cleverest boys, who would thus be in a position to immediately follow up the work of education commenced at school.

It may be urged against any system of this kind that it would produce a desire for light reading rather than solid education; but then, what is generally understood by a solid education cannot, under any system, be completed between seven and fourteen years of age; and among the working-classes it is only those who have a strong natural liking for some particular branch of learning, or men of more than ordinary strength of mind who have resolved to rise in the world, and are determined to educate themselves as an essential means to that end, who will devote their leisure time to direct study, or who could do so profitably. And as it seems to be a law of nature that boys who do read *will* read fiction, it would be much better to turn them out of school eager to run riot among the Waverlies, and ready to smuggle candles to bed in order to finish the enthralling adventures of Hawkeye or Mr. Midshipman Easy, than to send them forth hating all books together, and with minds so uncultivated in all save the rudimentary technicalities of a cut-and-dried education that when a reaction sets in—if it ever does set in—they first become readers of that pernicious thieves' literature which the legislature, in its wisdom, still allows to be sown broadcast throughout the land; and finally settle down as "constant readers" of "The Weekly Denouncer" agitation newspaper, and "The Three Farthings Miscellany" sensation serial. Besides, this universal inclination of boys for works of fiction, which such a system of education as I have been speaking of would merely guide, becomes, like the juvenile taste for tarts and toffee, moderated as the boys advance in life, and in the meantime it paves the way to more general or solid reading. Whatever disciples of the Gradgrind school may think or say, there can be little doubt that one of the working-classes who has gone through the Waverlies and the Cooper, Marryat, and Mayne Reid series of novels during the first two or three years after leaving school, read the works

of Dickens and Bulwer at a later period, and learned to appreciate Thackeray by the time he reaches manhood, has had a good preparation for profitably reading and reflecting upon those graver subjects which affect the constitution and well-being of society. The reading of good fiction almost necessarily gives rise to a large amount of incidental reading. Few persons can read Scott's novels without being led to read historical works relating to the same periods as the novels; and the allusions to, and quotations from, standard works, contained in modern novels, often lead to the reading of those works; while the delineation of character, powers of description and satire, and other valuable literary qualities that characterize the higher works of fiction, enable the reader of such works to appreciate those qualities when he meets with them in the current literature of the day. And it should be borne in mind that as a working man's actual experience of society is almost exclusively confined to his own class, it is principally to reading that he must trust for gaining a knowledge of other classes of society and the relative position of his own class: and were it for this reason alone the importance of developing a sound taste for reading among the working-classes must be apparent.

These remarks upon the state of education and intelligence among the working-classes apply chiefly to the artisan section of them, the section of them on whom the highest efforts of the system under which the working-classes are at present educated are expended, and the want of general intelligence among whom is one of the most conclusive proofs that the system is an unsound one. But while its defects must be held to account for a great deal of the want of general intelligence amongst working-men, there are other causes that materially contribute towards it. Many of the children of the working-classes, children of very poor, very ignorant, or drunken parents, are never sent to any kind of school; while others who are sent to school have to leave it at such an early age to go to work, that any little glimmer of education they may have received during their brief period of schooling is almost entirely forgotten long before they attain manhood; and of course among the working-classes, as in other ranks in life, there are some men so stupid or debased that no kind or amount of instruction would ever make them intelligent. That there is an abundance of natural shrewdness, and what is generally called rough common sense, among the working-classes, there can be no doubt, and all who have any considerable personal acquaintance with them are aware that there are numbers of well-informed, really intelligent men among them; but these are so few in number compared with the general body, that they are totally inadequate to the leavening of the mass, and in any question affecting the relations between their own and other classes of society, their influence is utterly swamped by that of the many-headed multitude who acknowledge the sway of the professional agitators. No system of education could produce a state of society in which all men would be intelligent; but, under a system specially designed to suit the

circumstances of their position and develop the natural powers of mind which they undoubtedly possess, a large majority of them might be made really intelligent members of society, and a decided tone of educated intelligence given to the whole body. That a system capable of producing such highly desirable results could be constructed and successfully carried out by educated, liberal-minded men having a practical knowledge of the working-classes, there can be no reasonable doubt. And though the working details of any such system could only be decided upon by actual practice, and would have to be varied with varying circumstances, I think the general principles of it should be such as I have indicated.

The vast national and private means furnished for promoting education amongst us have undoubtedly been productive of good. But it is certain that they have not effected anything like the amount of good that they might have done. The general result of the present state of things is to place a large number of working men in a position to affirm—as I heard a mechanic doing the other day when asking a shopmate to write a letter—that they were very good scholars once, only they have forgot all their education; and to send forth a number of boys capable of performing a number of surprising but for practical purposes useless feats in educational gymnastics. There are means in plenty; what is wanted is that those who are interested in promoting the welfare of the working-classes should try to bring about the substitution of another and a better plan of using them.

Sienna and St. Catherine.

AFTER leaving the valley of the Arno at Empoli, the railway enters a country which rises into earthy hills of no great height, and spreads out at intervals into broad tracts of cultivated lowland. Geologically speaking, this portion of Tuscany consists of loam and sandy deposits, forming the basin between two mountain ranges—the Apennines and the chalk hills of the western coast of Central Italy. Seen from the eminence of some old Tuscan turret, this champaign country has a stern and arid aspect. The earth is grey and dusty, the forms of hill and valley are mean and insignificant; even the vegetation seems to sympathise with the uninteresting soil from which it springs. A few spare olives cast their shadows on the lower slopes; here and there a copse of oakwood and acacia marks the course of some small rivulet; ryefields, grey beneath the wind, clothe the hill-sides with scanty verdure. Every knoll is crowned with a village—brown roofs and white house-fronts clustered together on the edge of cliffs, and rising into the campanile or antique tower, which tells so many stories of bygone wars and decayed civilizations.

Beneath these villages stand groups of stone-pines clearly visible upon the naked country, cypresses like spires beside the square white walls of convent or of villa, patches of dark foliage, showing where the ilex and the laurel and the myrtle hide thick tangles of rose-trees and jessamines in ancient gardens. Nothing can exceed the barren aspect of this country in midwinter: it resembles an exaggerated Sussex, without verdure to relieve the rolling lines of down, and hill, and valley, beautiful alone by reason of its frequent villages and lucid air. But when spring comes, a light and beauty break upon this gloomy soil; the whole is covered with a delicate green veil of rising crops and fresh foliage, and the immense distances which may be seen from every height are blue with cloud-shadows, or rosy in the light of sunset. Of all the towns of Lower Tuscany, none is more celebrated than Sienna. It stands in the very centre of the country which we have attempted to describe, crowning one of its most considerable heights, and commanding one of its most extensive plains. As a city it is a typical representative of those numerous Italian towns, whose origin is buried in remote antiquity, which have formed the seat of three civilizations, and still maintain a vigorous vitality upon their ancient soil. Its site is Etruscan, its name is Roman, but the town itself owes all its interest and beauty to the artists, and the statesmen, and the warriors of the middle ages. A single glance at Sienna from one of the slopes on its northern side, will show how truly mediæval is the character of the town. A city wall follows the outline of the hill, from

which the towers of the cathedral and the palace, with other cupolas and red-brick campanili, spring ; while cypresses and olive-gardens stretch downwards to the plain. There is not a single Palladian façade or Renaissance portico to interrupt the unity of the effect. Above all, in the distance, rises Radicofani, a serene and Claude-like mountain, melting imperceptibly into sky and plain.

The three most striking objects of interest in Sienna maintain the character of mediæval individuality by which the town is marked. They are the public palace, the cathedral, and the house of St. Catherine. The civil life, the arts, and the religious tendencies of Italy during the ascendancy of mediæval ideas, are strongly set before us here. High above every other building in the town soars the straight brick tower of the Palazzo Pubblico, the house of the republic, the hearth of civil life within the State. It guards an irregular Gothic building in which the old government of Sienna used to be assembled, but which has now for a long time been converted into prisons, courts of law, and show-rooms. Let us enter one chamber of the Palazzo—the Sala della Pace, where Ambrogio Lorenzetti, the greatest, perhaps, of Siennese painters, represented the evils of lawlessness and tyranny, and the benefits of peace and justice, in three noble allegories. They were executed early in the fourteenth century, in the age of allegories and symbolism, when poets and painters strove to personify in human shape all thoughts and sentiments. The first great fresco represents Peace—the peace of the Republic of Sienna. Ambrogio has painted the twenty-four councillors who formed the Government, standing beneath the thrones of Concord, Justice, and Wisdom. From these controlling powers they stretch in a long double line to a seated figure, gigantic in size, and robed with the ensigns of baronial sovereignty. This figure is the State and Majesty of Sienna. Around him sit Peace, Fortitude, and Prudence, Temperance, Magnanimity, and Justice, inalienable assessors of a powerful and righteous lord. Faith, Hope, and Charity, the Christian virtues, float like angels in the air above. Armed horsemen guard his throne, and captives show that he has laid his enemy beneath his feet. Thus the mediæval artist expressed on canvas his theory of government. The rulers of the State are subordinate to the State itself; they stand between the State and the great animating principles of wisdom, justice, and concord, incarnating the one, and receiving inspiration from the others. The pagan qualities of prudence, magnanimity, and courage, give stability and greatness to good government, while the spirit of Christianity must harmonize and rule the whole. Arms, too, are needful to maintain by force what right and law demand, and victory in a just quarrel proclaims the power and vigour of the State. On another wall Ambrogio has depicted the prosperous city of Sienna, girt by battlements and moat, with tower and barbican and draw-bridge, to ensure its peace. Through the gates stream countrypeople, bringing the produce of their farms into the town. The streets are crowded with men and women intent on business or pleasure : craftsmen

at their trade, merchants with laden mules, a hawking party, hunters scouring the plain, girls dancing, and children playing in the open square. A schoolmaster watching his class, and the sculptured figures of Geometry, Astronomy, and Philosophy, remind us that education and science flourish under the dominion of well-balanced laws. The third fresco exhibits the reverse of this fair spectacle. Here Tyranny presides over a scene of anarchy and wrong. He is a hideous monster, compounded of all the bestial attributes which indicate force, treason, lechery, and fear. Avarice and Fraud, and Cruelty and War and Fury sit around him. At his feet lies Justice, and above are the effigies of Nero, Caracalla, and like monsters of ill-regulated power. Not far from the castle of tyranny we see the same town as in the other fresco; but its streets are filled with scenes of quarrel, theft, and bloodshed. Nor are these allegories merely fanciful. In the middle ages the same city might more than once during one lifetime present in the vivid colours of reality the two contrasted pictures.

After leaving the Palazzo, and threading narrow streets paved with brick, and overshadowed with huge empty palaces, we reach the highest of the three hills on which Sienna stands, and see before us the Duomo. This church is the most purely Gothic of all Italian cathedrals designed by national architects. Together with that of Orvieto it stands alone to show what the unassisted genius of the Italians could produce when influenced by mediæval ideas. It is built wholly of marble, and overlaid, inside and out, with florid ornaments of exquisite beauty. There are no flying buttresses, no pinnacles, no deep and fretted doorways, such as form the charm of French and English architecture; but instead of this the lines of particoloured marbles, the scrolls and wreaths of foliage, the mosaics and the frescoes which meet the eye in every direction, satisfy our sense of variety, producing most agreeable combinations of blending hues and harmoniously-connected forms. The chief fault which offends against our Northern taste is the predominance of horizontal lines, both in the construction of the façade, and also in the internal decoration. This single fact sufficiently proves that the Italians had never seized the true idea of Gothic or aspiring architecture. But, allowing for this original defect, we feel that the Cathedral of Sienna combines solemnity and splendour to a degree almost unrivalled. Its dome is another point in which the instinct of Italian architects has led them to adhere to the genius of their ancestral art rather than to follow the principles of Gothic design. The dome is Etruscan and Roman, native to the soil, and only by a kind of violence adapted to the character of pointed architecture. Yet the builders of Sienna have shown what a glorious element of beauty might have been added to our Northern cathedrals had the idea of infinity which our ancestors expressed by long continuous lines, by complexities of interwoven aisles, and by multitudinous aspiring pinnacles, been carried out into vast spaces of aerial cupolas, completing and embracing and covering the whole like heaven. But roundness, like horizontal lines, seems to have been alien to the spirit of Teutonic art. It remains for modern architects—a noble

task if they had scope for the experiment—to crown a Chartres cathedral with a dome of Brunelleschi. The Duomo as it now stands forms only part of a vast original design. On entering we are amazed to hear that this church, which looks so large from the beauty of its proportions, the intricacy of its ornaments, and the interlacing of its columns, is but the transept of the old building lengthened a little, and surmounted by a cupola and campanile. Yet such is the fact. Soon after its commencement a plague swept over Italy, nearly depopulated Sienna, and reduced the town to penury for want of men. The cathedral, which, had it been accomplished, would have surpassed all Gothic churches south of the Alps, remained a ruin. A fragment of the nave still stands, enabling us to judge of its extent. The eastern wall joins what was to have been the transept, measuring the mighty space which would have been enclosed by marble vaults and columns delicately wrought. The sculpture on the eastern door shows with what magnificence the Siennese designed to ornament this portion of their temple; while the southern façade rears itself aloft above the town, like those high arches which testify to the past splendour of Glastonbury Abbey; but the sun streams through the broken windows, and the walls are encumbered with hovels and stables, and the refuse of surrounding streets. One most remarkable feature of the internal decoration is a line of heads of the Popes carried all round the church above the lower arches. Larger than life, white solemn faces, they lean, each from his separate niche, crowned with the triple tiara, and labelled with the name he bore. Their accumulated majesty brings the whole past history of the Church into the presence of its living members. A bishop walking up the nave of Sienna must feel as a Roman felt among the waxen images of ancestors renowned in council or in war. Of course these portraits are imaginary for the most part; but the artists have contrived to vary their features and expression with great skill.

Not less peculiar to Sienna is the pavement of the cathedral. It is inlaid with a kind of *tarsia* work in marble, like that which Baron Triqueti has used in his “Marmor Homericum”—less elaborately decorative, but more artistic and subordinate to architectural effect than the baron’s mosaic. Some of these compositions are as old as the cathedral; others are the work of Beccafumi and his scholars. They represent, in the liberal spirit of mediæval Christianity, the history of the Church before the Incarnation. Hermes Trismegistus and the Sibyls meet us at the doorway: in the body of the church we find the mighty deeds of the old Jewish heroes—of Moses and Samson and Joshua and Judith. Independently of the artistic beauty of the designs, of the skill with which men and horses are drawn in the most difficult attitudes, of the dignity of some single figures, and of the vigour and simplicity of the larger compositions, a special interest attaches to this pavement in connection with the twelfth canto of the *Purgatorio*. Did Dante ever tread these stones and meditate upon their sculptured histories? That is what we cannot say, but we read how he journeyed through the plain of Purgatory

with eyes bent upon its storied floor, how "morti i morti, e i vivi parean vivi," how he saw "Nimrod at the foot of his great work, confounded, gazing at the people who were proud with him." The strong and simple outlines of the pavement correspond to the few words of the poet. Bending over these pictures and trying to learn their lesson, with the thought of Dante in our mind, the tones of an organ, singularly sweet and mellow, fall upon our ears and we remember how he heard "Te Deum" sung within the gateway of repentance.

Continuing our walk, we descend the hill on which the Duomo stands, and reach a valley lying between the ancient city of Sienna and a western eminence crowned by the church of San Domenico. In this depression there has existed from old time a kind of suburb or separate district of the poorer people known by the name of the Contrada d'Oca. To the Siennese it has especial interest, for here is the birthplace of St. Catherine, the very house in which she lived, her father's workshop, and the chapel which has been erected in commemoration of her saintly life. Over the doorway is written in letters of gold "*Sposæ Christi Katherinæ domus.*" Inside they show the room she occupied, and the stone on which she placed her head to sleep; they keep her veil and staff and lantern and enamelled vinaigrette, the bag in which her alms were placed, the sack-cloth that she wore beneath her dress, the crucifix from which she took the wounds of Christ. It is impossible to conceive, even after the lapse of several centuries, that any of these relics are fictitious. Every particular of her life was remembered and recorded with scrupulous attention by devoted followers. Her fame was universal throughout Italy before her death; and the house from which she went forth to preach and heal the sick and comfort plague-stricken wretches whom kith and kin had left alone to die, was known and well-beloved by all her citizens. From the moment of her death it became, and has continued to be, the object of superstitious veneration to thousands. From the little loggia which runs along one portion of its exterior may be seen the campanile and the dome of the cathedral; on the other side rises the huge brick church of San Domenico, in which she spent the long ecstatic hours that won for her the title of Christ's Spouse. In a chapel attached to the church she watched and prayed, fasting and wrestling with the fiends of a disordered fancy. There Christ appeared to her and gave her his own heart, there he administered to her the Sacrament with his own hands, there she assumed the robe of poverty and gave her Lord the silver cross and took from him the crown of thorns. To us these legends may appear the flimsiest web of fiction: but to Catherine herself, her biographers, and her cotemporaries, they were not so. The enthusiastic saint and reverent people believed firmly in these things; and after the lapse of five centuries her votaries still kiss the floor and steps on which she trod, still say, "This was the wall on which she leant when Christ appeared; this was the corner where she clothed him, naked and shivering like a beggar-boy; here he sustained her with angels' food."

St. Catherine was one of twenty-five children born in wedlock to Jacopo and Lapa Benincasa, citizens of Sienna. Her father exercised the trade of dyer and fuller. In the year of her birth, 1347, Sienna reached the climax of its power and splendour. It was then that the plague of Boccaccio began to rage, which swept off 80,000 citizens, and interrupted the building of the great Duomo. In the midst of so large a family and during these troubled times Catherine grew almost unnoticed; but it was not long before she manifested her peculiar disposition. At six years old she already saw visions and longed for a monastic life: about the same time she used to collect her childish companions together and preach to them. As she grew her wishes became stronger; she refused the proposals which her parents made that she should marry, and so vexed them by her obstinacy that they imposed on her the most servile duties in their household. These she patiently fulfilled, pursuing at the same time her own vocation with unwearied ardour. She scarcely slept at all, and eat no food but vegetables and a little bread, scourged herself, wore sackcloth, and became emaciated, weak, and half delirious. At length the firmness of her character and the force of her hallucinations won the day. Her parents consented to her assuming the Dominican robe, and at the age of thirteen she entered the monastic life. From this moment till her death we see in her the ecstatic, the philanthropist, and the politician combined to a remarkable degree. For three whole years she never left her cell except to go to church, maintaining an almost unbroken silence. Yet when she returned to the world, convinced at last of having won by prayer and pain the favour of her Lord, it was to preach to infuriated mobs, to toil among men dying of the plague, to execute diplomatic negotiations, to harangue the republic of Florence, to correspond with queens, and to interpose between kings and popes. In the midst of this varied and distracting career she continued to see visions and to fast and scourge herself. The domestic virtues and the personal wants and wishes of a woman were annihilated in her: she lived for the Church, for the poor, and for Christ, whom she imagined to be constantly supporting her. At length she died, worn out by inward conflicts, by the tension of a half delirious ecstasy, by want of food and sleep, and by the excitement of political life. To follow her in her public career is not our purpose. It is well known how, by the power of her eloquence and the ardour of her piety, she succeeded as a mediator between Florence and her native city, and between Florence and the Pope; that she travelled to Avignon and there induced Gregory XI. to put an end to the Babylonian captivity of the Church by returning to Rome; that she narrowly escaped political martyrdom during one of her embassies from Gregory to the Florentine republic; that she preached a crusade against the Turks; that her last days were clouded with sorrow for the schism which then rent the Papacy; and that she aided by her dying words to keep Pope Urban on the Papal throne. When we consider her private and spiritual life more narrowly, it may well move our amazement to think that the intricate politics of Central Italy, the counsels

of licentious princes and ambitious popes, were in any measure guided and controlled by such a woman. Alone and aided by nothing but a reputation for sanctity, she dared to tell the greatest men in Europe of their faults ; she wrote in words of absolute command, and they, demoralized, worldly, sceptical, or indifferent as they might be, were yet so bound by superstition that they dared not treat with scorn the voice of an enthusiastic girl.

Absolute disinterestedness, the belief in her own spiritual mission, natural genius, and that vast power which then belonged to all energetic members of the monastic orders, enabled her to play this part. She had no advantages to begin with. The daughter of a tradesman overwhelmed with an almost fabulously numerous progeny, Catherine grew up uneducated. When her genius had attained maturity, she could not even read or write. Her biographer asserts that she learned to do so by a miracle. Anyhow, writing became a most potent instrument in her hands ; and we possess several volumes of her epistles, as well as a treatise of mystical theology. To conquer self-love as the root of all evil, and to live wholly for others, was the cardinal axiom of her morality. She pressed this principle to its most rigorous conclusions in practice ; never resting day or night from some kind of service, and winning by her unselfish love the enthusiastic admiration of the people. In the same spirit of exalted self-annihilation, she longed for martyrdom, and courted death. There was not the smallest personal tie or after-thought of interest to restrain her in the course of action which she had marked out. Her personal influence seems to have been immense. When she began her career of public peacemaker and preacher in Sienna, Raymond, her biographer, says that whole families devoted to *vendetta* were reconciled, and that civil strifes were quelled by her letters and addresses. He had seen more than a thousand people flock to hear her speak ; the confessionals crowded with penitents, smitten by the force of her appeals ; and multitudes, unable to catch the words which fell from her lips, sustained and animated by the light of holiness which beamed from her inspired countenance. She was not beautiful, but her face so shone with love, and her eloquence was so pathetic in its tenderness, that none could hear or look on her without emotion. Her writings contain abundant proofs of this peculiar suavity. They are too sweet and unctuous in style to suit our modern taste. When dwelling on the mystic love of Christ she cries, " Oh, blood ! oh, fire ! oh, ineffable love ! " When interceding before the Pope, she prays for " Pace, pace, pace, babbo mio dolce ; pace, e non più guerra." Yet clear and simple thoughts, profound convictions, and stern moral teaching underlie her ecstatic exclamations. One prayer which she wrote, and which the people of Sienna still use, expresses the prevailing spirit of her creed :—" O Spirito Santo, o Deità eterna Cristo Amore ! vieni nel mio cuore ; per la tua potenza trailo a Te, mio Dio, e concedemi carità con timore. Liberami, o Amore ineffabile, da ogni mal pensiero ; riscaldami ed infiammami del tuo dolcissimo amore, sicchè ogni pena mi sembri leggiera. Santo mio Padre e dolce mio Signore,

ora aiutami in ogni mio ministero. Cristo amore. Cristo amore." The reiteration of the word "love" is most significant. It was the keynote of her whole theology, the mainspring of her life. In no merely figurative sense did she regard herself as the spouse of Christ, but dwelt upon the bliss, beyond all mortal happiness, which she enjoyed in supersensual communion with her Lord. It is easy to understand how such ideas might be, and have been, corrupted, when impressed on natures no less susceptible, but weaker and less gifted than St. Catherine's.

One incident related by Catherine in a letter to Raymond, her confessor and biographer, exhibits the peculiar character of her influence in the most striking light. Nicola Tuldo, a citizen of Perugia, had been condemned to death for treason in the flower of his age. So terribly did the man rebel against his sentence, that he cursed God, and refused the consolations of religion. Priests visited him in vain ; his heart was shut and sealed by the despair of leaving life in all the vigour of its prime. Then Catherine came and spoke to him : " whence," she says, " he received such comfort that he confessed, and made me promise, by the love of God, to stand at the block beside him on the day of his execution." By a few words, by the tenderness of her manner, and by the charm which women have, she had already touched the heart no priest could soften, and no threat of death or judgment terrify into contrition. Nor was this strange. In our days we have seen men open the secrets of their hearts to women, after repelling the advances of less touching sympathy. We have seen youths, cold and cynical enough among their brethren, stand subdued like little children before her who spoke to them of love and faith, and penitence, and hope. The world has not lost its ladies of the race of St. Catherine, beautiful, and pure, and holy, who have suffered, and sought peace with tears, and who have been appointed ministers of mercy for the worst and hardest of their fellow-men. Such saints possess an efficacy even in the imposition of their hands ; many a devotee, like Tuldo, would more willingly greet death if his St. Catherine were by to smile and lay her hands upon his head, and cry, " Go forth, my servant, and fear not ! " The chivalrous admiration for women mixes with religious awe to form the reverence which such saints inspire. Human and heavenly love, chaste and ecstatic, constitute the secret of their power. Catherine then subdued the spirit of Tuldo and led him to the altar, where he received the communion for the first time in his life. His only remaining fear was that he might not have strength to face death bravely. Therefore he prayed Catherine, " Stay with me, do not leave me ; so it shall be well with me, and I shall die contented," and (says the saint) he laid his head in the prison on my breast, and I said, " Comfort thee, my brother, the block shall soon become thy marriage altar, the blood of Christ shall bathe thy sins away, and I will stand beside thee." When the hour came, she went and waited for him by the scaffold, meditating on Madonna and Catherine the Saint of Alexandria. She laid her own neck on the block, and tried to picture to herself the pains and ecstasies of martyrdom. In her deep thought,

time and place became annihilated ; she forgot the eager crowd, and only prayed for Tuldo's soul and for herself. At length he came, walking "like a gentle lamb," and Catherine received him with the salutation of "sweet brother." She placed his head upon the block, and laid her hands upon him, and told him of the Lamb of God. The last words he uttered were the names of Jesus and of Catherine. Then the axe fell, and Catherine beheld his soul borne by angels into the regions of eternal love. When she recovered from her trance, she held his head within her hands ; her dress was saturated with his blood, which she could scarcely bear to wash away, so deeply did she triumph in the death of him whom she had saved.

The words of St. Catherine herself deserve to be read. The simplicity, freedom from self-consciousness, and fervent faith in the reality of all she did and said and saw, which they exhibit, convince us of her entire sincerity. The supernatural element in the life of St. Catherine may be explained partly by the mythologizing adoration of the people ready to find a miracle in every act of her they worshipped—partly by her own temperament and modes of life, which inclined her to ecstasy and fostered the faculty of seeing visions—partly by a pious misconception of the words of Christ and Bible phraseology.

To the first class belong the wonders which are related of St. Catherine's early years, the story of the candle which burnt her veil without injuring her person, and the miracles performed by her body after death. Many childish incidents were treasured up, which, had her life proved different, would have been forgotten, or have found their proper place among the catalogue of common things. Thus on one occasion, after hearing of the hermits of the Thebaïd, she took it into her head to retire into the wilderness, and chose for her dwelling one of the caverns in the sandstone rock which abound in Sienna near the quarter where her father lived. We merely see in this event a sign of her monastic disposition, and a more than usual aptitude for realizing the ideas presented to her mind. But the old biographers relate how one celestial vision urged the childish hermit to forsake the world, and another bade her return to the duties of her home.

To the second class we may refer the frequent communings with Christ and with the fathers of the Church, together with the other visions to which she frequently laid claim : nor must we omit the stigmata which she believed she had received from Christ. St. Catherine was constitutionally inclined to hallucinations. At the age of six, before it was probable that a child should have laid claim to spiritual gifts which she did not possess, she burst into loud weeping because her little brother rudely distracted her attention from the brilliant forms of saints and angels which she traced among the clouds. Almost all children of a vivid imagination are apt to transfer the objects of their fancy to the world without them. Goethe walked for hours in his enchanted gardens as a boy, and Alfieri tells us how he saw a company of angels in the choristers at Asti. Nor did St. Catherine omit any means of cultivating this faculty, and of prevent-

ing her splendid visions from fading away, as they almost always do, beneath the discipline of intellectual education and among the distractions of daily life. Believing simply in their heavenly origin, and receiving no secular training whatsoever, she walked surrounded by a spiritual world, environed, as her legend says, by angels. Her habits fostered this disposition: it is related that she took but little sleep, scarcely more than two hours at night, and that too on the bare ground; she ate nothing but vegetables and the sacred wafer of the host, entirely abjuring the use of wine and meat. In this way her physical forces were depressed, and her nervous system was thrown into a state of the highest exaltation. Thoughts became things, and ideas were projected from her vivid fancy upon the empty air around her. It was therefore no wonder that after spending long hours in vigils and meditating always on the thought of Christ, she should have seemed to take the sacrament from his hands, to pace the chapel in communion with him, to meet him in the form of priest and beggar, to hear him speaking to her as a friend. Once when the anguish of sin had plagued her with disturbing dreams, Christ came, and gave her his own heart in exchange for hers. When lost in admiration before the cross at Pisa, she saw his five wounds stream with blood—five crimson rays smote her, passed into her soul, and left their marks upon her hands and feet and side. The light of Christ's glory shone round about her, she partook of his martyrdom, and awaking from her trance she cried to Raymond, Behold! I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus! This miracle had happened to St. Francis. It was regarded as the sign of fellowship with Christ, of worthiness to drink his cup, and to be baptized with his baptism. We find the same idea at least in the old Latin hymns:—

Fac me plagis vulnerari—
 Cruce hæc inebriari—
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
 Passionis fac consortem—
 Et plagas recollere.

These are words from the "Stabat Mater," nor did St. Francis, and St. Catherine do more than carry into the vividness of actual hallucination, what had been the poetic rapture of many less ecstatic, but not less ardent, souls. They desired to be literally "crucified with Christ," they were not satisfied with metaphor or sentiment, and it seemed to them that their Lord had really vouchsafed to them the yearning of their heart. We need not here raise the question whether the stigmata had ever been actually self-inflicted by delirious saint or hermit: it was not pretended that the wounds of Saint Catherine were visible during her lifetime. After her death the faithful thought that they had seen them on her corpse, and they actually appeared in the relics of her hands and feet. The pious fraud, since fraud there must have been, must be ascribed, not to the saint herself, but to devotees and relic-mongers. The order of St. Dominic would not be behind that of St. Francis. If the latter boasted of their stigmata, the former would be ready to perforate the hand or foot of their

dead saint. Thus the ecstasies of genius or devotion are brought to earth, and rendered vulgar by mistaken piety and the rivalry of sects. The people put the most material construction on all tropes and metaphors : above the door of St. Catherine's chapel at Sienna it is written,—

*Hæc tenet ara caput Catherinæ ; corda requiris ?
Hæc imo Christus pectore clausa tenet.*

The frequent conversations which St. Catherine held with St. Dominic and other patrons of the Church, and her supernatural marriage, must be referred to the same category. Strong faith, and constant familiarity with one order of ideas, joined with a creative power of fancy and fostered by physical debility, produced these miraculous colloquies. Early in her career, her injured constitution resenting the violence with which it had been forced to serve the ardours of her piety, troubled her with foul phantoms, haunting images of sin and seductive whisperings, which clearly revealed a morbid condition of the nervous system. She was on the verge of insanity. The reality of her inspiration and her genius are proved by the force with which her human sympathies, and moral dignity, and intellectual vigour triumphed over these diseased hallucinations of the cloister, and converted them into the instruments of effecting patriotic and philanthropic designs. There was nothing mean or thaumaturgical about her supernatural environments. Whatever we may think of the wisdom of her public policy with regard to the Crusades and to the Papal Sovereignty, it is impossible to deny that a holy and high object possessed her from the earliest to the latest of her life—that she lived for ideas greater than self-aggrandizement or the saving of her soul, for the greatest, perhaps, which her age presented to an earnest Catholic. The abuses to which the indulgence of temperaments like that of St. Catherine must in many cases have given rise, are obvious. Hysterical women and half-witted men, without possessing her abilities and understanding her objects, beheld unmeaning visions, and dreamed childish dreams. Others won the reputation of sanctity, by obstinate neglect of all the duties of life and of all the decencies of personal cleanliness. Every little town in Italy could show its saints like the Santa Fina of whom San Gemignano boasts—a girl who lay for seven years on a backboard till her mortified flesh clung to the wood ; or, the San Bartolo, who for hideous leprosy, received the title of the Job of Tuscany. Children were encouraged in blasphemous pretensions to the special power of heaven, and the nerves of weak women were shaken by revelations in which they only half believed. The exaggerated, but instructive pictures of the Abbé * * * show how the trade of miracles is still carried on, and how in the France of our days, when intellectual vigour has been separated from old forms of faith, such vision-mongering undermines morality, encourages ignorance, and saps the force of individuals. But St. Catherine must not be confounded with those sickly shams and make-believes. Her enthusiasms were real : they were proper to her age ; they inspired her with unrivalled self-devotion

and unwearied energy ; they connected her with the political and social movements of her country.

Many of the supernatural events in St. Catherine's life were founded on a too literal acceptance of biblical metaphors. The canticles, perhaps, inspired her with the belief in a mystical marriage. An enigmatical sentence of St. Paul's suggested the stigmata. When the saint bestowed her garment upon Christ in the form of a beggar, and gave him the silver cross of her rosary, she was but realizing his own words :— " Inasmuch as ye shall do it unto the least of these little ones, ye shall do it unto me." Charity, according to her conception, consisted in giving to Christ. He had first taught this duty ; he would make it the test of all duty at the last day. Catherine was charitable for the love of Christ. She thought less of the beggar than of her Lord. How could she do otherwise than see the aureole about his forehead, and hear the voice of Him who had declared—" Behold, I am with you, even to the end of the world." Happy times when the eye of love was still unclouded, when men could see beyond the phantoms of this world, and stripping off the accidents of matter, gaze upon the spiritual and eternal truths that lie beneath ! Heaven lay around them in that infancy of faith, nor did they greatly differ from the saints and founders of the Church—from Paul, who saw the vision of the Lord, or Magdalen, who cried—" He is risen ! " An age accustomed to veil thought in symbols easily reversed the process and discerned essential qualities beneath the common or indifferent objects of the outer world. It was therefore Christ whom St. Christopher carried in the shape of a child ; Christ whom Fra Angelico's Dominicans received in pilgrim's garb at their convent gate ; Christ with whom, under a leper's loathsome form, the flower of Spanish chivalry was said to have shared his couch.

In all her miracles it will be noticed that St. Catherine showed no originality. Her namesake of Alexandria had already been proclaimed the spouse of Christ. St. Francis had already received the stigmata ; her other visions were such as had been granted to all fervent mystics ; they were the growth of current religious ideas and unbounded faith. It is not as an innovator in religious ecstasy, or as the creator of a new kind of spiritual poetry, that we admire St. Catherine. Her inner life was simply the foundation of her character, her visions were a source of strength to her in times of trial ; but the means by which she moved the hearts of men belonged to that which she possessed in common with all leaders of mankind—enthusiasm, eloquence, the charm of a gracious nature, and the will to do what she designed. She founded no religious order like St. Francis or St. Dominic, her predecessors, or Ignatius, her successor. Her work was a woman's work—to make peace, to succour the afflicted, to strengthen the Church, to purify the hearts of those around her, not to rule or organize. When she died she left behind her a memory of love more than of power, the fragrance of an unselfish and gentle life, the echo of sweet and earnest words : her place is in the heart

of the humble; children belong to her sisterhood, and the poor crowd her shrine on festivals.

Catherine died at Rome, on the 29th of April, 1380, in her thirty-third year, surrounded by the most faithful of her friends and followers; but it was not until 1461 that she received the last honour of canonization from the hands of Pius II., Æneas Sylvius, her countryman. Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini was perhaps the most remarkable man that Sienna has produced. Like St. Catherine he was one of a large family; twenty of his brothers and sisters perished in a plague. The licentiousness of his life, the astuteness of his intellect, and the selfishness of all his aims, contrast with the singularly disinterested character of the saint on whom he conferred the highest honours of the Church. But he accomplished by diplomacy and skill what Catherine had begun. If she was instrumental in restoring the Popes to Rome, he ended the schism which had clouded her last days. She had preached a crusade; he lived to assemble the armies of Christendom against the Turks, and died at Ancona, while it was still uncertain whether the authority and enthusiasm of a pope could steady the wavering counsels and uncertain wills of kings and princes. The Middle Ages were still vital in St. Catherine; Pius II. belonged by taste and genius to the new period of Renaissance. The hundreds of the poorer Siennese who kneel before St. Catherine's shrine prove that her memory is still alive in the hearts of her fellow-citizens; while the gorgeous library of the cathedral, painted by the hands of Pinturricchio and Raphael, record the pride and splendour of the greatest of the Piccolomini. But honourable as it was for Pius to fill so high a place in the annals of his city; to have left it as a poor adventurer, to return to it first as bishop, then as pope; to have a chamber in its mother-church, adorned with the pictured history of his achievements for a monument—yet we cannot but feel that the better part remains with St. Catherine, whose prayer is still whispered by children on their mother's knee, and whose relics are kissed daily by the simple and devout.

Some of the chief Italian painters have represented the incidents of St. Catherine's life and of her mystical experience. All the pathos and beauty which we admire in Sodoma's "St. Sebastian," at Florence, are surpassed by his fresco of St. Catherine receiving the Stigmata. This is one of two subjects painted by him on the walls of her chapel in San Domenico. The tender devotion, the sweetness, the languor, and the grace which he commanded with such admirable skill, are all combined in the figure of the saint falling exhausted into the arms of her attendant nuns. Soft undulating lines rule the composition, yet dignity of attitude and feature prevails over mere loveliness. Another of Sienna's greatest masters, Beccafumi, has treated the same subject with less pictorial skill and dramatic effect, but with an earnestness and simplicity that are very touching. Colourists always liked to introduce the sweeping lines of her white robes into their compositions. Fra Bartolommeo, who showed consummate art by tempering the masses of white drapery with mellow

tones of brown or amber, painted one splendid picture of the marriage of St. Catherine, and another in which he represents her prostrate in adoration before the mystery of the Trinity. His gentle and devout soul sympathized with the spirit of St. Catherine. The fervour of her devotion belonged to him more truly than the leonine power which he unsuccessfully attempted to express in his great figure of St. Mark. Other artists have painted the two St. Catherines together—the princess of Alexandria, crowned and robed in purple, bearing her palm of martyrdom, beside the nun of Sienna, holding in her hand the lantern with which she went about by night among the sick. Ambrogio Borgognone makes them stand one on each side of Madonna's throne, while the infant Christ upon her lap extends his hands to both, in token of their marriage.

The traditional type of countenance which may be traced in all these pictures is not without a real foundation. Not only does there exist at Sienna, in the Church of San Domenico, a cotemporary portrait of St. Catherine, but her head also, which was embalmed immediately after death, is still preserved. The skin of the face is fair and white, like parchment, and the features have more the air of sleep than death. We find in them the breadth and squareness of general outline, and the long, even eyebrows which give peculiar calm to her expression. This relic is shown publicly once a year on the 6th of May. That is the Festa of St. Catherine, when a procession of priests and acolytes and pious people holding tapers, and little girls dressed out in white, carry a splendid silver image of their patroness about the city. Banners and crosses and censers go in front: then follows the shrine beneath a canopy; roses and leaves of box are scattered on the path. The whole Contrada d'Oca is decked out with such finery as the people can muster: red cloths hung from the windows, branches and garlands strewn about the doorsteps, with brackets for torches on the walls, and altars erected in the middle of the street. Troops of country folk and townspeople and priests go in and out to visit the cell of St. Catherine; the upper and the lower chapel, built upon its site, and the hall of the Confraternità blaze with lighted tapers. The faithful, full of wonder, kneel or stand about the "santi luoghi," marvelling at the relics, and repeating to one another the miracles of the saints. The same bustle pervades the Church of San Domenico. Masses are being said at one or other chapel all the morning, while women in their flapping Tuscan hats crowd round the silver image of St. Catherine, and say their prayers with a continual undercurrent of responses to the nasal voice of priest or choir. Others gain entrance to the chapel of the saint, and kneel before her altar. There, in the blaze of sunlight and of tapers, far away behind the gloss and gilding of a tawdry shrine, is seen the pale, white face which spoke and suffered so much years ago. The contrast of its rigid stillness and half-concealed corruption with the noise and life and light outside is very touching. Even so the remnant of a past idea still germinates and stirs the souls of thousands, and many ages may roll by before Time and Oblivion assert their inevitable sway.

Granny Leatham's Revenge.

I.

"MARK! where are you, Mark?" Mrs. Leatham called, as she hurriedly entered the homestead yard, letting the gate slam behind her, the noise bringing out the dog from his kennel and startling the scattered fowls. Pushing the widow's cap back from her cheek, the better to hear the response, she stood still for a moment, her worn face flushed, and her loosened shawl and bonnet-strings flying in the wind.

"Is it yo', missus? But yo' are sharp back agen!" said an elderly man, putting his keen-looking face out of the round window of the stable-loft, and speaking in the strong dialect of one of the Northern of the Midland counties.

"It has come, Joseph! One cow died last night at Bates's, and another this morning, and several have it badly. Where is Mark? I met the constable in the lane, starting to come up here; for we are not to move a beast off our own land, the justices tell him to-day. Mark! Where is Mark?" she crossly repeated.

"Why," said the serving-man, finishing a long whistle of surprise, "they hanner above twenty kye at th' Firs" (which was the name of Bates's farm); "it'll soon mak' work wi' 'em at that rate! Dun yo' mean——?" But Mrs. Leatham moved rapidly away as Joseph put his arms on the window-bottom to inquire into the matter leisurely. "Mark is somewheer towart th' stacks," he called after her, and then again tried to whistle away his astonishment.

"I'm here. What is it?" rather sullenly asked a broad-shouldered, but sickly-looking young man, clad in rough farmer attire, as he turned the corner of a detached outhouse.

"The cattle plague is here, Mark!" replied his mother, putting a shaking hand upon his arm. "Two cows have died at the Firs since yesterday, and three or four more have it. I met the constable before I got to the village, coming round to say, from the justices, no beast is to be moved above a hundred yards on the road."

"Why, Bates's 'll be ruined!" And Mark Leatham turned still paler and a curious expression came into his eyes, as he stared at the speaker.

"Ours are in the bottom field, aren't they? If they are taken, what shall we do?" Without awaiting any answer, the good woman rapidly set off in the direction of the fields, her son following her with equal haste.

"The brown cow is down, and she isn't a lazy one!" Mrs. Leatham gasped, as they came in sight of a meadow where a group of cows were to be seen.

Mark, by way of answer, made that curious cry which English kine understand as a call home, though, in doing so, his voice was not so steady as usual. The cattle, of which there were seven, knew the summons; those which were grazing lifted their heads, the brown cow swayed herself into a standing position, and they all looked towards the gate.

"Nothing ails her," said the young man, as the suspected animal came frisking ahead of the rest to meet them. She had been ruminating; that was all.

A minute or two later, Mrs. Leatham was inside the gate amongst the knot of cattle, stroking and patting them, and talking to them caressingly. The sleek creatures, in turn, rubbed against her, surveyed her with their large mild eyes, and now and then lowed softly.

"Whiteface is a bit lame of the off hind leg, but it is a kick, I think. They seem very healthy, don't they?" and the widow appealed to her son, who had fallen into a listless attitude, leaning with crossed arms upon the gate.

"To think we have on'y these left?" he said. "They look none when they're all together. I am ashamed o' anybody seein' 'em, an' knowin' they're all we have. It does na' matter much to us whether the plague comes or not."

"Thou must not talk in that way, Mark," his mother said quickly, from among the cows, and left off patting the beasts, and tied her bonnet-strings with what appeared to be unnecessary tightness. "Perhaps things may mend, if this will but keep off; and pray God it may," she anxiously added, stooping again to the dumb creatures, calling them by special names, and talking to them one after another, as though they had been children.

"If Bates's lose many beasts, Rawlinsons won't let Mary meet Sam Bates! He'll be served like me!" and the young farmer laughed bitterly, uplifting a crimson face, with a humiliated expression upon it.

Mrs. Leatham, coming from among the cows, said, in a half-soliloquizing manner, "I don't know whether they are safest kept up close, or out here. Nobody knows how it comes. The constable says a fox can carry it!"

"You don't listen to me. Ellen wasn't at the bridge to-day again. They wouldn't let her come. I know how it is."

"But you'll see her on Sunday at church; they cannot help that," said his mother soothingly.

"On Sunday! Wi' all the village lookin' at us, an' all of 'em knowin', from her father's looks, they don't want her to have a word wi' me! You see what it is to be poor!" and he afresh laughed bitterly.

"If we are poor, we are honest. Nobody has suffered for us a penny yet," said his mother, facing him, her eyes swimming in tears. "Your father shouldn't have got entangled so; but a mistake in judgment isn't idleness nor wastefulness. That cannot be said against us, and never shall while I'm living. Don't give way so, Mark."

"I would work night an' day, I would do anything, if they'd let Ellen

meet me ; but when I go to the bridge an' wait an' wait for nothing, it takes all the heart out o' me." This was said with something like a sob.

"It is very bad : but if Ellen Astbury is a girl with a heart, she'll be true to you, Mark ; only we mustn't let things get worse—not if we can help it. We have paid every ha'penny of our way yet, but if the cows are carried off——" She stopped to turn and look at the animals, which were still standing there, some of them looking up sideways as if following the conversation. "I think we had better keep 'em up a bit ; for the wind may bring it across, from all they say," resumed Mrs. Leatham, gazing with painful earnestness over the fields in the direction of the infected farm, fully three miles away.

"The wind 'll get into the cow-house as well as here ; and where is the fodder to come from ?" the young man asked despondingly, uplifting himself and opening the gate for his mother, who had moved towards it.

"It is very strange," she moaned, after a short puzzled pause, passing out of the field. "Poor innocent things, you ha' not done anything amiss to be stricken down in this way. But you are all well yet, and we are in God's hands !" So with a sigh, and drawing her shawl closer, she started off towards the house. "Come along, Mark," she called, noticing that he was lagging behind, walking slowly, and looking moodily on the ground. "I want to tell your grandmother of it."

"Sam Bates laughed in the yard at our sale ; he isn't laughin' now, I suppose?" said Mark, after they had gone some yards in silence. "I saw him jokin' last Sunday when Ellen's folks tried to keep us apart ; but if the Rawlinsons serve him so, how will *he* like it ?"

"The Rawlinsons might have had it just as soon as the Bates's. The constable said nobody knew how it had come to the Firs. It comes just as it likes ; so people shouldn't be very proud, for anybody may have a tumble. If it goes on others will have ups and downs as well as we. Why"—and she wheeled about to her son—"for what they know, James Astbury's cattle might take it, and our poor things not."

"I wish to God they would !" Mark exclaimed, his eyes instantly ablaze with passion.

"Hush ! oh, that's wicked !" instantly put in his mother, clasping her hands and looking appealingly at him, with a conscience-stricken look on her widowed face. "No, we must not say that, Mark ; we must hope nobody's will have it." Turning, she hurried on afresh towards the house, this time leaving Mark to follow as he pleased, which he did slowly, his head bent lower than before.

"Mother ! Joseph says the cattle plague is come !" shouted a bright-haired girl of about eight, with tossing arms, and a half gleeful expression on her face, as she ran down the slope of the home-croft to meet Mrs. Leatham.

"It is nothing to be pleased about, Matty," said the mother, shaking her head.

"Granny laughs at it," was the girl's reply, peering up into the elder speaker's face. "She says Sam Bates won't mock at Mark now."

"Granny shouldn't do so." And Mrs. Leatham cast a glance over her shoulder, to see where Mark was. Fortunately he was out of hearing. "Hush! Go and shut the lane-gate; the pigs will be out. Granny is as childish as thee to laugh about the cattle plague," she added, in an under-tone, drawing a deep breath, as the girl, not over-willingly, started on the errand.

A word or two will be sufficient to clear up what the conversation of mother and son does not quite explain. The Leathams had recently been considerably reduced in position, two-thirds of their stock having been sold off not more than ten months previously; and, as a matter of course, a great part of their land had been given up. Indeed, it was solely owing to the kindness of the steward of the estate, that they had not had to leave the farm altogether. He had, out of benevolence to the widow, added the superfluous grazing to the adjacent holdings, and still left her in possession of the house and what land she wanted. The reason of this change in their affairs was the folly of Mark Leatham, senior, in allowing himself to be entangled by a profligate cousin and a knavish lawyer in a bond of suretyship, which he had to make good when his dissolute relative broke down. It killed the poor dull-headed, warm-hearted farmer, and aged his widow by many years; but she had a braver soul than her husband, and after his death struggled hard to make the best of things. There were two children living, Mark and little Matty, a great gap existing between their ages, since the son was three-and-twenty and the daughter eight. Mark was not ill-dispositioned, but, like his father, he had not much moral energy, and a crossed love-affair had quite exhausted his resolution. He and Ellen Astbury, the youngest daughter of a well-to-do neighbouring farmer, had been considered sweethearts for nearly four years past, but since these losses had overtaken the Leathams, the elder Astburys had looked coldly on Mark. The granny of whom little Matty spoke was old Mrs. Leatham, the mother-in-law of the widow, who had always lived at the farm, herself having lost her husband before her son married. She was a very old woman, but these reverses had only embittered her temper, and her passions had not lost their wilfulness, as this narrative will show.

II.

"No, I daren't do owt o' the sort. Wey, it'd welly be a hangin' job, granny!" said Joseph, the servant-man, addressing old Mrs. Leatham, on the following day, the two being alone together in the kitchen of the farmhouse.

"Go, go away then, yo' ow'd nowt! Thee hast ner got a heart as big as a sparrow's." And the withered forehead of the speaker wrinkled still deeper, and her black bead-like eyes, which were in great contrast with her white hair, flashed fiercely. "Hanner they turned up their noses at us, an' plagued Mark?"

"They'd 'n transport anybody for it, I'm sure; an' sarve 'em right. Yo're a bad un, granny, to think on it!"

"I'll hit thee wi' my crutch, if thee saucest me!" she resumed, putting out a lean hand, and reaching behind her chair. "Dunner thee go and tell onybody, or I'll say it was thee as said it fust." At this notion the thin voice broke into a whistling kind of chuckle, while the glittering eyes looked witch-like.

"Me! yo're the worst ow'd woman in the parish, an' God 'll punish yo' for it, ow'd as yo' are. I dunner like be near yo'; an' yo'n spoil Matty yet," Joseph added, with a half-scared look, making for the door.

"He! he! he! I know'd I could mestur thee," the dame said, in her wheezy chuckle; and then when she was left alone in the wide gaunt kitchen, she began to talk to herself in an indistinct, incoherent way, ending with an abrupt cry for "Matty." But the girl could not be within hearing, for she did not answer.

Granny Leatham was aged, as her white hair showed, and she ought to have commanded veneration; but, we are sorry to say, Joseph's estimate of her character was not without warrant, harsh as it sounds. A century ago granny would not unlikely have been the witch of the parish, and run a risk of the horse-pond, if not of something still worse. Her temper, which had always been high, seemed only to have grown bitterer with age; and the recent misfortunes which had overtaken the family had made her disposition still sourer. Everybody, her relatives included, was more or less in fear of her, though in reality she seemed to have little power either for good or evil, for she was half-crippled with rheumatic cramps, as well as bowed down with years, and could only sit all day long in the chimney-corner. One exception, however, there was to this repelling awe which she exercised—that which Joseph alluded to in mentioning little Matty. This young creature was granny's constant companion: the two—the one so old and the other so young—being on the most level and equal terms, though, luckily, the child showed nothing of the temper of the dame.

"Matty is with Mark in the stable," said Widow Leatham, entering the kitchen; and going straight to a chair, she dropped herself into it as if exhausted. She had heard granny's call.

"Has ner Mark been down in th' village?" querulously demanded the grandmother. "Wey does na' he come an' tell me about the pest?"

"Another of Bates's cows is dead, but Marston's are all right yet, an' they are a mile nearer than us. I don't know what to do wi' ours," the widow went on. "There isn't so much milk as there was yesterday, and, poor things, they are stifled to death, kept in the hot shed all day. It's enough to bring sickness of some sort among 'em. I must have a cry," she added all at once. "It will do me good, but I didn't want Mark to see me. He takes it so hard from the Astburys." And she hastily threw her apron over her face, to hide the tears and muffle the sobs, rocking herself to and fro in the chair.

"Eh ! some of 'em han been vexin' him again, han they ?" asked the grandmother, jerking in every limb.

"I couldn't stop to finish the milking, I wanted to cry so. He met one of the lads in the village, and he said he didn't know how Ellen was," answered Mark's mother from under the apron, the voice half-choked with grief. "I wish Mark had a bit of spirit, but he hasn't." And she finished with a sob.

"Is na' our lad as good as theirs ?" the old woman screamed. "Bur they shan be pulled down a bit yit, as well as other folks !" As she spoke she reached towards a short crutch and a stick leaning against the wall behind her chair, and then slowly raising her tall but bent figure, she went hobbling across the kitchen-floor. A kitten was gambolling in the sun on the doorstep, and she peevishly sent it rolling over with a blow from her stick as she neared it ; then she passed out, leaving her daughter to weep alone.

Mark Leatham, like the weak soul he was, instead of bustling about to forget the unpleasantness of the meeting down in the village, had stretched himself, face downwards, on the corn-box in the stable, and still lay there with his little sister Matty standing beside him, her wondering eyes moist with tears, as she patted his arm soothingly, asking him again and again what was the matter, but getting no answer.

"Granny, somebody has been vexing Mark," Matty said, turning at the sound of the old lady's crutch on the bricks before the door.

"Wheer is he ? Come, come, lad, dunner tak' on like this. I'll straighten 'em yit, see if I dunner !" And she paused where she had advanced to knock her stick on the ground.

"Oh, it's all right," moodily said Mark, rolling himself off the box to his feet. "I should na' ha' cared, but there were people about," he continued, keeping his discoloured face averted.

"Leave it to me ! we'n see whether th' Astburys shan look down on Nancy Leatham's flesh and blood ! Han yo' been near Bates's ?" she asked, a queer twinkle coming into the fierce eyes.

"Been near Bates's ! nobody's to go there, but the constable," replied Mark, looking towards her in surprise. "It was he who told me about the other cow dying."

"Are the cattle kept up ?" she earnestly inquired.

"The sick uns they've put into the sheep-house down in the Hollow, the constable says, to keep 'em as far off the others as they can."

Granny chuckled and her eyes sparkled. "Leave it to me, I tell thee ; I'll settle th' Astburys afore long ! Come wi' me, Matty."

"Granny will settle 'em, Mark ; don't be vexed," repeated Matty, as she hastened after her grandmother.

The widow had already got through the luxury of her cry, and was again in the yard, giving instructions to Joseph, who could be heard busy in an outhouse, from the doorway of which the cows were coming, one by one, and proceeding in a line towards the water-trough. They, as yet,

all appeared to be perfectly healthy. Matty's active mother had some occupation in view for her, and called to her; but granny impatiently replied that she wanted Matty, and the girl and the dame crossed the yard and went on into the house together.

Matty kept even closer than usual to the old woman's chair all the evening, and from the curious glances they were perpetually exchanging it was clear there was some special secret between them. At supper-time granny announced that Matty was going to sleep with her that night in the little room at the back of the kitchen which was granny's bed-room; in place of retiring with her mother upstairs, as was customary. No objection was offered to the arrangement; but afterwards, when taciturn Mark muttered good-night, and was going to the staircase, Matty contrived to follow him.

"Astbury's cows are going to be ill," she whispered, standing on tiptoe before him, looking pale and half-frightened.

"Who says so?" he asked, with a puzzled stare.

"Granny and me!" was the triumphant answer, the childish features now breaking into a glow of pleased assurance.

Mark turned his head to look at granny, but she was gazing vacantly into the wide fireplace, though there was no fire there. After another scrutiny of Matty, he put her aside with his hand and went upstairs, with a heavy step. The girl went back to her grandam's side, who, shortly afterwards, hobbled with her into the back-room. At the same time the widow shot the bolts of the door, and also retired to her chamber.

III.

THE moon was just dropping behind the roof of the homestead, when the door bolts which Mrs. Leatham, some hour and a half before, had fastened in their proper places, were gently unfastened from within; and as the dog, aroused by the noise, but puzzled at the quarter whence it came, came sniffing and growling out of his kennel in the yard, two figures, one little and one large, the latter hobbling on a crutch and a stick, passed over the threshold. Matty, apparently on an intimation from granny, for they were the couple, glided swiftly across towards the dog, who began to leap at his chain on recognizing them. A harsh whisper from granny, however, checked his enthusiasm, and he quietly licked Matty's pale face, as, with trembling little hands, she undid his collar, setting him at liberty. The brute then frisked about, going with them in the direction of the gate, and, in his surprised delight, gave a yelp or two; but a quick blow from the old woman's stick sent him slinking to the rear. Turning about, granny's black eyes, which seemed to glisten in the dim light, eagerly surveyed the house. All seemed silent there: so she motioned to Matty to open the gate. With the dog following, they then passed into the lane, the hedges on either side of which were sparkling with dewdrops where the light of the low moon lit them, but all being in deep shadow where it did not.

"Pick it up; it'll do for the fust gate," said granny, recovering herself from a rough stumble against a stone on the road.

Matty stooped and groped for the stone, which she found, and placed it in her pinafore.

"Prop a' the gates open as yo' go through, bur remember an' shut 'em again when yo' come back, so as they mayn't know which road hur went."

"Yes, granny," answered the girl, putting up a ringlet or two which had tumbled down upon her neck in stooping.

"Theer's sure to be nobody theer wi' 'em; they'n go down to look how they are early of a mornings," granny muttered a minute later, as if talking to herself; but she instantly added, addressing Matty, "Let Snap go a bit afore yo' up th' Hollow's field, an' if he growls, come back, an' we'll try another night. Be a good dog—be a good dog—an' dunner yo' bark," she said, as Snap, hearing his name mentioned, came from behind; and, this time, she rubbed him with the stick instead of striking him.

"Drive her nicely, and don't bite her," whispered Matty, stooping to fondle the dog as he came to her side.

"He mun bite hur, to run hur at a gap in th' hedge, if th' gate o' th' field is fastened," said granny sharply. "Pick a badly lookin' un, Matty, that as looks worst o' the lot," she added fiercely. "He! he! th' Astburys are quiet i' their beds; James dunner know what's afoot."

"No, granny. I—I hope it won't kill *all* their cows!"

"If it does, they should ner ha' made light o' Mark!"

"They shouldn't, granny; that is what I think," the girl responded, with an old-fashioned air. "I am not afraid; shall I and Snap go on faster?" she asked, in a voice not very firm.

"Yo' may as well, for I canner go further than th' lane-ends; my limbs hurt me wretched hard. But I'd ha' come if they had been twice as bad," she fiercely added. "I shall be at th' finger-post afore yo' can get back there wi' the cow. Leave the door o' the sheep-shed open; they 'n maybe think hur streaved,"* she hoarsely called after Matty, who, with the dog, was already hastening forward in advance along the gray streak of road, shut in by the black silver-topped hedgerows. Granny then slackened her own hobble, but made up for that by chuckling with increased emphasis.

The business on which the crone and the child were intent is already clear. Was it wrong to say that granny was the modern type of the ancient witch of the village? Joseph had resisted her temptation, but little Matty had no powers of opposition, and such notions of right and wrong as she had the authority of her grandmother confused. Misgivings she might have, but it seemed to her that granny could not be very wrong in punishing the Astburys, who were so unkind to Mark; and the wickedness of adopting the introduction of the pest into the village as the means,

* Strayed.

was partially obscured by the fascinations of the mysterious nocturnal expedition. Granny resolutely toiled along the road, stopping now and then to strain forward, eagerly gazing and listening in the direction in which her grandchild and the dog had gone. The moon, however, was now nearly down; the silver had vanished from the tops of the field-fences, leaving nothing but the huge forms of the trees distinctly visible, and the night air carried no sounds but a chill rustling of leaves, through which the ripple of running water in the dyke made itself heard. Once the cry of a rabbit or a hare startled the old woman, but she instantly understood what it was, and only chuckled at it. At length she reached a spot where several lanes converged,—the lane-ends she spoke of in her talk with Matty: here she paused at the foot of a white finger-post standing in the centre of the little open space, propping herself up against it with her crutch and stick for support. Frequently she changed her position, for her aching limbs grew intolerably painful; but she never turned her face from looking down the sloping lane to the left hand, though nothing could be made out in the black hollow it formed.

"The dog 'd ha' barked if anythink had happened," she murmured by-and-by, for the minutes seemed to be growing longer than the way, although it was a good distance even thence to the infected farm. "Ah, it's coming on misty," granny added, with a savage shake of the head, as she observed a pale vapour stealing along the ground from behind her. "Bur they known th' road well enough."

The mist grew rapidly, swiftly rising from granny's ankle to her knee, and thence to her head, causing her to cough, at which she became ill-tempered even with herself, stamping with her stick upon the ground, talking and coughing at once, the former only irritating the latter, but her impatience would not permit her to be silent. It seemed to her that a whole night of time had elapsed, but presently her ear, which, though dulled a little from age, was then quickened by her feelings, detected a regularly recurring hoarse breathing sound; almost at the same instant a smothered yelp by a dog was heard: Snap was aware of the old woman's vicinity.

"Matty! Matty!" whispered granny in high excitement as she hobbled forward into the mist.

"It can hardly walk!" came in frightened, girlish tones out of the fog, the voice sounding like, and yet unlike, that of Matty. "Isn't it dying?"

"Kick at the dog! They'n know his bark," the old woman angrily said, as poor Snap, proud of his part of the performance, again gave mouth in recognition of granny. Meanwhile the apparently gigantic figure of the stricken cow loomed slowly through the mist, its laboured breath coming in loud puffs from the heavy dependent head, and its feet dragging sharply on the stony road.

"Is this how they are?" the old woman asked, crawling forward to peer at the ill-fated beast, which had come to a standstill—its long

neck drooping till the vapour-blowing nostrils nearly touched the ground, and its whole body panting at each gasp. "Hur's very bad," added granny, hobbling round her, and even touching her damp, smoking, dappled hide.

"Let her go back, granny," pleaded Matty, in thin, shrill tones.

"Eh! Yo' go on, an' open their home-field gate. Look up for th' trees, they'n tell you wheer it is, though it is foggy," was the quick, tart, and resolute reply; and, as she said it, she struck the poor cow with her stick, to get it again in motion. "Down wi' yo', Snap!" she added, recalling the dog from following the child, who, in a hesitating manner, went forward as directed. "Coo-oop!" and she struck the suffering beast again, but a third blow had to be given before it stirred. Slowly it staggered, guided by granny, towards the dim opening of the middle road of the three in front, which was the one leading to Astbury's farm. Another instant, and the embodied pest had crossed the boundary,—the plague had been wilfully introduced into another parish!

The complaining breathing of the suffering beast increased in loudness, and its steps were more and more unsteady; but slowly it laboured along through the fog, the half-crippled old woman at its heels, relentlessly urging it on whenever it attempted to stop. It was a long journey yet, and granny occasionally surveyed the sides of the road, noting the trees as if they were landmarks to her. Once or twice she even ventured to call out, afraid she had passed the scene of her intended vengeance. By-and-by Matty's slight figure came suddenly from somewhere in the mist, and with level arm silently indicated the gap made by an opened gate to the left of the road.

"Are yo' sure? Wheer are th' big trees?" nervously inquired her grandam, looking upwards. The tall forms of several large trees could be indistinctly made out overhead in the smoking fog, and at sight of these the old woman grew much excited. Strong enough at that moment to dispense with all support for her limbs, she flourished both crutch and stick, and, striking the panting cow cruelly, hissed it forward through the gate. "Theer! Make light o' a Leatham now, yo' bits o' Astburys!" she shrilly said, shaking her stick in triumph, as the stricken animal, lumbering along, vanished out of sight into the home-field leading to the farm.

Matty went creeping close to the old woman's side, and in a timorous way urged her to start on their return; but granny remained on the same spot, chuckling in enjoyment of her achievement, although she, too, trembled in every limb from agitation. The dull bark of a dog—not sounding from the direction of Astbury's house, but rather in the rear—to which Snap growled a yelping reply, broke the spell, and granny hastily moved to go back home.

It was a laborious journey, for the fatigue now began to tell on her aged limbs, and involuntary groans checked her wheezy chuckles. Matty went on a little ahead with the dog, fully occupied—until they got near home, when the fog all at once terminated—in acting as pioneer.

"When yo' hear as Astbury's cows are badly, dunner let 'em see anythink in yo'," muttered the old lady, as they turned again into their own lane, the wicked errand successfully completed.

"No, granny."

"I'm ner sorry we're heer; my ow'd bones are full o' pain. Fasten Snap up, an' come in gently, for I dunner think Mark sleeps sound now," she added, diverging towards the house, her dragging steps showing that she was almost exhausted.

Matty did as she was bid, and a minute or two later, the bolts of the homestead door were pushed softly back into their places from within, and all once more was silent there.

IV.

THE next morning the whole parish was astir with excitement. Very early the diseased cow was missed at Bates's farm, and a little later it was found in Astbury's home-croft, just in the act of dying. It had approached within a hundred yards of the outhouses, and was only discovered after Astbury's own cows were in an adjoining enclosure. At first the beast was not recognized to be one of Bates's, but there was no mistaking the symptoms of the disease, and the constable was forthwith communicated with. Before long, the news was got that one of the stricken animals at the Firs was missing, and identification then was easy. It was this which intensified the excitement, for it was preposterous to suppose that it had happened in the ordinary way of cattle-wandering. Farmer Astbury said somebody wanted to ruin him, and Farmer Bates, whom it subjected to a penalty as well as to suspicion, vociferated his innocence. The clergyman and the squire were soon upon the spot; indeed, the whole village was in council, all common duties being at a stand. As the first proceeding of all, the poor dead beast was buried where it lay, and every precaution that could be thought of in the way of disinfectants was used. Then, the inquiry was entered upon as to how the animal could have come to be where it was found instead of in the sheep-house in the Hollow at home? Without following the investigation into details, we may say that nothing was in this way clearly made out. There was a break-down at the very first stage. Several persons at Bates's farm solemnly stated that the door of the sheep-house was left properly secured by a heavy latch, and it followed that it must have been opened by human fingers; still there were no marks of new footsteps distinguishable in the Hollow field, though it was thought that the prints of the cow's hoofs could be traced. It is clear to us, who are in the secret, that some vestiges of little Matty's tread there must have been; but possibly the smallness of the marks had misled the observers, who would naturally be on the look-out for the steps of a grown man. On the hard road no reliable track could be agreed upon: hoof-marks there were, but they were in too great plenty. It was, however, noticed that near most of the gates that would have had to be opened, a stone was lying, as if it had been used to "scotch" it; and towards

the latter end of the journey some of the searchers were puzzled by a large and a small round mark following close on what seemed to be about the newest imprint of a cow's feet. But who was likely to think that these had been made by the crutch and the stick of the crippled dame at Leatham's homestead? In a word, no clue was found, and all the parishioners, squire and clergyman included, were left in most painful suspense. All that was quite certain was, that there was some one among them with malice enough to have done an act which set possible ruin staring in the face of every one of the inhabitants, from the largest farmer to the humble cottager with his single cow. Each looked at his neighbour with blank suspicion. One or two, however, there were who got nearer to the secret than others, and they belonged to the Leatham household.

"True! I tell yo' I see'd the cow mysel' as they wern buryin' hur; and Mestur Astbury would on'y let three men touch hur, because o' their jackets and trowsers havin' to be burned after," said Joseph, standing in the dairy doorway. He lived down in the village, and was the first to bring the news of the startling occurrence up to the homestead.

"Mark! God knows I didn't wish it when I said what I did in the bottom meadow. Surely the Bad One put it into my head, but I didn't want it to be so. I'll never say such a thing again." And Mark's mother, gazing at him in conscience-stricken alarm, trembled till the half-cleansed dairy utensil she held in her bared arms shook and clattered against the white table.

"Do they know who did it?" asked Mark, leaning for support against the wall, his pallor sickly enough to assure some persons that *he* could not be wholly innocent.

"No!" loudly answered Joseph, much excited. "Bur I know somebody as could tell 'em."

"What, Joseph!" gasped his wide-eyed mistress. "Who?"

"Granny!" he replied, in the same high key, looking from mother to son with a grin; and then, without waiting for an answer, he strode heavily along the red-brick passage leading towards the kitchen.

"Matty said to me Astbury's cows were going to be badly," faltered Mark, in reply to his mother's astonished gaze.

"Our Matty! When?"

"Last night, as I was going upstairs to bed."

"Granny couldn't walk past the top of the lane," said Mrs. Leatham, putting down the can with a clang, her eyes still fixed on her son's face.

"They'll say it is me!" broke out the weak young fellow. "Everybody knows about me an' Ellen, and they'll say I've done it."

"Where is Matty?" said his mother, wiping her arms on her apron quickly, and brushing past him, Mark following her towards the kitchen.

As they neared the end of the passage, Joseph's voice could be heard ringing high, and granny's miserable chuckle was also distinguishable in reply, though, judging by the sound of the servant-man's tones, he was not

within the kitchen, but was outside, talking in at the window, which was the fact.

"Who yo' made do it, I dunner know," Joseph was just then saying. "I dunner think as it is Mark, for he hasn't got the pluck for it. Bur sich as yo' can do anythink; an' I'm afeard o' the roof fa'in on yo'!"

"Mind I dunner do summut at thee, if thee tellest onybody."

"I shanner tell onybody for the sake o' the missus, who's got trouble enough o' hur own; but I *would* tell if it was ner for hur," the man answered, defiantly.

"I on'y hope a' their cows 'n take it," hissed the wicked old woman.

"I anner afeard o' thee, so long as I am out o' th' house; thee can't ner hurt me outside," followed up the superstitiously valiant Joseph at the window.

"What is this?" poor Mrs. Leatham asked, gliding into the kitchen, where she found little Matty, pale as death, standing by granny's side, who sat in the chimney-corner, looking towards the back window in which Joseph's head was visible.

A curious and most forbidding expression came upon the old lady's face at sight of her daughter-in-law and her grandson; her thin lips parted, exposing the toothless gums, and her glittering black eyes flashed as she waved a lean hand for Joseph to go away.

"Oh, it is nowt," tersely said that person, quitting the window, the truth being that he was afraid of granny's supposed power.

"You told Mark last night Astbury's cows were going to be bad," next said Matty's mother, going towards the child.

"Eh! what did yo' say that for?" peevishly burst from granny, and she clutched Matty by the shoulder.

The trembling girl made no answer, but looked appealingly up into the old woman's face, who drew her to her side protectingly.

"How did she know of it?" persisted Matty's mother, now addressing granny.

"Dunner ask me," was the tart answer.

"They'll think I've done it because they wouldn't let Ellen see me!" Mark cried. "But Joseph says you know about it, granny? I didn't want their cows have the pest. Who has done it? for they ought to know. I a'n't going to have them think it's me!"

"It sarves 'em right if every cow they have goes!"

"Hush, granny! that is wicked," cried Mark's mother, "and I'll make Matty tell how she knew Astbury's cows were going to be badly!"

"I tow'd her I thought so," quickly answered the old lady.

"Joseph!" suddenly cried Mark, at sight of that person's visage repassing the open window for the third or fourth time since he left.

"What did you say in the dairy?"

"Eh? I said——"

"Joseph is a foo', an' if he dunner mind, I'll sey it was him," fiercely

interrupted granny, shaking a fist, as the man again put his head in at the open casement.

"Yo' ow'd liar! Yo' wanted me, an' I wouldn't!"

"Wanted *you* to do it?" Mrs. Leatham exclaimed, turning to him.

"Yis. She axed me to drive the cow over. Sey it's me, wull yo', yo' ow'd witch!"

"Oh, Joseph, somebody will hear! Don't shout, Joseph! We shall be ruined,—ruined!" And Mrs. Leatham wrung her hands.

"Nobody'll hear it from me, an' I should ner ha' tow'd a word on it to yo', if hur had ner said it was me," eagerly answered the servant-man. "Bur God'll punish hur for it, or else yo' 'n see. Dunner cry, Matty, an' keep away from hur afore summut happens to hur. I'm goin' to my work!" And Joseph went weightily from the window.

"They should ner ha' behaved so! a Leatham was a'weys as good as a Astbury. I wunner have 't—I wunner have 't," the old woman repeated several times over, with a countenance hideously angry.

"If you know anything about it, we shall be ruined. It will be sure to be found out, it will, for it is sinful, and, as Joseph says, God will punish it. Oh, granny!" and Mrs. Leatham lifted her hands woefully.

"They'll say as it's me!" Mark whined again.

"Thee hast ner a drop o' Leatham blood in thee, or thee'd'st be glad. I sey it sarved 'em right," said granny, stamping her foot where she sat. "Bur I wunner talk about it wi' yo'. Go, go."

"Who did you get to do it? *You* couldn't do it," said the widow, firmly. "Matty slept wi' you last night!" she instantly added, in a half scream, as the girl, uttering a cry at the first remark, hid her face in her grandmother's gown.

"Matty, did you fetch that cow? They'll say it's me! I'll kill you!" And wild, weak Mark rushed at the girl, but his mother stopped him.

"The child isn't to blame,—she didn't know about it," earnestly said Mrs. Leatham sadly, gazing reproachfully towards the grandmother. "But we shall be punished for it some way. Our cows 'll go; I know they will!" With this prophecy she pushed Mark towards the door, and went out after him, in the direction of the cowshed.

"*Our cows?* Matty! Matty!" whispered the old woman, "would the dog bring it here? Or maybe us in our clothes!" As she spoke, granny started forward in the chair; then she quietly sunk back again, her jaw falling, her haggard features taking a sudden pallor, like that of death. The affrighted child tugged at her dress, and was commencing to scream, but granny, without opening her eyes, lifted one hand, and feebly motioned for her to be silent.

V.

WHAT remains to be told shall be shortly told. Astbury's farm, though its soil contained the carcase of the fatally-stricken beast, escaped the infection; it was the poor widow's diminished stock which was attacked!

The morning following the events of the last chapter, that is, two days after the diseased beast was driven into the parish, Mrs. Leatham found two of her cows hanging their weary heads, and showing other symptoms of the pest. On learning this, granny was seized with a kind of paralysis; her limbs stiffened in the chair, and her mind seemed as much affected as her body. During that day the fearful secret of the presence of the plague was kept from the rest of the villagers, for the whole household was crushed with terror; but in the night-time one cow died, and on the third morning two others were ailing. The constable had to be told of it; and the circulation of the intelligence soon brought alarmed rustics peering over the yard-wall, although few or none of them would venture within.

"Found it out yesterday morning? You couldn't help doing so, if you are not all blind, since one cow is dead already, and that other will be so directly," pointing to one of the three sick cows, which had been driven out into the yard for inspection. "But why didn't you make it known?" The speaker was Mr. Colton, a haughty-looking, middle-aged gentleman, the squire of the parish, who, together with the clergyman, had arrived at the homestead.

"I ought to have done so, sir; but I hoped they might get better," faltered pale Mrs. Leatham, making a conciliatory curtsy.

"She is but a woman, you see, sir," put in the kind rector, standing at the squire's shoulder.

"There is Joseph there, and her son; they might have known better," said the squire. "I am very sorry for you, Mrs. Leatham," he went on; "for I have heard of the trouble you have had, and I doubt, now that the disease has got such a footing as this, every beast you have will go."

"I suppose so, sir," the widow answered resignedly, turning to look at the suffering cows.

"And that isn't all! It will go right through the parish, breaking out like this," petulantly-resumed the squire. "How could it come here? The cow of Bates's did not go within half a mile of you?" Mrs. Leatham's worn face flushed, and her eyes went down, while her fingers convulsively clutched her dress at the sides. "Have you any notion how it has come?" the squire repeated, turning his glance to Mark and Joseph. Neither of them spoke, but looked wonderingly elsewhere, breathing very hard, and becoming very pale.

"It has quite crushed them; they cannot reason about it," again the clergyman kindly interposed.

"I don't know what is to be done. I would give fifty pounds myself to have that mystery about Bates's cow cleared up," pursued Mr. Colton, every word making the widow to start with fresh terror, and to glance appealingly at stolid Joseph. "How the disease came to the Firs we know; it was the two stirks they bought at market, no doubt, but there has been no contact here."

"No, though they say it may be brought so very easily," remarked the rector.

"Where's the dog? If he has been near the cattle, you must keep him up as well as them," suddenly said the squire, looking towards the empty kennel, by the side of which lay a loose chain and an unclasped collar.

"He's killed, sir; I killed him yisterday mornin'," said Joseph slowly.

"That was a very wise thought of you; very prudent, indeed. Who suggested that?" inquired the complaisant clergyman.

No answer was given, but Mrs. Leatham, Mark, and Joseph stared into one another's faces.

"Eh? Don't you hear?" reiterated Mr. Colton.

"It was granny, sir," said Joseph.

"Then why couldn't you say so?"

"She isn't very well, sir," stammered Mrs. Leatham, as if thinking that some reason must be given.

"Isn't she,—isn't granny well? I must speak with her. This has put her about, I daresay," and the good rector, reminded that it was his duty to visit sick people as well as sick cattle, strode away towards the house. Poor Mrs. Leatham staggered, as if ready to fall to the ground. She had sufficient reason for this agitation, and for wishing her most unlucky words unsaid. The old woman's wits, as we have hinted, were quite upset by the escape of Astbury's stock and the seizure of their own, and she now kept up a muttered rambling about the night-journey of herself and Matty to and from the Firs farm.

"Oh, Mark, go to granny!" the widow said, pressing her hands together and looking towards the house piteously.

"Not one of these will get better," said Mr. Colton, after a puzzled look at her, and going a little nearer to the suffering cattle, though still keeping to windward of them. "How many more have you? for of course you have kept the rest by themselves."

"Is Matty there?" Mrs. Leatham was just then saying, putting out her hand towards Joseph, who was making a clucking noise with his tongue, both of them intently watching Mark hurry into the house.

"I asked how many more cows you had?" irately demanded Squire Colton.

"Only three not ill," Mrs. Leatham now answered, with a half curtsy, but still gazing with fearful face towards the dwelling. "Oh, the Lord help us! I knew, I knew!" she added, as a sharp childish scream was heard from within, and before she had taken half-a-dozen steps forward, the clergyman appeared in the doorway, with a face as pale as her own, holding the weeping little Matty by one hand, and beckoning to them with the other.

A few minutes later they were grouped in the kitchen about the big chair in which granny lay, quite helpless of limb, but rolling her head from side to side swiftly, the bright black eyes lighting up the otherwise ghastly features. It afterwards came out that when the rector first suddenly entered the house, going straight to her, the old woman, who knew

that both he and the squire had come, at once recognized him, and under the sharp shock took the mistaken fancy that those in the yard had divulged what she had done; so she began fiercely to insist that it was right in her to try and punish the Astburys. The amazed clergyman turned to Matty, who was cowering on the hearth, and her affrighted scream it was that startled those outside.

"I know yo' 're the parson," said granny, hoarsely, "an' I wish I had gone more to church when I had th' strength, an' had ner turned th' cheese on Sundays, though it would ha' made agen it often. Bur I hanner done wrong now; no, no, I wunner sey it, if yo' are th' parson. They should ner ha' made light o' Mark."

"You hear what she says?" said the rector, turning to the astounded squire. "I should have thought she was rambling in her mind, but the little girl here says she fetched out the cow, not her grandmother."

"Dunner believe it! It inner Matty," said Joseph, speaking again through the window from the outside. "If she'd anythink to do wi' it, granny bewitched hur. Be ashamed o' yoursel', granny, lettin' the child be found fault wi' for it!" he angrily added.

"Was it that foo' tow'd 'em?" feebly asked the dame, twitching with passion at the sound of Joseph's voice.

"It was yourself who told me. I had not heard of it from any one," said the rector. "But can it be true that you, sinful woman, removed the cow from Bates's, and drove it to Astbury's, merely as a means of revenge for some slight put on your grandson?"

"Hadn't nobody tow'd 'em?" demanded granny, straightening herself, and speaking quite strongly.

"Nobody but yourself has breathed of it, which shows how Providence has decreed that sinful secrets shall out," was the rector's solemn answer.

"Oh, it a' goes wrong!" gasped the old woman, with a bewildered stare of the black eyes, and sank back with a gurgle in her throat, all present thinking she was dying. But life clung tenaciously to the old weather-seasoned frame, and in a minute or two she rallied somewhat; still she had either lost the power of speech, or else now she would not use it: not a word further did she utter.

Matty, however, was closely questioned, and Mark and Joseph and the widow told each what they knew. In this way, the facts were brought out, and both rector and squire were forced to give them credit, strange as such a story seemed, with the paralyzed old woman and the alarmed and weeping child before them as the chief actors in it. In vain Mrs. Leatham appealed to Mr. Colton, that, since they were the only sufferers, the circumstances, for the credit of their humble name, should not be published. The sense of responsibility was strong upon the squire, and he answered that the matter must be left in the hands of his fellow magistrates. Even the rector was silent in face of that consideration, and could only, before his departure, covertly whisper to the widow, that granny was too old and Matty too young to be punished for

what they had done. At length, the visitors left, the squire announcing, after another survey of the sick cattle in the yard, that he should have them slaughtered at once, adding that, if the others sickened, they, too, were to be killed without delay! Mother and son looked wildly at each other,—the ruin they had so often talked about now stared them in the face. Granny, also, was aware of it, if moanings betokened anything, though her shrunken lips were closed, and her black eyes were kept covered with the closed lids. Matty never moved from her crouching position on the hearth, watching the movements of others with large terrified eyes, and letting the kitten, which had crept out from its hiding, gambol about her unheeded. Joseph stood stock-still in the yard, gazing dumfounded at the doomed cattle.

A few words will suffice for the rest. Within a week only one cow was left out of the whole seven, and the disease broke out at several other places in the neighbourhood. The localities were all somewhat distant, and it could hardly be positively alleged that they had derived it from Leatham's stock; still, on the news of granny's attempted revenge leaking out (which it did, though the magistrates took no action), public feeling rose so high, that the family must have left the district, even if their ruin had been less complete. Another tenant was found for the farm, and granny, who still lingered, though her mind had wholly gone, was removed into an almshouse at an adjoining village. Mark, who had forfeited every remaining chance he had of wedding Ellen Astbury, took service in another part of the country. When granny dies, he, his mother, and Matty will emigrate to America, where some of their friends are settled. Joseph is serving-man at the old farm under the new master, and talks most bitterly of granny.



CLEOPATRA

Cleopatra.

"Her beauty might outface the jealous hours,
 Turn shame to love and pain to a tender sleep,
 And the strong nerve of hate to sloth and tears;
 Make spring rebellious in the sides of frost,
 Thrust out lank winter with hot August growths,
 Compel sweet blood into the husks of death,
 And from strange beasts enforce harsh courtesy."

T. HAYMAN, *Fall of Antony*, 1655.

I.

Her mouth is fragrant as a vine,
 A vine with birds in all its boughs;
 Serpent and scarab for a sign
 Between the beauty of her brows
 And the amorous deep lids divine.

II.

Her great curled hair makes luminous
 Her cheeks, her lifted throat and chin.
 Shall she not have the hearts of us
 To shatter, and the loves therein
 To shed between her fingers thus?

III.

Small ruined broken strays of light,
 Pearl after pearl she shreds them through
 Her long sweet sleepy fingers, white
 As any pearl's heart veined with blue,
 And soft as dew on a soft night.

IV.

As if the very eyes of love
 Shone through her shutting lids, and stole
 The slow looks of a snake or dove;
 As if her lips absorbed the whole
 Of love, her soul the soul thereof.

V.

Lost, all the lordly pearls that were
 Wrung from the sea's heart, from the green
 Coasts of the Indian gulf-river;
 Lost, all the loves of the world—so keen
 Towards this queen for love of her.

VI.

You see against her throat the small
 Sharp glittering shadows of them shake;
 And through her hair the imperial
 Curled likeness of the river snake,
 Whose bite shall make an end of all.

VII.

Through the scales sheathing him like wings,
 Through hieroglyphs of gold and gem,
 The strong sense of her beauty stings,
 Like a keen pulse of love in them,
 A running flame through all his rings.

VIII.

Under those low large lids of hers
 She hath the histories of all time;
 The fruit of foliage-stricken years;
 The old seasons with their heavy chime
 That leaves its rhyme in the world's ears.

IX.

She sees the heart of death made bare,
 The ravelled riddle of the skies,
 The faces faded that were fair,
 The mouths made speechless that were wise,
 The hollow eyes and dusty hair;

X.

The shape and shadow of mystic things,
 Things that fate fashions or forbids;
 The staff of time-forgotten kings
 Whose name falls off the Pyramids,
 Their coffin-lids and grave-clothings;

XI.

Dank dregs, the scum of pool or clod,
 God-spawn of lizard-footed clans,
 And those dog-headed hulks that trod
 Swart necks of the old Egyptians,
 Raw draughts of man's beginning God;

XII.

The poised hawk, quivering ere he smote,
 With plume-like gems on breast and back;
 The asps and water-worms afloat
 Between the rush-flowers moist and slack;
 The cat's warm black bright rising throat.

XIII.

The purple days of drouth expand
 Like a scroll opened out again;
 The molten heaven drier than sand,
 The hot red heaven without rain,
 Sheds iron pain on the empty land.

XIV.

All Egypt aches in the sun's sight;
 The lips of men are harsh for drouth,
 The fierce air leaves their cheeks burnt white,
 Charred by the bitter blowing south,
 Whose dusty mouth is sharp to bite.

XV.

All this she dreams of, and her eyes
Are wrought after the sense hereof.
There is no heart in her for sighs ;
The face of her is more than love—
A name above the Ptolemies.

XVI.

Her great grave beauty covers her
As that sleek spoil beneath her feet
Clothed once the anointed soothsayer ;
The hallowing is gone forth from it
Now, made unmeet for priests to wear.

XVII.

She treads on gods and god-like things,
On fate and fear and life and death,
On hate that cleaves and love that clings,
All that is brought forth of man's breath
And perisheth with what it brings.

XVIII.

She holds her future close, her lips
Hold fast the face of things to be ;
Actium, and sound of war that dips
Down the blown valleys of the sea,
Far sails that flee, and storms of ships ;

XIX.

The laughing red sweet mouth of wine
At ending of life's festival ;
That spice of cerecloths, and the fine
White bitter dust funereal
Sprinkled on all things for a sign ;

XX.

His face, who was and was not he,
In whom, alive, her life abode ;
The end, when she gained heart to see
Those ways of death wherein she trod,
Goddess by god, with Antony.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

Good Looks.

PEOPLE's notions of beauty differ. Tamerlane's wife, who had no nose, was thought a belle by her contemporaries. A patrician of Venice had a scurvy little proboscis, and that was held of itself a sufficient disqualification for the doge's cap and ring. Cicero admired the squinting eye, such as Greek sculptors often gave to Venus, and Minerva was sometimes figured with a complexion as dusky as any gipsy wife on Epsom downs. Some of the Greeks held blue eyes to be hideous, and Dioscorides tells us they had an art—the same practised, perhaps, centuries afterwards at Donnybrook fair—of making them black. Hunchbacks have had their admirers, who contend that the dorsal curvature is the true line of beauty, and that the hump, so far from being a deformity, “as dull fools suppose,” is in itself a graceful ornament, seeing that, in its outline, it approximates the figure so many illustrious objects in nature assume, to wit, the sun, the terrestrial globe, the span above us of ærial blue, the head of man, seat of his intellect and organ of his will.

Still, however much men may differ in their conceptions of the beautiful, certain it is that whatever they esteem beautiful invariably engages their affections and provokes their desires. They invariably recognize its claims to consideration, and, by the very constitution of their minds, are prone to associate its presence with everything that is good, pure, and virtuous. Suetonius tells us that, at all periods of his life and health, Augustus was beautiful, and owed to his good looks his uniform good fortune. We know that he took unusual care to preserve his personal appearance; for, to guard himself against the deteriorating influences of atmospheric changes, he would clothe himself with such a vast variety of garments, as that it was popularly said he carried the wardrobe of a family upon his single back. Alexander Severus was so anxious to delay the approach of decrepitude, with its attendant crowsfeet and wrinkles, and retain, as long as might be, the bloom and beauty of youthfulness and vigour, that, although free from all gluttonous propensities whatever, he would devour a whole hare daily; for the consumption of hare's flesh was, in his days, accounted a sovereign antidote for the withering effects of time, and an efficient prophylactic against the damaging consequences of old age. The warlike emperor was well aware how much his outward man contributed to his influence, and acted a wise part accordingly, in seeking to preserve in its freshness what Shakspeare irreverently enough calls the “muddy vesture of decay.” These are antique examples; some may be cited belonging to more recent times in which the possession of beauty is esteemed a kind of merit.

Without referring to the well-known anecdote of Baptista Porta having dedicated one of his first works to the Cardinal d'Este, merely, as he says, because the cardinal was a good-looking fellow, we find a Parliament of Edward IV. thinking it neither unbecoming their dignity nor that of the king, in an address of both houses to the throne, to advert to the "beauté of person that it have pleased Almighty God to bless you (with)," and we also find the grave Lord Burghley, himself comely even in old age, if he be limned aright in the canvas which has descended to us, in writing to his son Robert Cecil, then Secretary of State, respecting some new judges about to be made, observing, "As for choice of Baron (of the Exchequer), I think Serjeant Heale able both for learning, wealth, and strength of body to continue, being also a *personable man, which I wish to be regarded in choice of such officers of publick service.*" And the queen, his mistress, was of exactly the same mind, as Sir Robert Naunton, a contemporary writer, remarks. "The queen," he says, "in this had much of her father; for, excepting some few of her kindred, and some few that had handsome wits in crooked bodies, she always took personage in the way of her election, for the people hath it to this day in proverb, 'King Harry loved a man.'"

Like her father, Elizabeth was careful to admit into her household none but those, says Osborne, of "stature and birth," and positively refused the services of a gentleman, in these respects well qualified to attend her, only because one of his jaws was deficient of a tooth! Her successor, James I., as Lord Thomas Howard once wrote from the court to Sir John Harington, "dwelt on good looks and handsome accoutrements. Eighteen servants," he adds, "were lately discharged, and many more will be discarded who are not to his liking in these matters." The celebrated Lord Derby, too (the one who was beheaded at Bolton), in his "Advice to his Son," is careful to remark, "It is very handsome to have comely men to serve you." Of slender build himself, James disliked corpulency in others. He would say of a stout and burly divine that "fat men were apt to make lean sermons," whilst he would certainly have promoted Dr. Bennet to the episcopal bench, had he not already attained that honour, on account merely of his agreeable exterior, remarking of the doctor that if he, the king, "were to choose a bishop by his aspect, he would certainly choose him of all men he had seen for a grave, reverent, and *pleasing* countenance." There is a story told of the emperor, Henry IV. of Germany, going once into a church where a remarkably ugly-looking priest officiated; so ugly was he that the emperor wondered within himself whether God could possibly accept services rendered by so ill-favoured a ministrant. The imperial meditations were, however, interrupted by the priest's boy mumbling, almost unintelligibly, the versicle in the 100th Psalm, "*Ipse nos fecerit, et non ipsi nos* (It is He that hath made us, not we ourselves)"—whereupon the priest reprov'd the acolyte for his indistinct and defective enunciation, and repeated himself in a clear and sonorous voice the Psalmist's words, which the emperor took as a real if

undesigned rebuke to his own uncharitable thoughts ; so when the service was ended, he made himself known to the priest, on whom some time afterwards he conferred the honours of the mitre and crosier. Still, however unprepossessing the aspect of this priest may have been, the Church of Rome, as is well known—following therein the spirit of the Mosaic law, (Leviticus, xxi. 17)—invariably refuses her orders to such as are physically deformed or exhibit any outward hideousness.

Indeed, throughout the middle ages it was a prevalent belief that the ugliness of the wicked—and the wicked were ever ugly—was in precise proportion to their wickedness, and so the Spirit of Evil himself was ever pictured as abominably hideous and revoltingly frightful ; very unlike the “not less than archangel ruined,” as his outward presentment is portrayed by Milton. “As ugly as sin, diabolically hideous,” are phrases to be found in other languages besides our own. In the same way virtue and goodness, the attributes of the saint, the characteristics of the angel, are habitually linked, both in idea and expression, with either majestic charms or enchanting loveliness. “As beautiful as an angel, seraphic beauty,” are modes of expression familiar to our lips ; and furthermore, it is usual enough, when the desire is to convey approbation of a certain line of conduct, to say such conduct was “decidedly handsome.” Hereby we discover the connection which unconsciously, perhaps, subsists in our minds between things which are true, honest, and just, and things which are lovely.

The Thracians, we read, were accustomed to shed tears on the birth of a child, and, if we are to credit M. Bouchet, a learned etymologist, the child itself exhibits no less regret on its appearance in a world of which yet it knows nothing. Indeed, according to M. Bonnet, its first articulate expression is a reproach on our first parents, but for whom its birth would have been impossible ; the boys, as he says, crying *A, A*, indicative of their indignation against Adam, and the girls whining *E, E*, their feeble invective against Eve. The tears of the Thracians are, in our opinion, susceptible of easy explanation, bearing in mind the innate repugnance of mankind to ugliness. The Thracian wept with apprehension that the red-faced, flabby, dabby babby might possibly in its growth exhibit itself as unattractive and uninviting as it was at its beginning ; and the squalls of the newly-arrived innocents may be referred to their consciousness that they were making their débüt into life with an exterior decidedly unbecoming, if not actually repulsive. Madame de Bourignon is said to have been so hideous when born, that the notion was seriously entertained of smothering her, and thus spare her a life of contempt, of scornful pity, and crushing humiliation.

Of course, people who set up for philosophers, especially those to whom Nature has acted the part rather of the stepmother than the nursing mother, affect to underrate the importance of a shapely figure and agreeable visage, and have many a well-worn proverb, such as “Beauty is but skin deep,” “Handsome is that handsome does,” and the

like, to vindicate their opinions, or console them in their misfortune. Mr. Hay, however, a wealthy Sussex gentleman of the last century, who wooed the muses without much success, and had a seat in Parliament to boot, was as misshapen a dwarf as any that of old made sport in royal or baronial halls. In his *Essay on Deformity*, he frankly admits, whilst he ingeniously palliates, the disadvantages which belong to an uncomely exterior. "Bodily deformity," he says, "is very rare, and therefore a person so distinguished has ill-luck in a lottery where there are a thousand prizes to one blank. Among the 558 gentlemen in the House of Commons, I am the only one that is so. Thanks to my worthy constituents, who never objected to my person, and I hope never to give them cause to object to my behaviour. They are not like a venal borough, of which there goes a story that although they never took exceptions to any man's character, they once rejected the best bidder because he was a negro." The sarcasm here is unmerited, inasmuch as the negro owed his rejection to the opinion, well-founded or not, that nigritude was only a synonyme for intense ugliness; and the venal borough, although in its immorality it bent a good deal too much to the *virtus-post-nummos* doctrine, and was less solicitous about a candidate's principles than the state of his purse, still was not so deeply plunged in iniquity as to believe *quærenda pecunia primum*, for they scorned the bribe when it was tendered them by uncouth hands. True that Fuller had before this affirmed that the black man was God's image, only cut in ebony instead of ivory; but the constituency Mr. Hay would stigmatize with illiberality, thought the negro an ugly-looking fellow, and so, in spite of his "yellow persuaders," declined to have aught to do with him.

When Job Ben Solomon, an African chief, was in England, he visited Dr. Watts, who, with more curiosity than politeness, inquired how it chanced he and his countrymen were black, when, in common with Europeans, they were descended from Adam, a white man? The retort was immediate and incisive,—“Adam white! How know you Adam white? we tink Adam black; how came you white?” Now, there are writers on æsthetics who, in defiance of popular prejudice, maintain that black is the normal hue of men's complexion, and that the “pale faces” of Europe must have passed through some process of degeneration before they acquired the pallor they now exhibit. Ethnologists teach that in the course of time, and when exposed to certain climatic influences, the dusky races of mankind generally become fairer, whilst of the reverse no instance is known. There is a strong presumption, then, that our first parents had more of the sable than the brunette in their complexions, and, for aught we know, might have rivalled Sambo himself in the depth of his ebon hue. To no imputation of a lack of beauty can the negro, on account of his colour, be fairly held obnoxious, while it becomes doubtful whether we of the white families of humanity have not ourselves degenerated from the original condition of the species as it existed “when Adam delved and Eve span.” It is doubtful, then, whether, with all his good intentions, Dr.

Beddoe was not attempting to do his blackamoor servant an actual disservice in endeavouring to bleach his dingy "pickers and stealers" by steeping them in a strong solution of muriatic acid oxygenized.

The glory of man, says an authority not to be disputed, is in his strength, and we may safely affirm that the glory of woman is in her beauty ; and just as a man, when natural strength is denied to him in the fulness he desires, resorts to artificial means for supplying the defect, so does woman endeavour to redress the injustice and counteract the parsimony of Nature by a recourse to the ingenuities of art — the innocent deceptions of the toilette-table and the wardrobe. Of course there are some who, on one ground or another, will object to this practical mendacity, not the less real because it finds no expression in words ; but such cynicism may be dismissed with contempt. It arises, in nine times out of ten, from that base and wretched jealousy of woman's influence which too often haunts the masculine heart, and whose bitterness can only be exceeded by its impotence. Could there be anything more contemptible than the bill of indictment which Euripides preferred against Jove for having sent woman into the world only to reduce man to bondage with her charms ; as though the poor henpecked deity was not himself as much a slave to beauty as any terrestrial mortal, and did not pass his miserable days under the thumb of all the pretty goddesses in Olympus ? Milton did not hold it unbecoming the dignity of manhood to pen the puling lines—

But yet I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same from woman to begin ;

and Aristophanes—that scoff at excellence, that contemner of virtue—whilst in his *Lysistratus* he affirms that there is no living with woman, palpably because of her caprice, adds, with unwonted candour, that there is no living without her—plainly because of her charms. A like sentiment, if we may credit Aulus Gellius, was given expression to in a speech of the censor, Metellus Numidicus, one of the duties of whose office required him to persuade the citizens to marry for the benefit of the commonwealth. Yet do we find him endorsing the vulgar scandals to which woman had been long exposed at the hands of those who had been struggling against a yoke from which they could not release themselves. "If, Romans," quoth the mordant orator, "we could do without a wife, we should all be free from that source of vexation ; but as Nature has so ordered it that we cannot live without them happily, or without them at all, we had"—for that is his real meaning—"best take our physic like sensible men."

Men of these convictions are, of course, averse to everything that tends to enhance the power under whose oppression they groan ; and perhaps Mrs. Dorothy Tearsheet never displayed more palpably the depth of her affection for her corpulent lover, when on parting she exclaimed, "Prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return !"

The looking-glass, one of the choicest pieces of artillery in woman's arsenal, was loudly denounced by Clemens Alexandrinus. The old father—if we may with propriety ascribe that title to a celibate—asserts that every woman who looks in the glass, violates a divine commandment, for she makes an image of herself for idolatrous purposes. But the Egyptian mistakes the matter widely if he supposes it is the woman that is the idolator. Take it at the very worst, woman commits no idolatry herself: she does not worship her own reflected loveliness—she only gives opportunity for others to do so; she is but the occasion of idolatry to others, but does not herself share in the sin. One of Lalage's tresses wandered astray, and Lalage, luckless damsel, knew nought of her misfortune until she had consulted her glass, and ascertained a recalcitrant pin falling from its rightful place had disturbed the position of the ringlet. So although, by the way, Martial might just as well have kept the matter to himself, Lalage, in a moment of not unnatural vexation, cast her polished mirror on the floor, which shivered into a thousand fragments. The act was foolish enough, but Lalage well knew what important weapons a woman's hair supplies her in her career of conquest; how much it contributes to those good looks which compensate her in the lack of physical vigour on which man founds his title to dominion. Indeed, there was a time when feminine tresses were supposed to possess certain strange magical qualities: pluck (if you dare) some hairs from the head of a pretty woman when her coiffure is in process of arrangement, and consign them at once to the fire, and from out the flame will crawl noxious, noisome adders, ready no doubt to avenge on you "the rape of the lock."

There was no portion of their toilette on which Roman ladies bestowed more pains than the disposition of their hair. Grey hair was with them, as with others, an abomination, and a sort of soap, called *pilæ mattiacæ*, was imported from Germany by way of remedy for this disfigurement whenever it occurred. False hair of a light hue was also imported, from the same country, for such as nature had dealt stingily by in the matter of "capillary attraction;" but, as is the case with the belles of modern Italy, *la chevelure rouge*, or what, in allusion to the old tradition respecting Judas's hair, Rosalind calls "the dissembling colour," was the hue the most in vogue.* Perhaps, however, there is some exaggeration in this, and that a deep shade of auburn was that to which preference was given: for while Martial compares beautiful hair to the colour of the golden field-mouse, he classes fiery-hued locks with cloven feet and blear eyes,

* Writers who profess conversance with the subject affirm that, for men, chestnut or a deep shade of blonde are the most becoming, as these are ever found associated with intelligence, sagacity, and the possession of high moral qualities. The best of brothers, Castor and Pollux, the kindest of husbands, Menelaus, were ever depicted with hair of either hue. As far as men are concerned, Aristotle thinks the colour of their hair is of little consequence; any colour will do, provided the hair be not straight, for that is the sure indication of timidity and cowardice. Ajax had curly locks, and so had Cimon, and Augustus's ringlets are well known.

inquiring, in the true spirit of one who detects the harmony of good looks and good deeds, whether such as are thus endowed can possibly be honest? To be without hair was of old ever esteemed a ground for reproach, and learned doctors tell us that the origin of the priestly tonsure was derived from an insult passed upon St. Peter at Antioch when they shaved his head "*like a fool's*."

Baptista Porta, who fills an honourable place amongst the early physiognomists, demonstrated that, great as is the difference which subsists between mankind and brute-kind, the relationship between them is nearer than generally is suspected, and that beauty is nigher akin to the beast than most people suppose. In most of our species, especially in such of them as in any way had rendered themselves conspicuous among their fellow-men, he detected certain facial characteristics which they possessed in common with the lower animals, tracing, for instance, a close resemblance between the lineaments of the divine Plato, and the countenance of a setter dog. "Many human faces" (Baptista Porta thought that almost all) "have a striking resemblance to particular animals," says Francis Grose in his *Rules for Drawing Caricatures*. "Hogarth has given some instances of these resemblances: one in the 'Gate of Calais,' where two old fishwomen are pointing out their likeness to a flat fish; another in the portrait of the 'Russian Hercules,' where, under the figure of a bear, he has preserved the lineaments of his poetical antagonist"—Charles Churchill. Le Brun, the painter, adopted Baptista Porta's physiognomical doctrine, and gave it practical expression by preparing a series of studies of human heads with their corresponding types in the bestial creation, and from a comparison of the two he believed a general law could be deduced, whereby it would be possible to determine, at sight, the disposition and temperament both of the man and his representative among the brutes. Were either of them timid or audacious, savage or placable, he thought it could be ascertained without difficulty at a glance. He considered the token of courage to be the little protuberance over the nose: in proportion to its size, small or great, was the animal daring or fearful. All great men, and all great animals, he believed to be eminent in the matter of nose—the eagle and Julius Cæsar, to wit; and a fine swelling proboscis was, in his mind, the invariable accompaniment of elevation of thought and grandeur of conception, and thus did both Aristotle and Baptista Porta also think of the straight nose blunt at its termination, "tower-shaped," as Sir Thomas Browne phrases it. Noses, we know, are of all varieties: Grose divides them into the angular, the aquiline or Roman, the parrot's beak, the straight or Grecian, the bulbous or bottled, the turned-up or snub, and the mixed or broken; each of which supply the indication of its owner's character, as, by some persons, the chin is supposed to do. But the better opinion is that the chin affords a far less reliable index to character than the nose, being less marked and less numerous in its varieties. Indeed, with the exception of the double, the nut-cracker and the cucumber chin, there is nothing specially remarkable in this feature of the face. Far otherwise with the

nose, of which Napoleon Bonaparte was accustomed to say that he generally found a long nose, such as that we have been mentioning, associated with a long head, an admission the more singular as his own nasal development was a striking contradiction to his rule.

When Le Brun propounded the theory, of which he was rather the expositor than the author, the inquiry grew current in Parisian society, Who is your beast? Flatterers said there could be no doubt, especially having regard to the nose, judged by Le Brun's standard, that the Prince de Condé had for his congener nose a beast of the very first rank, at once strong, fierce, gentle, placable, terrible in power, but withal full of amenity, courtesy, and graciousness. Mirabeau, on the other hand, with his amplitude of hair, his expansive and expressive countenance to which the small nose had lent a singular appearance, his massive jaws and shaggy eyebrows, all suggestive of both Power and Will, what inferior (if inferior) animal could he recall to the mind but the lion of terrible paw and deep-depending mane?

Putting aside all fanciful speculations, there is no doubt that in every age the belief has been common that the inward and informing spirit of man has found expression outwards in the peculiarities of his corporeal structure, and that, in a large measure, the body images the moral and intellectual qualities of the immaterial essence with which it is instinct. Madame de Staël thinks this was the case with the ancients in an eminent degree, that with them "there was a more intimate union between the physical and moral faculties than at present." This will be a consolation to some of us to whom the mirror exists as a perpetual reproach. Had we lived in heroic times, the world which knows nothing of us but our outside, would have been enabled from that to detect those esoteric excellencies with which, alas! none are acquainted, save our familiars and intimates. Good looks are, no doubt, good things, but even in looks which require another adjective than good, a difference is observable, as is well expounded by Grose. "Ugliness," he says, "according to our local idea, may be divided into genteel and vulgar. The difference between these kinds of ugliness seems to be that the former is positive or redundant, the latter wanting or negative. Convex faces, prominent features, and large aquiline noses, though differing much from beauty, still give an air of dignity to their owners; whereas concave faces, flat, snub or broken noses always stamp a meanness and vulgarity. The one seems to have passed through the limits of beauty, the other never to have arrived at them."

Breech-Loaders.

AN impression that the English army owes the adoption of breech-loaders to the late German war,—that but for this remarkable campaign we might have continued to cherish an implicit belief in our muzzle-loading Enfields, until some Skalicz, or Nachod, or Sadowa of our own should have rudely destroyed it, is so prevalent and at the same time so inaccurate, that it is worth while to review briefly the history of the matter.

Breech-loading small-arms have always had their advocates and admirers; and it would be difficult to point to a time when the War Office had not before it some scheme of this sort, some contrivance, more or less ingenious or rude or defective, for superseding muzzle-loaders and for revolutionizing the existing system. Almost invariably, however, such schemes have been regarded unfavourably; often from want of merit, though many, we may believe, have been condemned simply because breech-loading in the abstract was for a long time regarded by the majority of military men as inapplicable for military purposes. The sort of conservatism which prompted this feeling has not, however, been confined to soldiers. It must not be forgotten that, although breech-loaders are now very generally used for sporting purposes, they were adopted with great hesitation, and to this day old sportsmen are to be met with who tell us that a breech-loader will not shoot “as hard” or kill as well as a muzzle-loader—nay, who still use and prefer the old “ram and d—n” which they wielded so effectively in their youth. And conservatism of this sort—if so the feeling may be designated—is far more justifiable among military men than among sportsmen. With the former the adoption of a new arm or a new system is a serious matter; it is the deliberate discarding of the weapon with which great battles have been won—of a system which has proved its efficiency under the severest and most conclusive of all tests—in favour of one which must be on its first adoption to a certain extent experimental. Moreover, the adoption of a new arm for military use is complicated by the question of expense, by technical difficulties respecting the supply of ammunition, and by other considerations which the sportsman can hardly perceive or appreciate. Besides, this particular question, which from its nature required to be approached with the greatest caution, was one for the careful working out of which ample leisure and opportunity seemed to be afforded us. With the exception of Prussia, and some few of the minor German States, no Continental army had adopted breech-loaders; and the single military breech-loader in Europe—the needle-gun—was open, as we shall presently see, to objections which would prevent its adoption where a high standard of efficiency is

required, and where the fulfilment of certain important conditions has been wisely laid down as essential to the efficiency of an arm for general service. It is therefore scarcely surprising that no serious or deliberate attempt to introduce breech-loaders for military use should have been made in this country until some seven years ago, when the persistent advocacy of the system by its admirers, the growing favour with which it was regarded by sportsmen, and the variety of arms, English and American, which were pressed upon the attention of Government, combined to recommend its adoption experimentally.

But the true scope and drift of the question were not at this time properly understood. It was regarded almost exclusively as a question in which the cavalry soldier alone was interested; it was conceded that as a means of getting rid of the inconvenience of muzzle-loading on horseback, a breech-loader would possess great advantages for a mounted man; but of its other advantages, and notably of that which we now regard as one of its chief recommendations—its superior rapidity of fire—but little was said, and that little, strange as it may now appear, was often of an adverse character. High cavalry authorities have pronounced emphatically against furnishing the cavalry soldier with such a firearm as will tempt him to employ it in preference to his lance or sabre. If his training or his instincts tend in this direction, his value as a cavalry soldier, it is urged, must deteriorate, and he will lose that dash and *élan* which should be his chief characteristics, and without which a regiment of dragoons degenerates into a clumsy and inefficient description of infantry. Whatever modifications these views may undergo in the light of recent experience—in the face of the fact that the Prussian cavalry, while availing themselves freely and effectively of their needle-guns, have exhibited throughout the Bohemian campaign the highest cavalry qualifications, and have at least held their own against the world-renowned cavalry of Austria—it is certain that they have hitherto found many and trustworthy advocates in this country; and it is no less certain that, in consequence, any arguments based upon the superior rapidity or efficiency of breech-loaders, would have rather hampered than facilitated their adoption for cavalry use. But the introduction of these arms was effected, as we have explained, upon other grounds. They were regarded not as quicker weapons, or so superior in any way as to inspire increased confidence, but simply as handier on horseback; and four different sorts of breech-loading carbines were accordingly issued experimentally to certain cavalry regiments. This state of feeling, it should also be noticed, was shown in the arms themselves; for the experimental weapons were not calculated specially to exhibit that rapidity of fire which we now regard as a *sine quâ non* in a breech-loader. The Green's, Sharp's, Westley Richards', and Terry's carbines, all retained one of the most objectionable features of the old muzzle-loading system—a feature quite opposed to extreme rapidity of fire, viz. the percussion cap. In part, no doubt, this may be explained by the strong objection which

existed at this period to cartridges containing their own ignition, mainly on the score of danger.* But the fact is, great misconception prevailed at that time upon the whole subject; there was a general ignorance respecting the development of which the arm was susceptible, and which it was destined shortly to receive.

It is unnecessary to describe the four experimental arms which we have mentioned above, because, whatever special excellences they may have exhibited in their way, none of them satisfy those conditions which have now been laid down as necessary for arms for general service. A breech-loader which requires to be capped is now, apart from all other considerations, as inadmissible as a muzzle-loader with a flint-lock.

It may perhaps be worth while, however, to explain the general features of the Westley Richards' breech-loading carbine, not merely because, of the four experimental cavalry arms, this one was undoubtedly the best, and was actually adopted in 1861 for more general cavalry use, but because it is a good typical arm of the capping class, and because, owing mainly to its excellence as an arm of precision, its adoption in the musket form for the whole army was at one time seriously entertained. The breech-closing arrangement consists of a plunger which hinges upon the back part of the barrel, and is turned over forwards when the arm is required to be loaded, and is shut down when the loading is completed. By the act of closing it the plunger is pressed forward in such a way as to effect a tolerably close joint; the escape of gas, however, being materially assisted by a wad at the back of the cartridge, which is forced through the barrel, in its second capacity of a lubricator, by the next discharge.

We now reach a much more important stage of the question. Hitherto it has been misunderstood, suspected, cramped within contracted limits; but suddenly the Dano-German war flashes on to it a new and brilliant light, which reveals more of the real depth of it, and teaches us how a breech-loader, and that an inferior one, can acquit itself in actual service. It behoved us now to consider the question more seriously than we had ever considered it before—and deliberately to make up our minds as to the desirability of equipping the British army with breech-loaders. So urgent did this necessity appear to Lord De Grey, that without further delay or hesitation he appointed a committee of officers, with General Russell as president, and Lord Longford, Colonel Clarke Kennedy,

* This objection was based on the disastrous consequences likely to result from the explosion of a single cartridge in a magazine, barrel, or pouch; and as cartridges containing their own ignition were considered more liable to such explosions than cartridges not constructed in this way, the objection did not appear unreasonable. But recent experiments have demonstrated—1st. That cartridges of the former class are much less liable to accidental explosion than was supposed. 2nd. That the explosion of one or more cartridges in a barrel is not communicated to the remainder, and is practically of no account. This is a very important fact, as it completely silences the opposition to this system of cartridge; but the experiments, which our space does not permit us to detail, were so conclusive as to leave no doubt whatever upon the subject.

Colonel Parke, and Colonel Steele among its members, for the special consideration of the subject, and the determination of this plain issue—without reference to any particular system of arm. Handled in this way, the real merits of the question became apparent, and the result of the committee's deliberations was a conviction of the necessity of adopting a breech-loader, a conviction which they pressed home with earnest and unqualified recommendations.

But now the practical consideration remained. What breech-loader should we adopt?—a question which resolved itself into two parts, whether we should forthwith adopt a new arm, or attempt to utilize the 600,000 unused Enfield rifles lying in our stores. It can hardly be doubted that the decision which was come to, to endeavour to convert our store of muzzle-loading rifles into breech-loaders, as a preliminary to the ultimate adoption of a new arm, was a sound one. The saving of expense which would thereby be effected was considerable; but, more important still, a great saving of time must result from it, while the danger of committing ourselves hurriedly to a possibly inferior arm would be avoided. The investigation of the two questions, moreover, could be conducted side by side, and if the conversion of the existing arms should prove impracticable, it would be easy to fall back at once upon the other alternative, and adopt the arm which experiment might by this time have established to be best suited for military use. In short, the two questions being perfectly distinct, admitted of simultaneous consideration without prejudice to either. If the Enfield proved convertible, so much the better; if not, no harm would have been done, nor delay occasioned. If we had had an arm upon which to lay our hands, or if we had thought fit to adopt the needle-gun on the faith of Prussian experience, these arguments would not have applied with the same force; but the needle-gun, we knew from previous trial, did not come up to the required standard of excellence, and was a clumsy, defective, comparatively inefficient weapon, particularly with respect to that condition which has been generally regarded as essential in our service, viz. accuracy of fire. Nor was it possible to recommend any other breech-loader for immediate adoption. Of none had we any experience, save of the four which had been experimentally issued to the cavalry, and three of these were open to so many objections as to be plainly unsuited for general use. The fourth, Westley Richards', had inspired more confidence; but it was a capping arm, and although we had not yet come to regard capping arms as inadmissible, the tide of opinion was setting strongly in that direction: for it was now clearly perceived that one of the chief recommendations of a breech-loader was its rapidity of fire, and as a capping system, in addition to its other obvious inconveniences, entails a loss of not less than fifty per cent. in rapidity, confidence in such a system was severely shaken. It would clearly, therefore, have been unwise to recommend for definitive adoption the Westley Richards' rifle; but as the weapon presented certain advan-

tages—as we knew it to be, as far as it went, a moderately efficient arm and an admirably accurate one—it was thought desirable to give it a more extended trial, and a number of muskets on this plan were ordered for experimental infantry use.

In August, 1864, an advertisement was also issued, inviting gun-makers and others to submit propositions for the conversion of the Enfield rifle, and to supply 1,000 rounds of such ammunition as they considered most suitable to their arm and to the service.

We may thus mark, in 1864, a commencement in the two branches of the inquiry. On the one hand, steps have been taken for obtaining, if practicable, an efficient system of conversion; on the other, arrangements are being made for giving the one breech-loader of which a favourable opinion had been formed, a thoroughly practical trial. To this latter inquiry we shall return hereafter, confining ourselves for the present to tracing the progress, and recording the results, of the conversion inquiry.

The advertisement which we have mentioned did not long remain unanswered. No less than fifty different systems of conversion were shortly submitted, the consideration of which was referred to the Ordnance Select Committee, and by them to a sub- or special committee of infantry officers, of which Lieutenant-Colonel Baynes was president, and Lieutenant-Colonel Connolly, V.C., Coldstream Guards, and Captain McCrew, 45th Regiment, were members.

The fifty different systems at once underwent a process of “weeding,” those which *primâ facie* were unsuitable being eliminated, and the inquiry being thus concentrated upon eight different arms. The following systems were selected for trial:—Storm’s, Shephard’s (first system), Westley Richards’, Wilson’s, Green’s, Joslyn’s, Snider’s, and Shephard’s (second system). The first five of these were capping arms, the three last were adapted for cartridges containing their own ignition. Of the non-capping arms, one, Joslyn’s, underwent no trial, the rifles converted on this plan not arriving from New York in time to take part in the competition; and a second non-capping rifle, Shephard’s (second system), was “scratched at the post,” owing to the dangerous character of the ammunition and to imperfections in the arm itself. His capping system also proved at the outset unsuitable. The competition was thus, in effect, limited to five arms, of which Snider’s was the only representative of the non-capping system. Six new proved Enfield rifles were given to each competitor, to be returned, converted on his system, within two months, accompanied by 1,000 rounds of ammunition. The deliveries of the converted arms were completed by the beginning of 1865, when the series of experiments which had been determined on was commenced. It may be useful to introduce here a general description of the five different systems under trial.

Storm’s or *Mont Storm’s* method of conversion consists in cutting about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches off the breech end of the Enfield barrel, and substituting a moveable chamber for the reception of the cartridge and bullet. This

chamber works upon a front hinge, which permits of its being turned completely over, with its upper side resting upon the top of the barrel. In this position the charge is inserted into the chamber, which is afterwards closed, and secured by a bolt worked by the lock, the escape of gas being prevented by means of an expanding ring in the face of the chamber.

Westley Richards' system is the same as that of his cavalry carbine, already described, with the addition of a hook for withdrawing the paper case and wad of the cartridge after firing.

In *Wilson's* system the breech of the original arm is removed, and the barrel prolonged backwards for some inches in the form of a deep open slot, or channel. Into this slot the cartridge is inserted and pushed home, and the breech closed by a sliding plunger, which is secured by a transverse bolt through stock and plunger. An india-rubber washer near the front of the plunger assists in preventing the escape of gas.

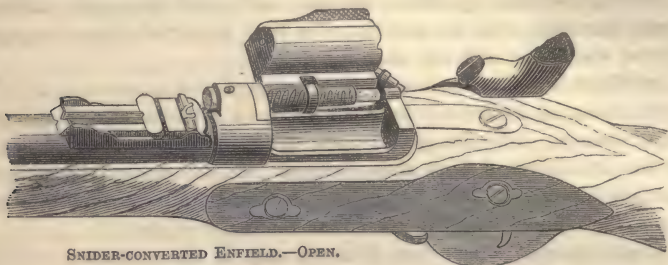
Green's system differs from *Wilson's* only in the method of locking the plunger, viz. by a small lever at the back end of the plunger, which permits of its being turned round a quarter of a circle, in lieu of the transverse bolt. This arrangement is not unlike that adopted in the needle-gun, and resembles in principle a common door-bolt. Like *Wilson's*, the plunger has an india-rubber washer, to prevent the escape of gas.

Snider's system merits a more accurate description; and it may, perhaps, be desirable to describe the *perfected* arm—the arm which, having undergone some subsequent modifications and improvements at the hands of Mr. Snider and Colonel Dixon (Superintendent of the Enfield Factory), is now being issued to our troops. About two inches of the upper part of the breech end of the Enfield barrel are cut away for the admission of the cartridge and bullet, which are pushed forward by the thumb into a taper chamber, formed by slightly enlarging the back end of the barrel. The vacant space behind the cartridge is now closed by a lump of steel—the “breech-stopper,”—which is hinged upon the right side of the barrel, and opens sideways. The breech-stopper forms, in fact, a false breech, against which the base of the cartridge rests. A piston or striker passes through the stopper, its blunt point being flush with the face of the stopper and immediately behind the centre of the cartridge, until a blow from the hammer upon its other end, which projects above the stopper like a sloping nipple,* drives it forward into the cartridge cap, which it indents without penetrating, and fires. The empty cartridge case is withdrawn by a little claw, or extractor, attached to the stopper, and which is returned to its place by means of a spiral spring upon the hinge rod.† The delay caused by the withdrawal of the empty case is practically inappreciable.

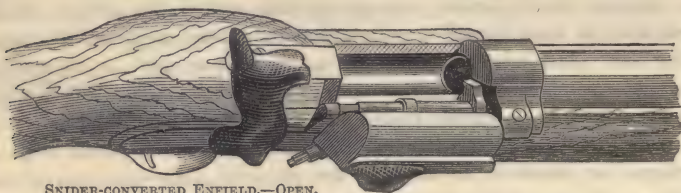
* The nipple-like appearance of the piston has led in some instances to a serious misconception of the system, which, from a hurried inspection of the arm, has been judged to be a capping system.

† Exception having been taken to this spring on the ground of its liability to get out of order, it is desirable to state that it is not a necessary part of the rifle, although doubtless convenient. The first arms had no spring.

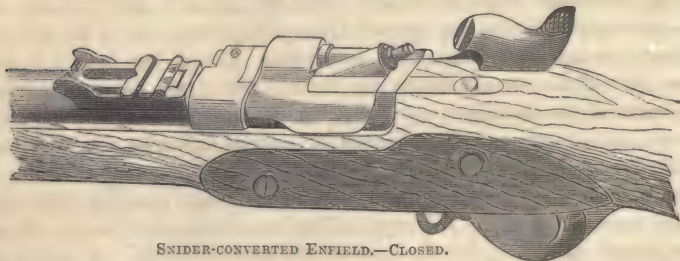
In some of the original conversions, a portion of the barrel—actual barrel—was literally removed as described, but it is now found more convenient to make the whole of the breech arrangement separately, and this “shoe” is screwed into the back end of the barrel, which is shortened and screwed for the purpose.



SNIDER-CONVERTED ENFIELD.—OPEN.



SNIDER-CONVERTED ENFIELD.—OPEN.



SNIDER-CONVERTED ENFIELD.—CLOSED.

The first experiments which were made, established, as might have been anticipated, a marked advantage in respect of rapidity of fire on the side of the non-capping system, represented by the Snider rifle. The capping breech-loaders gave generally a rapidity of only 2 to 1 as compared with that of the muzzle-loaders, even when the caps were laid ready to hand; the non-capping system gave 3 to 1.

The tests for *accuracy* established in a marked degree the superiority of the Westley Richards' rifle, and yet more markedly the inferiority of the Snider—the shooting with which was so bad as quite to preclude its adoption—apart from other serious defects in the ammunition—unless something could be done to improve it.

An examination of the arms showed that the Snider system was the one in which the stock of the original arm was least cut away and weakened, that Mont Storm's system ranked next best in this respect, and that in the three other systems the stocks were weakened to an extent

which precluded their adoption for military use where the soldier requires a stout pike as well as an efficient firearm.

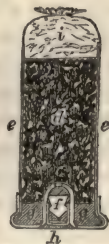
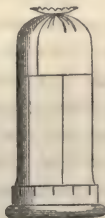
Looking to these broad results—that the Snider rifle was the quickest and the strongest of the five under competition, that its breech-loading arrangement was the least liable to injury from the effects of the explosion, and, especially, that it was the only arm on the non-capping system, the committee selected this system, in spite of its bad shooting and defective ammunition, as being the most worthy of further consideration. The tenour of their report was such, however, as to induce the authorities to undertake the conversion of a large number of rifles on the Mont Storm system. The fate of this arm is soon told. It failed subsequently under the proofs to which it was thought necessary to subject it, and the skin cartridges proposed for use with it proved so unsuited to the requirements of the service that the order was cancelled and the system abandoned.

We are now free to concentrate our attention upon the Snider rifle. The competition was now narrowed down to this point:—If the Snider rifle could not be provided with ammunition suited, with regard to accuracy of shooting and other important points, to the requirements of the service, the scheme of conversion would probably fall through; for the objection to the Westley Richards', Wilson's, and Green's systems, on the score of their weakened stocks, was so formidable as quite to preclude their adoption, without reference to the fact of their being capping arms; and the Mont Storm, as we have stated, proved unserviceable from other causes.

At this stage the question of suitable ammunition for the Snider rifle was referred to Colonel Boxer, Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory, for investigation. This officer at once laid down certain conditions as necessary to justify the adoption of a cartridge for military use, among which the following were the most prominent:—Accuracy of shooting equal to that of the muzzle-loading Enfield; perfect ease of loading and withdrawing of the empty case; capability of withstanding rough usage, damp, and climate, without deterioration; certainty of ignition; and applicability to all service arms. Such a combination of excellences was not easily obtained, and the working out of the subject necessarily occupied some time. It was referred to Colonel Boxer early in 1865, and his experiments were not completed until early in 1866, when the task was accomplished, and the subject again handed over to the Ordnance Select Committee for final trial. Meanwhile, also, Colonel Dixon had effected some slight, though not unimportant, improvements in the workmanship and construction of the arm itself. The committee's experiments were so satisfactory and so conclusive as to warrant the recommendation of the adoption of this arm and ammunition for general use—a recommendation which was approved by Lord Hartington in May, 1866.

A description of the Boxer ammunition may now be suitably introduced. The cartridge is on the central-fire system, and presents no special novelties in this respect. The case is formed of a coil of very

thin sheet brass, the edge of which is secured in a way to offer the least possible resistance to its uncoiling to the dimensions of the chamber on discharge, viz. by a covering of very thin paper attached to the brass by shellac varnish. On the top of the powder a small quantity of loose cotton wool is placed, to prevent the dust of the powder from escaping and interfering with the lubrication on the bullet. This piece of wool, which does not amount to a grain in weight, is so small, that while it perfectly effects the desired object, it does not interfere with accurate shooting. The bullet is inserted into the front of the case, to such a depth as to cover the whole of the lubricated portion; and it is secured by indenting the case into the hinder cannellure of the bullet. The bullet itself is a nicely-adjusted combination of various constructions: it has a hollow at the base, and a clay-plug, like the Enfield rifle bullet; a cylindrical hollow in the head, as in all explosive bullets, this hollow being filled with wood, as in the bullet patented by Mr. Whitworth. Round the cylindrical portion of the bullet are five grooves or "cannelures," as in the original Minié and Tamisier bullets. The diameter is less than that of the bore, and the grooved portion is coated with a sufficient quantity of beeswax to bring the diameter up to that of the barrel, viz. .577". Its weight is a few grains less than that of the Enfield rifle bullet. By making the bullet of less diameter than the bore, instead of, as is usually done in breech-loading arms, larger, the fouling due to two metals coming into contact is entirely avoided, a layer of beeswax being interposed throughout the passage of the bullet along the barrel. It is necessary to point out that the success of this bullet is not due to any one of the features of construction taken singly, but to that particular combination which has been adopted, any deviation from which affects the general efficiency of the projectile.



BOXER AMMUNITION FOR SNIDER RIFLES.

BOXER BLANK CARTRIDGE FOR SNIDER RIFLES.

a. Bullet. b. Wood plug. c. Clay plug. d. Powder. e. Coiled brass case. f. Anvil.
g. Papier mâché wad. h. Cap. i. Wool.

This construction of ammunition presents the following advantages:—
1st, it admits of the cartridge being used in a chamber considerably

larger in diameter than itself, without any danger whatever of the breaking of the case and consequent escape of gas ; 2nd, the cartridge may be crushed or disfigured to almost any extent without danger of breakage and escape of gas ; 3rd, when so crushed or disfigured, it may still be introduced without difficulty into the large taper chamber ; 4th, it is not liable to swell with damp, a defect which would interfere with loading, and it prevents the admission of moisture to the powder ; 5th, the withdrawal of the empty case is effected with perfect ease, even under adverse circumstances ; 6th, by lacquering those portions which are in contact with the powder, the corrosion which would otherwise take place is completely avoided, and the ammunition is not liable to deterioration from chemical causes.

These facts, together with others confirming and establishing the efficiency of the ammunition, are not matters of theory only, but were established by a series of the most severe and exhaustive experiments. The cartridges have been bent and dented and injured in various ways without affecting the ease of loading or the accuracy of shooting ; they have been immersed in wet sawdust for a week without sustaining any practical injury ; they have been shaken loose in the soldier's pouch for a month, and came out perfectly serviceable ; they have been subjected to different atmospheric conditions, artificially created, without sustaining any injury ; they enjoy an absolute immunity from missfires ; they are little liable to accidental explosion, and the explosion of one or more cartridges in a mass does not affect the remainder ; the rapidity of fire of the arm has been raised by them from about eight to fifteen shots per minute, and its accuracy of shooting from the point of marked inferiority which we have noticed, to 30 per cent. superior to that of the same arm in its unconverted state. Fouling is altogether got rid of by the use of this ammunition ; indeed, not only have some of the best targets been made after several hundred rounds have been fired without cleaning, but the accuracy of shooting, which had been impaired by the intentional rusting of the barrel and breech arrangement by immersion in water, was actually restored and the rifle cleaned by firing a few rounds. This advantage, which is one of the most difficult to accomplish, is perhaps one of the most important presented by this ammunition.

Simultaneously with the trials of the ammunition, those of the arm itself were proceeded with. These trials have been no less exhaustive and satisfactory. The favourable opinions originally formed of the system—of its simplicity, safety, rapidity, and general serviceability—have been amply justified ; and it has proved itself equally applicable to all service muzzle-loading arms. The Lancaster oval-bore carbine, indeed, converted on this system, and supplied with the Boxer ammunition, is improved, as regards accuracy, even to a greater extent than the Enfield arms.

When these results had been conclusively established by a series of experiments unprecedented probably in their extent and severity, the conversion of the existing store of Enfield rifles was commenced ; and

there are grounds for hoping that the close of the present financial year may find us with 200,000 breech-loading Snider-Enfields, and 40,000,000 rounds of Boxer ammunition for the same. The factories at Enfield, which during the investigation of the question have been comparatively idle, are once more full of life; the Woolwich factories, likewise, are straining every nerve to satisfy the demands for ammunition; and the gun and cartridge trades are both enlisted actively in the same cause.

It will now be obvious that the British army does not owe its breech-loader to the Germans or the German war, but to a gradual perception of its necessity which has grown up amongst us, and to the energy and anxious foresight of our military authorities. This much, however, the German war did do for us: it strengthened the willing hands at the War Office; it lent a blow or two to the wedge which we were industriously driving home when that war broke out; it confirmed the impression which had existed among us for some years as to the desirability—the necessity—of superseding muzzle by breech-loaders; and it supplemented by a mighty experiment those which we had already made, and furnished a practical and conclusive proof of the serviceability of a breech-loading system in actual warfare. So much, no doubt, we do owe to the German war; but to English energy and talent, and to English officers, we owe more; for to them is due the complete and satisfactory working out of the details of the question, and the possession at the present moment of probably the best breech-loading system in Europe.

The fashion of speaking hardly and unfairly, upon these subjects, of our authorities and executive, is so prevalent in this country, that it is satisfactory to be able to set before the public a decisive proof that such dispraise is not always merited. We shall be doubtless told even now—indeed, we have been already told—that we might have done better than adopt this Snider system. Our reply must be, that such statements need proof; that the competition was an open one; that the field is still open to any system of which the merits are yet untried. The solution of the conversion question, we desire emphatically to repeat, in no way affects that of a new breech-loader, and invitations to the competition have already been issued. But it is desirable to point out that a converted arm is not necessarily inferior to a new one; and although systems of breech-loading superior to that which we have for the present adopted, and of the efficiency of which we have so amply satisfied ourselves, may exist or may hereafter be contrived, their claims to consideration will be required to rest on sounder grounds than the fact of the Snider-Enfield being a “mere” conversion.

We may take this opportunity, also, of correcting a misapprehension which undoubtedly exists to an absurd extent on the subject of “small-bore” rifles, as distinguished from those of the Enfield calibre. The advantages of a small bore are its superior accuracy and flatness of trajectory *at long ranges*. It has no other advantages whatever, and does not possess that inherent magical virtue which many people are

inclined to ascribe to it; and, on the other hand, unless the grave objections to which it is open can be overcome—especially its tendency to foul with continued firing, and the consequent destruction of its accuracy and low trajectory,—it is evident that the advantages which recommend a small bore disappear. The extraordinary fallacy which has got into the columns of *The Times* as to a small-bore bullet being lighter than a large-bore bullet, and thus permitting of a greater number of rounds being carried by the soldier, may be exposed by pointing out that the number of rounds which a soldier carries is determined by the *weight*, not by the diameter of the ammunition, and that small-bore bullets are designedly lengthened with a view to retaining the weight or mass of lead, which is not only thought necessary for destructive effect, but any reduction in which at once brings down the small-bore shooting qualities below the level of the large-bore, and defeats the object with which such an arm was originally proposed.

It will be well, perhaps, before we quit the subject, to enumerate categorically the advantages which result from the adoption of an efficient breech-loading system :

1st. *Superior rapidity of fire*.—Of this advantage we have had most remarkable proofs during the Bohemian campaign. It may perhaps best be estimated by recollecting that under certain circumstances of constant occurrence it amounts practically to the multiplication of the number of men engaged on the breech-loading side by the figure which expresses the ratio of their rapidity of fire to that of their muzzle-loading antagonists. It is hardly necessary to point out that the full effects of this advantage will not be uniformly sensible, but will vary with the nature of the ground and the other conditions of the contest ; but the occasions are rare when a regiment delivering three or four times as many shots per minute as its adversaries will not possess an advantage which accidents of position can scarcely counterbalance. Of this advantage, also, an eminent military writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August writes :—"Infantry can now direct a far more formidable fire than heretofore on approaching cavalry, and may thus attain a relative superiority greatly beyond that formerly conferred by arms of precision."

2nd. *Increased confidence* when opposed to muzzle-loaders ; such confidence as results from the knowledge of the possession of a superior weapon,—such confidence as would animate a man armed with a revolving pistol who might find himself engaged in a duel à l'outrance against one of the single-barrelled pistols with which duels were formerly fought.

3rd. *Facility in loading*.—By this we mean, not only the mechanical advantage which recommends the use of a breech-loader for cavalry ; but the more important advantages, for the infantry man, of being able to load with perfect ease in almost every conceivable position, and to load without exposing himself when under cover—cramped in a rifle-pit—lying on his stomach among long grass or behind some sheltering undulation—while pressing forward at the "double"—while presenting his bayonet to resist

cavalry—or when working in close ranks, the soldier derives advantages from a breech-loader which by themselves constitute high recommendations.

4th. *Improved shooting*: a result which will follow not only from the position in which the arm is loaded being one which favours the subsequent delivery of a low and effective fire—a fact which was practically exemplified, and remarked upon by *The Times'* military correspondent, during the late war,—but from the practicability of loading a breech-loader without removing the eye from the object, and from the impossibility of emptying only a portion of the charge into the barrel, or of loading with the arm in such a position as may tend to lodge the charge in the grooves of the rifle, and not to deposit it cleanly at the bottom of the bore. It is probable, too, that the diminished exertion requisite for the loading of a breech-loader will tell in keeping the men fresh and their arms steady.

5th. *Overloading is avoided*.—The extent to which, in the hurry and excitement of action, a soldier is liable to put more than one charge into his rifle is perhaps not generally appreciated, but it may be exemplified by reference to an incident of the late American war. After one of the campaigns or battles, a committee was appointed to examine and report upon the condition of the arms picked up on the field. The larger proportion were discovered to be loaded with one charge, several, however, contained two charges, others three, four, and so on; a few arms were reported to have contained no less than eight charges and bullets! This incident suggests its own comment, and certainly appears to justify the enumeration of the impossibility of such overloading amongst the advantages of a breech-loading system.

6th. *Compactness of Ammunition*.—The possibility of the soldier finding himself with cartridges and without caps, or *vice versâ*, is avoided; and although it is urged against breech-loading cartridges, that they cannot be readily made upon the field, it has always appeared to us that the force of this objection is enormously over-estimated. Granting that the muzzle-loading cartridges could be made upon the field—though it would be extremely difficult to extemporize materials and implements for the purpose, and it would certainly be easier and more sensible to carry cartridges than to carry the materials for making them—it is quite certain that caps could not be so made; and the manufacture of one portion of the ammunition only would be absolutely useless. With breech-loading cartridges it is a question of all or none. No accident or carelessness can render a supply of ammunition useless by the omission of a vital portion of it; and a force must be hard pressed indeed which is driven to depend upon its own exertions for the supply of its cartridges.

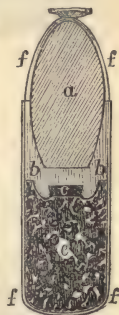
7th. *Facilities of cleaning and inspecting the Arms*.—This point is self-evident. The one objection, worthy of the name, urged against a breech-loading system, is that it entails an excessive waste and expenditure of ammunition which it will be difficult to meet. To this objection there are

two answers:—1st, that the requisite supply has been kept up in Germany throughout the late war, and notably throughout a fierce general action of eight hours' duration; and that no reports have reached us from Sadowa or elsewhere of any failure of the Prussian ammunition-supply system, in close imitation of which our own has been recently reconstructed; 2nd, that a waste of ammunition can only occur if the soldier delivers his fire at such ranges that his shots do not tell. If he can be taught, and he *must* be taught, to reserve his fire for shorter ranges, then it matters little at what rate that fire is delivered; for it can hardly be urged as an objection to the new system if it does its work in a shorter time than the old one. The supply of ammunition, in fact, is only a question of organization; its efficient expenditure a matter of instruction. If these results have proved attainable in Prussia, we surely need not despair of achieving them.

In conclusion we would say a few words respecting the Prussian breech-loading arm, of which all Europe has lately heard so much, and to which we have made frequent reference. Our two sketches will convey a general idea of the construction of the arm, which a few words of explanation will suffice to complete. The barrel is closed by a sliding plunger or bolt, which can be pushed forward against the barrel, or withdrawn for the admission of the cartridge. In the former position it is secured by turning it, with the assistance of a small knob or lever, a quarter circle to the right, on the principle of a common door-bolt. The plunger is hollow, its front end forming, when the arm is shut, a sort of cap to the back end of the barrel—the two being coned to correspond one with the other. The long steel needle from which the gun derives its name, and by which the explosion of the charge is effected, works in the hollow bolt, being driven forward by means of a spiral spring. The spring and needle are set, and the needle, so to speak, cocked by means of a trigger. The action of the trigger likewise releases the needle, which is shot forward into a patch of detonating composition in the centre of the cartridge.

The ammunition consists of an egg-shaped bullet, its base embedded in a *papier mâché* sabot. In the hinder part of the sabot is the fulminate; and behind this again, in a thin paper case which is choked over the apex of the bullet, is the powder.

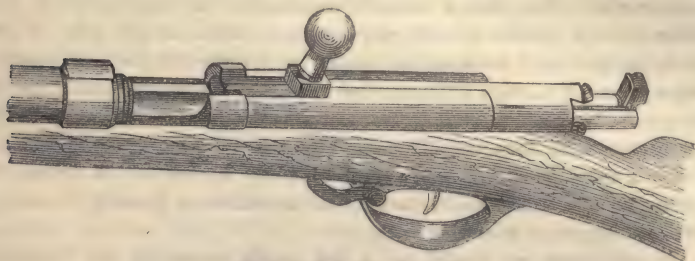
The needle-gun and its ammunition have been familiar to us for years, and the minutest details of its construction and of that of the cartridge, including the pretended secret respecting the nature and preparation of the detonating composition, are well known to us, and an estimate of the value of the system has long been formed. "The trials which have been made with it in this country," says a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "have been very unsatisfactory. For anything like long-range shooting it is



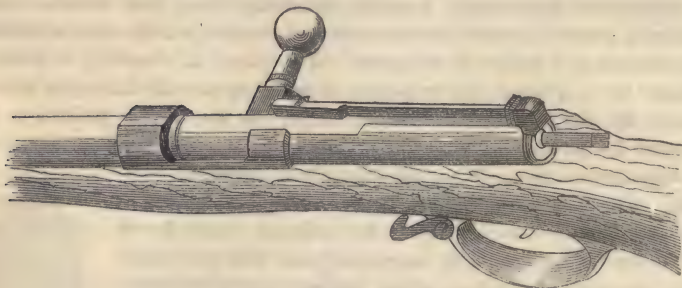
NEEDLE-GUN
CARTRIDGE.

- a. Bullet.
- b. Papier mâché sabot.
- c. Detonating composition.
- e. Needle.
- f. Paper envelope.

absolutely useless, while its shooting qualities at shorter ranges are very much below the standard which we have adopted. For a breech-loader it is a slow arm, its rapidity of fire being not quite one-half that of the Snider-Enfield, and little more than twice that of a handy muzzle-loader.



ORIGINAL NEEDLE-GUN.—OPEN.

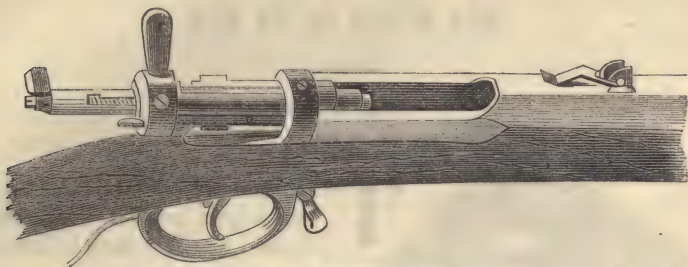


ORIGINAL NEEDLE-GUN.—CLOSED.

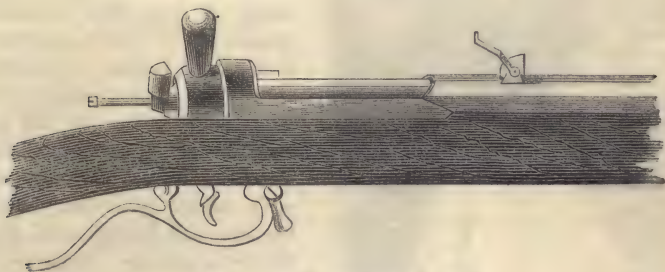
The escape of gas at the breech, after the arm has been in use for any time, is said to be excessive—so great, in fact, that the Prussian soldiers prefer to deliver their fire from the hip. The needle and trigger arrangement require very careful cleaning; and the employment of a spiral spring as a material element is very objectionable. The needle itself is much exposed to injury, and if bent or broken the arm is rendered (temporarily) useless. The ammunition is open to numerous practical objections; among which its susceptibility to injury from damp and other causes is very prominent. In short, it is no exaggeration to say that of the various breech-loading rifles which have been submitted to the select committee, the Prussian needle-gun, even with some recent improvements, is one of the most defective. Its defects, indeed, were so conspicuous that it was thought unnecessary to carry out with it any extensive experiments. A committee of French officers, we believe, came to a precisely similar conclusion."

The force of these objections is no doubt weakened to a certain extent by the improvements which have been adopted in a recent pattern of the needle-gun, by which the original pattern of 1841 is in process of supersession.

These improvements consist mainly in a reduction of the calibre and of the weight of the arm; in a general improvement in the fitting, workmanship, and balance of the piece; and in a more efficient gas check.



NEW PATTERN NEEDLE-GUN.—OPEN.



NEW PATTERN NEEDLE-GUN.—CLOSED.

But these are details, after all, and the objections to the *system* undoubtedly remain. These objections considered in conjunction with the experiments to which it has been thought necessary to subject our new arm and ammunition, and the conditions which the latter especially is required to fulfil, will at once establish the unsuitability of the Prussian system for our service. It might at one time, perhaps, have been urged that the standard which we have adopted is too high, but this objection is effectually negated by the success which has attended our efforts to attain it. It is with regret, therefore, that we have noticed the occasional advocacy in our papers of the adoption of the Prussian system. That such attempts must prove abortive, we need hardly state; but it still remains a ground for regret, when what is in reality a matter for congratulation and confidence is represented as a subject for apprehension and mistrust.

The Village on the Cliff.

CHAPTER VI.

MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE DOTH SHOW HER WIT.



THE morning room at Lambswold was a grey, melancholy, sunshiny room. The light shone in through two great open windows on the grey walls and ancient possessions. A glass drop chandelier, quaint and old-fashioned, reflected it in bright prisms. A shrouded harp stood in one corner of the room. There was an old pink carpet, with a pattern of faded wreaths; a tall chimney-piece, with marble garlands, yellowed by time; and fountains and graceful ornamentations. A picture was hanging over it—a picture of a lady, all blue and green shadows in a clouded world of paint, with a sort of white turban or nightcap on. She had the pretty coquet-

tish grace which belonged to the women of her time, who still seem to be smiling archly out of their frames at their gaping descendants.

Through the window there was a sight of a lawn and a great spreading tree, where figures were busy preparing the tables, and beyond them again a sweet pastoral valley and misty morning hills.

"Ah, how pretty!" cried Catherine Butler, stepping out at once through the window.

Beamish, who had been cross coming down, and who had fancied she talked too much to Dick's new friend, Mr. Holland, followed her to give her a scolding; but Catherine met him with a smile and a great red rose she had just pulled off the trellis. And so the two made it up, and stood picking rosebuds for one another, like a Dresden shepherd and shepherdess.

"What time do we dine?" said Hervey. "I suppose this is only luncheon, Charles?"

"Humph!" said Charles, "I don't know what this is—earwigs most likely. Dick would have it out there."

"Alas! we are no longer young enough to go without our dinners, my dear brother," cried Madame de Tracy. "Do you remember——?"

"I see the croquet-ground is in very good order," said Georgie, who had been standing absorbed before one of the windows, and who had not been listening to what they were saying; while Frank Holland (he was a well-known animal painter) walked straight up to the chimney and looked up at the picture.

"Isn't this a Gainsborough?" asked the young man.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said Dick, who began to play showman, "is the celebrated portrait of my great-aunt, Miss Paventry, the heiress. She brought Lambswold into the family, and two very ugly wine-coolers, which shall be exhibited free of any extra charge. That"—pointing to a picture between the windows—"is Richard Butler, the *first* martyr of the name. He was burned at the stake at Smithfield in Queen Mary's reign, surnamed the——"

"What a charming picture!" said Holland, who had been all this time looking at the portrait of Miss Paventry, while the children stood round staring at him in turn.

"Charming!" echoed Dick, suddenly astride on his hobby-horse; "I didn't expect this from you, Holland."

"Ta ta ta," said Charles Butler. "What have I done with the cellar key? I shall only get out my second-best sherry; it is quite good enough for any of you." And the host trotted off with a candle to a sacred inner vault, where nobody but himself ever penetrated—not even Mundy, the devoted factotum upon whose head it was always found necessary to empty the vials before anything could be considered as satisfactorily arranged.

Meanwhile Dick was careering round and round at full gallop on his favourite steed, although he was lounging back to all appearance on the sofa by Madame de Tracy. "I see no charm in a lie," he was saying, in his quiet, languid way; "and the picture is a lie from beginning to end." Holland was beginning to interrupt, but Dick went on pointing as he spoke:—"Look at that shapeless, impudent substitute for a tree; do you see the grain of the bark? Is there any attempt at drawing in those coarse blotches meant, I suppose, for ivy-leaves? Look at those plants in the foreground—do you call that a truthful rendering of fact? Where is the delicate tracery of Nature's lacework?"

"In the first place I don't quite understand what you mean by a rendering of fact," said Holland; "I can't help thinking you have cribbed that precious phrase out of a celebrated art-critic."

"The phrase isn't English," said Madame de Tracy, who always longed to rush into any discussion, whether she understood or not what it was all about.

"I hate all the jargon," said Holland, drawing himself up (a tall figure in an iron-grey suit, such as young men wear now-a-days, with a smart yellow rose in the button-hole). "Art-critic! art-history! word-painting!"

germ-spoiling of English. Pah ! I tell you, my dear fellow, whatever you may choose to criticise, Gainsborough looked at Nature in the right way. I tell you he'd got another sort of spectacles on his noble nose than what are worn now-a-days by your new-fangled would-be regenerators of art. If you want the sort of truth you are talking about, you had better get a microscope at once to paint with, and the stronger the instrument the more truthful you'll be. I tell you," continued Holland, more and more excited, "if you and your friends are right, then Titian and Giorgione and Tintoret are wrong."

"Hang Titian !" interrupted Dick, with quiet superiority, while his hobby-horse gave a sudden plunge and became almost unmanageable. "He was utterly false and conventional—infernally clever, if you like. But we want truth—we want to go back to a more reverential treatment of Nature, and that is only to be done by patience and humble imitation."

The reformer Dick was still lounging among the cushions, but his grey eyes were twinkling as they did when he was excited.

Miss George, who had been listening absorbed all this time, looked up into his face almost frightened at the speech about Titian. Mrs. Butler said, "Fie, fie, you naughty boy !" with lumbering playfulness. The sun was shining so brightly outside that the roses looked like little flames, and the grass was transfigured ; the children were tumbling about in it.

Miss George should have remembered that there was youth and inexperience to palliate Richard Butler's irreverence. Youth has a right to be arrogant, or is at least an excuse for presumption, since it can't have experience ; and, moreover, Dick's exaggeration had its kernel of truth amidst a vast deal of frothy pulp.

The Truth, as Dick would write it, was that he and his comrades were reformers, and like reformers they would have broken the time-honoured images of the old worship in their new-born zeal. It is healthier to try and paint a blade of grass to the utmost of your ability, than to dash in a bold background and fancy you are a Reynolds or a Gainsborough. But honest Dick will find that to imitate blades of grass and bits of fern and birds'-nests with bluish eggs, however well and skilfully, is not the end and the object of painting. And, indeed, the right treatment was already visible in his works, fighting against system and theories. What can they produce but dry pieces of mechanism ?

The true painter is the man who paints with his soul, and so finds his way to the hearts of his fellow-creatures.

"She was a most delightful person, I believe," said Mrs. Butler, gazing in her turn at Miss Paventry. "She never married."

"It is very curious," said Holland, "but don't you see a decided likeness ?" and he looked from the picture to one of the persons present, and then back at the picture again.

"You mean Miss George," said Dick. "I've often noticed it ; but she has got a much prettier and more becoming hat on than that affair of poor old Aunt Lydia's. I like your red feather," said he, turning to Catherine.

"If I were a woman," Dick went on, still contrary and discursive, "I should like to be a green woman, or a blue woman, or a red one—I shouldn't like to be a particoloured woman. I don't know why ladies are so much afraid of wearing their own colours, and are all for semi-tones and mixtures. Now that feather of yours is a capital bit of colour, and gives one pleasure to look at."

"I should think the reason that most ladies prefer quiet colours," said Mrs. Butler, stiffly, "is, that they do not generally wish to make themselves conspicuous. No lady wishes to attract attention by over-fine clothes," she repeated, glancing at the obnoxious feather and rustling in all the conscious superiority of two pale mauve daughters, and garments of flowing dun-colour and sickly magenta and white.

"I do believe, my dear aunt, there are people who would like to boil down the Union Jack into a sort of neutral tint," said Dick, "and mix up the poor old buff and blue of one's youth into a nondescript green."

"Such things have certainly been tried before now," said Holland, while Butler, turning to Catherine, went on—"Don't let them put you out of conceit with your flame-colour, Miss George; it is very pretty indeed, and very becoming." He was vexed with his aunt for the rude, pointed way in which she had spoken; he saw Catherine looking shy and unhappy. But she soon brightened up, and as she blushed with pleasure to hear Dick liked her feather, its flames seemed to mount into her cheeks. In the fair apparel of youth and innocence and happiness, no wonder she looked well and charmed them all by her artless arts. There is no dress more gorgeous and dazzling than Catherine's that day. Not Solomon in all his glory, not Madame Rachel and all her nostrums, not all the hair-pins, and eye-washes, and affectations can equal it. I cannot attempt to define how rightly or wrongly Catherine was behaving in looking so pretty and feeling so happy in Dick Butler's company, in having placed an idol upon her most secret shrine, and then fallen down and worshipped it. An idol somewhat languid and nonchalant, with mustachios, with a name, alas! by this time. Poor little worshipper! it was in secret that she brought her offerings, her turtle-dove's eggs, and flowers, and crystal drops, and sudden lights, and flickering tapers. She was a modest and silent little worshipper; she said nothing, did nothing: only to be in this Paradise with her idol there before her walking about in a black velvet suit; to be listening to his talk, and to the song of the birds, and to the scythe of the reapers; to witness such beautiful sights, gracious aspects, changing skies—it was too good almost to be true. It seemed to Catherine as if the song in her heart was pouring out, she could not contain it, and all the air seemed full of music. She wondered if the others were listening to it too. But they were busy unpacking the hampers and getting out the sherry, nor had they all of them the ears to hear.

Some gifts are dangerous to those who possess them: this one of Catherine's means much discord in life as well as great harmony; saddest silence, the endless terrors and miseries of an imaginative nature; the

disappointment of capacities for happiness too great to be ever satisfied in this world.

But in the meantime, Mrs. Butler, returning from a short excursion to the hampers, could hardly believe it was her silent and subdued little governess who was standing there chattering and laughing. Her eyes were dancing and her voice thrilling, for was not Dick standing by?

Providence made a great mistake when it put hearts into girls—hearts all ready to love, and to admire, and to be grateful and happy with a word, with a nothing. And if Providence had made a still further mistake, and made dependants of the same stuff as the rest, and allowed them to forget for one instant their real station in life, Mrs. Butler was determined to supply any such deficiencies, and to remind Miss George if ever she chanced to forget. But poor little Catherine, as I have said, defied her in her brief hour of happiness. She would not remember, and, indeed, she could not prevent her cheeks from blushing and her eyes from shining more brightly than any others present. Her youth, her beauty, her sweet abrupt girlishness asserted themselves for once, and could not be repressed. Nobody could put them out. Even when she was silent these things were speaking for her in a language no one could fail to understand. If it had been one of Mrs. Butler's own daughters, she would have looked on with gentlest maternal sympathy at so much innocent happiness; but for Miss George she had no feeling save that of uneasiness and disquiet. It was hard upon the poor mother to have to stand by and see her own well-educated, perfectly commonplace Georgie eclipsed—put out—distanced altogether by this stiff, startled, dark-eyed little creature, with the sudden bright blushes coming and going in her cheeks. Mrs. Butler could not help seeing that they all liked talking to her. Charles Butler, Holland (Mr. Holland had quite lost his heart to the pretty little governess), Dick, and Beamish even. But then Georgie did not look up all grateful and delighted if anybody noticed her, and flush up like a snow mountain at sunrise!

Of course, Catherine would have been behaving much better if she had shown far more strength of character, and never thought of anything less desirable than Augusta's French, or Lydia's History, and if she had overcome any feelings—even before she was conscious of them—except those connected with her interesting profession. But Catherine had no strength of mind. She was led by anybody and anything that came across her way. She was one of those people who are better liked by men than by women. For it is difficult sometimes for the weary and hardly-tried amazons of life to feel a perfect tolerance and sympathy with other women of weaker mould and nature. These latter are generally shielded and carried along by other strength than their own; they rest all through the heat of the day, leaving others to fight their battles and to defend them, and then when the battle is over are resting still. The strongest and fiercest of amazons would be glad to lay down her arms at times, and rest and be weak and cared for; but the help comes not for her; she must bear the burden of her strength and courage, and fight on until the night.

Mrs. Butler was one of the amazons of the many tribes of amazons that still exist in the world. They are married as well as unmarried. This woman for years and years had worked and striven and battled for her husband and children; she managed them and her husband and his affairs; she dictated, and ruled, and commanded; she was very anxious at times, very weary, very dispirited, but she gave no sign, allowed no complaint to escape her, bore her sufferings in silence. Once, and once only, to her eldest daughter she had spoken a little half word, when things were going very wrong—when Francis's debts were most overwhelming—when Robert had got into some new scrape worse than the last—when money was not forthcoming, and everything was looking dark. "Dear mamma," Catherine Butler had said, with her tender smile, and closed her arms round the poor harassed mother's neck in a yoke that never galled.

As the day wore on, Mrs. Butler seemed to avoid little Catherine, or only to speak to her in a cold indifferent voice that made the girl wonder what she had done amiss. Now and again she started at the rude set-downs to which she was little accustomed. What did it all mean? What crime was she guilty of? She could not bring herself to think otherwise than tenderly of any one belonging to the house she had learnt to love. She meekly pursued her persecutrix with beseeching eyes. She might as well have tried to melt a glacier. To people who have taken a prejudice or a dislike, every word is misunderstood, every look offends; and Catherine's wistful glances only annoyed and worried Mrs. Butler, who did not wish to be touched. Had some malicious Puck squeezed some of the juice of Oberon's purple flower upon Catherine's scarlet feather to set them all wandering and at cross purposes all through this midsummer's day? In and out of the house, the garden, the woods, this little Helen went along with the rest, looking prettier, more pathetic, every minute. We all have a gift of second sight more or less developed, and Catherine knew something was coming now that the first burst of happiness was over. An old saw came into her head about a light heart in the morning bringing tears before night.

The luncheon did credit to Mundy and the hampers. There were no earwigs, only little soft winds to stir the cloth, cross-lights, and a gentle check-work of grey shadow upon the dresses. Charles Butler's second best wine was so good that they all laughed, and asked what his best could be. Sandy frisked about and feasted upon mayonnaise and pressed veal. Sandy had a companion, Mr. Holland's dog Peter, a self-conscious pug, with many affectations and with all the weaknesses belonging to a sensitive nature. He was nevertheless a faithful and devoted friend, tender-hearted and curly-tailed. Sandy had seen less of the world, and sniffed about in a little rough coat without any pretensions, and was altogether of a less impressionable and artistic nature. He loved good sport, good bones, and a comfortable nap after dinner. His master was of a different calibre to Peter's, and dogs are certainly influenced by the people with whom they

live. All day long Peter walked about at Holland's heels, quite regardless of Sandy's unmeaning attacks and invitations to race or to growl. Peter only shook him off, and advanced in that confidential, consequential manner which is peculiar to his race.

Luncheon had come to an end. Catherine looked up, and breathed a great breath as she looked into the keen glimmer overhead; soft little winds, scented with pine-wood and rose-trees, came and blew about. Holland and Dick had got into a new discussion over the famous Gainsborough, and the children, who thought it all very stupid, had jumped up one by one and run away to the croquet-ground. But Catherine forgot to go. There she sat on the grass, with her back against the trunk of the tree, saying nothing, looking everything, listening, and absorbed. Catherine did well to rest in this green bower for a little before starting along the dusty high-road again. People are for ever uttering warnings, and telling of the dangers, and deep precipices, and roaring torrents to be passed; but there are everywhere, thanks be to heaven, green bowers and shady places along the steepest roads. And so, too, when the tempest blows without and the rain is beating; tired, and cold, and weary, you come, perhaps, to a little road-side inn, where lights are burning and food and rest await you. The storm has not ceased; it is raging still, but a shelter interposes between you and it for a time, and you set off with new strength and new courage to face it.

Mrs. Butler, as usual, recalled Catherine to herself.

"Miss George, be so good as to see what the children are doing." And so poor Catherine was dismissed from her green bower. It was hard to have to go—to be dismissed in disgrace, as it were, with Dick standing by to see it. The children were close at hand, and not thinking of mischief.

"We don't want you, Miss George," cried Lydia, "we are four already; stand there and see me croquet Augusta." Miss George stood where she was told, but she looked beyond the point which was of all-absorbing interest to Lydia at that instant. Her sad eyes strayed to the group under the tree. There was Dick lying at full length on the grass: he was smoking, and had hung up his red cap on a branch. Holland, in his iron grey suit, was leaning against the trunk; Catherine Butler and Beamish were side by side in the shadow. Georgie was in the sunshine, with her dress all befecked with trembling lights and shades, while the elders sat at the table talking over bygone times. Catherine turned away: she could not bear the sight; it made her feel so forlorn and alone, to stand apart and watch all these people together.

Catherine was afraid, too, lest some one should come up and see her eyes full of tears as she stood watching the balls roll and listening to the tap of the mallets. It was all so lovely and yet so perverse. The sweetness, the roses, the sunshine, made it *hurt* more, she thought, when other things were unkind. This day's pleasure was like a false friend with a smiling face; like a beautiful sweet rose which she had picked just now, with a great sharp thorn set under the leaf. What had she done? Why

did Mrs. Butler look so cold and so displeased when she spoke? Whenever she was happiest something occurred to remind her and warn her that happiness was not for her. Catherine longed to be alone, but it was quite late in the afternoon before she could get away. The children were all called into the drawing-room by their sisters, and then the little governess escaped along the avenue where the rose-leaves which Beamish and Catherine had scattered were lying. She was sick at heart and disappointed. It was something more than mere vanity wounded which stung her as she realized that for some inscrutable reason it is heaven's decree that people should not be alike, that some must be alone and some in company, some sad and some merry, that some should have the knowledge of good and others the knowledge of evil. She must not hope for roses such as Catherine's. She must not be like Georgie, even, and speak out her own mind, and make her own friends, and be her own self. It was hard to be humiliated before Dick. It was no humiliation to be a governess and to earn her own living; but to have forgotten her place, and to be sent down lower like the man in the parable—ah, it was hard!

Catherine wandered on without much caring where she went, until she found herself in a quaint, sunny nook, where all sorts of old-fashioned flowers were blowing—tiger lilies, white lilies, balsam, carnations—in a blaze against the lichen-grown walls. The colours were so bright, the place so silent, and sweet, and perfumed, that Catherine, coming into it, forgot her dull speculations. It had been a flower-garden which Miss Paventry had laid out once upon a time, and it had been kept unchanged ever since. Quaint, bright, strange, it was the almost forgotten perfume of other times that these flowers were exhaling.

Catherine stayed there a long time. She could not tear herself away. She was standing by a tall lily, with her nose in the cup, sniffing up the faint sleepy fragrance, when she heard steps upon the gravel walk, and, turning round, she saw a bright red cap, and beside it a careless figure coming along with the peculiar swinging walk she knew so well. Ever after the scent of lilies conjured up the little scene.

Long afterwards Dick, too, remembered the little figure turning round with startled eyes, and looking as guilty as if it were a crime to be found smelling the lilies. Holland thought she might have been an Italian Madonna in her framework of flowers, such as the old painters loved to paint.

"Have you been hiding yourself away here all the afternoon?" said Dick. "Ain't it a charming little corner?"

The two young men waited for a few minutes, and seemed to take it for granted Catherine was coming back to the house with them.

"Do you dislike our cigars?" said Butler, seeing that she hesitated.

"Oh, no! It was——"

She stopped short, blushed, and came hastily forward. What would Mrs. Butler say, she was thinking; and then she was afraid lest they should have guessed what she thought.

What would Mrs. Butler say? What did she say when she saw the three walking quietly towards the house, sauntering across the lawn, stopping, advancing again, and talking as they came.

Catherine's fate, like most people's, was settled by chance, as it were. People seem themselves to give the signal to destiny. Fall axe, strike fatal match. Catherine dropped a rose she was holding, and Dick bent down and picked it up for her, and that was the signal. No one saw the axe, but it fell at that moment, and the poor little thing's doom was fulfilled.

The ladies, tired of the noise indoors, had come out upon the terrace. The children had been dancing—a Spanish dance, they called it—for the last twenty minutes; gracefully sliding about, and waving their legs and arms to Georgie's performance on the pianoforte. The jingle of the music reached the terrace, but it was only loud enough to give a certain zest to the mildness and quiet of the sunset. The long shadows were streaking the hills, a glow shivered, spread, and tranquilly illumined the landscape, as the two figures on the terrace looked out at the three others advancing across the lawn.

"Miss George forgets herself strangely," said Mrs. Butler; "to-morrow shall end all this; but it is really very embarrassing to be obliged to dismiss her. I shall send her to Mrs. Martingale's, from whom I hope to get a German this time."

"Poor child!" said Madame de Tracy, compassionately; "she means no harm. I have a great mind to take her back to Ernestine. I am sure my daughter-in-law would be delighted with her, Ernestine is so fastidious."

"I really cannot advise you," said Mrs. Butler. "This is a warning to me never to engage a pretty governess again."

"She cannot help being pretty," said Madame de Tracy. "I detest ugly people," remarked this Good Samaritan. "I believe she would be a treasure to Ernestine. Those beloved children are darlings, but they speak English like little cats; their accent is deplorable, and yet their mother will not allow it. I am sure she ought to be eternally grateful to me if I take back Miss George."

"Pray take care, my dear Matilda," said Mrs. Butler. "Interference is always so undesirable. I always try to keep to my own side of the way. I really could not blame Ernestine if she should. . . ."

Madame de Tracy could not endure opposition. "I do not agree with you. There is nothing so valuable as judicious interference. I know perfectly what I am about: Ernestine will be quite enchanted." Madame de Tracy was so positive that Mrs. Butler hesitated; she disliked scenes and explanations. Here was an easy way of getting rid of the poor little objection at once, without effort or trouble; she would be provided for, and Mrs. Butler was not without one single grain of kindness in her composition. Miss George had been very useful and conscientious; she had nursed Algy when he was ill. Mrs. Butler was angry with Catherine, but she did not wish her harm; she was, to a certain point, a just woman with her temper under control.

"I think it would be an excellent opportunity," said she, "if Ernestine really wishes for a governess for her children, and you are not afraid of the responsibility."

"Oh, I will answer for that," said Madame de Tracy, waving a welcome to the two young men. "The thing is arranged. Hush-sh-sh!"

Madame de Tracy's warnings usually came after the flash, like the report of a gun. Catherine, coming along and listening a little anxiously for the first greetings, caught the words and the glance of significance. What had they been saying? what did it mean? Her quick apprehensions conjured up a hundred different solutions: reprimands in store, no more holidays, no more merry-making. The reality occurred to her as an impossibility almost. To very young people changes are so impossible. They would like to come and to go, and to see all the world; but to return always to the nest in the same old creaking branch of the tree. Catherine was frightened and uneasy. All the way home in the drag, through the grey and golden evening; in the railway, scudding through a dusky wide country, where lights shone from the farmsteads, and pools still reflected the yellow in the west, she sat silent in her corner, with little Sarah asleep beside her. Catherine sat there half happy, almost satisfied, and yet very sad, and imagining coming evils. Let them come! They only seemed to make the day which was just over shine brighter and brighter by comparison. They could not take it from her; she should remember it always. And Catherine said grace, as the children do, sitting there in her quiet corner. "Oh, I wish I was always happy," thought the girl; "I do so like being happy! . . ."

"Nothing could have gone off better," said Hervey, at the window, as they all got out at Victoria Station.

"That idiot Mundy very nearly ruined the whole thing," said Charles. "He forgot the soda-water. I had to telegraph to G——"

"Thanks so much," said Mrs. Butler, coming up. "Now, children? Has any one called a cab for them? The carriage has come for us."

"Good-night, Miss George," said Dick, under a lamp-post; and everybody else said, "Good-night, good-night."

CHAPTER VII.

"À QUOI JE SONGE."

MEANWHILE Catherine's fate was settled, and Mrs. Butler came into the schoolroom next morning to announce it. A sort of feeling came over her, poor child, that it was her death-warrant which this gracious lady in black silk robes was announcing in a particularly bland, encouraging tone of voice. What had she done? against whom had she conspired? of what treason was she guilty?

"Oh, why am I to go?" said Catherine, looking up, very pale, from her book, with round dark startled eyes.

Even Mrs. Butler's much preoccupied heart was touched by the little thing's helpless, woebegone appeal.

"You have always been quite invaluable to me, my dear Miss George, and I shall miss you excessively, but it is sincerely in your own interest that I am recommending this step to you," Mrs. Butler said, not unkindly.

"Oh, no, no," said Catherine, feebly clutching at the table-cover. "This is too far, I cannot speak French. I could not bear to be away, to leave my sisters, everybody!" And she suddenly burst out crying. "Oh, I am so silly, so sorry," she sobbed, "for of course I must leave, if you wish it."

"Pray, my dear Miss George," said Mrs. Butler, still kind, yet provoked, "do not distress yourself unnecessarily. You are really quite blind, on this occasion, to your own advantage" (and this was a thing that was almost incomprehensible to Mrs. Butler). "Forgive me for saying so, but I do think it is your duty (as it is that of every one of us) to make the best of circumstances, particularly when there is an increase of salary and an excellent opportunity for improving in French. I do seriously recommend you to think my sister-in-law's proposal well over, and to consult your friends."

And the messenger of fate hastened off to her davenport, and poor Catherine sat crying, with the tears dripping over the page.

No, no, no: she could not bear to go tossing about all alone in the world; it was too hard, too hard. What was she to do? who would tell her what she was to do? Once a wild thought came to her of asking Dick to help her; he was kind—he would not let them send her away. Why were they driving her from their door? What had she done?—what indeed? A swift terror jarred through her beyond the other sad complex emotions that were passing in disorder through her mind. Could they think, could they imagine for one minute? The little pale face began to burn, and the eyes to flash, and her hands seemed to grow cold with horror; but no, no, it was impossible. They could not read her heart; and if they did, what was there for them to see? They were worldly, hard people; they did not know what friendship meant, how faithful it could be, how long it could last, how much it was ready to give, how little it required. And then after a time a revulsion came, and she felt as if all she wanted was to go—to go away and hide her head from them all. If it were not for Rosy and Totty, she did not care what was to come.

She went to bed that night with a heart aching dully, and she dreamt sad dreams until the morning came; and then, as Mrs. Butler advised, Catherine thought of consulting her friends. She walked down to Kensington to Mrs. Martingale's school, where her two chief advisers were to be found, and she wrote a couple of notes, which she posted on her way—one was to Lady Farebrother, at Tunbridge Wells, who belonged to the religious community there; the other was to Mrs. Buckingham, who was

staying at Brighton for her health. It was another bright summer day ; dinner was over, and the schoolgirls and governesses seemed to have agreed to a truce, and to have come out together for an hour's peace and refreshment on the green overgrown garden at the back of the house. Jessamines were on the walls, and there were spreading trees, under one of which the French governess was reading a limp *Journal des Demoiselles*, smelling of hair-pins and pomatum from the drawer in which it was kept.

Miss Strumpf, the German governess (she was to leave this quarter, it was darkly whispered), was eating a small piece of cheese which she had saved from dinner, and a rotten-looking medlar she had picked up off the grass. Some of the girls were dancing a quadrille on the lawn ; others were singing and aimlessly rushing about the space enclosed by the four moss-grown walls, against which jessamines, and japonicas, and Virginian creepers were growing. Rosy and Totty, and a few chosen friends, were in a group on the step of the cistern. Totty, who was a quaint and funny little girl of ten, with a red curly wig, and a great deal of imagination, was telling a story : her stories were very popular among the literary portion of the community ; but her heroine came to an untimely end when the narrator heard who was upstairs.

Catherine was waiting in the great drawing-room with the many windows and the photograph books, and the fancy-work mats presented by retiring pupils, and the wax water-lily on the piece of looking-glass, a tribute from an accomplished dancing-mistress. She came to meet her sisters, looking very pale, with dark rings round her eyes.

"Cathy, Cathy, why do you look so funny?" said Totty, clutching her round the waist.

"Oh, Totty dear," said Cathy, holding the children tight to her, and trying not to cry, and to speak cheerfully. "I look funny, because I am going away from Mrs. Butler's. I don't know what to do. I want you and Rosy to tell me what you think." And then she told them her little history in her plaintive voice, holding the hands tight—tight in hers. She had dreaded so telling them, that now that it was over, she felt happier and almost relieved ; it was not nearly so bad as she had feared.

"It is no use asking our aunts," said Rosy ; "they will write great long letters, and be no help at all."

As for little Totty, she was so indignant with Mrs. Butler, so delighted at the promise of a whole six weeks' holiday next year to be spent alone with Catherine and Rosy in a cottage in the air, that she forgot the distance and the separation, and bore the news far more bravely than Catherine herself. Rosy, who was as tall as Catherine nearly, held her hand very tight, and did not say much. She was old for her age—a downright girl, with more courage than poor little Catherine, and a sort of elder sister feeling for her, though she was only thirteen. But some girls have the motherly element strongly developed in them from their veriest babyhood, when they nurse their dolls to sleep upon their soft little arms, and carefully put away the little broken toy, because it must be in pain. And Rosy was

one of these. She was not clever, but she seemed to understand with her heart what other people felt. She took Cathy's aching head in her arms, and laid it on her shoulder, and kissed her again and again, as a mother might have done.

"My poor old darling," said Rosy, "don't be unhappy at leaving us; I'll take care of Totty, and some day I'll take care of you too."

"But where shall we go to in the holidays?" said Totty, cheering up. "Let there be donkeys, please."

Fraulein Strumpf, who was curious by nature, happened to peep in at the drawing-room door, as she was passing, to see who the little girls' visitor might be. She was rather scandalized to see Rosy sitting in a big arm-chair, with her visitor kneeling on the floor before her, and Totty leaning with straggling legs and drooping curls over the arm. It seemed like a liberty in this grey grim drawing-room to be kneeling down on the floor, instead of sitting upright and stiff at intervals upon the high-backed chair. Even the sunshine came in through the tall windows in subdued streaks, playing on the ancient ceiling and the worn-out carpet. The three heads were very close together, and they had settled that it was to be a farmhouse in Surrey, where they had once stayed before.

"Do you remember the little wood where we picnicked?" said Rosy, "And the farmer's cart?" cried Totty, quite happy by this time. Catherine had all the troubles of youth to bear on her poor little shoulders, but she had also its best consolation. Here she was with the other two children almost happy again at the thought of a gcart and a baby-house, and some live toys to play with in the fields.

When she went away the colour had come back into her cheeks. Rosy and Totty were leaning over the old-fashioned tall balcony, and kissing their hands. She saw them for many a day after, and carried one more vision away with her of the quaint old square, with its green garden and ancient panes and doorways, of the dear, dear little faces, smiling through their tears, and bidding her good speed.

She did not trust herself to say good-by to them again; and when Madame de Tracy went off in her cab with her maid and her tall grey boxes, little Catherine vanished too out of her accustomed corner in the schoolroom, and Fraulein Strumpf reigned in her stead. The morning's post brought Catherine two letters, which she read in the railway carriage on her way to Dover.

Mutton's Mansion, Oriental Place, Brighton.

MY DEAR CATHERINE,—Your letter was forwarded to me here from Park Crescent, which I left on Tuesday. For the last three weeks, I had been feeling far from well, and scarcely strong enough to bear the exertion of my daily drive round the Regent's Park. My appetite also had fallen off sadly, and I hardly knew what it was to enjoy a meal. My good friend and able physician, Dr. Pattie, urgently recommended me to try sea air; and notwithstanding my usual reluctance to move from home, I resolved to follow his advice. Dr. Pattie considers that there is nothing equal to sea bathing for strengthening the nerves and the appetite; and he also has

a high opinion of the merits of a fish diet, believing it to be exceedingly light and nutritive. But the difficulty here, and I believe it to be the case in all seaport towns, is to get a variety of fish. I have only twice ventured to bathe, and found it very trying; but I must say that I am daily gaining strength, and that my appetite has certainly improved, although it is not yet all that I could wish. To return to your letter. I am truly concerned to hear that anything should have occurred to unsettle your plans, and make you think of leaving your present excellent situation; but I am not indeed in a fit state of health to be able to offer you any advice. Thinking tells so upon my nerves, that Dr. Pattie has forbidden me to make any exertion of the sort. Your aunt Farebrother is far better able than I am to take your affairs into consideration, so you had better write to her at once, and act upon what she says; at the same time using your own judgment in what you think best.

Ever your affectionate Aunt,

SOPHIA BUCKINGTON.

Tabor Villa, Mount Zion, Tunbridge Wells.

MY DEAREST NIECE,—Surrounded as I am by duties that to every humble Christian spirit stand first and foremost in the path of life, I have but little leisure or inclination to attend to anything belonging to this world rather than to the next. I am the last person to whom you should apply for counsel, except, indeed, in matters relating to your spiritual welfare, for I have made it a rule never to waste time or thought over the trifling cares of every-day life. My sister, Mrs. Buckington, is better versed in worldly wisdom than I am, and I should recommend you always to ask and follow her advice in your little dilemmas; but you must not think that I am neglectful of you, or that I am not always ready to give my poor help in those subjects which lie within my field of work and thought. Only yesterday I had an opportunity of speaking long and earnestly about you with my dear friend and pastor, Mr. Bland. He and I both agreed that should you decide upon going to France, the one essential point to be considered is whether a young and feeble mind does not run a great risk of falling into the too-tempting snares of Popery. But then again Mr. Bland said, who could tell but that you might be the humble means of bringing some of those lost sheep to light! Surely it would be well to be provided with a few simple tracts, which you could distribute whenever you saw a fitting moment. Before you leave London, do not fail to go to the Religious Tract Society in Piccadilly, and ask for the Rev. Walpole Bland's Tracts for home and foreign use. By presenting a card of Mr. Bland's that I enclose you, you will get them at the reduced rate of half-a-crown a hundred—a small sum, indeed, for so great a treasure! I should also be glad if you would take with you to France a little parcel of Irish point lace, for which the French ladies (always so fond of dress) would, I dare say, like to raffle thirty tickets, 12s. 6d. each, for the benefit of the Polish Protestant colporteurs.

I shall be glad to hear that you are getting on satisfactorily, and believe me,

My dear Catherine,

Yours affectionately,

P. G. FAREBROTHER.

Catherine sighed as she folded up the two letters and put them into her pocket. It was not the first time she had corresponded with her step-mother's sisters, but she was too sad to take things philosophically and to laugh.

All the way Madame de Tracy was in high spirits; she was delighted to get back to her children, to carry off Miss George, to have secured a pure English accent for Nanine, and Henri, and Madelaine. She sat surrounded by bags of which the contents seemed to fly from one to the other, like in some one of those conjuror's tricks. From bag to bag

Madame de Tracy and Barbe, her long-suffering attendant, pursued a Bradshaw, a rouleau of sovereigns, a letter which had arrived that morning, a paper-cutter, all of which were captured and replaced in their various homes, only to be dispersed and hunted for again.

"Barbe, I have left my parasol in the cab—and my purse! We must telegraph. I distinctly remember laying it down on the waiting-room table. Ah! what a misfo——"

"Madame, there it is in your lap," said Barbe, calmly, "and your parasol is behind you."

"Ah! what an escape!" sighed Madame de Tracy. "The tickets, and more than thirty pounds, are in this purse, and I could not possibly have lost them; I am utterly ruined, I have bought so many things in London. Miss George, I see your book wants cutting; give it to me, I adore cutting open books. I envy you, you look so calm, you have none of these troublesome concerns to attend to—but some one must do it. Barbe, where is the paper-cutter?"

They had started late in the afternoon, and were to sleep at Calais, and to go on to Tracy the next day. They crossed on a still night with a waning moon. Many and many a sad, confused thought must have come to the little traveller by the light of the creaking lamp in the cabin. Faces, pictures, all the events of the last few weeks, were dancing about in the darkness, voices were sounding, the children's faces were looking at her out of dark corners. The lamp swung on its hinges, the vessel throbbed and shook, Catherine felt as if she was, indeed, a waif upon a great sea tossed hither and thither by wayward winds. How oddly distinct the voices and images fell upon her brain; Kitty, Cathy, she seemed to hear her little sisters calling her through the moans of the sea, by all the names they liked to give her; and another voice sounded in her foolish little ears, and her last few words with Dick seemed to be repeated to her by all the rolling waves.

She had only seen him once after that day at Lambwold. Catherine thought it was a cruel fate which prevented their meeting. It was more likely a sensible precaution. Doors, stairs, conventionalisms, had been piled in a great heap between them, and there is nothing so hard to pass as these simple impediments. The stairs are carpeted and easy to climb, the doors are on the latch, with nice china handles to open them, there is nothing to prevent, and yet prison bars have been burst open, burning deserts crossed, icy passes and steep mountains scaled and surmounted more easily than these simple obstacles.

There was a train to Paris, Madame de Tracy heard on landing, and she determined to go on. Catherine cared not. The night seemed to her like a sort of summary or epilogue to the little slice of a life which had belonged to her hitherto. She sat watching the black ghosts of trees, and walls, and wayside inns, flying past the windows, the single lights here and there in the dark plain, and listening to the voices at the little stations, sounding melancholy and sudden as voices always do in the dark.

Her protectress peacefully dreamt through the long hours that Catherine watched and wondered. What would the day be like that had not yet dawned, the new world which awaited her? thought the girl, with her wide open shining eyes. Catherine George somehow expected that the sun would never rise, that the land would be always dark, and strange, and desolate to her; that she would find herself utterly alone, and wandering here and there in the gloom. . . .

She forgot in how great a measure one's future is made up of one's past—how we see and understand things by all those which have preceded them—how it is yesterday which makes to-morrow. The future is never so strange as we picture it to ourselves. A hundred golden threads bind us to it already. It is all one's whole past life which claims the future and draws it into itself. The lesson given long, long ago by the love which foresaw, teaches in after-years when the occasion has come. One thing recalls another, as one thing forebodes another, and sometimes the two together make a full chord of happiness, or may be, of sadness, so grateful and so sweet, that it seems as if it must be happiness.

At any rate, when the next day came, Catherine found that instead of creeping slowly along, all grey and black, and dark and terrible, the future had come for her with a cheery clatter, and crack of whips, and blowing of horns, friendly faces looking out, a barking of dogs, some one to help her up the steps, as with cheerful confusion and noise and jingle, they start through the bright light streets and cross the fertile plains of Normandy.

They had all finished dinner at Tracy, and were sitting about in the great drawing-room. The muffled piano stood in the middle of the room; the lamps were placed here and there; the polished floors were only covered by little square carpets, sprinkled sparsely about. Two rows of pink-striped chairs stood in lines from the fireplace, over which the Tracys had erected a tall and elaborately-carved chimney-piece. The furniture of the castle corresponded in date to the mahogany reign of terror in England, but in France at that period all was harmony and fitness, and you need dread no four-post beds at Tracy, no fierce sideboards, no glowering washstands and looming wardrobes.

The old clock over the chimney was ticking nine o'clock, the windows were open upon a sea of moonlight in the garden. There were glasses and bottles upon a side-table, where Marthe de Coëtlogon, Ernestine's sister, was playing dominoes with the curé, who had been asked to dinner. Monsieur de Tracy and Monsieur Fontaine, who had also had the honour of being invited, were smoking in the moonlit alleys of the garden.

Mademoiselle de Coëtlogon had a sweet placid face, over which a smile would break now and then, not very often. She sat there in her long white dress, with her soft hair tied up simply with a blue ribbon, and the light of the lamp falling upon her face and the old curé's bald head. It seemed incongruous, somehow, that she should be playing dominoes, with that Madonna-like head—still and tender at once. She

had been vowed to the Virgin by her father from the day she was born. Her life had been saved by a miracle, it was said, and Marthe grew up strong and well, but never like other people. She had a vocation from her earliest youth; never changed her mind or faltered for one minute. She was four-and-twenty now. In a year she would be of an age, according to the French law, to decide for herself. No one could influence her: not Jean, who could not bear the subject named before him; not her mother, a widow, who, wistful, half-timid, half-angry, scolded, entreated, cried, and implored and forbade in vain. Ernestine, her sister, was the only one of them who did not really object; on the contrary, such devotion seemed to reflect a certain credit on the family. But all the same Madame de Tracy, at her mother's desire, did her best to distract her sister from her intentions, by taking Marthe all one year into the world. Madame de Coëtlogon, too, accompanied her daughter. Toilettes, *partis*, music, gaieties of every description, poor Marthe endured in patience; but all these well-meant distractions had a very different effect to that which the poor mother hoped and longed for.

It seems strange to us commonplace, common-sense Protestant people, in these days of commonplace and common sense, living in the rough and ready world of iron, of progress, of matter-of-fact, to hear of passionate revival and romance and abstract speculation, to be told of the different experiences of living beings now existing together. While the still women go gliding along their convent passages to the sound of the prayer-bells, with their long veils hanging between them and the coarse, hard world of every day, the vulgar, careworn toilers, the charwomen and factory hands of life are at their unceasing toil, amid squalor and grime and oaths and cruel denseness; the hard-worked mothers of sickly children are slaving, day after day, in common lodging-houses, feeding on hard fare, scraps and ends from the butchers' shops, or refuse and broken victuals from some rich neighbour's kitchen; while others, again, warmed and fed in the body, weary and starving mentally, are struggling through passionate sorrow and privation. . . .

Are work and suffering the litanies of some lives, one wonders? are patience and pain and humiliation, the fasts and the penances of others? No veils hang between the hard, brazen faces and the world; no convent bars enclose them other than the starting, ill-built brick walls of their shabby homes and lodging-places. But who shall say that the struggles, the pangs, prayers, outcries of all these women, differently expressed and experienced though they are, do not go up together in one common utterance to that place where there is pity for the sorrowful and compassion for the weary?

Dick Butler, who had a tender heart himself, said one day, smoking his pipe, to some one who had cried out that she could not understand how the good God who made the little ones so pretty and so touching could bear to hear them weep for pain,—“People seem to think themselves in some ways superior to Heaven itself when they complain of the

sorrow and want round about them. And yet it is not the Devil for certain who puts pity into their hearts."

It is vain to try to answer such questions, but it is difficult not to wonder and speculate, as every day one sees stranger and subtler contrasts and forms of life. There is the good mother of the family—useful, busy, happy, bright-eyed and light-hearted, approaching her home, of which the shimmer seems to cheer and warm her as she sees it gleaming from a distance. There is the forlorn little traveller from Jerusalem, whose wounds have been bound up with wine and oil, coming in her charge to the inn.

On the sofa, like a little lady out of Watteau, eating bonbons, sits young Madame de Tracy, occasionally smiling at the good old curé's compliments. She is a graceful young woman, with bright blue eyes, with a plaintive expression; and as she really has everything in the world she wishes for, no wonder she is dissatisfied. Her life lies before her quite smooth, flat, uninteresting, all sunshine, and not a bit of shade anywhere, except what she can make for herself by raising an occasional storm, and, fortunately, her temper is easily upset.

Ernestine dressed charmingly, in white and lilac and pink; she left blue ribbons to Marthe. She was very graceful in all her movements, even when she was angry. Her husband was a plain, goodnatured-looking man, with a ribbon in his button-hole, and a hooked eyeglass. He was very rich, and gave her everything she liked, and attended very patiently to all her reproaches. Ernestine liked him, and was proud of his abilities and indignant at his want of ambition. She was very proud also of her blue eyes, which she inherited from her mother; and as she did not bury her talents in a napkin, they were very much admired in the world at Paris, where she had an apartment, all full of great vases and cabinets, in which she spent her winters. In the spring and the summer she came down to her mother-in-law's house.

Madame Jean de Tracy was just popping a chocolate bonbon into her mouth when her husband and M. Fontaine came in from the garden.

"Madame, we have just seen a carriage turn into the long avenue," said M. Fontaine, hastening to tell the news; "we surmise that it may be madame votre belle-mère returning."

"It is certain to be her," cried Ernestine; "she told us not to expect her; and it is so late too."

"It is no use going to meet her, she will be here directly," said Jean, walking to the door in his deliberate way.

Almost directly there was a sound of voices, of exclamations—the cook, the valet-de-chambre, Sidonie, Madame Jean's maid, appeared to announce the safe arrival of the travellers. A couple of dogs came in barking—even the children's bonne came rushing down from upstairs; the game of dominoes was interrupted; Jean embraced his mother very affectionately as she entered the room; Fontaine hovered about, deeply interested in the meeting, and hastened to relieve Madame de Tracy of

her parasol; parcels were wildly handed about like buckets at a conflagration; then came more embraces, explanations, and exclamations. "You never came to meet me. I forgot to post my letter. Casimir brought us up in his little carriage." "Unfortunately we have dined. There is sure to be something. Bon jour, Barbe, here you are returned from England!" "We nearly did not get home at all; old Chrétien ran his cart up against us. He was quite tipsy. Oh, I am sure of it. Give us something to eat, for I am famished." All this in a crescendo, which was brought to a climax by a sudden shriek from Madame Jean.

"Who is that in the window?" she cried, pointing. "Look, there is somebody;" and she seized her husband's arm.

"I am really too forgetful. Come here, my dear child," cried Madame de Tracy. "Here is my dear young friend, Miss George, Ernestine; I have persuaded her to come back with me."

At this incantation the little apparition who had been standing clasping her great warm shawl, and childishly absorbed in the scene, wondering who each person could be, advanced blushing, with ruffled hair, and trailing her long draperies. She looked up into their faces with that confiding way she had. Madame Jean made her a little inclination; Jean came up and goodnaturedly shook hands, *à l'Anglaise*; Monsieur Fontaine, parasol in hand, bowed profoundly. Tired as she was, hungry, preoccupied by her return home, an idea flashed through Madame de Tracy's fertile mind at that instant, which, alas! unlike many of her ideas, she was destined to put into execution.

"Monsieur Fontaine, our excellent maire," said she, going on with her introductions; "Mademoiselle de Coëtlogon, M. l'Abbé Verdier. Ernestine, we will give Miss George the yellow room, and some supper. My dear child, I am dying of hunger. I have eaten nothing but little tartlets all day."

The tartlets, the château, the moonlight, the ladies, the whole journey, seemed to come out of the *Arabian Nights*, Catherine thought, only the abbé did not belong to them. The quiet little old man, sitting in the corner, caused a thrill to this stern Protestant of which he was happily unconscious.

Catherine and her protectress supped in the great dining-room—a long and lofty room, with a fine ceiling, and many tall windows, barred and shuttered. The one lamp only lighted the table, where cold meat and cream cheese, and a melon and grapes, were spread. Jean accompanied them, and so did Ernestine, who flung a pretty white hood over her head, and sat watching them at their meal.

"And your grandmother, how is she?" asked Madame de Tracy of her son.

"She is as usual," said Jean; "she has heard of your return, and Baptiste has just come down to ask for a little supper for her from your table. Miss George, you do not eat. You must get a good appetite at Tracy. I hope you are going to stay with us for some time."

Again Catherine blushed up, and looked from her host to the little lady with the bright eyes. "I thought—I hoped," she stammered—

"We have got her safe," interrupted Madame de Tracy, flurriedly, carving away at a cold chicken. "We are not going to part from her." Poor lady, her courage was failing her somewhat. She did not like the looks Madame Jean was casting at her little *protégée*. She made haste to send Catherine to bed as soon as she had done her supper. Baptiste, with a candle, and Barbe, were both deputed to show Miss George the way up the broad stone stairs, with curiously-scrolled iron railings, along a great stone passage, dark with shadows, and with windows at intervals looking on the moonlit courtyard. Their footsteps echoed, and their moon-shadows flitted along with them. Catherine looked out once, and saw a figure crossing the court. The iron gates opened to let it out, and she recognized the tall dark gentleman they had called Monsieur Fontaine. "I imagined he was Monsieur de Tracy when I first came in," Catherine thought. "They were both very kind."

"What is that distant noise?" she asked Barbe, as she followed her up more stairs and passages.

"That is the sound of the sea, mademoiselle," said Barbe. "We hear it very well from here when the wind blows in this direction."

Catherine dreamt of the sea that night, of her journey, of the abbé and Monsieur Fontaine, of Beamish, playing his marches and sonatas in Dick's studio. She dreamt that she heard the music even, and then, somehow, she herself was playing, and they were all listening to her; but the notes would not strike, in vain she tried, she could bring forth no sound; and the sea came nearer and nearer all the time, and the waves flowed in tune. It was a horrible dream, though when she awoke there was nothing much in it.

CHAPTER VIII.

REINE.

THE tide which sways between the two great shores of England and of France sometimes beats against our chalk cliffs, which spread in long low lines gleaming tranquilly in the sun, while the great wave-armies roll up with thundering might to attack them; sometimes it rushes over the vast sand-plains and sand-hills, the dunes and the marshes of France, spreading and spreading until its fury of approach is spent, and then perhaps, as the sun begins to set, and the sky to clear, suddenly the water stills and brightens, and the fishing-boats put out to sea with the retiring tide. Some people living on the shores listen to the distant moan of the waters as they roll and roll away;—some are so used by long custom that they scarcely heed the sad echoing. But others are never accustomed. One woman has told me that for years after she first came to live in her husband's house by the sea, the consciousness of its moan never left her. She never

could grow used to it. It haunted her in her sleep, in her talk, in her daily occupations. She thought at one time she should go mad if the sound did not cease ; it would die away into the distance, and then come rolling nearer and louder, with passionate sobs and sudden moans, and the wild startling discordant cries of the water-birds. She had a foolish superstition that she should be happy when she ceased to hear the moan of the sea.

What is this strange voice of Nature that says with one utterance so many unlike things ? Is it that we only hear the voice of our own hearts in the sound of the waves, in the sad cries of birds as they fly, of animals, the shivering of trees, the creaking and starting of the daily familiar things all about their homes ?

This echo of the sea, which to some was a complaint and a reproach, was to Reine Chrétien like the voice of a friend and teacher—of a religion almost. There are images so natural and simple that they become more than mere images and symbols ; and to her, when she looked at the gleaming immensity, it was almost actually and in truth to her the great sea, upon the shores of which we say we are as children playing with the pebbles. It was her formula. Her prayers went out unconsciously towards the horizon, as some pray looking towards heaven, in the words which their fathers have used ; and some pray by the pains they suffer ; and some by the love which is in them ; and some, again, without many words, pray in their lives and their daily work, but do not often put into actual phrases and periphrases the story of their labours and weariness and effort. The other children on the shore are sometimes at variance with these latter in their play ; for while they are all heaping up their stores of pebbles, and stones, and shells, and building strange fantastic piles, and drawing intricate figures upon the sand, and busily digging foundations which the morning tides come and sweep away, suddenly they seem to grow angry, and they wrathfully pick up the pebbles and fling them at one another, wounding, and cutting, and bruising with the sharp edges.

How long ago is it since the children at their play were striking the flints together to make fires to burn the impious ones who dared to point to the advancing tides and say, See, they come to wash away your boundaries. The advancing tides, thanks be to God, have in their turn put out those cruel fires ; but sharp stones still go flying through the air, and handfuls of sand, and pebbles, and long straggling bunches of seaweed that do no great harm, perhaps, but which sting and draggle where they fall.

Reine, on her sea-shore, picked up her stones with the rest of us, and carefully treasured the relics which she inherited from her mother, the good Catholic, since whose death her life would have been a sad one if it had not been so full of small concerns of unintermitting work. She, too, like the other woman of whom I have been writing, heard the sound of the sea as she went about her daily occupations, but to Reine it seemed like

the supplement and encouragement of her lonely life. She listened to it as she went her rounds from the great kitchen to the outer boundaries of the farm, across the orchards and fields to the garden a mile off where her beans were growing, or sometimes sitting, resting by the blazing hearth, where the wood was heaped and the dried colza grass flaring.

Reine's religion was that in which she had been brought up from a child. Her mother professed the same faith as the Marions, and the Sabeaus, and the Picards of the place. She had used the same words and outward signs as her husband until his death—as old Pierre Chrétien, the grandfather—but their sense was not the same. The old grandfather in his blouse rather avoided contemplating the future. He had a pretty clear idea of a place not unlike the chapel of the Delivrande, only larger, with statuettes at intervals, and Monsieur le Curé triumphant. It was more comfortable, on the whole, to retire to the kitchen of the Golden Sun, where Pélottier dispensed cider and good wine at twopence a bottle, and from whence Pierre's granddaughter, with angry, dogged eyes, had fetched him away on more than one occasion: a terrible apparition in her beauty and her indignation. The children themselves would fly before her on such occasions, and they were generally her best friends.

Reine was one of those people whose inner life works upon their outer life, and battles with it. She had inherited her mother's emotional nature, and her father's strong and vigorous constitution. She was strong where her mother had been weak. She had thoughts and intuitions undreamt of by those among whom she lived. But things went cross-ways with her, and she suffered from it. She was hard and rough at times, and had not that gentleness and openness which belong to education and to culture. Beyond the horizon dawned for her the kingdom of saints and martyrs, for which her mother before her had longed as each weary day went by: the kingdom where, for the poor woman, the star-crowned Queen of Heaven reigned with pitiful eyes. Reine did not want pity or compassion as yet. She was a woman with love in her heart, but she was not tender, as some are, or long-suffering; she was not unselfish, as others who abnegate and submit until nothing remains but a soulless body, a cataleptic subject mesmerized by a stronger will. She was not humble, easily entreated, unsuspecting of evil. The devil and his angels had sown tares enough in her heart to spring up in the good soil, thick and rank and abundant; only it was good soil in which they were growing, and in which the grain of mustard-seed would spring up too, and become a great tree in time, with wide-spreading branches, although the thick weeds and poisonous grasses were tangling in a wilderness at its root.

Reine on her knees, under the great arch of Bayeux Cathedral, with the triumphant strains of the anthem resounding in her ears, would have seemed to some a not unworthy type of the Peasant Girl of Domremy, in Lorraine. As the music rung higher and shriller, the vibrations of the organ filled the crowded edifice. Priests stood at the high altar celebrating their mysteries; the incense was rising in streams from the censers;

people's heads went bending lower and lower; to Reine a glory seemed to fill the place like the glory of the pink cloud in the Temple, and the heavens of her heart were unfolded. The saints and visions of her dim imaginations had no high commands for their votary; they did not bid her deliver her country, but sent her home to her plodding ways and her daily task, moved, disturbed, with a gentler fire in her eye, and with the soft chord in her voice stirred and harmonizing its harsher tone.

Reine's voice was a peculiar one, and must have struck any one hearing it for the first time. It rung odd, sudden, harmonious, with a sort of jar in it, or chord. Voices of this quality are capable of infinite modulation. Sometimes they soften into gay, yet melancholy music, like Mozart's, of which they always remind me; sometimes they harden into the roughest and iciest of discordant accents.

She liked going back by herself, after the service was over, quietly across the plain. She was strong, and the three miles to Tracy, skirting the road and the corn-fields, were no fatigue to her, especially in the summer when the corn was waving gold, and the blue bright flowers and the poppies blazed among the tall yellow stalks. Sometimes Reine would ride back on her donkey. This was when she stopped at a low long house with windows opening on the street at the entrance of the town, at the door of which she would find poor Annette waiting patiently, tied to a ring in the wall.

On these occasions Reine would go to the window and call out in her kindest voice:—"Eh bien, Madame Marteau, am I to have Josette to-day to come and play with the little chickens?"

Josette was Reine's goddaughter, who had been christened Josephine Marie Reine des Cieux, after her "marraine." She was a tiny little girl, with two round eyes and a little tight black cap tied under her chin, and a little black stuff pinafore and trowsers to match. Reine was fond of the child, and charming with her. She was one of those people who are like angels when they protect and take care of others, and who are hard, ungrateful, suspicious, unjust, to those to whom they are obliged to look up.

On this particular Sunday, while the luncheon trays were steaming into the dining-room in Eaton Square, with Dick driving up to the door in a hansom, and Mr. Butler still rustling the *Observer* in his study, while Beamish and Catherine were slowly walking home from church, and little Catherine, who had preceded them, was standing all by herself in the schoolroom, vacantly plaiting and unplaiting the tassel of the blind, and pulling the ragged ends, and thinking of the future looming darkly,—it was her last day in the dismal little bastille; and now that the end was come, she looked back with a child's passion of persistence and longing to the threads and straws with which she had beguiled her time;—while all this was going on in one small corner of the world, in another, Reine was pulling out her strong arms, and lifting little Josette on to the donkey's back.

Josette's mother—a careworn woman in shabby clothes—was standing in the sun, shading her dimmed eyes,—the light dazzled poor Madame Marteau. Her life was spent in a sort of twilight gloom, nursing the bed-ridden husband whose voice even now might be heard muttering and calling from an inner room. The poor woman looked on with a glimpse of pleasure in her sad face, grateful to Reine for carrying off the little maiden into a wholesome bright atmosphere, where there were flowers growing, and little chickens running about, and a little boy to play with sometimes, to a place where Josette expanded with delight in all the glory of childhood, instead of being dwarfed into a precocious little woman by Père Marteau's railings and scoldings.

"Well, Josette, what does one say?" said Madame Marteau.

"Bo zour, marraïne," lisped Josette, hanging her head, and pretending to be shy.

"Josette is coming home with me," said Reine, "to see Belette and Miné, and to ask Petitpère to give her some brièche," to all of which propositions Josette nodded her head. And then she said something which sounded like *J'allonsvoirlétiteto*.

"They begin soon enough," said Madame Marteau, shrugging her weary shoulders. "She is always talking about le petit Toto. M. Fontaine must take care. . . ."

Here, like a distant roll of musketry, came a volley of r-r-r's from the inner room. Reine frowned and turned away. Madame Marteau hastily nodded good-by, and passed in, disappearing into the gloom, while Reine and little Josette rode on together through the sunlit fields.

Josette had her wish, and Toto was allowed to come and spend the day with her. Toto's grandmother favoured Mademoiselle Chrétien, and never denied her requests. The two children dined with Reine and her father in the great dark farm-kitchen. They had soup with bread in it, and cider and stewed beef and cabbage, and as much galette as they could eat. Reine took care of them and old Chrétien; she poured out the cider, and went away herself to fetch a particular dish of eggs which her grandfather liked. Dominique dined with them too. The great dog came marching in through the open door; the cocks and hens came and peeped at them. Outside it was all sunny and still; inside there was galette and two pretty little plates and tumblers for the children to use, and all Reine's treasures, brooches and rosaries and reliquaries, for them to play with after dinner, and Reine herself bustling about with her gold earrings bobbing as she bent over the table. But she was silent, although she attended to them all, and she looked at the door once and sighed.

Old Chrétien joked her, and asked Dominique what was the matter. Reine answered short and quick. For one thing the thought of that poor woman's wretchedness oppressed her. "I name no names because of the children," she said, "but it seems to me it must be like a hell upon earth to be chained to wild beasts, as some women are."

"And that is why she don't marry," said old Chrétien to Dominique,

filling his glass. "Well, we all please ourselves! I have seen more than one ill-assorted couple in my time. . . . Here in this very room. . . ."

Reine flushed up. "Now, children, make haste," she said in her harsh quick voice. "Dominique! you will be here. I shall come back in an hour. Petitpère, here is your pipe already lighted." And then taking one child by each hand, she dragged them away across the great deserted-looking court, and out at the arched gateway into the road, and into a tall hayfield which skirted it. Paris, the great dog, came too, and Reine pulled a book out of her pocket and sank down in the hay, while the two little things, hand in hand, swam and struggled through the tall grasses. Their heads only overtopped the hay by a very little. Toto made way and valiantly knocked down a marguerite which stood in Josette's way, and chased away a bluebottle which frightened her with its noises. Josette laughed and capered and danced on her little stout boots.

"Oh, the waves, the waves," cried Toto, as a soft wind came blowing from afar, bending the tall grass and the flower-heads, and shaking a few apples off the branches of the tree where Reine was sitting. "Come and fish for the apples," said she, smiling, as the two little creatures came tumbling and pushing through the deep sea of hay.

Monsieur de Tracy from the château happened to be passing along the high-road at that instant, and he, too, smiled good-naturedly and took off his hat.

"Bon jour, Mademoiselle Chrétien," he said. "Are you not afraid of spoiling your hay?"

Reine scarcely acknowledged his greeting; she looked fierce and defiant, and gave a little stiff nod, and went on reading a book.

"Is not that M. Fontaine's little boy?" said Jean, stopping and looking at the trio among the sweet dry grasses and flowers. The children were peeping at him bright-eyed and interested from a safe distance. Reine never lifted her eyes off her book: "Marie, qui avez mené une vie simple et laborieuse, priez pour moi afin que j'apprenne à me contenter de peu de chose et à travailler selon les devoirs de ma condition," she was murmuring to herself, and she did not cease her pious exercise until M. de Tracy had walked on.

"I wonder why that girl always behaves so strangely?" thought Jean, as he walked away. "Can my mother have vexed her in any way? I must ask my wife."

Madame Jean held up her pretty little hands at the question.

"Mon ami, it is not I who would like to answer for what your mother may or may not have said," laughed she.

But Madame de Tracy had said nothing, and indeed she was a favourite with the people all about. They laughed at her flightiness and expansiveness, mistrusted her promise, but they could not help liking her. Reine took to her more kindly than to the rest of the family; all her worst self would come up when she was brought in contact with these people, who came stepping down from their superior grandeur to be

intrusively civil to those who did not want them. "What does he mean by his Mademoiselle Chrétiens, and eyeglasses, and politeness?" thought the foolish girl. "I know well enough at what rate he holds us, and I try to tell him so in my way." Reine was not a bad girl, but the sight of all this prosperity turned her sour. "'How do you do? Take care of your hay'—Madame Jean's maddening little nod as she trips in her Paris toilette, and Mademoiselle Marthe's great blue eyes—it all offends me," said Reine, cutting the matter short.

This was the class to which her mother belonged. These were the men and the women who had cast her off, never forgiven her—forgotten her utterly. These were the people who would do the same to-morrow again; who would insult her and scorn her, as they had scorned her mother before her, for all her beauty, and good blood, and wealth, if—if she were not firm to a certain resolve she had made. No, she would never marry, never, never. Not if he came back again and again to ask her. Reine had an instinct about the person of whom she was thinking. She believed that no one whom she loved could help loving her; but she was proud at the same time. She knew her own worth, and a poor struggling painter, with all his education, did not seem to her any very brilliant match for an heiress like herself with the blood of the D'Argouges in her veins, and the farms at Tracy, at Petitport, the oyster-parks at Courseulles, the houses at Bayeux, for her dower. "Venez, mes enfants," said Reine, shutting up her prayer-book when the hour was over, and leading them back by the way she had come under the archway across the great court, where Paris was lying stretched out like a lion in the sun, and where Reine looked to find her grandfather on the bench where he was accustomed to smoke his afternoon pipe. There was only Dominique on the bench stretched out on his back at full length.

Reine went up and shook him angrily. "Dominique, are you not ashamed to sleep like a sluggard? Where is Petitpère?"

Dominique sat up and rubbed his eyes. "He is asleep in the kitchen," said he, hazarding the statement.

"Ah," cried Reine, taking one step forward and looking through the barred window, "he is not in the kitchen. You know as well as I do where he is gone."

While Dominique and the children were having a game in front of the farm-gates, which made the old place echo with Toto's screams of laughter, Reine was marching down the little village street, tall, erect, with her terrible face on. Poor Reine! poor Petitpère! He was discoursing very happily and incoherently in one of the little bowers at the back of the Golden Sun. A very little of M. Pélotier's cider was enough to change the aspect of things for poor old Chrétien. He was treating everybody, and offering his granddaughter in marriage to another old gentleman in a blouse, sitting at the same little table.

"Je te l'accorde," said père Chrétien, "avec ses cent cinquante mille livres de rente. Mon ami Barbeau, elle est à toi."

"Merci bien, mon ami," said Barbeau, thumping the little wooden table.

"Et Madame Barbeau, what will she think of the arrangement?" said a countrywoman, who was sitting at the next table, looking round grinning.

Barbeau looked puzzled. "Ma femme?" said he. "Le père Chrétien se charge de tout. Buvons à sa santé!"

It was at this instant that the bottle was suddenly wrenched out of poor old Chrétien's trembling hand, and that Reine, pale and with black eyes gleaming, took him by the arm in her unflinching gripe.

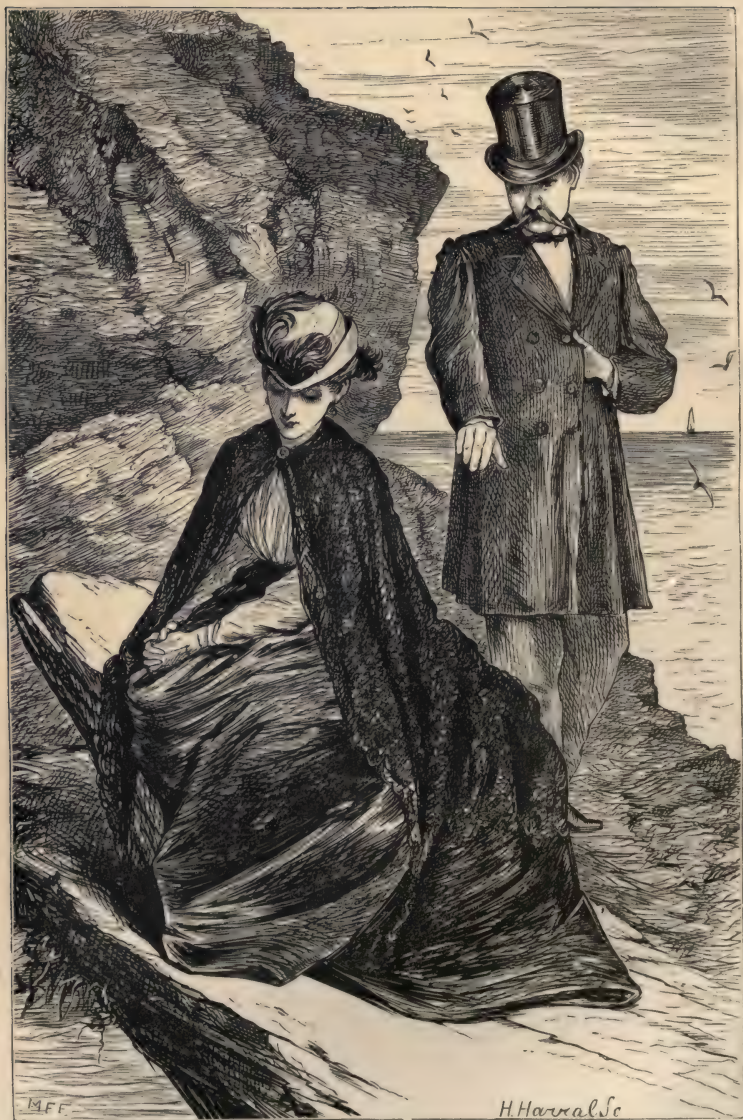
"Come," she said, with a glance of indignation at the people who were grinning all round about under Pélottier's little vine bower, and she walked away back towards Tracy with her prisoner. Old Chrétien shambled beside her in silence; he knew her too well to attempt to make conversation under the circumstances. Only once a sort of groan escaped her. As they were turning the corner by the church, again she came upon the whole community of Tracys,—Jean and his wife, and his wife's brother and sister, and the three children running on ahead.

Old Chrétien attempted a low, uncertain bow. Reine thought she saw them smile. She gave one fierce glance and walked on: her heart was beating with indignation, with pride and passionate shame. They scorned her and her grandfather. Their glances, their laughter maddened her. There she was, condemned for life to live with a few tipsy men and vulgar dull women, who saw no shame in their husbands' degradation. There were those people born into an atmosphere of light and refinement. What had they done, what had she done, to deserve such happiness, such misery? Why was she not like the rest of her class? Poor grandfather—poor old man, he was only what he had been taught to be from his earliest youth: his servile bow to the grandees from the castle, what was that but a part and parcel of the rest? She turned to him with a sudden tender impulse of pity and protection, and yet all the time a fierce impatience and anger were tearing at the woman's heart; as she walked along the dusty road, she stamped her foot in the dust once.

"Comme elle est en colère, cette Reine," whispered Marion Lefebvre, who saw them pass. "Le pauvre père Chrétien, she leads him a rude life."

Poor Reine, she was wrong to be angry, to be impatient, ~~to wish for~~ the things which only time and silent progress can bring about. Like many another before her, she was a little in advance of her days, and of the people among whom she lived. And the price people are condemned to pay for being somewhat ahead of their neighbours, is a heavy one.





"LADY ONGAR, ARE YOU NOT RATHER NEAR THE EDGE?"

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1866.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT WOULD MEN SAY OF YOU?



"ARRY, tell me the truth,—tell me all the truth." Harry Clavering was thus greeted when in obedience to the summons from Lady Ongar, he went to her almost immediately on his return to London.

It will be remembered that he had remained at Clavering some days after the departure of Hugh and Archie, lacking the courage to face his misfortunes boldly. But though his delay had been cowardly, it had not been easy to him to be a coward. He despised himself for not having written with warm full-expressed affection to Florence and with honest clear truth to Julia. Half his misery rose from

this feeling of self-abasement, and from the consciousness that he was weak,—piteously weak, exactly in that in which he had often boasted to himself that he was strong. But such inward boastings are not altogether bad. They preserve men from succumbing, and make at any rate some attempt

to realize themselves. The man who tells himself that he is brave, will struggle much before he flies; but the man who never does so tell himself, will find flying easy unless his heart be of nature very high. Now had come the moment either for flying, or not flying; and Harry swearing that he would stand his ground, resolutely took his hat and gloves, and made his way to Bolton Street with a sore heart.

But as he went he could not keep himself from arguing the matter within his own breast. He knew what was his duty. It was his duty to stick to Florence, not only with his word and his hand, but with his heart. It was his duty to tell Lady Ongar that not only his word was at Stratton, but his heart also, and to ask her pardon for the wrong that he had done her by that caress. For some ten minutes as he walked through the streets his resolve was strong to do this manifest duty; but, gradually, as he thought of that caress, as he thought of the difficulties of the coming interview, as he thought of Julia's high-toned beauty,—perhaps something also of her wealth and birth,—and more strongly still as he thought of her love for him, false, treacherous, selfish arguments offered themselves to his mind,—arguments which he knew to be false and selfish. Which of them did he love? Could it be right for him to give his hand without his heart? Could it really be good for Florence,—poor injured Florence, that she should be taken by a man who had ceased to regard her more than all other women? Were he to marry her now, would not that deceit be worse than the other deceit? Or, rather, would not that be deceitful, whereas the other course would simply be unfortunate,—unfortunate through circumstances for which he was blameless? Damnable arguments! False, cowardly logic, by which all male jilts seek to excuse their own treachery to themselves and to others!

Thus during the second ten minutes of his walk, his line of conduct became less plain to him, and as he entered Piccadilly he was racked with doubts. But instead of settling them in his mind he unconsciously allowed himself to dwell upon the words with which he would seek to excuse his treachery to Florence. He thought how he would tell her,—not to her face with spoken words, for that he could not do,—but with written skill, that he was unworthy of her goodness, that his love for her had fallen off through his own unworthiness, and had returned to one who was in all respects less perfect than she, but who in old days, as she well knew, had been his first love. Yes! he would say all this, and Julia, let her anger be what it might, should know that he had said it. As he planned this, there came to him a little comfort, for he thought there was something grand in such a resolution. Yes; he would do that, even though he should lose Julia also.

Miserable clap-trap! He knew in his heart that all his logic was false, and his arguments baseless. Cease to love Florence Burton! He had not ceased to love her, nor is the heart of any man made so like a weather-cock that it needs must turn itself hither and thither, as the wind directs, and be altogether beyond the man's control. For Harry, with all his

faults, and in spite of his present falseness, was a man. No man ceases to love without a cause. No man need cease to love without a cause. A man may maintain his love, and nourish it, and keep it warm by honest manly effort, as he may his probity, his courage, or his honour. It was not that he had ceased to love Florence; but that the glare of the candle had been too bright for him and he had scorched his wings. After all, as to that embrace of which he had thought so much, and the memory of which was so sweet to him and so bitter,—it had simply been an accident. Thus, writing in his mind that letter to Florence which he knew, if he were an honest man, he would never allow himself to write, he reached Lady Ongar's door without having arranged for himself any special line of conduct.

We must return for a moment to the fact that Hugh and Archie had returned to town before Harry Clavering. How Archie had been engaged on great doings, the reader, I hope, will remember; and he may as well be informed here that the fifty pounds were duly taken to Mount Street, and were extracted from him by the spy without much difficulty. I do not know that Archie in return obtained any immediate aid or valuable information from Sophie Gordeloup; but Sophie did obtain some information from him which she found herself able to use for her own purposes. As his position with reference to love and marriage was being discussed, and the position also of the divine Julia, Sophie hinted her fear of another Clavering lover. What did Archie think of his cousin Harry? "Why; he's engaged to another girl," said Archie, opening wide his eyes and his mouth, and becoming very free with his information. This was a matter to which Sophie found it worth her while to attend, and she soon learned from Archie all that Archie knew about Florence Burton. And this was all that could be known. No secret had been made in the family of Harry's engagement. Archie told his fair assistant that Miss Burton had been received at Clavering Park openly as Harry's future wife, and, "by Jove, you know, he can't be coming it with Julia after that, you know." Sophie made a little grimace, but did not say much. She, remembering that she had caught Lady Ongar in Harry's arms, thought that, "by Jove," he might be coming it with Julia, even after Miss Burton's reception at Clavering Park. Then, too, she remembered some few words that had passed between her and her dear Julia after Harry's departure on the evening of the embrace, and perceived that Julia was in ignorance of the very existence of Florence Burton, even though Florence had been received at the Park. This was information worth having,—information to be used! Her respect for Harry rose immeasurably. She had not given him credit for so much audacity, so much gallantry, and so much skill. She had thought him to be a pigheaded Clavering, like the rest of them. He was not pigheaded; he was a promising young man; she could have liked him and perhaps aided him,—only that he had shown so strong a determination to have nothing to do with her. Therefore the information should be used;—and it was used.

The reader will now understand what was the truth which Lady Ongar demanded from Harry Clavering. "Harry, tell me the truth; tell me all the truth." She had come forward to meet him in the middle of the room when she spoke these words, and stood looking him in the face, not having given him her hand.

"What truth?" said Harry. "Have I ever told you a lie?" But he knew well what was the truth required of him.

"Lies can be acted as well as told. Harry, tell me all at once. Who is Florence Burton; who and what?" She knew it all, then, and things had settled themselves for him without the necessity of any action on his part. It was odd enough that she should not have learned it before, but at any rate she knew it now. And it was well that she should have been told;—only how was he to excuse himself for that embrace? "At any rate speak to me," she said, standing quite erect, and looking as a Juno might have looked. "You will acknowledge at least that I have a right to ask the question. Who is this Florence Burton?"

"She is the daughter of Mr. Burton of Stratton."

"And is that all that you can tell me? Come, Harry, be braver than that. I was not such a coward once with you. Are you engaged to marry her?"

"Yes, Lady Ongar, I am."

"Then you have had your revenge on me, and now we are quits." So saying, she stepped back from the middle of the room, and sat herself down on her accustomed seat. He was left there standing, and it seemed as though she intended to take no further notice of him. He might go if he pleased, and there would be an end of it all. The difficulty would be over, and he might at once write to Florence in what language he liked. It would simply be a little episode in his life, and his escape would not have been arduous.

But he could not go from her in that way. He could not bring himself to leave the room without some further word. She had spoken of revenge. Was it not incumbent on him to explain to her that there had been no revenge; that he had loved, and suffered, and forgiven without one thought of anger;—and that then he had unfortunately loved again? Must he not find some words in which to tell her that she had been the light, and he simply the poor moth that had burned his wings?

"No, Lady Ongar," said he, "there has been no revenge."

"We will call it justice, if you please. At any rate I do not mean to complain."

"If you ever injured me ——" he began.

"I did injure you," said she, sharply.

"If you ever injured me, I forgave you freely."

"I did injure you ——" As she spoke she rose again from her seat, showing how impossible to her was that tranquillity which she had attempted to maintain. "I did injure you, but the injury came to you early in life, and sat lightly on you. Within a few months you had learned to love this young lady at the place you went to,—the first young

lady you saw ! I had not done you much harm, Harry. But that which you have done me, cannot be undone."

"Julia," he said, coming up to her.

"No ; not Julia. When you were here before I asked you to call me so, hoping, longing, believing,—doing more, so much more than I could have done, but that I thought my love might now be of service to you. You do not think that I had heard of this then ?"

"Oh, no."

"No. It is odd that I should not have known it, as I now hear that she was at my sister's house ; but all others have not been as silent as you have been. We are quits, Harry ; that is all that I have to say. We are quits now."

"I have intended to be true to you ;—to you and to her."

"Were you true when you acted as you did the other night ?" He could not explain to her how greatly he had been tempted. "Were you true when you held me in your arms as that woman came in ? Had you not made me think that I might glory in loving you, and that I might show her that I scorned her when she thought to promise me her secrecy ;—her secrecy, as though I were ashamed of what she had seen. I was not ashamed,—not then. Had all the world known it, I should not have been ashamed. 'I have loved him long,' I should have said, 'and him only. He is to be my husband, and now at last I need not be ashamed.' " So much she spoke, standing up, looking at him with firm face, and uttering her syllables with a quick clear voice ; but at the last word there came a quiver in her tone, and the strength of her countenance quailed, and there was a tear which made dim her eye, and she knew that she could no longer stand before him. She endeavoured to seat herself with composure ; but the attempt failed, and as she fell back upon the sofa he just heard the sob which had cost her so great and vain an effort to restrain. In an instant he was kneeling at her feet, and grasping at the hand with which she was hiding her face. "Julia," he said, "look at me ; let us at any rate understand each other at last."

"No, Harry ; there must be no more such knowledge,—no more such understanding. You must go from me, and come here no more. Had it not been for that other night, I would still have endeavoured to regard you as a friend. But I have no right to such friendship. I have sinned and gone astray, and am a thing vile and polluted. I sold myself, as a beast is sold, and men have treated me as I treated myself."

"Have I treated you so ?"

"Yes, Harry ; you, you. How did you treat me when you took me in your arms and kissed me,—knowing, knowing that I was not to be your wife ? O God, I have sinned. I have sinned, and I am punished."

"No, no," said he, rising from his knees, "it was not as you say."

"Then how was it, sir ? Is it thus that you treat other women ;—your friends, those to whom you declare friendship ? What did you mean me to think ?"

"That I loved you."

"Yes; with a love that should complete my disgrace,—that should finish my degradation. But I had not heard of this Florence Burton; and, Harry, that night I was so happy in my bed. And in that next week when you were down there for that sad ceremony, I was happy here, happy and proud. Yes, Harry, I was so proud when I thought that you still loved me,—loved me in spite of my past sin, that I almost forgot that I was polluted. You have made me remember it, and I shall not forget it again."

It would have been better for him had he gone away at once. Now he was sitting in a chair sobbing violently, and pressing away the tears from his cheeks with his hands. How could he make her understand that he had intended no insult when he embraced her? Was it not incumbent on him to tell her that the wrong he then did was done to Florence Burton, and not to her? But his agony was too much for him at present, and he could find no words in which to speak to her.

"I said to myself that you would come when the funeral was over, and I wept for poor Hermy as I thought that my lot was so much happier than hers. But people have what they deserve, and Hermy, who has done no such wrong as I have done, is not crushed as I am crushed. It was just, Harry, that the punishment should come from you, but it has come very heavily."

"Julia, it was not meant to be so."

"Well; we will let that pass. I cannot unsay, Harry, all that I have said;—all that I did not say, but which you must have thought and known when you were here last. I cannot bid you believe that I do not—love you."

"Not more tenderly or truly than I love you."

"Nay, Harry, your love to me can be neither true nor tender,—nor will I permit it to be offered to me. You do not think I would rob that girl of what is hers. Mine for you may be both tender and true; but, alas, truth has come to me when it can avail me no longer."

"Julia, if you will say that you love me, it shall avail you."

"In saying that, you are continuing to ill-treat me. Listen to me now. I hardly know when it began, for, at first, I did not expect that you would forgive me and let me be dear to you as I used to be; but as you sat here, looking up into my face in the old way, it came on me gradually,—the feeling that it might be so; and I told myself that if you would take me I might be of service to you, and I thought that I might forgive myself at last for possessing this money if I could throw it into your lap, so that you might thrive with it in the world; and I said to myself that it might be well to wait awhile, till I should see whether you really loved me; but then came that burst of passion, and though I knew that you were wrong, I was proud to feel that I was still so dear to you. It is all over. We understand each other at last, and you may go. There is nothing to be forgiven between us."

He had now resolved that Florence must go by the board. If Julia would still take him she should be his wife, and he would face Florence and all the Burtons, and his own family, and all the world in the matter of his treachery. What would he care what the world might say? His treachery to Florence was a thing completed. Now, at this moment, he felt himself to be so devoted to Julia as to make him regard his engagement to Florence as one which must, at all hazards, be renounced. He thought of his mother's sorrow, of his father's scorn,—of the dismay with which Fanny would hear concerning him a tale which she would believe to be so impossible; he thought of Theodore Burton, and the deep, unquenchable anger of which that brother was capable, and of Cecilia and her outraged kindness; he thought of the infamy which would be attached to him, and resolved that he must bear it all. Even if his own heart did not move him so to act, how could he hinder himself from giving comfort and happiness to this woman who was before him? Injury, wrong, and broken-hearted wretchedness, he could not prevent; but, therefore, this part was as open to him as the other. Men would say that he had done this for Lady Ongar's money; and the indignation with which he was able to regard this false accusation,—for his mind declared such accusation to be damnably false,—gave him some comfort. People might say of him what they pleased. He was about to do the best within his power. Bad, alas, was the best, but it was of no avail now to think of that.

"Julia," he said, "between us at least there shall be nothing to be forgiven."

"There is nothing," said she.

"And there shall be no broken love. I am true to you now,—as ever."

"And, what, then, of your truth to Miss Florence Burton?"

"It will not be for you to rebuke me with that. We have, both of us, played our game badly, but not for that reason need we both be ruined and broken-hearted. In your folly you thought that wealth was better than love; and I, in my folly,—I thought that one love blighted might be mended by another. When I asked Miss Burton to be my wife you were the wife of another man. Now that you are free again I cannot marry Miss Burton."

"You must marry her, Harry."

"There shall be no must in such a case. You do not know her, and cannot understand how good, how perfect she is. She is too good to take a hand without a heart."

"And what would men say of you?"

"I must bear what men say. I do not suppose that I shall be all happy,—not even with your love. When things have once gone wrong they cannot be mended without showing the patches. But yet men stay the hand of ruin for a while, tinkering here and putting in a nail there, stitching and cobbling; and so things are kept together. It must be so

for you and me. Give me your hand, Julia, for I have never deceived you, and you need not fear that I shall do so now. Give me your hand, and say that you will be my wife."

"No, Harry; not your wife. I do not, as you say, know that perfect girl, but I will not rob one that is so good."

"You are bound to me, Julia. You must do as I bid you. You have told me that you love me; and I have told you,—and I tell you now, that I love none other as I love you;—have never loved any other as I have loved you. Give me your hand." Then, coming to her, he took her hand, while she sat with her face averted from him. "Tell me that you will be my wife." But she would not say the words. She was less selfish than he, and was thinking,—was trying to think what might be best for them all, but, above all, what might be best for him. "Speak to me," he said, "and acknowledge that you wronged me when you thought that the expression of my love was an insult to you."

"It is easy to say, speak. What shall I say?"

"Say that you will be my wife."

"No,—I will not say it." She rose again from her chair, and took her hand away from him. "I will not say it. Go now and think over all that you have done; and I also will think of it. God help me. What evil comes, when evil has been done! But, Harry, I understand you now, and I at least will blame you no more. Go and see Florence Burton; and if, when you see her, you find that you can love her, take her to your heart, and be true to her. You shall never hear another reproach from me. Go now, go; there is nothing more to be said."

He paused a moment as though he were going to speak, but he left the room without another word. As he went along the passage and turned on the stairs he saw her standing at the door of the room, looking at him, and it seemed that her eyes were imploring him to be true to her in spite of the words that she had spoken. "And I will be true to her," he said to himself. "She was the first that I ever loved, and I will be true to her."

He went out, and for an hour or two wandered about the town, hardly knowing whither his steps were taking him. There had been a tragic seriousness in what had occurred to him this evening, which seemed to cover him with care, and make him feel that his youth was gone from him. At any former period of his life his ears would have tingled with pride to hear such a woman as Lady Ongar speak of her love for him in such terms as she had used; but there was no room now for pride in his bosom. Now at least he thought nothing of her wealth or rank. He thought of her as a woman between whom and himself there existed so strong a passion as to make it impossible that he should marry another, even though his duty plainly required it. The grace and graciousness of his life were over; but love still remained to him, and of that he must make the most. All others whom he regarded would revile him, and now he must live for this woman alone. She had said that she had injured him.

Yes, indeed, she had injured him! She had robbed him of his high character, of his unclouded brow, of that self-pride which had so often told him that he was living a life without reproach among men. She had brought him to a state in which misery must be his bedfellow, and disgrace his companion ;—but still she loved him, and to that love he would be true.

And as to Florence Burton ;—how was he to settle matters with her? That letter for which he had been preparing the words as he went to Bolton Street, before the necessity for it had become irrevocable, did not now appear to him to be very easy. At any rate he did not attempt it on that night.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MAN WHO DUSTED HIS BOOTS WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF.

WHEN Florence Burton had written three letters to Harry without receiving a word in reply to either of them, she began to be seriously unhappy. The last of these letters, received by him after the scene described in the last chapter, he had been afraid to read. It still remained unopened in his pocket. But Florence, though she was unhappy, was not even yet jealous. Her fears did not lie in that direction, nor had she naturally any tendency to such uneasiness. He was ill, she thought; or if not ill in health, then ill at ease. Some trouble afflicted him of which he could not bring himself to tell her the facts, and as she thought of this she remembered her own stubbornness on the subject of their marriage, and blamed herself in that she was not now with him, to comfort him. If such comfort would avail him anything now, she would be stubborn no longer. When the third letter brought no reply she wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Burton, confessing her uneasiness, and begging for comfort. Surely Cecilia could not but see him occasionally, —or at any rate have the power of seeing him. Or Theodore might do so,—as of course he would be at the office. If anything ailed him would Cecilia tell her all the truth? But Cecilia, when she began to fear that something did ail him, did not find it very easy to tell Florence all the truth.

But there was jealousy at Stratton, though Florence was not jealous. Old Mrs. Burton had become alarmed, and was ready to tear the eyes out of Harry Clavering's head if Harry should be false to her daughter. This was a misfortune of which, with all her brood, Mrs. Burton had as yet known nothing. No daughter of hers had been misused by any man, and no son of hers had ever misused any one's daughter. Her children had gone out into the world steadily, prudently, making no brilliant marriages, but never falling into any mistakes. She heard of such misfortunes around her,—that a young lady here had loved in vain, and that a young lady there had been left to wear the willow; but such sorrows had

never visited her roof, and she was disposed to think,—and perhaps to say,—that the fault lay chiefly in the imprudence of mothers. What if at last, when her work in this line had been so nearly brought to a successful close, misery and disappointment should come also upon her lamb ! In such case Mrs. Burton, we may say, was a ewe who would not see her lamb suffer without many bleatings and considerable exercise of her maternal energies.

And tidings had come to Mrs. Burton which had not as yet been allowed to reach Florence's ears. In the office at the Adelphi was one Mr. Walliker, who had a younger brother now occupying that desk in Mr. Burton's office which had belonged to Harry Clavering. Through Bob Walliker, Mrs. Burton learned that Harry did not come to the office even when it was known that he had returned to London from Clavering ;—and she also learned at last that the young men in the office were connecting Harry Clavering's name with that of the rich and noble widow, Lady Ongar. Then Mrs. Burton wrote to her son Theodore, as Florence had written to Theodore's wife.

Mrs. Burton, though she had loved Harry dearly, and had perhaps in many respects liked him better than any of her sons-in-law, had, nevertheless, felt some misgivings from the first. Florence was brighter, better educated, and cleverer than her elder sisters, and therefore when it had come to pass that she was asked in marriage by a man somewhat higher in rank and softer in manners than they who had married her sisters, there had seemed to be some reason for the change ;—but Mrs. Burton had felt that it was a ground for apprehension. High rank and soft manners may not always belong to a true heart. At first she was unwilling to hint this caution even to herself ; but at last, as her suspicions grew, she spoke the words very frequently, not only to herself but also to her husband. Why, oh why, had she let into her house any man differing in mode of life from those whom she had known to be honest and good ? How would her gray hairs be made to go in sorrow to the grave, if, after all her old prudence and all her old success, her last pet lamb should be returned to the mother's side, ill-used, maimed, and blighted !

Theodore Burton, when he received his mother's letter, had not seen Harry since his return from Clavering. He had been inclined to be very angry with him for his long and unannounced absence from the office. "He will do no good," he had said to his wife. "He does not know what real work means." But his anger turned to disgust as regarded Harry, and almost to despair as regarded his sister, when Harry had been a week in town, and yet had not shown himself at the Adelphi. But at this time Theodore Burton had heard no word of Lady Ongar, though the clerks in the office had that name daily in their mouths. "Cannot you go to him, Theodore ?" said his wife. "It is very easy to say go to him," he replied. "If I made it my business I could, of course, go to him, and no doubt find him if I was determined to do so ;—but what more could I do ? I

can lead a horse to the water, but I cannot make him drink." "You could speak to him of Florence." "That is such a woman's idea," said the husband. "When every proper incentive to duty and ambition has failed him, he is to be brought into the right way by the mention of a girl's name!" "May I see him?" Cecilia urged. "Yes,—if you can catch him; but I do not advise you to try."

After that came the two letters for the husband and wife, each of which was shown to the other; and then for the first time did either of them receive the idea that Lady Ongar with her fortune might be a cause of misery to their sister. "I don't believe a word of it," said Cecilia, whose cheeks were burning, half with shame and half with anger. Harry had been such a pet with her,—had already been taken so closely to her heart as a brother! "I should not have suspected him of that kind of baseness," said Theodore, very slowly. "He is not base," said Cecilia. "He may be idle and foolish, but he is not base."

"I must at any rate go after him now," said Theodore. "I don't believe this;—I won't believe it. I do not believe it. But if it should be true ——!"

"Oh, Theodore."

"I do not think it is true. It is not the kind of weakness I have seen in him. He is weak and vain, but I should have said that he was true."

"I am sure he is true."

"I think so. I cannot say more than that I think so."

"You will write to your mother?"

"Yes."

"And may I ask Florence to come up? Is it not always better that people should be near to each other when they are engaged?"

"You can ask her, if you like. I doubt whether she will come."

"She will come if she thinks that anything is amiss with him."

Cecilia wrote immediately to Florence, pressing her invitation in the strongest terms that she could use. "I tell you the whole truth," she said. "We have not seen him, and this, of course, has troubled us very greatly. I feel quite sure he would come to us if you were here; and this, I think, should bring you, if no other consideration does so. Theodore imagines that he has become simply idle, and that he is ashamed to show himself here because of that. It may be that he has some trouble with reference to his own home, of which we know nothing. But if he has any such trouble, you ought to be made aware of it, and I feel sure that he would tell you if you were here." Much more she said, arguing in the same way, and pressing Florence to come to London.

Mr. Burton did not at once send a reply to his mother, but he wrote the following note to Harry:—

Adelphi —, May, 186—

"MY DEAR CLAVERING,—I have been sorry to notice your continued absence from the office, and both Cecilia and I have been very sorry that

you have discontinued coming to us. But I should not have written to you on this matter, not wishing to interfere in your own concerns, had I not desired to see you specially with reference to my sister. As I have that to say to you concerning her which I can hardly write, will you make an appointment with me here, or at my house? Or, if you cannot do that, will you say when I shall find you at home? If you will come and dine with us we shall like that best, and leave you to name an early day: to-morrow, or the next day, or the day after.

"Very truly yours,

"THEODORE BURTON."

When Cecilia's letter reached Stratton, and another post came without any letter from Harry, poor Florence's heart sank low in her bosom. "Well, my dear," said Mrs. Burton, who watched her daughter anxiously while she was reading the letter. Mrs. Burton had not told Florence of her own letter to her son; and now, having herself received no answer, looked to obtain some reply from that which her daughter-in-law had sent.

"Cecilia wants me to go to London," said Florence.

"Is there anything the matter that you should go just now?"

"Not exactly the matter, mamma; but you can see the letter."

Mrs. Burton read it slowly, and felt sure that much was the matter. She knew that Cecilia would have written in that strain only under the influence of some great alarm. At first she was disposed to think that she herself would go to London. She was eager to know the truth,—eager to utter her loud maternal bleatings if any wrong were threatened to her lamb. Florence might go with her, but she longed herself to be on the field of action. She felt that she could almost annihilate any man by her words and looks who would dare to ill-treat a girl of hers.

"Well, mamma;—what do you think?"

"I don't know yet, my dear. I will speak to your papa before dinner." But as Mrs. Burton had been usually autocratic in the management of her own daughters, Florence was aware that her mother simply required a little time before she made up her mind. "It is not that I want to go to London—for the pleasure of it, mamma."

"I know that, my dear."

"Nor yet merely to see him!—though of course I do long to see him!"

"Of course you do;—why shouldn't you?"

"But Cecilia is so very prudent, and she thinks that it will be better. And she would not have pressed it, unless Theodore had thought so too!"

"I thought Theodore would have written to me!"

"But he writes so seldom."

"I expected a letter from him now, as I had written to him."

"About Harry, do you mean?"

"Well ;—yes. I did not mention it, as I was aware I might make you uneasy. But I saw that you were unhappy at not hearing from him."

"Oh, mamma, do let me go."

"Of course you shall go if you wish it ;—but let me speak to papa before anything is quite decided."

Mrs. Burton did speak to her husband, and it was arranged that Florence should go up to Onslow Crescent. But Mrs. Burton, though she had been always autocratic about her unmarried daughters, had never been autocratic about herself. When she hinted that she also might go, she saw that the scheme was not approved, and she at once abandoned it. "It would look as if we were all afraid," said Mr. Burton, "and after all what does it come to?—a young gentleman does not write to his sweetheart for two or three weeks. I used to think myself the best lover in the world, if I wrote once a month."

"There was no penny post then, Mr. Burton."

"And I often wish there was none now," said Mr. Burton. That matter was therefore decided, and Florence wrote back to her sister-in-law, saying that she would go up to London on the third day from that. In the meantime, Harry Clavering and Theodore Burton had met.

Has it ever been the lot of any unmarried male reader of these pages, to pass three or four days in London, without anything to do,—to have to get through them by himself,—and to have that burden on his shoulder, with the additional burden of some terrible, wearing misery, away from which there seems to be no road, and out of which there is apparently no escape? That was Harry Clavering's condition for some few days after the evening which he last passed in the company of Lady Ongar,—and I will ask any such unmarried man whether, in such a plight, there was for him any other alternative, but to wish himself dead? In such a condition, a man can simply walk the streets by himself, and declare to himself that everything is bad, and rotten, and vile, and worthless. He wishes himself dead, and calculates the different advantages of prussic acid and pistols. He may the while take his meals very punctually at his club, may smoke his cigars, and drink his bitter beer, or brandy-and-water ;—but he is all the time wishing himself dead, and making that calculation as to the best way of achieving that desirable result. Such was Harry Clavering's condition now. As for his office, the doors of that place were absolutely closed against him, by the presence of Theodore Burton. When he attempted to read he could not understand a word, or sit for ten minutes with a book in his hand. No occupation was possible to him. He longed to go again to Bolton Street, but he did not even do that. If there, he could act only as though Florence had been deserted for ever ;—and if he so acted he would be infamous for life. And yet he had sworn to Julia that such was his intention. He hardly dared to ask himself which of the two he loved. The misery of it all had become so heavy upon him, that he could take no pleasure in the thought of his love. It must always be all regret, all sorrow, and all remorse. Then there came upon

him the letter from Theodore Burton, and he knew that it was necessary that he should see the writer.

Nothing could be more disagreeable than such an interview, but he could not allow himself to be guilty of the cowardice of declining it. Of a personal quarrel with Burton he was not afraid. He felt, indeed, that he might almost find relief in the capability of being himself angry with any one. But he must positively make up his mind before such an interview. He must devote himself either to Florence or to Julia;—and he did not know how to abandon the one or the other. He had allowed himself to be so governed by impulse that he had pledged himself to Lady Ongar, and had sworn to her that he would be entirely hers. She, it is true, had not taken him altogether at his word, but not the less did he know,—did he think that he knew,—that she looked for the performance of his promise. And she had been the first that he had sworn to love!

In his dilemma he did at last go to Bolton Street, and there found that Lady Ongar had left town for three or four days. The servant said that she had gone, he believed, to the Isle of Wight; and that Madame Gordeloup had gone with her. She was to be back in town early in the following week. This was on a Thursday, and he was aware that he could not postpone his interview with Burton till after Julia's return. So he went to his club, and nailing himself as it were to the writing-table, made an appointment for the following morning. He would be with Burton at the Adelphi at twelve o'clock. He had been in trouble, he said, and that trouble had kept him from the office and from Onslow Crescent. Having written this, he sent it off, and then played billiards and smoked and dined, played more billiards and smoked and drank till the usual hours of the night had come. He was not a man who liked such things. He had not become what he was by passing his earlier years after this fashion. But his misery required excitement,—and billiards with tobacco were better than the desolation of solitude.

On the following morning he did not breakfast till near eleven. Why should he get up as long as it was possible to obtain the relief which was to be had from dozing? As far as possible he would not think of the matter till he had put his hat upon his head to go to the Adelphi. But the time for taking his hat soon came, and he started on his short journey. But even as he walked, he could not think of it. He was purposeless, as a ship without a rudder, telling himself that he could only go as the winds might direct him. How he did hate himself for his one weakness! And yet he hardly made an effort to overcome it. On one point only did he seem to have a resolve. If Burton attempted to use with him anything like a threat he would instantly resent it.

Punctually at twelve he walked into the outer office, and was told that Mr. Burton was in his room.

"Halloa, Clavering," said Walliker, who was standing with his back to

the fire, "I thought we had lost you for good and all. And here you are come back again!"

Harry had always disliked this man, and now hated him worse than ever. "Yes; I am here," said he, "for a few minutes; but I believe I need not trouble you."

"All right, old fellow," said Walliker; and then Harry passed through into the inner room.

"I am very glad to see you, Harry," said Burton, rising and giving his hand cordially to Clavering. "And I am sorry to hear that you have been in trouble. Is it anything in which we can help you?"

"I hope,—Mrs. Burton is well," said Harry, hesitating.

"Pretty well."

"And the children?"

"Quite well. They say you are a very bad fellow not to go and see them."

"I believe I am a bad fellow," said Harry.

"Sit down, Harry. It will be best to come at the point at once;—will it not? Is there anything wrong between you and Florence?"

"What do you mean by wrong?"

"I should call it very wrong,—hideously wrong, if after all that has passed between you, there should now be any doubt as to your affection for each other. If such doubt were now to arise with her, I should almost disown my sister."

"You will never have to blush for her."

"I think not. I thank God that hitherto there have been no such blushes among us. And I hope, Harry, that my heart may never have to bleed for her. Come, Harry, let me tell you all at once like an honest man. I hate subterfuges and secrets. A report has reached the old people at home,—not Florence, mind,—that you are untrue to Florence, and are passing your time with that lady who is the sister of your cousin's wife."

"What right have they to ask how I pass my time?"

"Do not be unjust, Harry. If you simply tell me that your visits to that lady imply no evil to my sister, I, knowing you to be a gentleman, will take your word for all that it can mean." He paused, and Harry hesitated and could not answer. "Nay, dear friend,—brother as we both of us have thought you,—come once more to Onslow Crescent and kiss the bairns, and kiss Cecilia, too, and sit with us at our table, and talk as you used to do, and I will ask no further question;—nor will she. Then you will come back here to your work, and your trouble will be gone, and your mind will be at ease; and, Harry, one of the best girls that ever gave her heart into a man's keeping will be there to worship you, and to swear when your back is turned that any one who says a word against you shall be no brother and no sister and no friend of hers."

And this was the man who had dusted his boots with his pocket-handkerchief, and whom Harry had regarded as being on that account hardly

fit to be his friend! He knew that the man was noble, and good, and generous, and true;—and knew also that in all that Burton said he simply did his duty as a brother. But not on that account was it the easier for him to reply.

"Say that you will come to us this evening," said Burton. "Even if you have an engagement, put it off."

"I have none," said Harry.

"Then say that you will come to us, and all will be well."

Harry understood of course that his compliance with this invitation would be taken as implying that all was right. It would be so easy to accept the invitation, and any other answer was so difficult! But yet he would not bring himself to tell the lie.

"Burton," he said, "I am in trouble."

"What is the trouble?" The man's voice was now changed, and so was the glance of his eye. There was no expression of anger,—none as yet; but the sweetness of his countenance was gone,—a sweetness that was unusual to him, but which still was at his command when he needed it.

"I cannot tell you all here. If you will let me come to you this evening I will tell you everything,—to you and to Cecilia too. Will you let me come?"

"Certainly. Will you dine with us?"

"No;—after dinner; when the children are in bed." Then he went, leaving on the mind of Theodore Burton an impression that though something was much amiss, his mother had been wrong in her fears respecting Lady Ongar.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRESHWATER GATE.

COUNT PATEROFF, Sophie's brother, was a man who, when he had taken a thing in hand, generally liked to carry it through. It may perhaps be said that most men are of this turn of mind; but the count was, I think, especially eager in this respect. And as he was not one who had many irons in the fire, who made either many little efforts, or any great efforts after things altogether beyond his reach, he was justified in expecting success. As to Archie's courtship, any one who really knew the man and the woman, and who knew anything of the nature of women in general, would have predicted failure for him. Even with Doodle's aid he could not have a chance in the race. But when Count Pateroff entered himself for the same prize, those who knew him would not speak of his failure as a thing certain.

The prize was too great not to be attempted by so very prudent a gentleman. He was less impulsive in his nature than his sister, and did not open his eyes and talk with watering mouth of the seven thousands

of pounds a year; but in his quiet way he had weighed and calculated all the advantages to be gained, had even ascertained at what rate he could insure the lady's life, and had made himself certain that nothing in the deed of Lord Ongar's marriage-settlement entailed any pecuniary penalty on his widow's second marriage. Then he had gone down, as we know, to Ongar Park, and as he had walked from the lodge to the house and back again, he had looked around him complacently, and told himself that the place would do very well. For the English character, in spite of the pigheadedness of many Englishmen, he had,—as he would have said himself,—much admiration, and he thought that the life of a country gentleman, with a nice place of his own,—with such a very nice place of his own as was Ongar Park,—and so very nice an income, would suit him well in his declining years.

And he had certain advantages, certain aids towards his object, which had come to him from circumstances;—as, indeed, he had also certain disadvantages. He knew the lady, which was in itself much. He knew much of the lady's history, and had that cognisance of the saddest circumstances of her life, which in itself creates an intimacy. It is not necessary now to go back to those scenes which had disfigured the last months of Lord Ongar's life, but the reader will understand that what had then occurred gave the count a possible footing as a suitor. And the reader will also understand the disadvantages which had at this time already shown themselves in the lady's refusal to see the count.

It may be thought that Sophie's standing with Lady Ongar would be a great advantage to her brother; but I doubt whether the brother trusted either the honesty or the discretion of his sister. He would have been willing to purchase such assistance as she might give,—not in Archie's pleasant way, with bank-notes hidden under his glove,—but by acknowledgments for services to be turned into solid remuneration when the marriage should have taken place, had he not feared that Sophie might communicate the fact of such acknowledgments to the other lady, —making her own bargain in doing so. He had calculated all this, and had come to the conclusion that he had better make no direct proposal to Sophie; and when Sophie made a direct proposal to him, pointing out to him in glowing language all the fine things which such a marriage would give him, he had hardly vouchsafed to her a word of answer. "Very well," said Sophie to herself;—"very well. Then we both know what we are about."

Sophie herself would have kept Lady Ongar from marrying any one had she been able. Not even a brother's gratitude would be so serviceable to her as the generous kindness of a devoted friend. That she might be able both to sell her services to a lover, and also to keep Julie from marrying, was a lucky combination of circumstances which did not occur to her till Archie came to her with the money in his glove. That complicated game she was now playing, and was aware that Harry Clavering was

the great stumbling-block in her way. A woman even less clever than Sophie would have perceived that Lady Ongar was violently attached to Harry; and Sophie, when she did see it, thought that there was nothing left for her but to make her hay while the sun was yet shining. Then she heard the story of Florence Burton; and again she thought that Fortune was on her side. She told the story of Florence Burton,—with what result we know; and was quite sharp enough to perceive afterwards that the tale had had its intended effect,—even though her Julie had resolutely declined to speak either of Harry Clavering or of Florence Burton.

Count Pateroff had again called in Bolton Street, and had again been refused admittance. It was plain to him to see by the servant's manner that it was intended that he should understand that he was not to be admitted. Under such circumstances, it was necessary that he must either abandon his pursuit, or that he must operate upon Lady Ongar through some other feeling than her personal regard for himself. He might, perhaps, have trusted much to his own eloquence if he could have seen her; but how is a man to be eloquent in his wooing if he cannot see the lady whom he covets? There is, indeed, the penny post, but in these days of legal restraints, there is no other method of approaching an unwilling beauty. forcible abduction is put an end to as regards Great Britain and Ireland. So the count had resort to the post.

His letter was very long, and shall not, therefore, be given to the reader. He began by telling Lady Ongar that she owed it to him for the good services he had done her, to read what he might say, and to answer him. He then gave her various reasons why she should see him, pleading, among other things, in language which she could understand, though the words were purposely as ambiguous as they could be made, that he had possessed and did possess the power of doing her a grievous injury, and that he had abstained, and—hoped that he might be able to abstain for the future. She knew that the words contained no threat,—that taken literally they were the reverse of a threat, and amounted to a promise,—but she understood also all that he had intended to imply. Long as his own letter was, he said nothing in it as to his suit, confining himself to a request that she should see him. But with his letter he sent her an enclosure longer than the letter itself, in which his wishes were clearly explained.

This enclosure purported to be an expression of Lord Ongar's wishes on many subjects, as they had been communicated to Count Pateroff in the latter days of the lord's life; but as the manuscript was altogether in the count's writing, and did not even pretend to have been subjected to Lord Ongar's eye, it simply amounted to the count's own story of their alleged conversations. There might have been no such conversations, or their tenour might have been very different from that which the count represented, or the statements and opinions, if expressed at all by Lord Ongar, might have been expressed at times when no statements or opinions

coming from him could be of any value. But as to these conversations, if they could have been verified as having come from Lord Ongar's mouth when he was in full possession of such faculties as he possessed,—all that would have amounted to nothing with Lady Ongar. To Lord Ongar alive she had owed obedience, and had been obedient. To Lord Ongar dead she owed no obedience, and would not be obedient.

Such would have been her feelings as to any document which could have reached her, purporting to contain Lord Ongar's wishes; but this document was of a nature which made her specially antagonistic to the exercise of any such marital authority from the grave. It was very long, and went into small details,—details which were very small; but the upshot of it all was a tendering of great thanks to Count Pateroff, and the expression of a strong wish that the count should marry his widow. "O. said that this would be the only thing for J.'s name." "O. said that this would be the safest course for his own honour." "O. said, as he took my hand, that in promising to take this step I gave him great comfort." "O. commissioned me to speak to J. in his name to this effect." The O. was of course Lord Ongar, and the J. was of course Julia. It was all in French, and went on in the same strain for many pages. Lady Ongar answered the letter as follows:—

"Lady Ongar presents her compliments to Count Pateroff, and begs to return the enclosed manuscript, which is, to her, perfectly valueless. Lady Ongar must still decline, and now more strongly than before, to receive Count Pateroff.

"Bolton Street, May 186—.

She was quite firm as she did this. She had no doubt at all on the matter. She did not feel that she wanted to ask for any advice. But she did feel that this count might still work her additional woe, that her cup of sorrow might not even yet be full, and that she was sadly,—sadly in want of love and protection. For aught she knew, the count might publish the whole statement, and people might believe that those words came from her husband, and that her husband had understood what would be best for her fame and for his honour. The whole thing was a threat, and not to save herself from any misery, would she have succumbed to a menace; but still it was possible that the threat might be carried out.

She was sorely in want of love and protection. At this time, when the count's letter reached her, Harry had been with her; and we know what had passed between them. She had bid him go to Florence,—and love Florence,—and marry Florence,—and leave her in her desolation. That had been her last command to him. But we all know what such commands mean. She had not been false in giving him these orders. She had intended it at the moment. The glow of self-sacrifice had been warm in her bosom,—and she had resolved to do without that which she

wanted in order that another might have it. But when she thought of it afterwards in her loneliness, she told herself that Florence Burton could not want Harry's love as she wanted it. There could not be such need to this girl, who possessed father and mother, and brothers, and youth, as there was to her, who had no other arm on which she could lean, besides that of the one man for whom she had acknowledged her love, and who had also declared his passion for her. She made no scheme to deprive Florence of her lover. In the long hours of her own solitude she never revoked, even within her own bosom, the last words she had said to Harry Clavering. But not the less did she hope that he might come to her again, and that she might learn from him that he had freed himself from that unfortunate engagement into which her falseness to him had driven him.

It was after she had answered Count Pateroff's letter that she resolved to go out of town for three or four days. For some short time she had been minded to go away altogether, and not to return till after the autumn; but this scheme gradually diminished itself and fell away, till she determined that she would come back after three or four days. Then came to her Sophie,—her devoted Sophie,—Sophie whom she despised and hated; Sophie of whom she was so anxious to rid herself that in all her plans there was some little under-plot to that effect; Sophie whom she knew to be dishonest to her in any way that might make dishonesty profitable; and before Sophie had left her, Sophie had engaged herself to go with her dear friend to the Isle of Wight! As a matter of course, Sophie was to be franked on this expedition. On such expeditions Sophies are always franked as a matter of course. And Sophie would travel with all imaginable luxury,—a matter to which Sophie was by no means indifferent, though her own private life was conducted with an economy that was not luxurious. But, although all these good things came in Sophie's way, she contrived to make it appear that she was devoting herself in a manner that was almost sacrificial to the friend of her bosom. At the same time Lady Ongar sent a few words, as a message, to the count by his sister. Lady Ongar, having told to Madame Gordeloup the story of the document which had reached her, and having described her own answer, was much commended by her friend.

"You are quite right, dear, quite. Of course I am fond of my brother. Edouard and I have always been the best of friends. But that does not make me think you ought to give yourself to him. Bah! Why should a woman give away everything? Edouard is a fine fellow. But what is that? Fine fellows like to have all the money themselves."

"Will you tell him,—from me," said Lady Ongar, "that I will take it as a kindness on his part if he will abstain from coming to my house. I certainly shall not see him with my own consent."

Sophie promised,—and probably gave the message; but when she also

informed Edouard of Lady Ongar's intended visit to the Isle of Wight, telling him the day on which they were going and the precise spot, with the name of the hotel at which they were to stay, she went a little beyond the commission which her dearest friend had given her.

At the western end of the Isle of Wight, and on the further shore, about three miles from the point of the island which we call the Needles, there is a little break in the cliff, known to all stay-at-home English travellers as Freshwater Gate. Here there is a cluster of cottages and two inns, and a few bathing-boxes, and ready access by easy ascents to the breezy downs on either side, over which the sea air blows with all its salt and wholesome sweetness. At one of these two inns Lady Ongar located herself and Sophie; and all Freshwater, and all Yarmouth, and all that end of the island were alive to the fact that the rich widowed countess respecting whom such strange tales were told, had come on a visit to these parts. Innkeepers like such visitors. The more venomous are the stories told against them, the more money are they apt to spend, and the less likely are they to examine their bills. A rich woman altogether without a character is a mine of wealth to an innkeeper. In the present case no such godsend had come in the way,—but there was supposed to be a something a little odd, and the visitor was on that account the more welcome.

Sophie was not the most delightful companion in the world for such a place. London was her sphere,* as she herself had understood when declaiming against those husbands who keep their wives in the country. And she had no love for the sea specially, regarding all winds as nuisances excepting such as had been raised by her own efforts, and thinking that salt from a saltcellar was more convenient than that brought to her on the breezes. It was now near the end of May, but she had not been half an hour at the inn before she was loud in demanding a fire,—and when the fire came she was unwilling to leave it. Her gesture was magnificent when Lady Ongar proposed to her that she should bathe. What,—put her own dear little dry body, by her own will, into the cold sea! She shrugged herself, and shook herself, and without speaking a word declined with so much eloquence that it was impossible not to admire her. Nor would she walk. On the first day, during the warmest part of the day, she allowed herself to be taken out in a carriage belonging to the inn; but after her drive she clung to the fire, and consumed her time with a French novel.

Nor was Lady Ongar much more comfortable in the Isle of Wight than she had been in London. The old poet told us how Black Care sits behind the horseman, and some modern poet will some day describe to us that terrible goddess as she takes her place with the stoker close to the fire of the locomotive engine. Sitting with Sophie opposite to her, Lady Ongar was not happy, even though her eye rested on the lines of that magnificent coast. Once indeed, on the evening of their first day,

Sophie left her, and she was alone for nearly an hour. Ah, how happy could she have been if Harry Clavering might have been there with her. Perhaps a day might come in which Harry might bring her there. In such a case Atra Cura would be left behind, and then she might be altogether happy. She sat dreaming of this for above an hour, and Sophie was still away. When Sophie returned, which she did all too soon, she explained that she had been in her bedroom. She had been very busy, and now had come down to make herself comfortable.

On the next evening Lady Ongar declared her intention of going up on the downs by herself. They had dined at five, so that she might have a long evening, and soon after six she started. "If I do not break down I will get as far as the Needles," she said. Sophie, who had heard that the distance was three miles, lifted up her hands in despair. "If you are not back before nine I shall send the people after you." Consenting to this with a laugh, Lady Ongar made her way up to the downs, and walked steadily on towards the extreme point of the island. To the Needles themselves she did not make her way. These rocks are now approached, as all the stay-at-home travellers know, through a fort, and down to the fort she did not go. But turning a little from the highest point of the hill towards the cliffs on her left hand, she descended till she reached a spot from which she could look down on the pebbly beach lying some three hundred feet below her, and on the soft shining ripple of the quiet waters as they moved themselves with a pleasant sound on the long strand which lay stretched in a line from the spot beneath her out to the point of the island. The evening was warm, and almost transparent in its clearness, and very quiet. There was no sound even of a breeze. When she seated herself close upon the margin of the cliff, she heard the small waves moving the stones which they washed, and the sound was as the sound of little children's voices, very distant. Looking down, she could see through the wonderful transparency of the water, and the pebbles below it were bright as diamonds, and the sands were burnished like gold. And each tiny silent wavelet as it moved up towards the shore and lost itself at last in its own effort, stretched itself the whole length of the strand. Such brightness on the sea-shore she had never seen before, nor had she ever listened as now she listened to that infantine babble of the baby waves. She sat there close upon the margin, on a seat of chalk which the winds had made, looking, listening, and forgetting for a while that she was Lady Ongar whom people did not know, who lived alone in the world with Sophie Gordeloup for her friend,—and whose lover was betrothed to another woman. She had been there perhaps half-an-hour, and had learned to be at home on her perch, sitting there in comfort, with no desire to move, when a voice which she well knew at the first sound startled her, and she rose quickly to her feet. "Lady Ongar," said the voice, "are you not rather near the edge?" As she turned round there was Count Pateroff with his

hand already upon her dress, so that no danger might be produced by the suddenness of his speech.

"There is nothing to fear," she said, stepping back from her seat. As she did so, he dropped his hand from her dress, and, raising it to his head, lifted his hat from his forehead. "You will excuse me, I hope, Lady Ongar," he said, "for having taken this mode of speaking to you."

"I certainly shall not excuse you ; nor, further than I can help it, shall I listen to you."

"There are a few words which I must say."

"Count Pateroff, I beg that you will leave me. This is treacherous and unmanly,—and can do you no good. By what right do you follow me here ?"

"I follow you for your own good, Lady Ongar ; I do it that you may hear me say a few words that are necessary for you to hear."

"I will hear no words from you,—that is, none willingly. By this time you ought to know me and to understand me." She had begun to walk up the hill very rapidly, and for a moment or two he had thought that she would escape him ; but her breath had soon failed her, and she found herself compelled to stand while he regained his place beside her. This he had not done without an effort, and for some minutes they were both silent. "It is very beautiful," at last he said, pointing away over the sea.

"Yes ;—it is very beautiful," she answered. "Why did you disturb me when I was so happy ?" But the count was still recovering his breath and made no answer to this question. When, however, she attempted to move on again, still breasting the hill, he put his hand upon her arm very gently.

"Lady Ongar," he said, "you must listen to me for a moment. Why not do it without a quarrel ?"

"If you mean that I cannot escape from you, it is true enough."

"Why should you want to escape ? Did I ever hurt you ? Before this have I not protected you from injury ?"

"No ;—never. You protect me !"

"Yes ;—I ; from your husband, from yourself, and from the world. You do not know,—not yet, all that I have done for you. Did you read what Lord Ongar had said ?"

"I read what it pleased you to write."

"What it pleased me ! Do you pretend to think that Lord Ongar did not speak as he speaks there ? Do you not know that those were his own words ? Do you not recognize them ? Ah, yes, Lady Ongar ; you know them to be true."

"Their truth or falsehood is nothing to me. They are altogether indifferent to me either way."

"That would be very well if it were possible ; but it is not. There ;

now we are at the top, and it will be easier. Will you let me have the honour to offer you my arm? No! Be it so; but I think you would walk the easier. It would not be for the first time."

"That is a falsehood." As she spoke she stepped before him, and looked into his face with eyes full of passion. "That is a positive falsehood. I never walked with a hand resting on your arm."

There came over his face the pleasantest smile as he answered her. "You forget everything," he said;—"everything. But it does not matter. Other people will not forget. Julie, you had better take me for your husband. You will be better as my wife, and happier, than you can be otherwise."

"Look down there, Count Pateroff;—down to the edge. If my misery is too great to be borne, I can escape from it there on better terms than you propose to me."

"Ah! That is what we call poetry. Poetry is very pretty, and in saying this as you do, you make yourself divine. But to be dashed over the cliffs and broken on the rocks;—in prose it is not so well."

"Sir, will you allow me to pass on while you remain; or will you let me rest here, while you return alone?"

"No, Julie; not so. I have found you with too much difficulty. In London, you see, I could not find you. Here, for a minute, you must listen to me. Do you not know, Julie, that your character is in my hands?"

"In your hands? No;—never; thank God, never. But what if it were?"

"Only this,—that I am forced to play the only game that you leave open to me. Chance brought you and me together in such a way that nothing but marriage can be beneficial to either of us;—and I swore to Lord Ongar that it should be so. I mean that it shall be so,—or that you shall be punished for your misconduct to him and to me."

"You are both insolent and false. But listen to me, since you are here and I cannot avoid you. I know what your threats mean."

"I have never threatened you. I have promised you my aid, but have used no threats."

"Not when you tell me that I shall be punished? But to avoid no punishment, if any be in your power, will I ever willingly place myself in your company. You may write of me what papers you please, and repeat of me whatever stories you may choose to fabricate, but you will not frighten me into compliance by doing so. I have, at any rate, spirit enough to resist such attempts as that."

"As you are living at present, you are alone in the world?"

"And I am content to remain alone."

"You are thinking, then, of no second marriage?"

"If I were, does that concern you? But I will speak no further word to you. If you follow me into the inn, or persecute me further by

forcing yourself upon me, I will put myself under the protection of the police."

Having said this, she walked on as quickly as her strength would permit, while he walked by her side, urging upon her his old arguments as to Lord Ongar's expressed wishes, as to his own efforts on her behalf,—and at last as to the strong affection with which he regarded her. But she kept her promise, and said not a word in answer to it all. For more than an hour they walked side by side, and during the greater part of that time not a syllable escaped from her. From moment to moment she kept her eye warily on him, fearing that he might take her by the arm, or attempt some violence with her. But he was too wise for this, and too fully conscious that no such proceeding on his part could be of any service to him. He continued, however, to speak to her words which she could not avoid hearing,—hoping rather than thinking that he might at last frighten her by a description of all the evil which it was within his power to do her. But in acting thus he showed that he knew nothing of her character. She was not a woman whom any prospect of evil could possibly frighten into a distasteful marriage.

Within a few hundred yards of the hotel there is another fort, and at this point the path taken by Lady Ongar led into the private grounds of the inn at which she was staying. Here the count left her, raising his hat as he did so, and saying that he hoped to see her again before she left the island.

"If you do so," said she, "it shall be in presence of those who can protect me." And so they parted.

Clough's Life and Poems.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH was born at Liverpool in 1819. His lineage was of some antiquity and distinction; among his ancestors he counted a great-granddaughter of Henry VII. Not long before his birth his father, the third son of a family of ten children, left the Welsh valleys in which the Cloughs had been established for about three centuries, and settled as a merchant in Liverpool. When Arthur was four years old the whole family removed to Charleston in South America, where his childhood was passed in close companionship with his mother. Mrs. Clough seems to have been a remarkable woman. She laid in her son's character the foundation of that earnestness and sense of duty which was afterwards to be developed by the influence of Dr. Arnold. In this respect Arthur Clough formed no exception to the rule that great mothers are most important in the formation of great men. "She had no love of beauty," says her daughter, "but stern integrity was at the bottom of her character. She loved what was grand, noble, and enterprising, and was truly religious. . . . There was an enthusiasm about her that took hold of us, and made us see vividly the things that she taught us." With this mother Clough read Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the lives of Leonidas, Epaminondas, and Columbus, and the history of the Protestant struggles in the Netherlands, shaping his early ideal of nobleness by such examples of heroic self-devotion to great causes. He was graver and more thoughtful than other boys, apt to use set phrases, and not a little pedantic in his views of life. At the age of ten he writes to tell his sister that the holidays are going to begin in these solemn words: "The summer vacation is now just approaching, after which time we shall be conducted, either by uncle Alfred or uncle Charles, to Rugby, which is not far from Leamington, at which place cousin Eliza is at school." His letter ends with this elaborate sentence: "Were you not grieved to hear that magnificent building, York Minster, had been partly destroyed through the destructive means of fire?"

Clough's family remained at Charleston, while he was sent to school at Rugby and his brother George to Chester. It was then that the most remarkable period in his life began, a period of promise and hope which were destined to much disappointment. It is worth while to dwell upon his letters written at that time from Rugby. They forcibly illustrate the power and nature of Dr. Arnold's influence, the high moral atmosphere which pervaded the school, and the almost unhealthy sense of responsibility and premature importance which was forced upon the older boys. Life between the age of ten and nineteen was already a most serious thing to some of Arnold's pupils. They worked at their own education and at the improvement of their little world as consciously and zealously as a London

clergyman among his flock, or a philosopher intent on the production of a new system, combining self-culture and missionary labours in one continued effort of elaborate earnestness. Clough was soon filled with the spirit of the place, which showed itself in a profound belief that Rugby was "the best of all public schools, which are the best kind of schools!" Nor was he content to enjoy the advantages of his position merely: he felt himself an integral part of the system, a member on whom in a great measure its welfare was dependent, and who was bound to sacrifice his own interests when needful to the common good. "I sometimes think," he writes, "of giving up fagging hard here, and doing all my extra work in the holidays, so as to have my time here free for these two objects:—1st, the improvement of the school; 2nd, the publication and telling abroad of the merits of the school by means of the Magazine." These ideas governed his whole school life. Much of his time was spent in conducting the *Rugby Magazine*, and in extending his personal influence by "associating with fellows for their good." The vigour of his language is not a little remarkable. "I verily believe my whole being is soaked through with the wishing and hoping and striving to do the school good, or rather to keep it up and hinder it from falling in this (I do think) very critical time, so that all my cares and affections and conversation, thoughts, words, and deeds look to that involuntarily." At another time he says,— "I don't know which to think the greatest, the blessing of being under Arnold, or the curse of being without a home." And again, "At school, where I am loved by many, and where I am living under, and gathering wisdom from, a great and good man, such a prospect makes me tremble, for it seems to be too fair for earth." At the same time he writes to his younger brother, impressing upon his softer mind the duties of practical religion, of steadiness of aim, and of constant striving against indolence. There was little indolence in Clough's life at that time. Indeed, though vigorous by constitution and athletic in his habits, his health seems to have been greatly broken by too assiduous study and premature anxiety.

Perhaps we may be inclined to think that there is something morbid in all this. Yet, allowing for the peculiar tone which Rugby under Arnold's influence acquired, we must admire this single-hearted interest in the welfare of a school, this enthusiasm for the character of a great teacher, this constant shaping of daily thoughts and actions to a high unselfish end. We cannot but feel that for a boy, as well as for a man, such a moral condition is good. We cannot but compare this spirit, if overstrained yet vigorous, with the selfishness, low aims, and lack of purity in many schools.

Unfortunately, it was excessive. Clough seems never to have recovered from the hotbed system of Rugby. His physical and mental health suffered in consequence of that precocious development. When he entered the larger world of Oxford, with principles adapted to the sphere which he had left, he seemed to have lost the plasticity of youth. Questions which might have proved a lighter burden to less conscious and formed characters, disturbed his peace; his old confidence was gone; and

by the time of his leaving college for the world of London, one might already have applied to him what was originally said of a greater poet, "Il était un jeune homme d'un bien beau passé."

One of the characteristics of the Rugbeians of that day was a profound belief in the institution to which they belonged. They seemed never to forget that when other youths were boys they had been men ; that while others had picked up ideas and opinions here and there by chance, they had received the sharp and glittering coinage of Arnold's brain. This made them, as all the members of a new and pushing body must be, somewhat insufferable. They formed themselves into "a high Arnold set," and sought the improvement of their college by extending to its members the advantage of possessing Rugby friends. Clough began his life at Balliol in this strain. A flourish of trumpets had preceded his reception as senior scholar of the year 1836, and the most brilliant career was expected of him. But he soon submitted to the genius of the place. Instead of proselytizing he seemed likely to become a proselyte. The doctrines of J. H. Newman and the Tractarian party were then disturbing Oxford. Clough came under the influence of Ward, who was zealous in dialectics among the younger men, "asking you your opinions on every possible subject of this kind you can enumerate ; beginning with Covent Garden and Macready, and certainly not ending till you got to the question of the moral sense and deontology." Nothing could be more different from the vigorous simplicity with which Arnold impressed upon his pupils his own definite conclusions on intellectual or moral questions. Clough's philosophy was deranged : multitudes of things about which he thought he had attained to certainty, became unsettled ; and he did not live long enough to regain a clear insight. Perhaps this was inevitable ; the bent of his mind seems to have inclined him to an almost morbid scrupulousness, and to speculation without end. He equally distrusted his own instincts and the opinions of the world, while the moral sensitiveness to which he was constitutionally inclined had been augmented rather than diminished by his school life. Other men are able after a time to dismiss the insoluble problems which must suggest themselves to every thinking mind, or at least to entertain them only as matters of inquiry independent of the real concerns of life. But Clough carried them about with him ; they formed the foreground and the background to all his pictures of the world ; they hung like a thick cloud over his spirit, and lay like obstacles upon the path which he desired to tread. Thus the great force of character which in times of more settled opinion would have rendered him distinguished as a man of action was neutralized ; and the genius which might have been employed upon some solid work of art, was frittered away and obscured by doubts. His own thoughts corroded the intellect which gave them birth, and the best powers of his nature were left to prey upon themselves.

It may be asked why we should dwell upon this spectacle of a baffled intellect ? Nor would it be easy to answer this question were it not

for another side of Clough's character in which we see the real greatness of the man. Hampered as he always remained by the unsolved problems of the world, he was yet content to wait and trust though everything around him seemed confused and dark. Such daily work as came to him he did with all his might. Above all things he refused to acquiesce in make-believe religions and opinions of which he had discerned the hollowness. In the midst of doubt about the proper object of life, he never swerved from the conviction that there was a duty to be obeyed, a law of right and wrong which should not be transgressed. And though all kinds of moral and religious questions plagued his reason, he held fast to the belief that truth immutable abode behind the clouds, that God, the source of all good things, was cognizant of what we thought or did or said. The importance of such a faith as this will not be undervalued by any one who has observed the want of tone and moral helplessness to which mere scepticism leads; who has, for instance, compared the life of Clough with that of Alfred de Musset, a far greater artist, and a far less estimable man. "The New Sinai," "The Questioning Spirit," and the lines beginning "Whate'er when face to face we see," among Clough's poems, show the depth of these convictions in his soul. Such bitter pieces as "The Latest Decalogue," "There is no God the wicked saith," and "Easter Day," prove that his lack of definite beliefs did not spring from want of earnestness or thought, but that he had passed beyond the standing point of common orthodoxy without gaining ground sufficiently sure to base a new creed upon. "He would not make his reason blind," he could not solidify the prejudices of the mass, cry peace where there was no peace, or dishonestly acquiesce in certain formulas because the world at large expected it. The poem which begins "O thou whose image in the shrine of human spirits dwells divine," is a sufficiently clear expression of the earnest, if sad and undefined, faith which he carried with him to the grave. It is this profound reverence, this courage, this patience, this sincerity, this belief in the unseen, this loyalty to duty, which we admire in Clough, and which make the story of his life instructive. We need these qualities in the present day, when people are too ready on the one hand to hoot down speculation and to stifle doubt, while others take a pride in rushing prematurely to negative conclusions. The perplexities of Clough's mind so far hindered his activity that he was precluded from achieving all the academical honours that were expected of him. Before leaving Rugby the competition for prizes and distinctions had lost for him the charm of novelty. His success at Balliol sufficed to increase his reputation, but not to stimulate ambition. He took a second class in the final examinations, and after failing to obtain a fellowship in his own college, was elected fellow of Oriel in 1842. Among tutors and contemporaries his renown was great, far greater than his actual achievements warranted. Freshmen pointed out the grave and silent scholar, deep-voiced, broad-chested, with peculiar reverence, and one of the most distinguished professors of the university is still wont to say that no man he has known at Oxford bore

so clear a mark of genius as Clough. Personally, he became the object of devoted friendship. The mixture of power and tenderness, of thought and feeling, of upright honesty and diffidence, which marked his character, drew men towards him. He proved successful as a private "coach" and as a tutor in his college. But this fair state of things was not destined to last long. His position as the fellow and tutor of a great college brought him necessarily into close contact with many of the principles about which he had serious doubts. He was expected to teach and enforce what he could at most but half believe, and thus perpetually found himself in a false position. His own language illustrates the painfulness of this state: "If I begin to think about God," he writes, "there arise a thousand questions, and whether the Thirty-nine Articles answer them at all, or whether I should not answer them in the most diametrically opposite purport, is a matter of great doubt. If I am to study the question, I have no right to put my name to the answers beforehand, or to join in the acts of a body, and be to practical purposes one of a body, who accept these answers of which I propose to examine the validity."

Here is a sorry pass for an earnest and conscientious man who has signed the Thirty-nine Articles, and finds himself reputed by his colleagues and the world as one of their paid champions. Clough felt so hampered by his position at Oriel, that he decided, in 1848, to resign his tutorship; almost anything, he thought, was "honester than being a teacher of the Thirty-nine Articles." A few months later he resigned his fellowship and cut himself adrift from Oxford. By this step he gained some freedom, but he lost pecuniary advantages of no slight importance, congenial occupations, and the society of cultivated men. His father had recently failed in business, so that this sudden renunciation of a lucrative and certain post made his relations not a little anxious. "They wrote kindly and temperately on the whole," he says, "made the most of conscientiousness, but were alarmed with ideas of extreme and extravagant views." To Clough himself the breaking of his fetters brought a sense of infinite relief. He spent the Easter vacation of 1848 at Paris, among the stirring scenes of revolutions and counter-revolutions. His letters at that time took a curiously Carlylesque tone, and it is clear that from the various activities around him he caught a spark of genuine enthusiasm. His generous nature sympathized with every effort after freedom; and he almost won for himself the title of socialist, then dreaded with a superstitious terror, by the tirades which he delivered against "well-to-do-ism" and "aristocracies." This spirit prompted him to write at Oxford, in the spring of 1847, a pamphlet on the *Duty of Retrenchment during the Great Irish Famine*, in which he thus appeals to the students of the university:—"O ye, born to be rich, or, at least, born not to be poor; ye young men of Oxford, who gallop your horses over Bullingdon, and ventilate your fopperies arm-in-arm up the High Street, abuse, if you will, to the full that other plea of the spirits or thoughtlessness of youth, but let me advise you to hesitate ere you venture the question, May I not

do what I like with my own? ere you meddle with such edge tools as the subject of property." The poetical aspect of these sympathies, instead of the didactic or minatory, was set forth in his poem of *The Bothie*—a pleasant idyll of Oxford reading parties, written in the autumn of 1848. It is clear that a man of genius, so well provided with doubtful opinions on social, political, and religious questions, was not likely to keep quiet and at ease in the henroost of Oxford, where heterodoxies even of the retrograde and Romanizing order were regarded with great horror.

In the beginning of 1849, Clough accepted the headship of University Hall, London. This institution was but just founded, and before it came into working order he had time to visit Rome, and be a witness of the extinction of Mazzini's republic. His letters from Rome are full of vigorous thought and graphic touches. It was during his detention in the beleaguered city that he wrote the *Amours de Voyage*, which, perhaps, may be regarded as his most finished poem. The autumn found him established in Gordon Square, at the head of his hall, alone, and comparatively free. He had hoped for perfect liberty of thought and action; but this he could not find. In fact the whole of his life was destined to prove one perpetual hustling against orthodoxies—at Oxford against the orthodoxy of the English Church—in London against the orthodoxy of heterodoxical opinions—in America against the orthodoxy of established Unitarians. The social problems which life in London forces upon a solitary man plagued him. He could not fix himself to money-making as the object of existence, and was always restless as to the utility of his own occupations. To one of his friends he writes, "I, like you, have jumped over a ditch for the fun of the experiment, and would not be disinclined to be once more again in a highway, with my brethren and companions. But *Spartam nactus es, hanc orna*. Nothing is very good anywhere, I am afraid." Later on he said in the same strain, "I feel sometimes as if I must not trifle away time in anything which is not really a work to some purpose, and that any attempt to be happy, except in doing that, would be a mere failure, were it apparently successful. It sometimes seems to be said to me that I must do this, or else 'from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have.' There is nothing very terrible in this, but I cannot get myself to look at things as mere means to money-making; and yet if I do not, I seem in some sense guilty." The dramatic poem *Dipsychus*, written in 1850, shows how profoundly his whole mental constitution was divided and distracted by the sense of unaccomplishment and misdirected energies. Some of its lines are pointed to himself—

Heartily you will not take to anything;
 Whatever happen, don't I see you still
 Living no life at all?
 Methinks I see you
 Through everlasting limboes of void time,
 Twirling and twiddling ineffectively,
 And indeterminately swaying for ever.

In fact Clough was one of those men who long for work, whose consciences oppress them if they rest a moment idle, but who cannot set their hands to anything which seems to them worth doing. They are too acutely critical to put their faith in the systems that satisfy other men, too scrupulous to let the question go unsolved, and use their energy in the pursuit of selfish aims. A church is the proper sphere for these men ; that alone consecrates daily labour to spiritual ends, and relieves the zealous worker of importunate responsibility. But the time has long gone by since any church could satisfy the mind of such a man as Clough. His painful sensibility to all the puzzles of the world incapacitated him for useful labour even when he most desired it.

Yet we must not fall into a one-sided view of Clough's character. He was not a sour misanthropist or gloomy dreamer. Much humour and interest in many subjects are shown in all his letters, and the creeds which supported his life were of a high and noble kind. Of religion he speaks thus,—“My own feeling does not go along with Coleridge in attributing any special virtue to the facts of the Gospel History. They have happened, and have produced what we know have transformed the civilization of Greece and Rome and the barbarism of Gaul and Germany into Christendom. But I cannot feel sure that a man may not have all that is important in Christianity even if he does not so much as know that Jesus of Nazareth existed. And I do not think that doubts respecting the facts related in the Gospels need give us much trouble. Believing that in one way or other the thing is of God, we shall in the end know, perhaps, in what way, and how far it was so. Trust in God's justice and love, and belief in his commands as written in our conscience, stand unshaken, though Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, or even St. Paul were to fail.

“The thing which men must work at will not be critical questions about the Scriptures, but philosophical problems of grace, and free will, and of redemption as an idea, not as an historical event. What is the meaning of ‘Atonement by a Crucified Saviour?’ How many of the Evangelicals can answer that?”

And of his theory of life we hear,—“As for the objects of life, heaven knows ! they differ with one's opportunities. (a.) Work for others—political, mechanical, or as it may be. (b.) Personal relations. (c.) Making books, pictures, music, etc. (d.) Living in one's shell. ‘They also serve who only stand and wait.’” There is nothing fanciful or trivial or selfish in either of these creeds. Insufficient as they may be to happiness, far as they may be from supplying a man less powerful than Clough with energy to battle in the world, they reveal to us the patience of a calm and philosophic mind. “If *we* die and come to nothing,” he remarks, “it does not therefore follow that life and goodness will cease to be in heaven and earth.” In this negative stoicism of a man defrauded of positive creeds and unwilling to relapse into selfish indifference there is something which moves admiration even more than pity in the midst of sadness.

University Hall having proved a failure as far as Clough was concerned, he set out in 1852 to try his fortunes in the New World. What it cost him to leave England may easily be guessed and is pathetically expressed in the following stanzas of a poem written on the voyage :—

Come back ; come back ; and whither back or why ?
To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to try ;
Walk the old fields ; pace the familiar street ;
Dream with the idlers, with the bards compete.
Come back, come back.

Come back ; come back ; and whither and for what ?
To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half believe.
Come back, come back.

Come back ; come back ; yea, back indeed do go
Sighs panting thick, and tears that want to flow ;
Fond fluttering hopes upraise their useless wings,
And wishes idly struggle in the strings.
Come back, come back.

There was even pain in relinquishing his old perplexities, or rather in carrying them away with him to new and less congenial scenes. Yet even Clough had reasons in the history of his own family, in his political sympathies, and in the friendship which he had formed for Emerson, to feel less doubtful about the advantages of expatriation than many were who seek their fortunes in the colonies. He travelled with Thackeray, and soon found himself in the society of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Channing, Theodore Parker, Dana, Lowell, and others. The *Bothie*, which suited American tastes, had gained for him a poet's reputation ; and his sound scholarship secured him the certainty of work. After settling at Cambridge with the intention of making "pupillizing and writing" his vocation, he was forthwith engaged in teaching Greek to an American youth of seventeen years of age, and six feet one in height, and in preparing for the press a revised edition of Dryden's *Plutarch*. But he found it languid work. The novelty of American life wore off ; the tyranny of fixed opinions made itself felt even in the United States, and Clough was glad enough to hear of a place in the Privy Council Office having been procured for him by friends. He returned to England in 1853, from which time, till his death in 1861, he led a uniform, hardworking, uneventful life. In 1854 he married, and subsequently had two children, to whom he was most devotedly attached. The nature of his employment was on the whole satisfactory. "I am going on here, working in the office in the ordinary routine, which, however, after years of great tuition, is really a very great relief. All education is in England, and I think in America, so mixed up with religious matters, that it is a great difficulty." Another time he says, in something of his old spirit, "Well, I go on in the office—*operosè nihil agendo*—very operose, and very nihil, too." At the same time the society of eminent men, Carlyle and Tennyson and others, whose

friendship he formed during the latter period of his life, the pretty regular correspondence which he kept up with his American acquaintances, his lively interest in home and foreign politics, and the reading of current literature, supplied his life with numerous and pleasant sources of occupation. His work was unintermitting in its energy. The condition of the educational department of the Privy Council Office at the time when his assistance was required, enabled him to exercise those administrative powers which he possessed so largely, and which had been so long dormant. He infused new life into the system. Nor was he content with his official labours, but continued to devote his spare time to conducting for Miss Nightingale the business connected with her Crimean expedition. Two years before his death his health began to waver. He visited Greece and Constantinople in the April of 1861, and in the summer of that year travelled in the Pyrenees. During these journeys he was alone; but in that summer Mrs. Clough joined him. They went together across the Alps to Florence, where his health gave way entirely beneath the attack of a malarious fever. He died on the 13th of November, in his forty-third year, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery just outside the Porta à Pinti. He lies not far from the graves of Walter Savage Landor, of Mrs. Barrett Browning, and of Theodore Parker, upon the slope beneath the cypress trees within view of "quiet pleasant Fiesole," a spot second only in beauty and interest to Shelley's grave beneath the walls of Rome.

We cannot do better than echo the words of one of his biographers, who says, "This truly was a life of much performance, yet of more promise." During his two and forty years Clough did more than might have been expected from an average man; and none could have cavilled at the results of his life had it not been palpable from first to last that Clough was far above the ordinary height of men. This to those who knew him, was stamped on his face and form, on his actions, and on his expressed opinions, and we who only judge of him by poems and remains, may find it legible upon his written words.

After writing many pieces in the *Rugby Magazine*, Clough began his career as a poet at Oxford by the publication of a little volume of fugitive pieces called *Ambarvalia*. He and his friend Burbidge brought it out conjointly in 1848. Shortly after this he wrote and printed *The Bothie of Tober na Vuolich*; at Rome, in 1849, he composed the *Amours de Voyage*, which were, however, not given to the world till 1858. In the following year he wrote *Dipsychus* and *Easter Day*, the former at Venice, the latter at Naples. Thus all his principal poems were written before 1851, and all were localized,—Scotland, Rome, Venice, and Naples supplying the scenery of his four chief works. After 1850, his genius seemed to have fallen asleep, and it was not until the year of his death that it reappeared again in a wholly different kind of composition. *Mari Magno, or Tales on Board*, consists of three stories supposed to have been told on successive nights by fellow-travellers in an American steamer. They are written in the style of Crabbe, with some affectation of Crabbe's

prosaic plainness, but more of delicacy than the poet of the borough ever showed. These tales have been regarded by some critics as a falling-off from Clough's earlier productions, and an indication of failing strength : others will see in them the resurrection of a true poetic genius in a new and healthier direction. As regards expression, concentration, and vigour of description, *The Clergyman's Tale* is superior to any of Clough's other works. We do not trace in it the painful intensity of *Easter Day*, but the subject is one that enlists the broadest human sympathies, and does not appeal merely to a passing phase in some distempered souls. *Mari Magno* might, in our opinion, be compared to the fresh growth of young and vigorous shoots, which a tree puts forth when it has been relieved of withered or decaying branches. The speculations out of which *Dipsychus*, *Easter Day*, and *Amours de Voyage* were woven, interrupted the healthy development of Clough's genius. It was only when he absolutely abandoned them, and directed his poetic powers to subjects outside himself, and capable of true artistic treatment, that he won a place among the poets of the world. Death put a stop to the further expansion of a mind which showed so fair a promise of nobler and more enduring fruit. Fixing our attention upon the poems which survive, we notice that Clough's principal defect lay in the power of expression. He did not use language with any facility, so that his words barely and unattractively clothe thoughts of great fertility and beauty. Even in his correspondence this is apparent. A certain meagreness and awkwardness of speech seems habitual to his style. In spite of this defect, however, which ought to have resulted in extreme concentration, he was frequently diffuse. It sometimes seemed as if he had a thought he could not seize, and wandered around it in a haze of barren words. Pages of *Dipsychus* will illustrate this criticism ; they are tedious from their length and ambiguity, and want of ornament. On the other hand, whenever Clough felt intensely, and grasped a simple thought with mastery, his words are few, and fall like hammer-strokes. Nothing can be more impressive in its naked force than this passage from *Easter Day* :—

What if the women, ere the dawn was grey,
Saw one or more great angels, as they say,
(Angels, or Him himself) ? Yet neither there, nor then,
Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,
Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten ;
Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul ;
Save in an after-Gospel and late Creed,
He is not risen, indeed,—
Christ is not risen !

Some words need to be said in explanation of these lines. *Easter Day* is to Clough's other poems what *The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* is to Wordsworth's volumes. It expresses with admirable concentration the despair which he felt when he compared the promises of Christianity with the guilt and misery of men ; the bitterness that filled his soul when he reflected on the disappointment of long-cherished hopes, the death of

ancient creeds, and the necessity of walking, unenlightened from above, in a dark, wicked world. It is a cry of want and pain wrung from the soul of one to whom belief is vital, but whom reason and reflection force to leave the trodden pathways of religious faith. Its tone of defiant bitterness is very characteristic of Clough. He was not wont, like Alfred de Musset, to pour out his anguish in eloquent apostrophes to the crucifix of happier and humbler creeds; he did not indulge in pathetic reminiscences; but he fixed his mind upon the realities of present experience, whether hard or soothing. By the side of despair, such as this,—

Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved :
 Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
 We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
 And most beliefless, that had most believed.
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
 As of the unjust, also of the just,—
 Yea, of that Just One too !
 It is the one sad Gospel that is true—
 Christ is not risen !

he could set these milder meditations :—

Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
 Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
 Whate'er befell,
 Earth is not hell ;
 Now too, as when it first began,
 Life is yet life, and man is man.
 For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high cope,
 Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
 Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief ;
 Or at the least, faith unbelief.
 Though dead, not dead ;
 Not gone, though fled ;
 Not lost, though vanished.
 In the great gospel and true creed,
 He is yet risen indeed ;
 Christ is yet risen.

If we seek to affiliate Clough to his legitimate predecessors in English literature, we shall find that he descends lineally from Wordsworth. The two poets were alike strong in their friendships, genial in their daily life, yet bitter and unsparing of their scorn where vice or folly called for hatred and contempt. They both belonged to that breed of plain livers and high thinkers, lovers and observers of nature in all her moods, philosophical thinkers and liberal politicians, who form the flower of English literary men. How deeply Clough sympathized with the beauties of nature may be seen in his poem of the *Bothie*. It is written in loose hexameters not very different in their jingling measure from a kind of prose. This undress suited Clough's style, and enabled him to express himself with force and freedom. The poem is an Oxford idyll, showing how men live together, walk and talk and dance and fall in love when they assemble in a summer long vacation among highland lakes. The simple love story which relieves

this narrative is very well told. *Amours de Voyage* pretends to more of artistic completeness ; it consists of letters from Rome, Florence, and elsewhere, written to their several friends by an English girl and a self-analytical Englishman, who fall in love with each other. Accidents of travelling separate them, and we never know the end of their story. The elegiacs of this poem faintly recall Goethe's Roman elegies : the hexameters are like those of the *Bothie*. *Dipsychus*, as its name implies, is the story of a man with a double soul—or rather with two voices in his soul ; one impelling him to seek the world and action and indulge his instincts, the other leading him aside to meditation and the purity of a secluded life. It is the old contest between flesh and spirit, real and ideal, action and dreaming, the world as it is and as it might be, viewed through the peculiar medium of Clough's perturbations at the time when he composed it. How much it owes to Faust in conception and execution we need not inquire. It is a curious example of the powerlessness to take any course, the wire-drawn subtlety, the high moral tone, and the mixed motives of modern scepticism. One or two passages in this poem reveal a greater fluency of language than is common with Clough. We will conclude our notice by extracting one of these :—

O happy hours !

O compensation ample for long days
Of what impatient tongues call wretchedness !
O beautiful beneath the magic moon
To walk the watery way of palaces !
O beautiful, o'ervaulted with gemmed blue,
This spacious court, with colour and with gold,
With cupolas and pinnacles, and points,
And crosses multiplex, and tips and balls
Wherewith the bright stars unrepining mix,
(Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused) ;
Fantastically perfect this low pile
Of Oriental glory ; these long ranges
Of classic chiselling, this gay flickering crowd,
And the calm campanile. Beautiful !
O beautiful ! and that seemed more profound,
This morning by the pillar when I sat
Under the great arcade at the review,
And took, and held, and ordered on my brain
The faces and the voices, and the whole mass
O' the motley facts of existence flowing by !
O perfect if 'twere all ! But it is not ;
Hints haunt me ever of a more beyond ;
I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
Of a completion over soon assumed,
Of adding up too soon. What we call sin,
I could believe a painful opening out
Of paths for ampler virtue. The bare field
Scant with lean ears of harvest, long had mocked
The vexed laborious farmer ; came at length
The deep plough in the lazy under-soil
Down-driving ; with a cry Earth's fibres crack,
And a few months, and lo ! the golden leas,
And Autumn's crowded shocks and loaded wains.

The Peace-Conflicts of India.

"ANY news from India?"

"Only another row."

"What about? A woman in the case?"

"Not this time: something about oilman's stores and mutton."

Such, with incidental variations, is too often the style of conversation heard after the arrival of an Indian mail. The great sensation of the month is some new "scandal." The Indian journals indeed are seldom without an excitement of an intensely personal character. Somebody's reputation is being tried in the balance. As soon as the country ceases to be convulsed with war, the conflicts of peace commence. A drowsy cantonment, or a bustling hill station, may be the scene of strife. The contention may be purely among the men; or a woman, if not the *causa teterrima belli*, may be mixed up with it, and "more embroil the affray." In some cases, perhaps, there may be grave infractions of the moral law; but in others the story is encrusted with the pettiest personalities, which, however exciting they may be on the spot, are regarded at a distance simply with contempt; and the pity of it is, that often great and honourable names are associated with these small and discreditable "scandals." The general inference then is, that there is something in an Indian sun that "breeds maggots," not only in "dead dogs," but also in "live lions." A distinguished general, who is supposed to know as much at least of the theory of war as any man in the British army, and who is said to be equally sagacious in council, is suddenly paraded before the public in connection with an unseemly dispute with one of his aides-de-camp. It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into the merits of the last "scandal," even if the fact that it was, at the date of our last advices from India, still under investigation by a judicial tribunal, did not forbid any pre-judgment of the case. Nor shall we analyse any of its predecessors. But the natural history of these "scandals" is not unworthy of examination. We hear much about the "demoralizing effects of the Indian climate." It is said that these things would not have happened anywhere else. Is it so? We will endeavour to show how far the conditions of Anglo-Indian society contribute to the growth of the evil.

We are unwilling to accept those sweeping statements so often made to the effect that Anglo-Indian morality is on a very low scale in comparison with that which is maintained among Englishmen at home. There are, doubtless, some special circumstances which must be admitted to have a deteriorating effect upon society in India—circumstances of which we

shall presently speak in detail—but there are others the tendency of which is towards the maintenance of sound morality. Foremost among these is the fact that there can be no secrecy; nothing can be done in the darkness. The Englishman in India is a marked man. He is never lost in a crowd. All his habits and ways of life are well known. He cannot go hither and thither without being watched. Privacy is impossible to him. Literally and figuratively, he lives with his doors and windows open towards every point of the compass. His countrymen are able to take his exact measure. He cannot lead a disreputable life and bear a respectable character. There is no such thing as “keeping up appearances.” In England you may live next door to a man, or even lodge in the same house with him, and yet take no account of his name, much less of his doings. In our large towns, we are mostly too busy to concern ourselves about the affairs of our neighbours; the multitude of those neighbours is distracting; and individual recognitions, except on a very limited scale, are impossible. Mr. Brown in Belgravia may be “Mr. Jones” in St. John’s Wood; yet no account may be taken of his duality. Nay, even noble lords may slip their peerages in the “shady groves of the Evangelist,” and bring no scandal upon their names. But in India, our countrymen for the most part live in a state of society resembling that which exists, not in a large town, but in a small village at home. And in our small villages scandals abound, although they seldom obtain more than a limited local notoriety. Even in the case of such residence, in the midst of small rural societies, men prone to irregularity of life may “run up to London on business,” and commit manifold transgressions without any one of their neighbours, or even the members of their own household, knowing anything about it. But in India a man can do nothing “on the sly.” Even the place where he dines is matter of notoriety. He lives, as it were, in a glass-house, surrounded by servants, who follow him everywhere. Moreover, he is generally tied down to a particular locality by official or other engagements. He cannot play the truant if he would.

There are better—by which we mean more honourable—reasons than this “hazard of concealment” for not “tempting the illicit rove.” We are disposed to think that the sanctity of domestic life is less frequently violated in India than in England, chiefly because husband and wife are “thrown upon each other” more, are more mutually dependent, in the former country than in the latter. This sense of reciprocal reliance, doubtless, rivets the chains of conjugal love and fidelity. Neither men nor women have the same external resources, the same means of obtaining excitement and variety abroad, as in European countries; and, therefore, they are the more ready to reconcile themselves to the dulness and monotony of home, to take interest in small things, and to cultivate the domestic charities. There is, indeed, no state of society in the world in which the blessing of a good wife is more thoroughly appreciated than it is among Englishmen in India.

But it must be admitted, on the other hand, that there are some

adverse circumstances which may tend in some measure to counterbalance these advantages. It is true that women marry very young in India, and that marriages are formed after very short acquaintance and with very slight mutual knowledge of character. A morning call or two, a little conversation at the band, a dinner-party, a ball, and the thing is done. It is said, too, that what is irreverently called the "marriage market" in India is not supplied with produce of the best kind; that at an early age girls are deprived of parental care, are imperfectly educated in England, under the supervision of strangers, and return, whilst yet in their teens, to the care of parents in India of whom they know little or nothing. But this evil has been in recent years very much modified by the extension of steam communication and by the more liberal character of the furlough regulations. In old times, a child was often sent to England, and ten or twelve years afterwards returned a grown woman to a father and a mother whom during all that time she had never seen. But, in these days, it rarely happens that a separation of this kind endures during many years. The separation is of another kind,—the separation of husband and wife. And this is another of the deteriorating circumstances to which we have referred. The domestic "scandals," of which, unhappily, we have too many instances on the records of the divorce court, are mostly the growth of these enforced separations. The wife goes home to see her children or to recruit her health; and either on the voyage to England or during her residence there may be exposed to grievous temptation. This, doubtless, is a peculiarity of Indian life, though the mischief occurs out of India. There is something, however, of the same kind in the country itself. "Scandals" do arise, at the hill stations, where women temporarily separated from their husbands—"grass widows"—enjoy themselves in the invigorating mountain air whilst their husbands are toiling on the plains. They are exposed to the flatteries and seductions of idle men, who have nothing to do but to make themselves agreeable to others and to amuse themselves. It would be strange if there were not some shipwrecks of domestic happiness. But domestic happiness is wrecked at times in all parts of the civilized world. We do not claim for Anglo-Indian society any immunity from those stains and blots which deface social life in Europe; but we are disposed to think that, as a whole, the morality of our countrymen in the East is substantially on a higher scale than in other parts of the world, where men are less easily found out.

Why then do we hear so much of these Indian scandals? The question almost answers itself. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.* In England a vast deal exists that does not appear. In India everything that exists in the lives of English residents does appear, and with an ostentatious appearance. We hear of more "scandals" in India in proportion to the extent of European society, but it does not follow, therefore, that more scandalous things are done. The magnitude of the evil consists mainly in our hearing of it. That which excites much interest in India, would excite little or none in England. Petty personal matters

loom large in a country where, in times of peace, there are no great questions to dwarf them. An Indian newspaper, day after day, or week after week, devotes whole pages to a Mhow scandal or a Simlah scandal; and its readers find the record of these personal conflicts very entertaining matter. In dull times such incidents as these are god-sends to hungry journalists. It is very much the same all over the journalising world. During the past month our own papers have been dealing largely in "scandals," which at a busier season of the year would necessarily have been overlaid by more important intelligence. To the question, "Why do we hear so much of these election scandals?" we might answer, "Because we hear of them." Whether it be a matter of buying votes or selling mutton, it is all the same. We should have heard little or nothing of all these minute details of bribery and corruption, if the committees of investigation and the two Houses of Parliament had been sitting at the same time. But in the long vacation we are glad of such little excitements. They are to us very much what the scandals of which we are writing are to the Anglo-Indian community in times of peace. Election scandals are large matters in proportion to those which obtain such painful prominence in India; but so is the community that takes account of them a large community in proportion to that which gloats over the personal contentions of Simlah or Mhow. Except in times of war or revolution, no great questions rise up in India to interest the great mass of the Anglo-Indian community. Of course there are great questions—perhaps, the greatest in the world—continually pressing forward for solution; but though they are deeply interesting to a few thinking minds, to the majority of our countrymen in India they are essentially dull. Who doubts that nine out of ten readers of an Indian newspaper, seeing in contiguous columns "The Simlah Scandal" and the "Famine in Orissa," incontinently address themselves first to all the details of the former?

It comes to this, that the conditions of Anglo-Indian society render it necessary that the petty personal conflicts, from whatever source they may arise, which for convenience we designate by the generic name of "scandals," should obtain extraordinary prominence in India. It may be an affair of love or an affair of money; but when it may be fairly surmised that a very large majority of the readers of a newspaper know something about the parties concerned in the case, it is, of course, published with minuteness of detail. In England not a thousandth—perhaps not a ten thousandth part of the readers of a newspaper know or care anything about any particular "case" reported in its columns. Half-a-dozen divorce suits are disposed of by the judge ordinary in the course of a day, and the whole are reported, except on very special occasions, in half-a-column of our daily papers; and, perhaps, among them is an "Indian case," which would have afforded column after column of sensation matter to an Indian journal, if it had been investigated in one of the presidential high courts. We have, at times, too, our military "scandals," in regiments stationed at home; but, except in rare

instances, as for example that of the famous "black bottle" affair, the interest which they excite is very limited, and, therefore, the space devoted to them in our journals is the same. Now, all this is very intelligible; but when due allowance is made for it, is it sufficient to account wholly for the apparent frequency of these Indian "scandals;" or are there other conditions of Anglo-Indian society affecting not merely the apparent, but also the existent? We cannot answer this question altogether in the negative. We believe that the comparative frequency of these Indian scandals has been very much exaggerated, because they have been obtruded more prominently upon public notice; but we do not deny that the comparison is, to some extent, to the disadvantage of India. There are circumstances, doubtless, which favour the growth of the evil in that country. It remains then for us to consider what they are.

The "scandals" of which we write are mostly military "scandals," and they are developed in time of peace. When India is convulsed with war, foreign or domestic, we seldom hear anything of these things, and it may be presumed that they do not exist. When men have a common enemy to face, they are little minded to quarrel among themselves. They have too much to do and too much to think of, to vex themselves or others about trifles. Moreover, a feeling of comradeship is engendered by the sense of a common danger, and the quest of a common object; petty animosities and irritations subside under the excitement of strenuous action; men are knit to each other in bonds of brotherhood at such a time, and know none but honourable rivalries. But in the dreary stagnation of cantonment-life in India, our officers have too much time upon their hands. If idleness be not the mother of all the vices, she is assuredly the mother of strife. But it may be said that there is plenty of idleness in our English garrison towns. Doubtless, and our English garrison towns are sometimes hotbeds of scandal. But there are many circumstances which mitigate the evils of the *far-niente* in England. The climate of India during a great part of the year compels inaction. Military life, in time of peace, at home may not be burdened with very heavy duties; but there is much more social occupation than in the East. Existence may not be very profitable; but it is not a dreary blank. The curse of *ennui* does not sit upon our officers in such places as Maidstone and Canterbury, Dublin and Brighton. One station may be more or less lively than another; but on the whole there is no lack of amusement. Idle men of good address are always in requisition in our provincial towns. There are pic-nics and croquet parties, and cricket-matches in the summer; shooting and hunting and steeple-chasing in the autumn and winter; and balls and dinner-parties at all seasons. In such circumstances officers diffuse themselves more than they can at an Indian station, where the society is so much more limited. What is the effect of a handful of people being, as it were, shut up together, with no possibility of escape, is especially observable in life on board-ship. In the old times—not so very long ago

after all—when the voyage to and from India occupied four or five months, it was seldom accomplished without a “scandal.” People became very intimate and familiar with each other; and it often happened that the closest friends at the beginning of a voyage were the bitterest enemies at the end. If there were no quarrels before the ship entered the Hooghly or the Channel, it was a blessing for which the passengers had good cause devoutly to be thankful. Now, the society of a military cantonment in India very much resembles that of a large passenger vessel. People become very intimate and familiar with each other, and out of this intimacy and familiarity come contempt and strife. In the absence of all larger objects and interests, little things become great. Petty grievances and causes of offence are exaggerated. The apple of contention grows in time to the size of an immense gourd. It is watered and nourished on either side by the partisanship of lookers-on, who, in the general dearth of excitement, find a stimulating occupation in watching the affray.

We do not mean to say that military society in India is necessarily distinguished by the frequency of its scandals and contentions. We have known large stations, the residents of which have dwelt together for years in the utmost harmony; where the married families lived in affectionate intercourse with each other, and their houses were continually open to the younger officers of the cantonment. But as the stations which we have in mind were chiefly in the vicinity of the great presidency towns, the fact of which we speak rather strengthens than impairs our argument. In the vicinity of the presidency an officer has a larger circle of friends and acquaintances, and a greater diversity of objects of interest. Everything is on a larger scale. He does not see eternally the same faces, or from week's end to week's end hear the same style of conversation. But in an “up-country” station, if a man is bored, there is no escape; if he is *ennuyé*, there is no relief. An absorbing occupation is an antidote against the poison of petty provocations. But there is seldom any such safeguard in the accompaniments of military life in a Mofussil station. We all know what are the jealousies and animosities—the rivalries and malignities—the scandals and backbitings—the “evil tongues and rash judgments”—which often make society in remote rural districts as unlovely and uncharitable as the spots on which they dwell are lovely and benign. But in the metropolis people have little time to quarrel, and they are case-hardened against small aggravations. The attrition of the world soon rubs off the mark left by paltry annoyances. But in small communities and in remote places these annoyances stick to men like burrs, because they have seldom sufficient occupation to wear them off. So it is in our more remote Indian military stations. Idleness begets and nourishes strife.

Another illustration of this may be discerned in the fact that we seldom hear anything of these “scandals” among the members of the Indian Civil Service, who for the most part are occupied from morning to night in the performance of important duties. Take such a picture as

this—and it is not an exaggerated one—of the daily life of a revenue officer in India:—

We see him exerting daily, and with no vain or fruitless result, all his faculties of observation, of research, of penetration, of judgment. It is a strange sight—a wonderful proof of the power of intellectual and moral education—to watch the respect and confidence evinced by grey-headed men towards that beardless youth. We see him, in the early morning mist, stretching at an inspiring gallop over the dewy fields. Not unmindful is he of the hare, which scuds away from his horse's feet; of the call of the partridge from the brake; or of the wild fowl on the marsh. The well-earned holiday will arrive, when he will be able to follow these, or perhaps nobler game; but at present he has other work on hand. He is on his way to some distant point, where measurements are to be tested, doubts resolved, or objections investigated. This done, he returns to his solitary breakfast, cheered by the companionship of a book, or perhaps by letters from a far-distant land—doubly welcome under such circumstances. The forenoon is spent in receiving reports from the native officers employed under him; in directing their operations; in examining, comparing, analysing, and arranging the various information which comes in from all quarters. As the day advances, the wide-spread shade begins to be peopled with living figures. Group after group of villagers arrive in their best and whitest dresses; and a hum of voices succeeds to the stillness, before only broken by the cooing of the dove, and the scream of the parrot. The carpet is then spread in the open air; the chair is set; litigants and spectators take their seats on the ground in orderly ranks; silence is proclaimed, and the rural court is opened. As case after case is brought forward, the very demeanour of the parties, and of the crowds around, seems to point out on which side justice lies. No need here of *ex parte* decisions, or claims lost through default. All are free to come and go, with little trouble, and at no expense. No need of lengthened pleadings. A few simple questions bring out the matter of the suit, and the grounds on which it rests. No need of lists of witnesses. Scores of witnesses are ready on the spot, alike unsummoned and untutored. No need of the Koran, or Ganges water. The love of truth is strong, even in an Indian breast, when preserved from counteracting influences; still more so, then, when the sanction of public opinion assists and protects the rightful cause. In such a court Abraham sat, when arbitrating among his simple-minded herdsmen. In such a court was justice everywhere administered in the childhood of the human race; before wealth increased, and with wealth complicated interests, and law became a science requiring a life's study to understand. Strange must that man's character be, and dull his sympathies, who, in the midst of occupations like these, does not find his heart accompanying and lightening his labours.

This is a sketch of civil work written by a distinguished civilian,* and the truth of it has been amply confirmed by other writers of the same profession. In Mr. Charles Raikes's entertaining and instructive volume entitled *Notes on the North-Western Provinces*, and in Mr. Edwards's more recently published work, *Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian*, we see distinctly the character of civil work in India—how varied and important, and, above all, how deeply interesting it is. As the extract which we have given represents this work on the revenue side, so Mr. Raikes's book chiefly treats of the judicial, and Mr. Edwards's of its political aspects.

Men who spend their lives in this way are not likely to be mixed up with petty "scandals." But very different is the existence of a military officer at an up-country station. During the greater part of the year, the heat of the climate forbids regimental exercises of any kind except in the

* Originally published in the *Calcutta Review*.

morning and the evening, and even in the cold weather they occupy only a few hours of the day. There is a book-club and a band and a billiard-table (perhaps not all of these), and little or nothing beyond to occupy and amuse the mind. There is good soil, therefore, for the growth of strife. The beginning may be very small; but it grows apace, and soon assumes portentous dimensions. And the worst of it is that in this view of the case, looking upon idleness as the root of the evil, there is every prospect of an increasing number of these scandals. The recent changes in the organization of the Indian Army have necessarily had a great effect upon military society. The Indian officer, "pure and simple," looking upon India as his home, taking a deep interest in the country and its people, studying the native languages so as to prepare himself for useful and honourable work, proud of his profession and content with his way of life, is now giving place to the "general service" officer, the bird of passage, who looks upon his residence in India as a period of hated exile, and only cares to kill the time until the happy hour of his release from the bondage which his soul abhors. With sixty or seventy thousands of European soldiers in India, the country must be over-run with officers of this class—honourable gentlemen and good military leaders—but with tastes and dispositions utterly untuned to the environments of Indian life. Exceptions may, doubtless, be found. Among the many there may be some who, looking seriously at their position, begin to discern attainable objects not unworthy of their best endeavours, and gradually open their eyes to the fact that an Indian career may not be so bad a thing after all. But that a very large majority will always be found, who can by no means reconcile themselves to Indian life, is unfortunately not to be doubted. A hatred of India is natural to this class of officers. They have not enlisted for Indian service, and they look upon the necessity of taking their turn of duty in so abominable a country as the one great drawback from the advantages of their general position as officers of her Majesty's army.

And we are afraid that this is not all. There are many of the old race of Company's officers, who, having gone out flushed with pleasurable anticipations of an Indian career, have been deprived of all heart and hope by the changes incident upon the transfer of the Indian Government to the Crown, and have settled down into a state of discontent from which it is scarcely probable that they will ever emerge. Every one now says that "India is not what it was. The Indian service is not what it was." There is a general hatred of India, of which those who left the country some twelve or fifteen years ago can form no adequate conception. There are few who are not eager to quit it, but who do not feel, at the same time, that from the loss of prospects they have sustained, it is more difficult to quit it than ever. These "Indian Army grievances" of which we have heard so much,—words which, perhaps, to the general public convey only a very vague idea,—have grievously affected that general efficiency which has its source in loyalty and content. We trust that the more liberal

view, which has been taken by the present Government, of the equitable claims of the aggrieved officers, may have some effect in allaying the very natural and excusable irritation which for some years has disturbed the minds of the officers of the old Company's army ; but we are afraid that those miserable words, " too late," are inscribed upon these acts of tardy justice. " The beautiful has vanished, and returns not."

Nothing can bring back the hour
Of glory to the grass—of splendour to the flower—

And nothing can bring back the confidence and affection which has once been banished by acts of grievous injustice and wrong-doing.

But even apart from this, if the old Indian Army had been left in its normal state, still society would have been subjected to a baneful change by the influences of the Great Rebellion of 1857-58. This great historical event has doubtless shaken to its very foundation the security which Anglo-Indian residents once felt, and has engendered a bitter feud between the two races which years of peace will not be potent to allay. The atrocities which were committed during this season of convulsion has forced those who before loved, to hate India and her people. Time may mitigate this evil ; but until it has brought " healing on its wings " the wounds will be open wounds, and our people will writhe and gnash their teeth under the infliction of these running sores. Whilst this feeling exists, even our old Indian officers cannot take the interest which they once took in their work. There is, naturally, an increased tendency to send the family to England ; and so there is more and more weariness, and *insouciance*, and indolence, amongst those who were once interested and active, and who seldom or never hankered after home.

Assuming, then, that it is want of interest in the environments of Indian life, and general indolence and discontent, which, more than all else, are the provocatives of the " scandals " which have lately obtained such unfortunate notoriety in India,* it is easy to perceive that there is one remedy, or none. If a man has work to do, and takes interest in doing it, we may be sure that he will not much concern himself about those paltry personalities which fructify into " scandals." Much has been written lately about the character of the European soldier (especially in India), and of the efforts made to improve it, but as the officer is so will

* It will be seen that this is not written with any special reference to the last scandal of " Mansfield and Jervis," which must be regarded as something of an exceptional character. Still we are right in saying that even this is one of those " peace-conflicts " which would have been impossible in time of war. A lively and sagacious weekly paper—the *Examiner*—says that this " scandal " arises from the fact that aides-de-camp are after all only aides-de-cuisine—to which it has been replied that this would not have been said if the writer had known what is the " expenditure " of the personal staff of a General commanding in a pitched battle. It may be added that only in India would such a personal affair as this have been elevated into such importance by the publication of all its minutest details. Want of interest in other affairs makes this squabble intensely sensational in India, but we do not think that we have ever waded through such unreadable matter in our life.

be the soldier. If the officer thinks that his duties are limited to parade duties, there is small hope for the moral character of the men. More than twenty years ago an affectionate exhortation on this subject was anonymously addressed to the officers of the European army in India. It has since been published in the collected Essays of Sir Henry Lawrence, than whom no grander example of an Indian officer of the best school has ever shone out from the history of our Indian empire. We need make no apology for quoting them here, for nothing can possibly be more germane to the question under consideration.

It would be a wonder of wonders, if, neglected as he is, the European soldier were to occupy a higher place in the scale of Christian morality; but whatever he may have to answer for, it is almost beyond denial that the responsibilities of the officer are far greater than his own. The soldier's sins of commission are not so heavy as the officer's sins of omission, from which they are the direct emanations. The moral character of a regiment, be it good or bad, fairly reflects the amount of interest taken by the officers in the well-being of their men. The soldier wanders out of garrison or cantonment, and commits excesses abroad, because he has no inducements to remain within the precincts of the barrack square. He goes abroad in search of amusement—and he finds not amusement but excitement; he makes his way to the village toddy-shop, or to the punch-house; he seeks other haunts of vice; and when both money and credit are gone, perhaps he takes to the high road. This would not happen, if regimental officers really did their duty to their men.* It is not merely the duty of an officer to attend parade, to manœuvre a company or regiment, to mount guard, to sanction promotions, to see the pay issued, to sign monthly returns, and to wear a coat with a standing collar. The officer has higher duties to perform; a duty to his sovereign; a duty to his neighbour; a duty to his God, not to be discharged by the simple observance of these military formalities. He stands *in loco parentis*; he is the father of his men; his treatment of them should be such as to call forth their reverence and affection; and incite in them a strong feeling of shame on being detected by him in the commission of unworthy actions. It is his duty to study their characters; to interest himself in their pursuits; to enhance their comforts; to assist and to encourage, with counsel and with praise, every good effort; to extend his sympathy to them in distress; to console them in affliction—to show by every means in his power, that though exiles from home and aliens from their kindred, they have yet a friend upon earth, who will not desert them. These are the duties of the officer—and duties, too, which cannot be performed without an abundant recompence. There are many idle, good-hearted, do-nothing officers, who find the day too long, complain of the country and the climate, are devoured with *ennui*, and living between excitement and reaction, perhaps in time sink into hypochondriasis—but who would, if they were to follow our advice, tendered not arrogantly but affectionately, find that they had discovered a new pleasure; that a glory had sprung up in a shady place; that the day was never too long, the climate never too oppressive; that at their up-rising and their down-sitting serenity and cheerfulness were ever present—that in short they had begun a new life, as different from that out of which they had emerged, as the sunshine on the hill-top from the gloom in the abyss. Some may smile—some may sneer—some may acknowledge the truth dimly and forget it. To all we have one answer to give, couched in two very short words—*Try it*.

We need add nothing to this. We heartily echo those words, "*Try it!*"

* The wives of the officers have also a duty to perform; and the moral influence which they might exercise is great. Some ladies are willing to acknowledge this, not merely in word, but in deed.—To all would we say, "*Go and do likewise.*"

Sister Leucathera.

[TOWARDS the end of the last century, when popular princes and governments engaged, with something of romantic eagerness, in the task of reforming or abolishing monastic institutions on the Continent, many singular revelations took place of the mysteries which their walls had concealed; mysteries so long guarded by the religious veneration of the multitude for those walls, and also by the jealous watchfulness of the State authorities, while their alliance with the Church subsisted.

Strange and almost incredible secrets were brought to light by the researches of the inquirers; much also, to satisfy public curiosity on these hitherto almost forbidden topics, was doubtless invented, or highly coloured in the telling. But we must guard ourselves from supposing that what seems improbable, according to the habits of our age of publicity, could not therefore have occurred in days when many a dark transaction took place under the cover not only of religious but even of domestic privacy. How much of substantial foundation there may be for the history disclosed in the following pages, the translator is unable to suggest. The events described must evidently have taken place in Germany, though the German narrator has thought proper, apparently for purposes of disguise, to envelop, in a thin Italian costume, the names and rank of the personages concerned in them. This circumstance may also account for some particulars of convent manners, such as the open familiarity of the director with the sisterhood of the convent, more in accordance with honest German ways than those of more suspicious Italy.]

After I had received priests' orders (said the confessor, recounting the story of his life), I became curate in a small country village. Here I commenced my study of mankind, by making myself closely acquainted with the wants and the ways of my simple congregation. After three years' duty there, I was removed to a cure in a large city. In my new line of life I had of course the opportunity of becoming more extensively conversant with my fellow-creatures; yet not, perhaps, so familiarly, because their hearts were less open to me than those of the more child-like rustics among whom I had hitherto dwelt. Passing from one office to another, I was at last appointed spiritual director to the convent of Ursuline nuns at ——. And here a new and a very painful, if very instructive, field of observation opened itself to me. In my former avocations, I had possessed opportunities of studying the hearts of women, of all ages and positions, from the peasant-girl to the lady of rank. But I had, as yet, no idea of those terrible secrets which familiarity with the

strivings and workings of the female soul, under the unnatural compression of the cloister and the vow, was now to disclose to me. I carry about with me the burden of many such disclosures. They must remain buried in my solitary remembrance. My duty to Heaven as a consecrated priest, my duty to my confiding penitents as a man, impose on me equally a rigorous silence. One exception only I am about to make, because, under the strange circumstances of the case, I feel not only permitted, but as I may say invited, by the tacit instigation of her who was concerned in it, to reveal its mysteries.

I had won so thoroughly, and I must add, by honesty and uprightness, the confidence of the lady superior of the convent, that she would undertake nothing without calling me first into counsel.

One day—it was the eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin—she sent one of the convent servants to fetch me. She received me, not in her chamber as usual, but in the passage leading to it. There was, she said, a stranger in her room. The portress of the convent, on opening the outer door that morning, had found a strange young woman sitting on the stone bench outside. She had apparently passed the night there. To the questions of the portress, she replied that she wanted to be received into the convent. For what purpose? As a nun, lay sister, maid-servant even. “The portress admitted her to me. She gave me her name and place of birth, and repeated to me the requests she had addressed to the portress. I explained to her the impossibility of complying with them; how our numbers were full, and other rules respecting admission could not be complied with in her case. She fell at my feet, wept bitterly, prayed me in God’s name to receive her. She has, she says, no other refuge in the world, and if driven from the convent must only seek the way to the nearest deep water.

“There is something so earnest and determined in her manner,” said the abbess, “that I really dare not repulse her as I had intended; and I have sent for you to ask your counsel?”

“Before I can give it,” I replied, “I must talk with the maiden myself.” The abbess led me to her room.

I found there even more than I had conjectured. The visitor was a young female of extraordinary beauty, and noble figure. Her black eyes gleamed, even proudly, through her tears. Her black hair fell in abundant ringlets around a finely formed bust. Her dress was of the simplest burgher class. At first sight I set her down as a city damsel of more than usual refinement, whom some mischance or other had moved to seek this refuge.

“Is it your serious purpose,” I asked her, “to be received into this convent?”

She answered with a steady look and voice, “It is my fixed, unchangeable purpose.”

“What brings you to us? Is it poverty, or unhappy love, or an unruly temper, or caprice, or a real desire for the life of a recluse?”

"Only a longing to consecrate my life in solitude to God."

"That is a noble resolution. But can you answer for it, that your mind will not alter?"

"That my year of probation must show."

"And have you no refuge in the world but this convent?"

"None in the world."

"Suppose our rules made it impossible for us to receive you?"

"My lot would be a pitiable one."

"What would you do?"

"Throw myself into the first water I could find."

"Then it is despair which brings you to the convent? Such an offering could not be acceptable to God."

"Do not call it despair. But if it were so, the results would show that I can serve God in this state with a happy mind."

"Do you not believe that one may serve God also out of the cloister?"

"Surely. But the world is now nothing to me. I have no ties to it."

"Have you any crime on your soul, on account of which the world has renounced you?"

(With a smile.) "Oh, no. I bring to God a pure conscience."

"Do you know whether your friends would not disapprove of your resolution?"

"I have no friends."

"Or your parents?"

"I have no longer a father. My mother has been dead many years."

"Who are you, and whence come you?"

"I am a poor orphan, from ———. My father was a merchant; he met with misfortunes."

"Your name?"

"What matters a name? Johanna D——."

"You must pardon my next question; are you free from all attachment, lawful or unlawful? Do you bring a virgin soul to the cloister?"

"Heaven knows my heart; I am an honourable maiden."

I was overcome, and yet hardly persuaded. I counselled the abbess to accept Johanna as a lay sister; and the girl thanked me on her knees.

"What do you think of her?" said the abbess, when we were alone. "Of all the females whom I have received into this convent, none has appeared to feel such passionate gratitude towards me."

"I must confess," I said, "that I suspend for the present my judgment on her. I will only say, she seems excited and enthusiastic."

"I am the more glad that I received her," said the good abbess. "She might have executed her threat. Tranquillity here will, at all events, calm her mind, and the rest time will show."

And time only confirmed the abbess's satisfaction with her charitable resolution. Johanna, in her low estate of lay sister, became gradually the favourite, and example, of the convent. She was active, dexterous, obedient,

persevering : most eager to execute, and, if possible, anticipate, every duty imposed upon her. Her accomplishments as a sempstress, and in other feminine work, were the marvel of the community. And the time not devoted to such occupation was spent in earnest prayer. Recreation she could scarcely be persuaded to take. Always amiable and helpful among the sisterhood, it was nevertheless noticed that she made no special friends; all her associates seemed to stand equally high in her favour. This particularly pleased the abbess, as it left no room for that petty partisanship and caballing which are the curse of convents. I had, myself, frequent occasions for conversation with her; and I must own that I endeavoured, by every little art, to surprise her secret, for such I was convinced she had. But her acuteness enabled her to evade all my endeavours. Her understanding, and even her knowledge, surprised me; and though I held her at first for a little romantic, her quiet, sensible, unobtrusive demeanour, through a period of several months, effaced to a certain extent this impression.

Johanna had been regularly admitted a novice, and I was now directed by the abbess to prepare her for taking the vows at the approaching end of her probation. I had often performed this duty for others, and generally found that it was an easy task : a few commonplace exhortations, easily given and readily received, sufficed to confirm the ordinary class of novices in their vocation. I was not long in perceiving that on Johanna's quick understanding and energetic nature all such trivialities had no effect whatever. And at the same time—now that the hour for which she had to all appearance so much longed was approaching—the cheerfulness which had hitherto distinguished her seemed to subside, and a fitful but increasing melancholy to take possession of her soul. She would pray for half a day together in the chapel, before the picture of Santa Maria del Pianto, so rapt in her enthusiasm that I have stood close beside her without her perceiving me. Her bosom heaved tumultuously; deep, long sighs seemed to force themselves from her heart, as if under the pressure of a heavy burden. When she thus knelt, with folded hands and immovable, before the blessed image, she seemed like one who was expecting to be addressed by a supernatural voice; and then her lips would move, as if in answer to her unseen companion. She grew gradually sadder and more reserved, and her bodily frame seemed to suffer with her soul. The abbess and nuns held her for an incipient saint, and were proud of having such an *estatica* among them, and that in the person of so universal a favourite as Johanna. I, more amply conversant with the dark ways which lead to religious insanity, looked on with deep concern and fear.

On one occasion, having communicated to the abbess my apprehensions on account of this strange and strangely interesting girl, I received a message to pay the venerable mother a visit. I repeated what I had urged before. "Your anxiety comes too late," said the abbess, with a smile. "How!" said I, eagerly: "you cannot mean that her reason has already given way?" "By no means," said the abbess; "but she is

here, and shall speak for herself." She called her in, and Johanna entered. What was my astonishment, to see before me, not the melancholy enthusiast whom I had last seen, but the same bright, satisfied, cheerful creature that she had appeared to be during the first months of her sojourn! Her modest smile, her colour, her beauty, all had returned to her. She brought with her a basketful of needlework. The abbess could not repress her astonishment at the amount, and the perfection, of the work thus executed. "It is wonderful, indeed," she said. "Take with you this new task to perform; but mind not to over-exert yourself, or injure your eyes." With a graceful reverence and a light step, the lovely novice departed.

"I confess," said I to the abbess, "that I cannot tell what to make of her. The longer I observe, the less I understand her. I have learnt to know many human beings; but all my experience is wasted here. Such profound melancholy—and then so sudden a return to good humour.

"I can understand it no better than yourself," said the abbess. "I can only wish all my nuns were as good, as obedient and attentive as she is. But she is a mystery. No one from without makes inquiries after her. Shall we ever discover who she really is?"

"If not by accident, I doubt it. I have made every effort in vain to learn anything from herself."

"So have I. But she always abides by her first answer:—'I am of such a name and place; I have no father, and my mother has been long dead.' 'Johanna!' I have answered, 'speak the truth; I am very sure you have more to tell than this.' 'I have said the truth,' she would reply, in tears; 'I am an honest girl.' I cannot make up my mind to torment her further. But that she is something more than she avows, I have no doubt."

"Have you watched to find out whether she ever writes letters, or receives them?"

"I have. It is impossible she can have written a line. And all letters which arrive pass through my hands."

"Yet it is still possible inquiry may be made for her. Will you not delay a little longer the period for her taking the veil?"

"I have delayed it already, until I have felt myself unjust towards one who longs so intently for the privilege, and is so worthy of it."

"At all events, permit me to put her through a farther course of preparation."

And I devoted myself, most earnestly and most conscientiously, to this perplexing task. That I still sought, and even by artifice, to wind myself if possible into her secret, I cannot deny; but all my efforts were in vain against her sharp-sightedness and her determination. She felt, or assumed, indignation at my tactics. "I am an honourable maiden," she repeated, over and over again, "and you set to work with me as a detective with a runaway criminal, an adventurer, a swindler. How can you expect me to return open-hearted confidence for treatment like this, or to be other than

you often see me—sullen and reserved?" Foiled in this direction, I tried her in another. That she was more familiar with the world than was consistent with her story, I had no doubt. Instead of following the confessor's ordinary course of depreciating its attractions, I painted them in the highest colours. I adjured, I implored her not to relinquish society; not to throw away innocent, earthly enjoyment in a delusive longing for imaginary perfection; not to mistake, as so many had done within my knowledge, to the destruction of soul as well as body, disappointment, or pique, or grievous sorrow, for real vocation. All in vain. She listened to my eloquence with a slightly contemptuous smile; she did not doubt my kind intentions in thus warning her against an overhasty step; she did not depreciate those secular pleasures which I depicted to her; but she had lost everything dear to her in this world, and with that loss all interest in it, and her heart was solely set on a religious life.

Once—and once only—I seemed on the point of penetrating within the guarded boundary.

I had been dwelling on some cases with which I was personally acquainted, where religious insanity had followed a rash taking of the vows. One of these victims belonged to our convent, and was known by name to her. She asked me the cause of her calamity.

"I believe," said I, "that her affections had been fixed, in the world, on some one of whose death she suddenly heard; that on this she became a nun, and afterwards, when too late, was apprised that he still lived.

She almost started back, and the colour left her face. "That is indeed a pitiable lot," she murmured.

"And what more likely than that the same terrible deceit should occur again; if not precisely in that form, at least in something resembling it?—that the unhappy victim, just when the irrevocable vow had separated her from outer life for ever, should discover that the overmastering regret which had driven her into the snare was unfounded—that the shipwreck, which she had deemed total, was partial only, or was altogether imaginary—that the clouds were about to clear away from her young life, just when she imagined them closing in utter darkness? How would it be with you—oh, Johanna—if you, too, were to make this fatal discovery when to make it could only light within you the never-dying fire of disappointment and impious despair?"

"Then, indeed," she muttered with a broken voice, "I should be of all women most miserable. But it cannot be."

And to all efforts of mine to open any farther the door, which I for a moment fancied I had unlocked, she remained utterly impassive. She only repeated her firm resolution to take the veil, and her entreaties that no further delay might be interposed.

"I remain as undecided as before," I said to the abbess. "Either Johanna is almost a saint, or she is the most consummate hypocrite with whom I ever made acquaintance."

"I accept the alternative," said the kind-hearted superior. "Heaven shall judge between me and Johanna. I will not abandon the orphan, who has edified me for these many months by her obedience, her virtue, and her piety. She shall have her wish."

The decisive ceremony soon followed; and Johanna went through it with calm resolution, and every appearance of deep devotion. All those who had assembled to witness the proceeding were edified as they looked on her: the young were enchanted with her beauty; and matrons wept over her tears of joy and sympathy. If her voice for once faltered, and a convulsive effort of self-restraint passed over her features, at the moment of pronouncing the awful vow, every trace of emotion had disappeared from face and forehead before she lifted her eyes from the ground. Her nun's attire became her infinitely, and she was pronounced by all the handsomest inmate of the convent.

Soon after her admission, however, the melancholy fit returned upon her. But she performed all her new duties with the most zealous alacrity: continued punctually obedient to the abbess, and full of attentions for all her associates; while at the same time she appeared rapt in devotion day and night, and even her hours of ordinary occupation were hours of prayer also, for she sang psalms continually at her work.

After half a year thus passed, her cheerfulness seemed gradually to return. The portress of the convent was lately dead; and the exemplary sister Leucatheia (such was the religious name bestowed on Johanna by the bishop at her admission) was appointed to the vacant place to the satisfaction of all.

She fulfilled its duties, for a long time, to equally universal admiration. They brought her, comparatively speaking, into much contact with the outer world. Her constant occupation in answering inquiries at the gate, conveying messages, discussing matters of business with strangers, and transacting no small share of the affairs of the convent, seemed to leave her scarcely an opportunity for relapsing into that melancholy to which she had appeared subject. Her fits of sadness were forgotten by the sisterhood, and so was her questionable origin.

One day, however, on advancing to greet her as usual, I was struck with the recurrence of the old expression, which had so much saddened and perplexed me, on her countenance. "She is much altered," said the abbess, in answer to my question: "I fear a fit of her former depression is impending over her. The sisters whose cells are nearest to hers, hear her weep and sob in the night, and talk as if in conversation with some one. She prays more zealously than ever, and spends hours, as formerly, in a kind of rapture at the feet of Santa Maria del Pianto."

Leucatheia now entered with a letter for the abbess. I was looking fixedly at her mournful features, when sisters Agatha and Lucia rushed suddenly into the room. "Venerable mother," they began—but suddenly lost the power of speech, as they stared, with open, terrified eyes, at Leucatheia.

"What is the matter, you hasty, noisy girls, that you frighten me so?"

Both.—"Oh, God! Leucatheia!"

Leucatheia.—"What is this?"

Abbess.—"What have you to say against her? Here she is—speak: but one at a time."

"Nothing to say against her: she is our dear, good sister; but when we saw her just now, we were so frightened!"

"You, Agatha, tell me the story."

"I—I—we went, just now, to the altar of Santa Maria del Pianto. There we saw Leucatheia kneeling and praying so earnestly."

(I observed Leucatheia's countenance strangely disturbed.)

"She sank all at once to the ground. We hastened to her: she was cold, lifeless to all appearance: we thought she had fainted, and hastened to you to get cordials for her; and here, to our terror, we find her standing beside you—her whom we had just left lying, as if dead, at the foot of the altar."

We all looked astonished at each other.

"Are you sure," said the abbess, "that your eyes did not deceive you?"

"We are ready to die in your presence, if we have not seen what we say."

"Did you go into the chapel, Leucatheia?"

She (composedly).—"Not a step."

She moved as if to leave us.

"Stay here," said the abbess, "and do not stir from your place. We will go together to the altar. If these girls' story is true, she whom they have seen will be lying there still. She cannot have recovered so soon."

Leucatheia trembled and shook: an anguish as of death made large drops of perspiration stand on her brow.

We went into the chapel. A nameless feeling of dread overmastered me. It was true! There was our Leucatheia: not in a fainting fit, as described: but kneeling, in a rapture of devotion, before the image. The nuns crossed themselves in silence. At this moment the Leucatheia, who was following us, stepped in. When she beheld her double self, she uttered a scream of terror, and fell backward. We hastened to her help: there was no sign of life in her: we raised her, to carry her to her bed: when we looked round, the other Leucatheia, at the altar, had disappeared.

"Heaven help us," said the abbess, "she has seen her *wraith*! it is the token of her death." She was removed to her cell, where she lay, apparently at death's door, many days; and yet during that time several nuns asserted that they had seen her, sometimes in the chapel, sometimes at her accustomed gate; but we set these revelations down to the credit of fancies excited by the strange scene which we had actually witnessed. Slowly she recovered, and prayed to be admitted to the sacraments. Once more I had to undertake the task of confessing her, but she disclosed nothing but trifling every-day faults, such as no one but a nun would ever think

of confessing at all. She denied, as obstinately as ever, the existence of any secret. I gave her absolution, and extreme unction, which she received to the edification of all. But after the celebration she grew gradually better, and seemed as if inspired with a new life. She recovered. She was active and helpful as ever; lively, and full of spirit; quick even in her movements, which had not been observed in her before; she became once more the favourite of all, and the weird sight which we had once seen only haunted us like a half-forgotten bad dream.

Such she remained for more than a year. And then (it seems trivial, yet is indispensable for my purposes to chronicle the vacillations of her mental condition), the melancholy fit returned anew, and grew so on her in the course of another twelvemonth, as to seem likely to end in the gloom of fixed despair.

On the morning before the eve of Saint Peter and Paul, when I came to the convent to hear the confessions of the nuns who wished to communicate in order to obtain the plenary indulgence accorded for that day, I found the sisterhood in the most frightful confusion. Every one was running against another, the inmates were crossing and blessing themselves, and lamenting, as if the last judgment was at hand. They collected in groups in the corridors, talking vehemently and gesticulating to each other.

I was taken to the superior. "Only think, reverend father," she said, "how one's judgment may be deceived. Could you have believed that the pious, devout Leucatheia—she who though still living was praised as a saint—she whom I set before all the members of the convent as an example of holiness—has after all deluded the whole of us? That she is the greatest and most shameless of hypocrites?"

"Inconceivable!"

"So it was to me; and I could scarcely believe my eyes when they brought her to me to-day."

"What is her crime?"

"This morning, when the sacristaness was going through the corridor to the choir, on her way to ring the bell for matins, she found our portress, this saint of a Leucatheia, in a lady's secular dress, just about to escape through the gate. She seizes on the fugitive, and pulls her back. Leucatheia falls on her knees, and prays her for God's sake not to inform against her; she promises to return at once to her cell and to keep quiet, if only she is not betrayed to the sisterhood. But the sacristaness would not attend to her, and called for help. The other nuns came hurrying in, and dragged Leucatheia to me. Conceive my terror and astonishment when the hypocrite was brought before me in complete lay travelling attire, and made her confession to me! She could not deny that she had been out of the convent, but declared that a restless conscience had made her return to it. The nuns heaped reproaches on her, and some of them would have actually ill-treated her had I not rescued her from them by ordering her into the convent prison. I will not and cannot decide on such a

matter by myself. I mean to hold a solemn chapter with my nuns, and judgment will be given according to the voice of the majority."

"But are the majority always the wisest?"

"Therefore I pray you, reverend father, not to abandon me, but to give me your best assistance."

I accompanied the abbess to the chapter; impressing on her as earnestly as I could the necessity of acting in such a matter with infinite forethought and consideration. However strong appearances might be on one side, a single circumstance forgotten or misreported, I said, might often suffice to alter the whole character of a transaction.

We went into the chapter-room. The benches were covered with black; on a red carpet stood a table, in the same sable attire. On it were placed a crucifix, a death's head, and a bell. Not far off was another table, with a chair and writing materials for the registrar of the tribunal.

The abbess addressed the assembled nuns solemnly and touchingly, praying them to give the accused the full benefit of every doubt and misgiving which might arise in their hearts, but at the same time to remember the awful purpose of justice for which they were met together. And then followed an earnest prayer, in which we all took part. Two lay sisters now brought in Leucatheia, and set her before the abbess, on the other side of the black table.

She showed not the slightest confusion. Her eye wandered freely round the scene. No sign of terror, or of anguish, disfigured her beautiful countenance. She had on a white linen travelling robe, and a linen scarf, wound turban-fashion round her head.* She stood undisturbed and unabashed, and awaited her doom with a calmness which astonished me, and which could only belong either to the most innocent, or the most obdurate of her sex.

"On what account are you here?" asked the abbess.

"To answer such questions as may be put to me."

"What induced you to leave the convent, and to commit perjury before God and Holy Church?"

"What induced me? That I cannot fully explain to you. And the particulars would needs be indifferent to you. I fled from the convent and my vows, because an earlier vow, which I had sworn on the altar of nature and of love, called me away. But my conscience soon awoke, and punished my apostasy so severely, that I came back to you of my own accord."

All at once.—"You came back?"

Sister Lucia.—"Did I not fortunately arrest you just as you were running away? Liar!"

Leucatheia, composedly.—"No. When you thought I was escaping,

* I infer from this costume, that the date of the occurrences described was about sixty or seventy years ago.

I was in the act of returning. And I should have gone back quietly into my cell, unperceived by you or any one else.

Abbess. "Then you were absent the whole night?"

"Yes."

"How long were you absent?"

"Two years and six months."

They all looked confounded at each other.

"She does not know what she says; she has lost her senses; she is inventing a romance."

"No; I am telling the truth. I repeat, that I have lived the last two years and six months outside the convent."

"But where did you pass that time?"

"That I may not and will not say."

A Nun.—"You perceive how she lies; she is mad; she imagines she has been absent; the devil—Heaven defend us—has blinded her."

"Permit me to examine her," said I. "You will all allow that, during the years she has passed here, she has never, up to this hour, shown the slightest sign of madness. That is not a calamity which comes so suddenly and without prognostics, especially on one so calm, so collected, as you now see her. I believe that she *was* absent last night; her meaning, in adding to her confession this impossible story about the length of her absence, must now be investigated."

Leucatheia had looked at me, during my address, without altering a feature. "You give yourself much unnecessary trouble, reverend father," she said, "in endeavouring to defend my understanding from the suspicions expressed of it. I repeat, of my own accord, that I have been absent from the convent two years and a half."

"That is to say, by night, remaining there the day?"

"No: day and night, without interruption. I was more than six and forty miles from hence."*

"Six and forty miles!" murmured the bewildered nuns.

"Even so."

I.—"And what was the name of the place?"

"That I will never disclose."

"Oh, you shameless liar!" screamed one of the nuns; "now I will tear off the mask from you before the whole chapter. Can you deny that it was you who yesterday, at vespers, stood by me, and joined with me in the 'confitebor?'"

"Was it not you who intoned the lesson?" cried another.

Leucatheia.—"Not I. For two years and a half I have not even thought of vespers, much less sung a psalm."

A Nun.—"Will you make fools of us before our very faces?"

Another.—"Or could it have been your ghost?"

Leucatheia, with a scornful smile.—"Perhaps."

* German miles—equal to two hundred English..

The Sacristaness.—"Permit me, venerable mother, to put an end to this shameless imposture with a single word. You all know that we had the tonsure last week. Sister Leucatheia, did I not myself cut off your hair?"

Leucatheia.—"No."

The others.—"How dare you deny it? We were all present when she cut your hair."

Sacristaness.—"Since she will speak falsehoods, remove the band from her head."

Leucatheia tore away the scarf herself, and her long magnificent hair fell in sable masses over her shoulders and back.

"What is this?" they all cried in dismay. "We saw her hair cut with our own eyes; and these locks? This is magic; she is in league with Satan."

Leucatheia.—"Examine, if you wish, whether it is false hair."

The examination took place: it was her own!

"This is the jugglery of hell!" they exclaimed with one voice, and their amazement seemed to have reached the utmost point. Just then we were interrupted by the appearance of a body of the police, with its chief at their head. He excused himself with the utmost courtesy for his boldness in intruding on such an assembly; but he was compelled to it, he said, by his duty, and in the interest of the establishment itself. At ten o'clock last night a carriage had stopped at the door of the convent. The door opened, and a person whom he recognized at once for the pious sister Leucatheia, known to him as portress, attired in a white travelling dress, hurried out of it: a young gentleman lifted her into the carriage, and the coachman drove away immediately with such swiftness, that they had found it impossible to arrest him. The carriage went directly to the city gate, and thence, it was thought, along the road to V——. He had already sent officers in pursuit, and hoped that the fugitives would soon be brought back.

Who can describe the confusion and terror which pervaded the whole assembly? Leucatheia alone remained unmoved, without changing place or attitude. "How can this be?" exclaimed the abbess, in the utmost perplexity. "You declare that your people saw Leucatheia taken away?"

"We declare it on our conscience and official duty."

Abbess.—"Nevertheless here she stands."

The chief of the police looked round, and shrank back in affright. "God forgive me!" he said; "that is the very same person who eloped last night. Her dress, and her appearance, identical. How comes she here, while my officers are in search for her on all the roads?"

I deemed it time to put an end to the bewildering scene. I thanked the chief of the police for his attention to the concerns of the convent; and he was dismissed with full powers obtained from the abbess, to arrest and detain the fugitives wherever they might be found.

When the officers of the police had gone, the abbess said to me,—

“What is the object of all this? why try to arrest any one? Is not Leucatheia with us?”

“That,” said I, “cannot be answered in a moment; but, on reflection, you will perceive that the precaution is not superfluous.”

The Abbess (to Leucatheia).—“I adjure thee by the everlasting, all-merciful God! say, who art thou?”

Leucatheia.—“You know me. Your Leucatheia for these years past.”

“Speak the truth. All depends on it.”

“So I believe too. But what I have said is the purest truth. I am ready to die for it.”

“You, Leucatheia, took the vows in this convent?”

“I did.”

“Were you not carried off from it last night?”

“No.”

“And you declare that you have been absent two years and six months? Yet you lived all that time among us, and no one missed you for a single minute?”

“I suppose so.”

“Is it possible you can be ‘double?’”

“I know myself only as one person. Whether it is possible that I can also be another living being in this material world, that I cannot tell.”

“If you were absent, as you say, then, in order to save your honour, you ought to tell us where. Name the place.”

“That I never will.”

“Do you not believe that we could force you to it?”

“No! not if you employed torture.”

“What fate do you expect?”

“I am in your power, and abide all that awaits me.”

“Are you ready to swear, and upon that oath to take the holy communion, that you have in truth been absent from this convent two years and six months since your profession?”

“I can do so with a safe conscience.”

Leucatheia was remanded to her prison, and eight days were given her to reflect, whether she would undergo the fearful ordeal of solemnly swearing to the truth of her incredible tale. Meanwhile repeated announcements were brought us from the police, that Leucatheia had been seen, sometimes at one post-station, sometimes at another, in company of a young cavalier; the description was so minute that it was impossible not to recognize the person described as the same with her who was actually confined in our convent prison; but the authorities were always at fault—always just too late to catch the fugitive.

The captive endured her imprisonment with all the patience, and with all those outward signs of piety, with which her former life had made us familiar. The day for the awful ceremony arrived at last. I did my

utmost to render it as impressive as possible—to awaken the terrors of conscience, and bend the obstinate resolution of the sinner. With the chalice in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, Leucatheia repeated, with unfaltering lips and unchanged demeanour, the long and circumstantial form of oath which I repeated to her, comprising the details of which she had asserted the truth. Thereupon she received, devoutly, the blessed sacrament; and I could perceive tears streaming from the eyes of many of the nuns as she did so. I addressed the chapter in a few words, in which I endeavoured to give the event a colour—I will not say of the mysterious, for deeply mysterious it was in truth to me—but of the supernatural; and advised that no further inquiry should be made, the accused having been admitted to pledge herself by the most solemn of all declarations to the truth of her tale. The chapter absolved her from all punishment. True, Leucatheia had confessed a breach of her vow and a long absence from the convent, and had brought ocular proof in support of her confession. But then, all the time, Leucatheia had been in her place within its walls, and fulfilling assiduously all her duties. The whole event was suppressed, and no one spoke more of it. At the end of the ceremony, Leucatheia requested the abbess to relieve her of the charge of portress; and implored that she might be spared farther intrusion for the last few days of her life. She had vowed to God, she said, not to speak another word among her sisters after that day; and God had, in reply, revealed to her the day of her death, which would be on the feast of the patroness of the order—Saint Ursula, the 31st of October. Amidst the awe-struck silence of the assembly, she gave back the keys of her office to the abbess, and retired to her cell.

From that time forth she kept absolute silence. She prayed in silence. I saw her several times: she moved about like a living corpse. Early in October she became confined to her bed. On the thirtieth—the eve of Saint Ursula—she sent for me. “You,” she said, “have ever been considerate and tender towards me. Your behaviour deserves my confidence. The mask now falls, and a fearful eternity opens upon me. I here impart to you the true history of my life. Think of me what and how you please. Communicate the contents of this paper to others, or whelm them in the dust of oblivion; it is all the same to me. Only promise me, not to open the packet which I give you, until I am buried.” I promised. I performed for her the last offices of the church for the sinner. On the following morning—the day which she had predicted—she was found dead in her bed. On the third day she was buried. Not until then did I open the packet.

“You were in the right, reverend father,”—so her manuscript began —“when you once told the abbess that I was more than I appeared to be. When you read this, and the cold earth has covered me, you will know that I was the Princess Pauline,— daughter of the Duke of —”

The narrative then proceeded to recount in detail the particulars of the early life of the unfortunate writer. It was evident that, on the brink of the grave, she dwelt on these recollections, and dallied with them, with the voluptuous and regretful melancholy of one who still clings fast to the world, even while the inexorable voice which summons her away from it is sounding in her ears. But I must abridge this portion of her story, in order to come more quickly to that which connects itself with my own observation and experience.

Princess Pauline was destined by her father, in virtue of family engagements, to marry an ally of his house, the Prince of T——. He was a young and accomplished cavalier, who by his personal advantages alone might well have gained the heart of a maiden; but hers was given inevitably, before she had attained her sixteenth birthday, to a young nobleman whom she chose only to designate by a fictitious name, as the Marquis Montano. The tale which followed was the usual one of youthful passion and paternal opposition. After violent scenes with her father, who threatened her with his irreconcilable hatred unless she consented to become the bride of him for whom he destined her, she escaped from the duke's palace in company with her lover. They found a priest who blessed their union in secret. They fled together: she in the dress of an ordinary citizen's daughter; he, disguised as one of his own servants, in order to avoid detection. This they succeeded in doing; but as they approached the end of their day's journey, driving through a wood to reach a small secluded town where they intended to rest, they were attacked by robbers. The princess, in the terror of the moment, sprang out of the carriage, and managed to conceal herself in the wood. She remained hidden there all night. In the morning she found her way back to the scene of the outrage. The ground was covered with blood. A horrible presentiment seized her. She made her way to a neighbouring inn, and there learned from the host that a young man had been killed in the attack on the carriage; the description only too exactly suited her husband Montano. She visited the spot pointed out as his grave: for three days and nights she wept over the earth which concealed his beloved remains. Then the painful thought of suicide assailed her: but it yielded to that of devoting the remainder of her life to prayer and sorrow, in any convent which she might find hospitable enough to receive her. All thought of return to her father's court was cut off, not only by the feeling excited by the fresh memory of her beloved one, but by the fear of meeting that parent's bitter hatred—mother she had none left to receive and forgive her.

"I had no money left after paying the landlord. I had no resource but to sit all night on the stone bench at the gate of your convent, determined, if I were not received there, to throw myself into the nearest river. To your intercession I owe it, reverend father, that this crime at least was spared me. You saved me from despair. You will bear witness how earnestly I strove to show my gratitude. You will bear witness, deem

otherwise of your unhappy friend how you may, that I did no dishonour to the humble office into which you caused the superior to receive me, that I performed my duties punctually, that I passed with unblemished character through my period of probation.

"My grief for my beloved one, to which I utterly abandoned myself, was the reason which made me keep apart from all the sisterhood. I prayed day and night for his soul. I cannot deny it, I prayed also fervently, unceasingly, for my own death, that I might thus become united with my Montano once more. What effect this misery had at times on my outward demeanour, you know. But as the mere effect of time abated the sting of my grief, I became, at least to appearance, more cheerful and resigned. Such I remained, until one day reading through some accident—rare enough in these walls—a portion of a newspaper, I learnt from it that, in consequence of his vexation at the elopement of his daughter, the Princess Pauline, with the Marquis Montano, the Duke of — had undergone a stroke of apoplexy, and died on the spot. As he had only three daughters, and his duchy was a male fief of the crown, the king had invested the Count of — with it. Murderess of my father! The thought breathed desperation into my soul. Hence a vehement relapse into my former melancholy. Confidence in the mercy of Heaven, continued prayer,—then, Heaven knows, most ardent, most sincere,—were the means which rescued me once more from this state of depression. When, indeed, I thought on those vows which I had obtained, by my own solicitations, permission to take, I felt as one who is condemned by his own sentence to eternal imprisonment. But what could the world outside be to me except a prison—deprived of my love, abandoned by all, the cause, by my own wilfulness, of the death of a father?

"When you pressed me so close with your questions before my profession, I had hard work to do battle with my tongue. More than once I was on the point of avowing all. But I conquered; and in order to avoid all farther occasion of weakness, I myself urged on the day of my taking the habit with that importunity which you remember. I need scarcely say that all these rebellious thoughts, all this bitter impatience with my destiny, recurred with redoubled force as soon as the irrevocable step was taken. Yet I conquered, as you know, once more,—thanks, again, to earnest strivings with the tempter. You know how I became the favourite of the abbess, and how she entrusted to me the key of the convent—that fatal key, which opened the door to my ruin and eternal perdition.

"Heaven is my witness, I endeavoured to do my duties honestly. I found, in the variety of occupation and converse which my office procured me, an innocent means of retaining and increasing my precarious cheerfulness. One day I was standing at the gate; I expected to see you. A young man passed by. We recognized each other at the first glance. Montano! Pauline!"

I must here again reduce to a mere abstract the communication of the deceased Leucatheia. She dwelt only too complacently, and with all the particularity of a memory concentrated within itself by long and violent repression of the feelings, on the one bright event which chequered the darkness of her unhappy history. The meeting between Montano and herself, at the gate of the convent, was simply accidental. The belief in his death at the hands of the robbers was a mistaken one. He had, as has been already said, put on the livery of one of his own servants by way of disguise. His coachman, a young man of similar stature with himself, and clad in the same uniform, was killed by the shots of the assailants; while he was himself wounded only, taken up senseless, and carried to the house of a charitable neighbour. It is easy, therefore, to understand how the mistake arose which deceived the unfortunate Pauline. Montano, on the other hand, spent in vain his time and labour in endeavouring to acquire intelligence of his lost bride. After she had been traced to the inn, where she had last lodged before going to the convent, no clue could be found to her whereabouts. Slowly, and in despair, he relinquished the search. He wandered, without aim or purpose, over many regions; and attracted back at last to the neighbourhood of the spot where he and his love had been parted, Fate led him to her arms again.

What was now to be done? Although the union between them was sacred in their eyes, and as they deemed in those of Heaven; yet the absence of parents' consent and of other legal formalities would have rendered it impossible for him to set up his claim against the claim of the Church; independently of the heavy punishment to which Pauline, as Leucatheia, had exposed herself by her fraudulent misrepresentation to the convent authorities. Irresolute, and uncertain of their future destiny, they lived for a time only in the present, under the enchantment of a passion consecrated by the purest mutual devotion. They met in secret, availing themselves of the facilities which Pauline's control of the keys of the convent placed at their disposal. For many months, lost to the sense of danger, as well as of duty, Pauline abandoned herself to the enjoyment of her lover's society. The consequences of their reunion now threatened to become evident, and the prospect filled them with terror. They dared not expose their secret to the world; but Pauline's temporary removal, at least, from the convent, became absolutely necessary.

In this extremity a strange resource suggested itself. Pauline had a twin sister, the Princess Eugenia; allied to her by one of those almost preternatural resemblances which defy, at times, even the perspicacity of the nearest relatives. Foiled by Pauline's obstinate refusal to follow his wishes, her father, shortly before his death, had endeavoured to set up again his favourite project of an union between his family and that of the Prince of T——, by substituting Eugenia as the latter's bride for her sister. The prince, as has been said, was deserving of a maiden's love; and Eugenia was brought with little difficulty to accede to the project. They

were affianced. But then came the death of the duke, the transfer of his fief to a distant male connexion, the disruption, for the time, of the ties which bound his family together. The Prince of T——, meantime, deeply involved in the political complications of the period, found it necessary to postpone his nuptial projects. He departed, to lead for some years a wandering life of political missions and public business. Eugenia was living by herself, at a distant country-house of the family, forty-six miles from the town in which the Ursuline convent was situated.

Pauline relied on the tenderness and self-devotion of her sister, and she was not deceived. The plan arranged between them, in writing and through the intervention of Montano, was this :—Montano was to bring Eugenia to the convent. By the help of the portress's power of admission, Pauline was to introduce Eugenia to her own cell. They were to remain a short time together—concealment for this purpose, although hazardous, seemed possible to one so well acquainted with the hiding-places of the convent as Pauline, and with the extreme regularity of its observances—until Eugenia had learnt the ways of the place, and could perform the part of Pauline without danger of detection. Then Pauline was to put on the worldly dress of her sister, and remove to Eugenia's country-house, until the necessity for her absence was past; after which she was to return to the convent, resume her duties there until at least some change of plan could be suggested, and liberate her sister.

The first part of the scheme was successfully performed as it had been arranged. Pauline provided her sister with a nun's dress, and for some days they remained together in the convent. Although they used every art to avoid detection, yet on one occasion their wit failed them; and in this manner the strange apparition of Sister Leucatheia kneeling before the altar of Maria del Pianto, at the very same time that she was in attendance on the abbess in her room, was easily accounted for. Frightened at this narrow escape from detection, Pauline judged it best to affect a dangerous illness. For a few days longer, Eugenia remained concealed about the convent, but dared not keep in her sister's cell; and this is the reason why she was occasionally seen in the corridor, chapel, and elsewhere. At last they seized a favourable opportunity to effect the exchange. Eugenia remained in Pauline's bed; Pauline, in her sister's attire, hastened with her Montano to the distant residence of Eugenia. It had been resolved, for further security, that not even the Prince of T—— himself should be admitted to the secret, and that his letters to his betrothed should, during the interval, be opened and answered by Pauline. When her time approached, she and her husband removed to a neighbouring town; here she was brought to bed of a boy; and from thence she divided her time between acting Eugenia at the country-house and enjoying the society of her child and her husband in the retired spot which she had chosen for her confinement.

The remainder of the unfortunate nun's avowals shall be given in her own words :—

“ And now it would have been my duty to release my noble and devoted sister—her who had sacrificed freedom and happiness for me, who had entrusted to me the secrets of her love, had voluntarily submitted for my sake to the yoke of the convent, and saved me thereby from shame and destruction—out of the voluntary imprisonment which she was suffering for my sake. Alas ! alas ! I was too happy. The feeling of my freedom intoxicated me. Enjoying life as exquisitely as I did, at the side of my beloved and of our child, I could not resist the infatuation which made me linger on day by day in that precarious Paradise which her self-abandonment had created for me. I was continually making resolutions to perform the necessary sacrifice. As continually my cowardice gave way at the last moment. A year had passed, it was the period beyond which I had bound myself fixedly in my own mind not to delay ; the next year followed it ; a third glided on ; and duty, gratitude, sisterly affection, all were forgotten. But I was awakened, most justly awakened, out of my dream of unrighteous pleasure by a single crushing blow.

“ A fearful epidemic visited the district in which we resided. My child—my beloved one—the object, above all others, for the sake of which I had committed this grievous sin towards Heaven and my sister, was one of its first victims. Its father, who would not leave its bedside during its rapid illness, was next attacked, and expired in a few days in my wretched arms. I, the guilty one, saw them both perish, and remained untouched and unharmed. Such easy retribution as this would have been, was not meant for me.

“ I was again alone in the world : I was standing bewildered beside the fresh graves of my two darlings, when a new and strange announcement recalled me to my senses. The Prince de T—— had come in search, not of me, but of his Eugenia. Reports had reached him that his betrothed was faithless ; that she had yielded herself to another ; reports, no doubt, arising from my sojourn in her former neighbourhood together with my deceased Montano. The error was, of course, easily removed, and my marvellous confession made. But, as soon as he had heard it, he would not admit of a day's delay without my hurrying to the rescue of his unforgotten Eugenia.

“ I was ready enough to execute his wishes. But, even in my utter desolation, I could not bear the thought of returning to convent life. The coldness and oppression of that living tomb, from which my Montano had taken me away in vain, weighed with a fearful load on my imagination. To pass the brief time now left me—brief indeed, as I hoped—anywhere *in* the world—anywhere, however secluded, in the free air and light of heaven—this was all, I fancied, which was now left me to desire.

“ Accordingly it was arranged between us, that after Eugenia had been safely removed, he would carry me off also. I should say that, following a precaution which I had exercised during Montano's visits, I had in my possession a second key of the outer gate. We travelled together to our destination. We stopped at an obscure inn in this town. In the evening

I went to the convent gate. I found poor Eugenia still punctually performing my office; she had made no sign, though illness and despondency had only lately brought her to a very low condition; and no one had ever imagined a difference between her and me. I prepared her for the visit of her lover, and gave her a key and a white linen travelling-dress. At ten that night the prince went with the carriage to the convent gate, where she was ready to join him. I remained, by his direction, at the inn, where he promised that they would call for me. I was dressed in a similar costume to that with which I had provided my sister. I waited till two in the morning had struck; but they returned not. Had they succeeded? I did not then know, although the police have since informed us of it. Were they prevented from revisiting the inn by some unforeseen accident? or did they abandon me in well-deserved retribution for my grievous treachery? I cannot tell; and shall never learn. Enough, that in my despair for myself, and terror for Eugenia, I returned once more to the convent. The rest you know. I should have slipped quietly into my cell, should have resumed my nun's habit, and all that has passed would have had existence for me alone, and for me only as a dream when one awakeneth, had it not been for the sacristaness's discovery. Now you have all my confidence. Deal with it, and with my memory, as you will. One circumstance only I have to explain—my exact prediction of my death. It scarcely needs such explanation. The resolute, to whom life no longer offers any prospect, save that of speedy release from it, can fix, and anticipate, their own destiny."

Presentiments.

THERE is something strangely fascinating in the discussion of matters which admit of no explanation. Utilitarians would, perhaps, look on it as a waste of breath, or censure it even more as leading to rash conclusions. Many men, as we too often see, insist on making up their mind on everything, and will have a consistent theory for every subject under the sun. The result of this is that they waver backwards and forwards with every new fact that is produced on one side or the other. If they could be content to suspend their judgment till all the facts were known, to accept each new fact as having a certain relation to the whole aspect of the case, and not as settling the whole, they would have to forego the satisfaction of laying down the law, but when they established a law it would be more generally received. It cannot be pleasant to feel that you are always contradicting yourself, that your great enemy of to-day whom you crush with such vehement sarcasm is yourself of yesterday. And though the confession of ignorance or indecision seems humiliating at first, it comes with peculiar grace from those who really endeavour to learn and to form their judgment. A Hallam can say that he has not read some book when other critics of not half his learning and not a tenth of his ability would never dream of such an avowal.

It is true that rash conclusions are more often formed in regard to subjects which lie partly out of the world, and which we can only know in part, than in regard to those that may be decided. But is this any reason for not discussing them? Or is it a waste of breath to accumulate all we can know, in order to guess at or infer what lies out of the sphere of knowledge? If it be, I am afraid many other kinds of discussion are to be classed with it. Some slight link fails us in many a chain of causes, and till we get this link our chain must needs be imperfect. But we make the best of it. The link may be faulty when it comes, or it may support our reasoning. All we can do is to make the rest as strong as we can, and allow for the possibility of correction.

I have not the slightest wish to form a theory on the subject I have placed at the head of this paper. If I attempted it, I should probably sum up my conclusions in the line which Milton applies to Socrates :

To know this only, that he nothing knew.

What can we know for certain about presentiments? We have some evidence that they do exist, and we have proof that a great many people believe in them. But we do not know how far the evidence we have is trustworthy, and we do know that the people who believe in presentiments

very seldom act on their belief. When something has been done or left undone you often hear it said, "Well, now, I had a presentiment that I ought to do or not to do this thing, and the result shows that I ought to have acted on my presentiment." But this is merely negative evidence, and, moreover, it is after the event. It would be of some value if it had been told before. It would be of more value still if the presentiment had been obeyed, and the result had been satisfactory. But if none of these three tests have been applied, or none of them have answered, the value of that presentiment is small indeed.

Thackeray says, "Surely some of the presentiments some people are always having must come true." They can hardly fail to come true pretty often if they are *ex post facto*. If all your natural feelings are interpreted as the secret voice of nature, if on leaving a dear friend or relation you make up your mind that the grief of parting forebodes your never meeting again; your presentiments may sometimes come true, though they were really no presentiments at all. But it is this habit which makes all evidence on these subjects so unsafe and insufficient. All the evidence we have on them has been suggested by the event, and there is often ground to fear that it has been inspired by the event. We hear of all the presentiments that bear fruit, but do we ever (I mean in the cases where people are always having them) hear of those that bear none? Yet if these are not taken into account, and the value of all presentiments diminished by them, the evidence is one-sided. On the whole, therefore, it is best to leave the people who are always having presentiments out of the question, and confine ourselves to the more authenticated instances which may to some extent bear out a theory.

We may safely lay it down as a rule that the essence of a true presentiment is that it shall be spontaneous. It must come at a time when you have no reason to look for it, when you are not under the influence of any fear or anxiety from known causes, when perhaps you have some difficulty in its interpretation. You must not be ill, and think you have a presentiment that you will not recover. You must not be away from home, and have a presentiment that some calamity has happened there. You must not know that a friend is in danger, and have a presentiment of his death. You must not have reason to suspect a man, and have a presentiment that he will cheat you. And why? Because in all these instances there is a simple natural cause for fear or uneasiness. In all matters where there is a natural cause we give more weight to it than to another, which may be the real cause, but is beyond the bounds of probability. If a man who suffers from heart disease is found dead on a roadside or in his bed, we at once attribute his death to his complaint, though it may afterwards appear that he was murdered. But if the man was perfectly healthy, and was known to have an implacable enemy, we should be more apt to think of murder. And so it is with presentiments. If they can be accounted for in any natural way, we must hesitate to receive them. Even where a natural solution covers some of the facts, it does not always cover them

all, and very often when we have argued away the main points of the story, there is just so much left that we are forced to say, "whether the presentiment be genuine or not, this is something that no science can explain." Call them by what name you will—presentiments, coincidences, or anything else—there are many cases which you can settle to a certain point, but no further. Many of these are admitted into the class of presentiments because they are too strange to be explained by natural laws, though they are not really presentiments. As an instance of these, I would take the story of the Jamaica planter who was ordered to England for his health, but was loth to leave the delicacies of the West Indies. At last he took a passage in a brig, but showed great uneasiness about sailing in her, telling a friend that he was convinced he would be thrown overboard. After he had sailed, all the negroes on his estate came one day in a body to this friend, and said, "The brig has been lost, Mr. — is drowned." They had no reason to give for their impression, but sure enough the brig was not heard of, and everybody concluded that she had been lost. Some time after one of her men was discovered, and he confessed that Mr. — had been thrown overboard, at the very time when the negroes were seized with the impression that the brig was lost. Mr. — had been a fierce enemy of the Baptists in Jamaica, and the captain of the brig, though Mr. — did not know of it, was a Baptist. There was a violent religious controversy between them one day, the captain suddenly appealed to his men, and they threw Mr. — overboard. Now, at first sight this case seems complete, but there is a serious flaw in it. Mr. — had been a violent partisan, and knew that he had made deadly enemies. It was quite possible that some of his enemies might be on board the ship he sailed in; if there were many Baptists in Jamaica it was more than probable; and if he had excited them against him to a certain point, it was very likely that they would take vengeance. If he had known that the captain was a Baptist, he would no doubt have chosen another ship. But that an unhealthy man, who did not want to leave Jamaica, and had made deadly enemies, should look forward with fear to a lonely voyage is nothing unnatural, nor does the fact of his fear coming true entitle it to the rank of a presentiment.

This, then, is one of the instances which we must exclude from our list. It is not the less curious, from the circumstance of the impression which seized on the negroes just at the time of their master's death. But there are plenty of other cases to which no such objection can be made; many of them are fully authenticated, and cannot be explained away. Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, and a small book called *Communications with the Unseen World* (which I should judge, from internal evidence, to be written by the Rev. J. M. Neale), are brimful of such stories. It is true that in all of them we have to take the writer's word. In all of them the original narrator may have departed a little from the inflexible exactness which should mark such statements. The writer in taking down the account may have imparted to it some slight inaccuracies. And

the only means of detecting these slips is cross-examination, which is the one thing denied us. But allowing for all this, the stories are almost marvellous. If we grant that one of them is true, we have enough for our purpose. One is sufficient to show that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in material philosophy, and to make us think many times before we bound the world by the evidence of our senses.

It would be superfluous to quote any of the stories given by these two authors, except in rare cases where I have anything to allege against them. But it is unfortunate that the record of presentiments should be confined to books which profess to treat that class of subjects alone, and that general history should furnish so few corroborations. Poetry gives us more. Shakspeare's treatment of presentiments is one of the most curious points in the psychology of his plays. There is something on the subject in Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and Wordsworth has devoted to it one of his minor poems. He talks of presentiments as heaven-born instincts, which shun the touch of vulgar sense :—

The tear whose source I could not-guess,
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless.

Some busy foes to good, he says, lurk near them, and taint the health which they infuse; but faith proceeds from them, and bodings unsanctioned by the will, which teach us to beware. He talks of the bosom weight which no philosophy can lift, and says their instruments are—

A rainbow, a sunbeam,
A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
An echo or a dream.*

We know full well what are the busy foes to good. One of them is the love of torturing every feeling into a presentiment. Another is the quack who has his nostrum of spiritual manifestations always at hand, and who wavers between occult science and open knavery. Another is the conviction that every one who has had a presentiment, and found it true, is a sort of seer or prophet for all time to come. The man easily persuades himself that he is waited on by mysterious agencies, and he forces himself into presentiments, as the man who has once dreamed forces himself to go on dreaming. The scene in *Wallenstein* is in this respect peculiarly significant. Wallenstein was just the man to be impressed by dreams or omens. He was a firm believer in the stars, and Seni came to warn him of immediate danger. He had taken a perilous step, had seen his best friends fall away from him, had found that his new friends did not trust him fully. Yet when the Countess, his sister-in-law, tells him of her dreams

* Contrast with this the noble passage in Browning's *Bishop Blougram*:—

"Just when we're safest there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending in Euripides,
And that's enough for thousand hopes and fears," &c. &c.

and forebodings, he tries to explain them away. He says that her mind was occupied with the subject, and therefore she dreamt about it; that the foreboding was not spontaneous, but produced by her own fears. She asks if he does not believe in such warning voices, and he replies, "Yes, there are such voices; there is no doubt of that. Yet I would hardly call those warning voices which only announce what is inevitable. As the appearance of the sun paints itself on the atmosphere before it rises, so the spirit of great events strides on before them,* and to-morrow walks in to-day. I have always had strange musings on what one reads about the death of the Fourth Henry. He felt the ghost of the dagger in his breast long before the murderer Ravallac armed himself with it. Rest fled from him, the thought seized on him in his Louvre, drove him into the open air; the coronation feast of his consort sounded to him like a funeral; he heard with boding ear the footsteps that sought him through the streets of Paris." "Does the inner boding voice say nothing to you?" asks the Countess. "Nothing," he replies; "be calm." And then the Countess tells of another dream, in which she saw Wallenstein going before her through a long passage and long never-ending halls, doors slamming all the time, till at length a cold hand touched her, and on looking to see whose it was, she found that it was Wallenstein's, while over them both a red cover seemed to be laid. "That is the red carpet of my room," says Wallenstein, interrupting her. A little later, and the doors are burst open by the murderers, and Wallenstein's body is carried across the stage wrapped in a red carpet.

Here we have the true law about presentiments laid down by a firm believer in them. Wallenstein knew that neither he, nor any of his train, could be impartial at such a moment. Anything of the nature of a warning must be suspected as springing from native apprehension. Though he himself was calm at the thought of quitting the Imperial service and joining the Swedes, his followers were full of the regrets and possibilities which a man who has resolved on a great step generally dismisses as idle, but which his friends feel strongly for him, and urge upon him. But the man himself may well feel nervous, and what is easier than to interpret his nervousness as a warning? Many of the presentiments we have in history are tainted by this blemish. In the history of Luther we hear of Melancthon being ill, and having a "presentiment" that he would die; Luther came and prayed at his bedside, and he recovered. Evidently in this case the presentiment was nothing but the natural fear of the sick man; but if this had not yielded to the stronger faith inspired by Luther's prayer, the presentiment would probably have come true. Again, when

* "Coming events cast their shadows before."—CAMPBELL, *Lochiel's Warning*. It is worth remarking that Schiller's plays contain many such coincidences, and *Wallenstein* in particular is full of them. I will not go into the subject here, but just mention that sometimes the coincidences with Shakspeare are too strong to be passed over. Such, for instance, is the "Herr, ihr habt keine Kinder" in *Tell*, which must remind us of the "He has no children" in *Macbeth*.

Luther left his wife on his last journey, she had a presentiment that he would never return. He never did return. Yet how can we tell that her presentiment was not a woman's natural uneasiness at seeing her husband start on a journey, and was interpreted after his death into a presentiment?

Mozart's presentiment of his approaching death was of the same class as Melancthon's, only, from not being properly combated, it came true. He was convinced that some one had given him poison; he said he had the taste of death on his tongue, and that he smelt the grave. There can be little doubt that all this was occasioned by overwork and an intensely nervous temperament. As soon as the composer's work was taken away from him he began to get better, but he returned to work too soon, and a relapse was the consequence. Compare with this what seems the most genuine case of a presentiment, an event occurring to Czar Paul four or five days before his assassination. He was riding, and he turned suddenly to his Grand Master of the Horse, saying, "I felt quite suffocated—I could not breathe—I felt as if I was going to die. Won't they strangle me?" The incident was related to the Russian general officer, in whose papers it is recorded, the very same evening by the Grand Master himself. It was no doubt natural that a Czar should expect to be strangled, but why should he have had this feeling of suffocation, and why should it have come to him so few days before he was actually strangled?

The definite nature of this instance places it far above others which were also realized. The story of Luther's wife is paralleled in Motley's *History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic*, by the presentiment which occurred to the wife of William the Silent as soon as she saw his assassin. She asked anxiously about the man, and added in an undertone that she had never seen so villanous a countenance. But William did not share her feeling. He made a careless reply, and conversed with his usual cheerfulness. An hour-and-a-half afterwards William was dying in the arms of his wife, and Balthazar Gérard was caught as he ran for the ramparts. The presentiment had come true; but was it a presentiment? William's wife was struck by the "agitated face" of the stranger. His countenance was villanous, or at least highly unprepossessing, for he was "low of stature, meagre, mean-visaged, muddy-complexioned." And moreover within the last two years there had been five attempts to assassinate William of Orange. All these facts combined give us the result of natural fear* on the subject of assassination, and natural repugnance at the sight of the assassin. What we want to establish a presentiment is something preternatural, an involuntary and unaccountable feeling.

A good instance of this was communicated to me by a near relation.

* Natural fear would also explain the presentiment in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, when Montague Tigg enters the lonely wood. If Mr. Dickens had wished to make the presentiment complete, and worthy of the eloquent language in which he justifies a belief in secret warnings, he should not have dwelt so much on Tigg's dread of Jonas Chuzzlewit.

A young lawyer, who had chambers in the Temple, had a nodding acquaintance with an old gentleman living on the same staircase. The old man was a wealthy old bachelor, and had a place in the country, to which he went for a week every Easter. His servants had charge of the place while he was away—an old married couple who had lived with him for twenty-seven years, and were types of the fine old English domestic. One Easter Tuesday the young lawyer was astonished to find the old gentleman on his Temple staircase, and made some remark about it. The old man asked him into his room, and said he had received a fearful shock. He had gone down as usual to his country place, had been received with intense cordiality, had found his dinner cooked to perfection, and everything as it had been from the beginning. When the cloth was removed his faithful butler put his bottle of port on the table, and made the customary inquiries about master's health, hoped master was not fatigued by the journey, had enjoyed his cutlet, and so on. The old gentleman was left alone, his hand was on the neck of the bottle of port, when it suddenly flashed across his mind, "Here I am, a lonely old man; no one cares for me; there is no one near to help me if anything should happen to me. What if my old servant and his wife have been cheating and robbing me all the time? What if they want to get rid of me, and have poisoned this bottle of wine?" The idea took hold of him so strongly that he could not touch his port. When the man came in again he said he did not feel well, would have a cup of tea; no, he would have a glass of water and go to bed. In the morning he rang his bell, and no one answered. He got up, found his way downstairs; the house was empty, his two faithful old servants had vanished. And when he came to look further he found that his cellar, which ought to have contained two or three thousand pounds worth of wine, was empty, and the bottle they had brought him last night *was* poisoned.

I have told the story at length because it has not appeared in print before, and because it seems to answer all our requirements. The only place in which you can find a flaw is one which after all does not affect the whole. It is this :—Did the butler, in putting the wine on the table, betray the slightest discomposure? If he did there might be good cause for the suspicions of master being aroused. But if master suspected a servant of twenty-seven years' standing, is it not likely that he would have remarked it openly? A look, a tone, a sign of trepidation or uneasiness, would hardly have suggested such a train of reflections. There is also a remarkable accuracy about the train of reflections which leads one to a preternatural cause. Granting that suspicion was aroused, the solution arrived at was neither the easiest nor the most likely. The singular thing is that the master should have yielded so readily to the impression, and that it should afterwards have proved accurate in the most minute details.

Another point in this story is remarkable. It so seldom happens that presentiments of any kind are acted upon that Wallenstein may well deny

them the name of warnings. Yet when, as in this case, they have been acted upon, it is shown that they do not merely predict the inevitable. In the case of Wallenstein, indeed, we see no possibility of escape. But was there none in that of Henry the Fourth? Sometimes a presentiment seems to warn a man of an impending fate, in order to lead him to a better course of life; the death or calamity does not come, but it leads him to life and fortune. Or when something strange and unlikely is about to happen, the man is enabled to avoid it by a warning which points to something probable. There are curious examples of both these rules in the life of William Wilberforce. To take the latter first, he relates that he was once reading on a camp-stool, close to the brink of a river. Something whispered to him that he might be overcome by drowsiness while reading, might fall off the camp-stool, and tumble into the water. Obeying the warning, he moved the camp-stool away. He had scarcely sat on it five minutes longer when it broke suddenly, and he fell flat on the grass, as if he had been shot. If this had happened by the river side he must have been drowned. But if anything had whispered to him that the camp-stool might break, it is a question if he would have heeded the suggestion. Again, we find him writing in his diary for 1817: "Let me put down that I have had of late a greater degree of religious feeling than usual. Is it an omen, as has once or twice shot across my imagination, a hint that my time for being called away draws nigh?" It was not; his life had sixteen years longer to run. But was it not a gain to a man of ardent religious feeling to have it in a greater degree than usual, even though it foreboded nothing? Some men shrink from an access of such feeling, because they think it forebodes death. Others again refuse to talk of their childhood, because it is "unlucky." But if such feelings forebode death, it is hopeless to escape death by stifling them. If a presentiment warns you of anything, you do not escape it by refusing to listen to the presentiment; on the contrary, you make it inevitable.

This, I think, is the moral of the presentiments given us by Shakspeare. In all that he gives us, the warning is neglected and the fate comes. The simplest of them all is Hamlet's, and it is the strongest proof of Shakspeare's belief in them.

Hamlet. Thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Horatio. Nay, good my lord—

Hamlet. It is but foolery; but it is a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Horatio. If your mind dislike anything, obey it; I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Hamlet. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now 'tis not to come; if it be not to come it will be now; if it be not now yet it will come; the readiness is all.

At first we might think Hamlet's feeling was natural. He had detected the king's villany, and he knew his own counterplot would not long be

secret. But it is plain that he suspected nothing in the challenge to fence with Laertes. He never once examined the foils, or measured them, but picked up the first that came to hand, and took the length on trust. Just before, when Horatio warned him, he had said, "The interim is mine," and he clearly looked forward to having things his own way till the next news from England. Desdemona's presentiment does not bear the same tests. She had no reason to apprehend a violent death, but she had enough to apprehend from Othello's anger. He had struck her, and called her the vilest names. To her assurances of innocence he had answered by taunts when they were alone, and by coldness in public. Coming from a man she loved, these unkindnesses would have the utmost effect on a woman, and would throw her into a deep state of depression. "A sort of gain-giving" would naturally trouble her, and exclude every chance of real presentiment.

Undoubtedly the most curious cases in Shakspeare are those of Romeo and Hastings. And what makes them so curious is that any man desirous of overthrowing Shakspeare's belief in presentiments would naturally appeal to them. Hastings has just been dwelling on the smoothness and cheerfulness of Gloster, and inferring from Gloster's openness and sincerity that he is offended with no man there, when Gloster sends him to execution. Romeo has just said,

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

The next moment his servant returns with news of Juliet's death. From these two cases an opponent of presentiments would argue that Shakspeare was on his side. He evidently believed that an unusually joyful mood was the forerunner of disaster. The Scotch consider that a man in very high spirits is on the brink of a calamity, as the servants in *Guy Mannering* said the gauger was *fey*. Wordsworth says that when our minds have mounted as far as they can in delight, it sometimes chanceth that without any apparent cause they sink equally low in dejection. Shakspeare supports both these theories. Now if we look a little closer into the matter, we shall find that the presentiments which seem to deceive are even more genuine in reality than those which are most simple and straightforward. Hastings's presentiment was not the favourable view he took of Gloster's mood; though he persuaded himself into thinking that it was. His real presentiments, as we learn afterwards, were unfavourable, but he would not listen to them. He had made up his mind that all must go well, and, in consequence, he neglected every sign that bore against his view, and dwelt too strongly on whatever seemed to support it. Presentiments being involuntary and unaccountable moods of the mind, it is utterly impossible for what you observe in another man's bearing to inspire you with such a feeling. You may distrust him involuntarily, or

not be able to account for your distrust; but at the best your feeling is instinctive. And this was not the feeling of Hastings, for he was able to explain his confidence in Gloster. Instead of yielding to impressions, whose source he could not divine, but which were too strong for him, he reasoned himself into other impressions, and found his mistake too late. Romeo's presentiment is of another character, but is even stronger. If he had known the truth he had the best reason to be cheerful. By feigning death Juliet had freed herself from restraint, and had sent a message to him that he might bear her away. How was the presentiment to know that her message would miscarry, that Romeo would hear another account, and act without waiting? Had he but trusted to the presentiment, instead of his own rash judgment, his tragedy would not have had a tragic ending. As it was, the presentiment did all in its power. It warned him of something good, and he refused to believe it. But it was because he refused to believe the good that evil came on him, because he thought himself deceived that he insisted on deceiving himself. You cannot blame your guide for misleading you, if you will not follow his guidance.

Notably enough none of the characters in Shakspeare do follow that guidance. They did not believe in presentiments as their creator did. After all, the question of obedience to such warnings would seem to be decided by considerations quite apart from their genuineness. In the story I have told the only trial of the old gentleman's faith was a bottle of port, and he made the sacrifice of it. But when a man runs the risk of being ridiculous in the eyes of the world, of seeming a prey to idle fears, of breaking up the senate till another time when Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams, he flinches from the ordeal. And thus, as preachers are always telling us, the world is too much for us. We listen to the supernatural voice so long only as the natural voice is silent. To a great extent this is true; but I hope I have shown in this paper that we have some justification. We cannot safely be guided by presentiments till we have the means of knowing when they are genuine. And this we cannot know. But we can do something towards knowing it, and by means of that we may steer our course between the dangers of blind subservience and blind mistrust. We can examine our reasons for any feeling, and when we can find no cause, or shadow of a cause, for joy or sorrow, we may conclude that something unseen moves us. Whether we obey it or not is another question.

Naval Men.

It would be a considerable gain to the study of social philosophy if we could get accurate descriptions of the different types of character formed by our professional divisions and their subdivisions. Some years ago there was an attempt of the kind in our light literature; but the books to which it gave rise were generally mere imitations of the French *physiologies*; written by comedians, who only aimed at being funny, and whose experience had not been such as to make them acquainted with the more important forms of English professional life. More recently, the clergyman, the Cantab, and other varieties of our countrymen as modified by our peculiar institutions, have found analysts and exponents; and an apology is hardly required from anybody who endeavours to add to the list. The *permanence* of professional types is by itself too curious a fact not to make the whole subject interesting; especially when we remember that it exists in defiance, as it were, of the general law which is making all society more similar and uniform. Commodore Trunnion is gone, and Parson Trulliber is gone. But the representatives of Trunnion and Trulliber are little more like each other than their respective ancestors were. Admiral Napier or Admiral Boxer hardly resembled Bishop Blomfield or Bishop Murray more than Benbow did Compton, or Hawke Hurd. The tendency of events is of course to reduce even such extreme dissimilarities as these; but the slowness of the process shows very markedly the tenacity of tradition, the force of education and habit, the power of special occupation, and the strength generally of all those influences which go to developing distinct species of characters out of people of the same race and the same class.

What makes our naval men a good subject even for the humblest social philosopher, is that they form so marked a type,—from the peculiar isolation of their employment, and the altogether unique way in which they are trained up. They are bred *in* their profession, while other people are bred *for* theirs. The soldier, the parson, the barrister, are men before they begin to be acted on by their special pursuits; but the naval man enters as a youngster, and is moulded while his clay is still very soft. He is not prepared for his work by a school, but the work itself is his school. This primary fact at once gives naval men a very distinctive shape of their own, and explains the resemblance which runs through the whole body. They are like nobody else, and they are very like each other. If a swell is an admiral, he is generally more admiral than swell. There are few such glaring differences in the navy as between the old school rector and the literate, the judge who has begun as a bagman

and the judge who was the crack boy at Eton. Differences there are, no doubt, but not so marked as the general difference between naval men and non-naval men. And this last observation applies to the case of mercantile officers as well as of landmen. The navy is so special and self-contained a pursuit, that the fact that mercantile officers also spend their lives at sea does not go nearly so far as might be presumed to make the two classes resemble each other or sympathize with each other. The Royal Naval Reserve is an excellent institution, but only a minority of officers of the merchant service care about belonging to it. They do not complain of naval men,—they will tell you that they always find them courteous. But the two services have different moral atmospheres. When all is said and done, the one is a service of honour and the other of gain. The one position is based on authority, the other only on contract. The mutual relations between superior and inferior are fixed in the navy by a force of custom too strong for any tyrant to overthrow; in merchant ships they are regulated by the skipper's good will. A "midshipman" of the latter may be called "a young gentleman," and it is the fashion in large merchant ships to ape naval phrases and naval uniform; but for all that, he can be made to do dirty work at the skipper's pleasure, and he misses a hundred influences which are brought to bear upon a naval youngster by his messmates and superiors from cultivated and polite English homes. All this ought to be allowed for by those who accuse naval men of discouraging an addition to their ranks from the Reserve; and it ought to warn innovators that where a special type has once formed itself for a special purpose, it is best not to interfere with its organization rashly. The naval man is good; the mercantile man is good; but a mixture of the two would not necessarily be as good as either.

Having thus illustrated the peculiarities and definiteness of the naval man, let us inquire more closely how he is formed. With regard to the materials, they are much the same as in the other leading professions. The Navy has never been considered quite so aristocratic a profession as the Army, and perhaps it has never been so in the vulgar sense of that much abused word. The majority of our great admirals have been of gentle families, and there are always some of the noblest British names in the Navy List: as witness those of Percy, Somerville, Berkeley, Seymour, Cochrane, Napier, and so forth, in our own day. But on the other hand, the navy is not a profession into which titled men and rich men go for a few years to spend money, as the army is. If from this fact it loses a certain splendour, it also escapes the ridiculous scandals which have attended particular regiments—hussar regiments, for instance, the names of which will occur to everybody—in the present generation. So too, if it misses the magnificent Earl of De Rhino, who might possibly gild the lower masts at his own expense, it is also saved from young Gherkin the Plunger, who would still more probably ruin the ward-room mess at blind hookey. It is a younger son's, a poor gentleman's, pro-

fession, more than the army is ; and this accounts for the undoubted fact that, especially in garrison towns, military men have somewhat "the pull" over naval men in the eyes of the fair. The purchase system in the army stamps money with a seal of superiority which nothing can dispute ; and this again conspires with the other advantages of the soldier to make him more frequently a fortune-hunter and pursuer of heiresses than the sailor. Our nautical friend, however, has wonderfully come up with his rival of the sister service in the showy and polite social arts during the present century. There is a curious passage of Byron's about the two professions. Talking of Fielding's remark on the "natural air of gentility" with which some men are born, he says that one often sees it in military and seldom in naval men. All who remember the old school will know what Byron,—who, by the way, was never so happy as when afloat,—meant. But now-a-days no such difference is visible, while it is the proud boast in some of "Her Majesty's ships and vessels of war" (among Q.H.B.s—Queen's Hard Bargains,—chiefly, we fear,) that they rival any regiment in riding, waltzing, shooting, billiards, or other liberal accomplishments. When you get hold of a naval man, who to the old frankness and cordiality of the service adds the refinement and culture of a modern age, you find him all that an English gentleman needs to be. Meanwhile it is that same *old* frankness and cordiality which still makes his best charm, and which, while it mixes delightfully with the more modern elements, is at least as precious as they. A strong manly simplicity of nature, a free grace of movement, a shyness which is not *gauche*, a homeliness which is not raw,—these are the distinctive characteristics of the naval man. There are great gentlemen and great snobs in both army and navy : there are wise men and fools in both. But there is a particular kind of fool which the army breeds in larger numbers than the navy, and we specify him because he illustrates the difference of the soils. We mean the affected, lisping, and haw-haw fool ; and we explain his great rarity in the navy by the fact that, being caught so very young, his ears are clipped before they have time to grow.

This happy result is due to that most important fact already referred to,—the early age at which youngsters begin naval life. They enter, not as young men, though they are officially called "the young gentlemen," but as boys,—boys of thirteen or fourteen, who only yesterday were dining in the nursery, and who never were masters of more than a sovereign at a time up to the period of their undertaking to defend the commerce and independence of Great Britain. The midshipman's mess, accordingly, is a kind of public school, governed by a rough public opinion of its own, which shows no mercy to affectation or humbug, and has not much tenderness even for gentle and harmless forms of weakness or oddity. A bore is laughed at, a sneak is cut, and a very obtrusive bore or sneak runs the risk of being "cobbed,"—a punishment inflicted with a sword-scabbard on the part marked out by nature and history for the purpose. This kind of thing knocks the priggishness out of a fellow early. And the

duties of his daily life are favourable to his development in a natural way. He has to command a boat. He has to command a top. He is every now and then called upon for the exercise of an independent judgment. Is there too much wind to take the cutter off to the ship, and shall he wait till it moderates? Can the men, or any of them, be trusted to leave the landing-place, without getting themselves drunk, and their young commander into a scrape? Thus he learns to command while he is learning to obey. He has much freedom and yet he is under strict control; while the very nature of his work,—performed aloft—in boats—at all hours of the day and night—in the open air, during all weathers—in constant contact with the rough side of life,—makes an off-hand, free-spoken, decisive, and yet mobile man of him. A special essay might be written on the navy as a public school; and indeed a parent might do worse than send his son into the service for a few years as a preparation for any walk in life whatever. The lad need not lose by it, even in a literary point of view, were the resources of his position wisely used,—a *desideratum* still in the majority of cases, we regret to say. It is true, unfortunately, as has been said, that “a want of general culture is the weak point of naval men.” And here the army has the advantage; for if the average military man be no better in such respects than his naval brother, still far more soldiers than sailors have written good books. Nay, the sailors have allowed themselves to be beaten in the literature of their own walk. The *Naval History* of James is more satisfactory than that of Brenton, though Brenton is always taunting James (a little shabbily) with his want of a naval education. For the best life of Nelson and the Correspondence of Collingwood we have to go to civilians. Rodney found his biographer in a soldier, Major-General Mundy; Howe in an Admiralty official, Sir John Barrow. Even the best novel of Marryat's is not better than *Tom Cringle's Log*, the work of a Scotch West Indian merchant; and naval gunnery owes more to the labours of General Sir Howard Douglas than to any naval man. The new system of training ships will probably increase the culture of the profession. The late Captain Harris of the *Britannia*, an excellent officer, not very well treated by the authorities, told us that he received good accounts of the *Britannia's* youngsters from captains, and they can hardly help having much more knowledge than the youngsters of twenty years ago. But training ships apart, there are far more facilities for reading on board a man-of-war than an outsider can readily understand. The naval instructor is always an educated man, and sometimes a classical scholar; and surely the passage from station to station, amidst the scenes of all that is great in history and curious in nature, amidst all varieties of language and costumes, ought to rouse intellectual curiosity and act as a pungent whet to the appetite of the mind. In this respect, however, there is a progressive improvement going on, and a naval officer is at this moment a professor at Oxford. By-and-by, the “mid” will remember that old Blake himself read his Horace,—in which, as in his gallantry, Broke of the *Shannon*

followed him. He will enjoy his mulberries at Syracuse all the more for recalling the Eclogue in which Silenus is pelted with them by the nymphs. Nor will he less relish the *bécasses* at the *Hôtel d'Orient* at Athens, if they are to be followed by a stroll during which he may fancy he hears the nightingale of Sophocles singing amidst the ruins. The modern elegance and luxury of the service demand this crowning grace. "I have no objection," said Lord Chesterfield, "to our youth being *bound* and *gilt*. I only wish that they should also be *lettered*."

These hints upon the culture suggest a few words upon the politics of naval men. In a large sense, the navy, from the days of the Civil War downwards, has been more national than political in feeling altogether. During the Civil War it acted with the Parliament, not from hatred to monarchy, or even dislike of Charles, so much as because if it had gone for Charles, it must have been employed in transporting foreign troops into the kingdom. Nevertheless, it has had its Whigs and Tories, like other professions; and its eminent men have been divided between the parties pretty fairly, as elsewhere. Just as Fielding was a Whig and Smollett a Tory, Burke a Whig and Johnson a Tory, so the Whigs may claim Keppel and the Tories Rodney; the Whigs Jervis and the Tories Howe. When the great Revolutionary War came off, a hatred of the French constituted the simple politics of the bulk of the service, and in the quieter times which succeeded men called themselves Whigs or Tories according as their family "interest" lay on one side or the other. But there is a kind of naval politics proper,—a mixture compounded of nautical experience, aristocratic sympathy, and radical grumbling,—which is *sui generis*, and which, if it ever came to be professed at a contested election might well take for its colours, "navy blue." The naval politician of this favourite pattern is for keeping the populace in order, just as he is for keeping the lower deck in order, and because subordination is one of the elements in which he lives. He is a gentleman, and he likes to serve with gentlemen. But to hear him talk of the Admiralty you would think that he was ripe for revolution; and he drops caustic observations on "lords" generally, the tendency of which is in the same direction. These are the men who complain that "fellows with handles to their names" came afloat after the great war, and were promoted and employed over the heads of their betters. They can track the prosperous Elliott from ship to ship, and detail the jobs by which he has advanced, one after the other. They have capital stories of little Lord Fitz-Nelly, who was, indeed, as near an idiot as a man can be out of an asylum; and they will tell you, with much scornful emphasis, "Ah, they don't send Fitz-Nelly to 'the Coast,' sir, like poor Jack Tompion, who was there for five years on a stretch, and drowned himself the other day; brain touched, sir; brain touched!" Or they will relate how Boosing, a nephew of the admiral in command of the Mediterranean, "had the pick of the station—the pick of the station! Always at Corfu, when we were broiling at Beyrout; or shooting red-legs about the islands, when

we were at Tunis! And the old screw, his uncle, saves half his table-money, and gives you stuff to drink only fit to send down the scuppers." If the speaker is a very violent specimen of the more "radical" side of the class, he has perhaps encounters to narrate with the authorities at Whitehall, which must be taken *cum grano*. "'Admiral Bilboes,' I said, 'don't bully me.' And by Jove, sir, he turned white!" Yet when retired on half-pay on the Kentish coast or elsewhere, these ferocious declaimers become rather Conservative than otherwise. With that fine adaptability to new conditions which is one of the strong points of sailors,—so that a sailor is much more useful ashore than a landsman is afloat,—they love to dabble in local business, and are generally found, we think, on the side of authority against refractory vestrymen and recalcitrant town councillors. But this is rather from the old instinct of discipline than from any fixed principle. The fussy retired naval man is very crotchety and touchy. If he considers himself injured he displays his noble wrath pretty freely; for it is one of his characteristics that whatever he does he does heartily. We remember a retired commander who had a scheme for working the silver mines in a West Indian island governed by a negro potentate. After expounding his plan with great fervour, he would add:—"And ultimately, sir, I shall depose that black rascal,—depose him!"

Such men as those just sketched are of course the more eccentric specimens of the class, and their politics are coloured by their eccentricity. There are shrewd, long-headed naval men who turn things to better account; and by professing to have no politics at all contrive to get commands, or places on the Board, from the most opposite administrations. It is rare to see an actual M. P. afloat; but cases happen, and the position may be variously turned to account. When Sniffin Kraggles, M.P., had the *Pylades*, he gave berths aboard her to sundry voters and sons of voters in Potborough,—an easier place to distinguish yourself at than Sebastopol. Kraggles used to practise oratory on his crew and officers; and, indeed, it would not have been easy to find a harder punishment for anybody who had misbehaved than compelling him to listen to one of Kraggles's speeches. On the whole, there is less political jobbery in naval appointments now than there was twenty years ago, when a judicious ratting at an election was a safe card to play for a command; when some officers who were always half mad, and some who were always more than half drunk, had ships under them; when Admiral Methuselah was in charge of the Channel fleet, and Admiral Priam of the Pacific,—before the European stagnation was broken up by the revolution of 1848, with its long train of war, political disquiet, naval and military changes, and naval and military expenditure.

While there is a family resemblance, naturally enough, running through naval men, from midshipman to admiral—as there is among parsons, from curate to bishop—each rank has its special character, and demands a separate mention in a paper of this kind. One can hardly imagine a more

honoured position, or a title with associations at once more dignified and more popular, than that of a British admiral. A bishop is an imposing figure, but there is a large body of Dissenters who don't believe in him; and sometimes you will hear him sneered at as an ex-schoolmaster, or sneered at from another point of view as deficient in Greek. A general is a great man, but somehow our generals have never been familiar in popular legend, poetry, and anecdote, to the public mind, like our admirals; about whom too there is a vague, humorous association which the word "general" does not call up. There was in fact a curious homeliness—all the more effective because of its being combined with stateliness—in the real old admiral of the old breed. Lord St. Vincent, on coming down to breakfast, would say,—“Well, I have got on my blue breeches this cold morning; Lord Howe wore blue breeches, and I love to follow his example, even in my dress!” Of Howe, we are told that, when Bowen, his master, in the *Queen Charlotte*, kept constantly calling him “my lord,” he said,—“Bowen, pray, my good fellow, do give over that eternal my lord, my lord; don't you know I am called *Black Dick* in the fleet?”—*Black Dick* being his name among the men, as “Jarvey” was that of his friend St. Vincent. When Nelson, after lunching at Lord Sidmouth's, wanted his phaeton, he asked one of the family to “man the boat.” And it is well known that Collingwood never dined without pea-soup with pieces of salt pork in it, *more nautico*; that he thought brown sugar quite good enough for any gentleman, and regarded an indulgence in white as a sign of a wasteful and careless disposition, boding no good to a young man's professional future. In the eyes of those old gentlemen the service and its traditions were invested with an awful reverence, both as regarded small things and great. For instance, they thought the use of “R.N.” after a naval man's name an undignified innovation, and disapproved the substitution of “port” for “larboard”—both now so firmly established that few people know anything of a time when they were new. What was simplicity and geniality, however, in the finer natures among these veterans, was often brutal rudeness among men of coarser fibre. We talk of “the old school,” but there were two “old schools:” one which was quaint and eccentric, certainly, according to our present standards, but humane, dignified, and well-bred; the other, which had a strong dash of vulgar ruffianism and cruelty about it. For instance, neither Nelson nor Collingwood flogged so much as we have known many an undistinguished numskull do in times of perfect peace. Nor did they indulge in that habitual use of what the Articles of War used to call “profane oaths, cursings, and execrations,” which was also fashionable in the second-best old school. So late as the Crimean war, there was a naval potentate employed whose talk was a perfect *sandwich* of oaths and orders. “Do you think, sir, d—n you, sir, that you are to be allowed, b—t you, sir!”—such was the old gentleman's regular way, though a good officer enough otherwise. Others of that race were of milder type, but thought the barbarism of the ancient service part of its essential merit, which

ought to be artificially preserved. There was not a little of this feeling about the late Sir Charles Napier, a brave man, and in many respects a capital officer, but whose popularity in the country was as much owing to his demagogic as his professional talent. He had a real naval element in him, but to this was added an infusion of what we may call the T. P. Cooke element,—a love of *acting* the British tar as well as *being* it, quite inconsistent with the grand simplicity and reality of the Collingwoods and Howes. He courted popularity among the men at the expense of the officers, talked clap-trap, and bragged; and after the close of the Syrian war in 1840 hurried home to claim all the laurels over the head of Admiral Stopford, in a way which was not admired on the Mediterranean station. Napier, for instance, thought it fine for his ship to be in want of a coat of paint,—a luxury which would have much improved the appearance of the *Galatea* and the *Powerful*. Yet painting would not have spoiled the gunnery of those vessels, on which he justly prided himself; nor would the commodore's own person have been damaged by a little more of that external care which people desiderated in the *Powerful* and the *Galatea*. *Est modus in rebus*, and there is no need for a man to become a boor in order to avoid being a foggy.

There is no doubt that fogies were very rife in high commands at the time of which we have just been speaking. The list had got so crammed, that promotion being dependent in the upper ranks on seniority, nobody who had not been prodigiously pushed forward in his youth by interest had any chance of hoisting his flag before old age. So a curious batch of survivors of the old days were commanding our squadrons—toothless and shaky old gentlemen, out of all harmony with the modern generations under them. The representatives of this race are “retired” now, for ever and a day—laid up at Cheltenham and Bath, in the suburbs of seaports, in quiet coast towns where they lead very tranquil lives, watching the weather, and reading the “naval intelligence” from old habit, but having an ever-increasing sense of the strangeness of all things naval in our day. It is calculated now, that if a naval officer is five years consecutively ashore he is of very little use afloat after it; so rapidly do the changes of the modern service follow each other. We never see in the obituaries such an entry as the following,—“At his residence, Stonehouse, on the —th inst. Rear-Admiral Keeper Luff in his eightieth year,” without a feeling of regret for the good stories, and picturesque touches about the old service, which perish with him, and which he never told to anybody who could make them of use to the world. But men are on the retired list,—are “yellow admirals,”—who are still not much past middle life, but who disliking steam and all its associations, have kept clear of it; have been refused sailing commands in consequence, and have now settled under the “sere and yellow flag,” for life. The admiral in favour just now is not the veteran,—the man who had been a youngster under Howe and Jervis—of some years back, but a modern and more active man, who has never seen any fighting, indeed, and who has little that is

picturesque or remarkable about him, but who is at home in the profession of to-day—an indispensable quality, as times now are. But then the modern profession has been so drawn into connections and relations of all kinds with other forms of modern life, that the pungent and piquant attributes of the old admirals are not to be expected in their present representatives. The modern admiral wherever he goes, employed or unemployed, lives very much ashore; and gets on, not by being a great warrior or seaman, but by being a shrewd man of the world, whose discretion can be perfectly relied upon even under provocation. The character of our present foreign policy requires such admirals, and useful and respectable they are. In an emergency, they would no doubt do their best, and their best would probably be fair enough. But they do not stand out in society with the vivid stamp, the sharply defined edge of the antique men. They are intelligent, reserved English gentlemen, with a naval tinge about them to be recognized by competent observers, but that is all. If the tendency of the old service was to carry the nautical character about with it wherever it went, the tendency of the new service is rather the other way. The world without acts upon it too strongly for its originality, and it reflects afloat after its own fashion, the tastes, opinions, and crotchets of that “shore-going world” which to the ancient men was quite a distinct sphere of life. Thus there are officers who take up philanthropic and reformatory schemes; admirals who try to put down smoking and who inflict new-fangled punishments; and captains who turn their vessels into schools.

This last was the ideal project of Captain Sawbury of the *Antigone*, a frigate which was on the Mediterranean station some years ago. Sawbury was a philosopher, and did everything for some very fine reason. If he detached a youngster in a boat it was “to encourage his self-reliance;” if he sentenced him to walk the poop till sunset, it was “to awaken reflection in him.” “This age, sir,” Sawbury would say if you met him at dinner, “is characterized by the spread of education!” The *Antigone*, he would add, was a ship, but she was also a school; and he was prouder in his capacity of a teacher, (if he might so venture to describe himself,) than in his capacity of a captain. So Sawbury set about turning that fine old-fashioned thing, a British man-of-war, into something between a utilitarian school and a model prison. When he heard one of the men chanting such a good old-fashioned stave during the first watch as the following:—

She sang like a linnet, and she looked like a dove,
And the song that she sang was concerning of her love;—

poor Sawbury would give an impatient “pish.” “Dear me,” you might hear him observe, “what nonsense these poor fellows do delight in! ‘Concerning *of* her love;’ why one would think there wasn’t a grammar in the ship!” Visiting the *Antigone* you would find different offenders against discipline undergoing some of the captain’s “philosophical” modes of punishment. Buggins, A.B., would be walking the gangway with a label on him marked “drunkard.” Pool would be emptying water from

one bucket into another;—monotonous but appropriate,—Pool having flung a bucket of water over his brother of the afterguard, Pippin. Jones would be employed on an arithmetical table. This was all ingenious enough, no doubt. But, somehow, the men thought it childish, and it kept away several hands from work. Besides, the men soon smoked the good-natured pedant, and played on his weak point. A sturdy main-top-man might be seen accosting him bashfully on the quarter-deck: "I axes your pardon, sir" (touching his hat), "but Bill Ragget here, and I, has had a bit of a dispoot, which we submits to you." (Sawbury smiles encouragingly). "If you please, sir, what is a gladi-hater?—a kind on a beast, sir?" It was delightful to hear Captain Sawbury explaining pompously the position and functions of a gladiator to Jack Timbs; after which operation the captain walked away rubbing his hands, and muttering to himself: "Love of knowledge! love of knowledge! The master-passion of man!"

When Sawbury heard his first lieutenant in a fit of rage call a man "a son of a ——," his rebuke was at once dignified and intellectual. "I cannot approve such language, Mr. Dodger," he said. "Most un-philosophical! The epithet, sir, involves a physiological anomaly to begin with; and besides, it is the language, not of the reason, but of the passions." The captain's own style of blowing up the men was refined and polite. "Foretop there," you would hear him begin; "Mr. Adair, is that man asleep or only lazy, at the end of the yard? . . . Come, come, Pooter, don't exert yourself too much, or you may do yourself an injury! How's the foretopsail yard, Mr. Peverell? Lee brace, did you say? Now, my lads, the brace won't bite you; pull at it like men." This, the reader sees, was the finest irony, and far removed from anything vulgar or low. But, meanwhile, his first lieutenant, Dodger, was filled with delight at the notion that Sawbury's "dry way of abusing of them," as the men used to call it, was much more hated by them than his own antique professional Billingsgate. "The old bore," Dodger would say to the second lieutenant in confidence, "what does *he* know of the service? The men would rather have a hearty d—n any day! Why, they like it!" If they *did* like it, it must be admitted that Mr. Dodger often enough favoured them with the luxury.

How different Captain Sawbury from the sentimental Lord Heartsease of the *Ismene*, who had a piano on board, and kept gazelles; poetic creatures, no doubt, but dirty in a domestic point of view. But if Heartsease thought Sawbury a prig, old Browser of the *Porpus* thought Heartsease a spoon. Gazelles indeed! Browser kept a couple of good pointers instead, and has been known to make believe to have sprung his foreyard just to have a pretext for running into Lemnos, and having a bang at the red-legs. All these, meanwhile, from different points of view, concurred in despising old Gunne of the *Orson*, who carried his wife about with him everywhere, (being a relation of the commander-in-chief's,) and who invited his brother officers on board to tea and buns.

These various oddities, however,—fogies, pedants, or what not,—are gradually disappearing into retirement, as a grimmer and graver kind of captain becomes necessary in the progress of events. A First Lord of the Admiralty has been known to open the Navy List and beg some distinguished officer to point out a good man for a ship,—endeavouring to guide himself solely by the public opinion of the service. In these days of iron-clads, the risk from a noodle is prodigious; the stake being so costly and vast. Then gunnery is more elaborate,—by the difference of a whole revolution; steam opens up a new world of its own; and electricity is employed in carrying orders to and fro the mighty bulk of our marine monsters. In our larger iron-clads there are two commanders besides the captain, and a new type of captain is in course of formation; quite distinct from the sea-captain of other days. Men still in the prime of life can recollect captains afloat who had been at Trafalgar. There were such in the Mediterranean Fleet during the Syrian War of 1840. They were not in much sympathy with the new generation, but at least they were at home in a ship and in sea-life. There were none but paddle-steamers then; even the screw was a novelty, and to add a screw to a sailing vessel was a thing as yet unknown. The commander of a steamer then was at the mercy of his chief engineer, whose art was as much a mystery as the arts of the middle ages. Now-a-days, all has changed, and every change has gone to make seamanship proper less prominent than it used to be. The typical captain of the new state of things has as yet to take his permanent shape. He is in the course of his development into a new species; being a quite different animal from the old bluff-mannered, free-spoken, weather-beaten man of Stopford and Napier's generation. The service is, so to speak, in rather a chaotic state at present,—passing into the condition of a new world, but a world whose denizens cannot be described in advance. Formerly, there was a certain definite sort of character belonging to all captains, in spite of the racy individualism of each, and in spite of the fact that every great admiral formed a school of captains of his own. *That* particular feature of the service, by the way, has quite gone by,—that modelling of different sets of officers upon different leaders, so that there were schools of heroism and seamanship as there are of poetry and painting. But later still, the family likeness common to all captains has waned away, and the new common visage (as already hinted) is as yet unrecognizable. The strictly modern captain has a dash of the artilleryman and engineer officer in him, and wants the nautical freshness and pungency which we can remember (sometimes in ludicrous, sometimes in serious shapes) among his predecessors. He is a sharp active man, with far more scientific knowledge than they, but (as yet) with less flavour of character and individuality about him. Like the admiral as distinct from the historic admiral, he is much more a man of the world, and in much more familiar connection with modern ideas, than the captains he was bred under. Culture, as we have said, was never the strong point of the navy, though

Collingwood, who was the model of a naval gentleman, wrote a better style than nine-tenths of our professed authors. But the captain's cabin has always a modern library at all events, containing some of the best English authors, and the fashionable histories, poems, and novels of the day; and to this library, if the captain be a good fellow, with a sense of the responsibilities of his position, the youngsters are allowed access. In summer time, the captain's suite of cabins in a large ship makes a very pleasant residence even for ladies, and where the position admits of it, as in vessels employed in harbour at home, you will find the domestic life there as elegant on a modest scale as that of a villa. There are pianos, pictures, flowers, and pleasant nicknacks, while the sea breeze stirs the silk curtains of the ports, and cools the atmosphere more delightfully than any air from meadow or hill. A cockney who had taken his notions of existing naval society from the novels of Marryatt and Chamier, and who supposes that the evening winds up on board with one of Dibdin's songs and a "can of flip," would be surprised to find how much a dinner in this agreeable region resembled a dinner at Richmond or in London. The naval man of these days, ceasing to be "the salt" of other times, has rather a tendency to run into the other extreme, and to be a chilly and polished swell. Edmond About has observed the same thing of the officers of the French marine. The French navy is, indeed, more in favour with good families in France than the army; and good American families, we believe, show the same predilection for their service.

We need hardly dwell specially on the next grade to captain, that of commander, for they resemble each other in all essentials, at least the active portion of the ranks do. The commander in active employment, whether under the captain in a large vessel, or in charge for himself in a small craft, is a child of the new age, or would be useless afloat. But the retired list of commanders comprises many men of the oldest surviving school; for it is the rank at which the great "block" in the road of promotion begins, and into which old lieutenants retire when the Admiralty grow ashamed of keeping them in the lieutenants' list any longer. There were lieutenants living the other day who had been at the battle of the Nile; lieutenants of fifty or sixty years' standing, who had been afloat long before some of our admirals were born. Every one of these ill-used old fogies planted at a seaport was a standing "frightful example" of naval injustice; and the spectacle of his grey hairs and shabby coat did a certain definite amount of mischief every year, by pointing a moral in the eyes of the nautical population. He might sip his rum-and-water at the "Blue Pig" with a stoical resignation, and decline to allow his grievances to be discussed in his presence,—the proud old Englishman,—but his mere existence was enough to keep alive that sense of the injustice of our naval administration, which has done so much mischief, and which has more yet to do.

When Lord Dundonald joined the *Hind* frigate as a youngster, at Sheerness, on the 27th June, 1793, he found Jack Larmour, the first

lieutenant, working at "setting up rigging," with a marling-spike slung round his neck and a lump of grease in his hand. "This Lord Cochrane's chest?" exclaimed Jack, when he saw it. "Does Lord Cochrane think he is going to bring a cabin aboard? The service is going to the devil! Get it up on the main deck." Before many minutes were over the key of the chest was sent for, all the "traps" were turned out of it, and one end of it was sawed off. It was some time before Jack Larmour quite forgave Cochrane for being a lord,—not till he found him ready to put on the rig of a common seaman, and to work by his side. The first lieutenant now has an opinion on Carlotta Patti, and probably on *Ecce Homo*, and "grease," unless it be the best bear's-grease for very different purposes, he never touches. Yet the service has not gone to the devil, where (if the old school were right) it must be terribly over-due; and if Jack Larmour's successors are not so handy as he was with a marling-spike, they know a great deal more than he knew of other things that an officer ought to know. On the lieutenants of the navy the bulk of the regular work of the service falls; though from the anomalous nomenclature of naval rank the general public is perhaps hardly sensible of their importance. A lieutenant in the navy ranks with a captain in the army, but who remembers the fact except in circles where all that kind of thing is known as a matter of course? Men now become lieutenants early in life, a great number of them are in constant employment, and from both circumstances together the lieutenants are fair specimens at once of the latest standard and of the greatest variety afforded by the profession. There is the smart lieutenant, the spoony lieutenant, the swell lieutenant, the fast lieutenant, and so forth, each of whom would make an interesting photograph if carefully taken. The smart lieutenant is an active gentleman, with an eye darting on all sides of him successively, and a sharp metallic voice, who takes capital charge of a deck. Wherever he goes he is the born enemy of all disorder. He makes a rush where he sees anything wrong or out of its place, and yells for the proper functionary to put it right. He is impatient of all delay, exact as to time, merciless about dirt and slovenliness, and the peculiar terror of the young gentlemen and the boys. It is these gentlemen to whom our men-of-war owe their marvellous cleanness and neatness, that spick-and-span purity and order which (when the number of people on board is considered) astonishes a visitor more than anything else. The born smart lieutenant lives for the routine of the service. His ideal is to have everything "ship-shape," and he is haunted in dreams by the question what is the best rig for a pinnace? The modern naval man of all conditions suppresses the "shop" very strictly on shore; but a smart lieutenant's eye wanders involuntarily round a drawing-room to see that everything is right, and he has a sudden secret impulse to summon the captain of the afterguard at intervals. The spoony lieutenant is a mild youth, who does his duty and no more—neither very well nor very ill—and whose heart is given over to tender associations. You find him reading the *Lady of Lyons* in his cabin,

where there is generally a portrait of a large-eyed young woman looking at him from a balcony, or reading a letter in apparel of great splendour. The diversity of female beauty which such a youth encounters in the course of a naval career, leaves him in a state of permanent perplexity; and he has never quite time enough to do more than acquire the rudiments of the gentle arts in each place. The *Sprout* is ordered from South America before he has mastered the guitar; she leaves Naples while he is labouring at the Italian verbs; so what between foreign countries and foreign grammars, the poor fellow is equally confused in heart and intellect, and not unfrequently he settles down on a British widow with money, who is proud to believe that in taking him she has broken the heart of a Savelli or an Ossuna. This kind of youth is sometimes known to his messmates by the endearing epithet of "Goosey" so-and-so; but his tenderness is genuine, and—a certain elongation of ear notwithstanding—he is an honourable man, who does his duty respectably. He sometimes writes verses, but this is rare—the composition of verses in her Majesty's service being considered a sure mark of a donkey. The swell lieutenant is a gentleman whom nature has gifted with an ornamental appearance, and fortune endowed with greater social advantages and more money than his neighbours. A combination of this sort makes him prominent in his vessel and in favour with the authorities, and he is expected to do the civil to grandees who are taking passages, and that kind of thing. One duty of our men-of-war is to act as yachts for precisely that class of persons who can best afford to pay their own travelling expenses. Thus, there was a charge for conveying little Lord Namby Pamberley from one port to another, in a corvette some years ago, and the country had the honour of helping him to a holiday out of the Civil Service estimates. It is on these occasions that the swell lieutenant makes himself useful, and acts as a buffer between the noble visitor and the vulgar world. The swell lieutenant is not unfrequently called "Count" so-and-so,—a favourite nickname among naval men for personages of imposing presence. He is great when a ball is to be given on board, or when foreign officers are to be entertained, though the obstinate preference of those confounded foreigners for their own languages sometimes places him at a disadvantage. He is often flag-lieutenant to the admiral, and is a general favourite with the very knowing old ladies who lead society in garrison and seaport towns, and who for knowing what kind of men to be civil to, may be backed against any old ladies in these islands. With regard to the fast lieutenant, he bears too general a resemblance to fast men everywhere, to require any particular notice. He is seen at billiard-rooms and at races, and has long ticks with livery-stable keepers, and is given to expensive drinks. He is subject to that fearful disorder known as "sun-stroke," which, owing to climatic exposure, falls so heavily on our brave defenders. The victim of this insidious disease is attacked at once in the legs and the articulation,—concomitant symptoms being a haziness of the eye, and a temporary loss of the reasoning powers. The patient will often

insist that he is "all right," but this is itself a part of the disorder, and he is immediately relieved from duty. After a few attacks of the kind, the sufferer appears before a medical board and is invalided home; nor does he often recover his health sufficiently to rise to much distinction in the service.

The combatants next in rank to the lieutenants—the masters—are now in course of abolition. It is their duty to take observations, keep the log, have charge of the rigging and stores, and so forth. But as they were always grumbling at their not being able to rise sufficiently high, a sagacious Admiralty resolved to terminate their discontent by terminating their existence. The change is disapproved by some of the best heads in the service; but from the Admiralty point of view that kind of objection does not matter. For our present purpose, it is more interesting to remark that there perishes in the master a *type* as purely and specially naval as any spoken of in this paper. The old boatswain was not more richly characteristic of the service than the old master. Lord Howe's master in the *Queen Charlotte*, Bowen, already referred to, was a noble specimen. On the 1st of June, just as the *Charlotte* was closing with the *Montagne*, Lord Howe called out to him to starboard the helm, on which Bowen remarked that if they did so she would fall aboard the *Jacobin*. "What's that to you, sir?" said the admiral sharply. Bowen, hit by this, was overheard by Howe to mutter: "D—n my eyes, if I care if *you* don't! I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." Lord Howe turned to his captain and said: "That's a fine fellow, Curtis." Not long after the battle, a deputation of the men requested Bowen to ask Lord Howe if he would allow them to congratulate him on the result. When they came aft for the purpose, the old admiral (he was sixty-nine), with a faltering voice, and tears in his eyes, said: "No, no; I thank *you*; it is *you*, my lads, that have conquered." In telling this story the rough Bowen added, "I could have cried myself!" And, indeed, there was always more than one very soft place about those indomitably hard men. They were leonine, but they were lachrymose.

Perhaps as amusing an illustration of the difference between the old and new navies is afforded by a complaint which sometimes crops out, that chaplains are here and there given to ritualism! In Dibdin, the name of the chaplain is irrevocably associated with that of Betsy Bowser. Does he now take—when we supposed him long ago reformed—to the Scarlet Lady instead? The charge of ritualism puzzles us, for we don't see how the physical conditions admit of it. Are candles put on the capstan? Are buckets with capstan-bars across objected to as relics of the odious pew system? Does a lad come from the galley-fire with the incense? We are lost in such speculations; but if there be anything in the movement Mr. Whalley will certainly hold with those who affirm that "the service is going to the devil." The chaplain, however, is an influential man,—especially if he be also naval instructor into the bargain. He has one dread power in his hands. He can preach *at* anybody he does not like,

even the captain, just as the Scotch minister, or even the Scotch father of the family, can pray *at* anybody present. Few captains can stand this with equanimity, though we have heard of one old gentleman who made a point of snoring audibly during the most savage passages.

There is little novelty that we hear of in the position or peculiarities of the officers of marines. The old prejudice against military men has, we take it, entirely vanished from the navy; and if it existed, it would begin to look particularly ugly *now*, considering how much the army had to do compared with the navy in the last war. The medical branch is still grumbling, though their old standing grievance, the want of cabins for assistant-surgeons, has been long abolished. They certainly used to be ill-treated; but the temptation to "chaff" the raw hobbledoys who came from the Scotch universities was one that midshipmen found irresistible. During late years, the navy has acquired an entirely new class of officers in the engineers. But they have not yet found their place among "naval men," and cannot be measured by the old standard or compared with the new. At present, they stand apart, and the fact that, the chief engineer excepted, they have a mess of their own, will long operate, unfortunately, as we think, to prevent them from getting amalgamated with the service.

Among other innovations, the Admiralty, some time ago, turned the "mates" into "sub-lieutenants," thus clinching the absurd arrangement of naval titles of rank by a formal act; since mates always ranked with lieutenants in the army, and "sub-lieutenant," if it means anything, means something inferior to lieutenant. This particular grade of officers is scantily supplied just now; for the step to lieutenant is gained early, and the "old mate," with his thorough seamanship and his surly temper and his red nose, is as extinct as Benbow. He was objected to, but he is missed; for rough as he was, he was greatly useful, and he went about his work with an indifference to its uglier features which impaired his refinement, no doubt, but which increased his serviceableness. The sub-lieutenant, for social and dramatic purposes, is simply a younger lieutenant, and falls into the same varieties of type. His class are at the head of the gun-room, or midshipman's berth, and it is their duty as "oldsters" to keep the "youngsters" in order. This is no sinecure; for the midshipman, who is a public school-boy *plus* a sailor, has a large infusion of both diabolic elements. Strada Reale at Malta, or the Common Hard at Portsmouth, is his playground, and "fields" are represented to him by the Troad, or the mountains of Jamaica, or the plains of Brazil. But with the boy is mingled early an infusion of the man. He is as much an officer in the eyes of the men as any other officer; gives his commands with a fine roaring consciousness of power; and when detached on duty in a boat, remembers that his dirk (an instrument of the greatest use in opening sardine cases) represents for a time the whole material force of Great Britain. Unfortunately, however, this is not the only side of affairs on which he shares the responsibilities of manhood. He is brought early

into contact with the dun; learns early the mystery of stamped paper; and finds himself ashore in towns where there is no very rigid standard of morality with money in his pocket and free access to hotels and places of amusement generally. That a certain proportion of lads should "come to grief" under these circumstances is inevitable, and most naval men could draw up a pretty long list of such cases among their own acquaintance. The *Britannia* training-ship is supposed to have been moved to Portland from Portsmouth, as much for the sake of the moral as of the physical health of the lads. But temptation follows a big vessel just as sharks do at sea, and will pursue the *Britannia* to Falmouth, if (as has been reported) she should be further moved on there. Indeed, if there is any *over-rigid* supervision of the youngsters while they are in the training-ship, the only result will be that they will break out with extra fervour when they are appointed to sea-going vessels. That the training-ship will have a marked effect on the standard of attainments in the navy may be fairly assumed. There is room for improvement beyond doubt, as the shakiness of our naval French at Cherbourg and Portsmouth last autumn too clearly proved; while, except in the surveying service, which is a peculiar branch, few naval men learn much about the places they visit except their superficial picturesque features and their eating and drinking life. As might be expected, the training-ship system is a controverted question. Some people say that we are over-doing the education business now, after neglecting it too long; that our stiff examinations will keep out youngsters who have the makings of excellent officers in them, while admitting "saps" and prigs; and that the *Britannia* lads are found to forget what they have learned there when they come to sea. Such, at least, is the loose mess-table talk, while the official reports from captains are, we believe, more favourable. The experiment must go on till its success has been more thoroughly tested; and one thing is certain: that whether a training-ship like the *Britannia* be the best system for education for youngsters or not, some system giving a higher education than we used to be content with must be established and adhered to. There is not a navy in the world which does not bestow special attention on this subject. There is not a naval change which does not make acquired knowledge more important to naval officers. And there is hardly a naval or political change which does not increase the difficulty which we feel in maintaining our old superiority. A naval college with a sea-going training-vessel attached to it is perhaps the best combination that we could hit upon; for we must not do anything to damage the seamanship element in the service, which is sufficiently imperilled by inevitable changes already.

There are certain facts about the condition of all naval men with which the public is not so familiar as it ought to be. One of these is the humble scale of their pay. The highest pay of any captain is 700*l.* a year—being that of the captain of the royal yacht; while less fortunate gentlemen receive, according to their seniority, from 365*l.*

to 547*l.* 10*s.*, with "command-money," which, in the majority of cases, is only 91*l.* 5*s.* When the expenses of commissioning a ship are taken into account, the captain's position is a very difficult one, and on half-pay with a family it is as bad in a different way. Commanders get 301*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; the vast majority of lieutenants 182*l.* 10*s.*; sub-lieutenants 66*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*; and midshipmen 31*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* This, of course, is the full-pay rate, and nobody can live on his pay till he has been half-a-dozen years in the service. For remuneration of this kind he must encounter all climates—the West Coast of Africa included—spend the best of his life in monotonous routine work away from home, and disqualify himself by a peculiar and isolated employment from ready access to other pursuits. On the other hand, he has little to set against all this now-a-days in the way of distinction, exciting adventure, prize-money, or rapidity of promotion. During the last half-century, the Admiralty's way of regulating "the stream of promotion" has been to dam it up, and to let it go off in "a spate," alternately. Every rush was followed by a block,—the duration of the block being proportionate to the violence of the rush. Promotion in the early stages is now rapid; but after that it is an affair first of interest and then of longevity. The result has been that we have had an army of veterans on our hands, and that we have had to retire them compulsorily at last (a few favourites, however, getting special consideration shown them,) at much cost of wounded pride and disappointed feeling. All things considered, it is no wonder if naval men are somewhat given to grumbling, and are not just now in the best possible humour. The state of public affairs in relation to their profession can hardly be expected to please them. In the Crimean war the navy had little opportunity of doing anything; and our recent foreign policy has had a tendency to place it in an inferior position. They are employed against Chinese and Japanese, but expected to be very civil and cautious with regard to anybody stronger. And when possible wars are discussed, we always hear of our "naval defences,"—never of our naval attack. Then, there are other navies springing up to dispute the palm with us. The Americans have made a prodigious start, and are aspiring to be a Mediterranean power. The Italians,—in spite of Lissa,—mean to be somebody at sea. The Prussians will soon have a fleet on the Baltic. Meanwhile, a painful uncertainty prevails as to what modern changes really amount to, and whether the odds are against us or not. And along with all this, there is a growing party who tell us that we must never attempt to be even the first naval power in the world again! What wonder, we say, if naval men are ill at ease, and less like the old light-hearted British tars of other times? If this be so, the proper course for their countrymen is to consider in what way any grievance they have can be best remedied, and to encourage them by that hearty confidence in their future which is inspired by every phase of their long past.

A Night on the Ortler Spitz.

THE following description of a perilous adventure is taken from the papers of the late Robert Jacob, Esq. (of Dublin), who, with his relative, Mr. Walpole, ascended the Ortler Spitz Mountain during a tour through the Tyrol in the month of August, 1861. The narrative was penned a few hours after the occurrences to which it refers took place.

We left the Albergo della Santa Maria at an early hour, and soon reached the summit of the Stelvio Pass, from which we had a fine view of the mountains of the Tyrol, Italy and Switzerland, for a vast distance around; the chief object of attraction being the majestic Ortler Spitz, the king of the Tyrolean mountains, its summit crowned with snow, and its sides seamed with glaciers. After a rapid descent by extemporized paths, which we made in order to avoid the weary zigzag road, we soon entered the Austrian dominions, and at noon reached the village of Trafoi.

Having determined to attempt the ascent of the Ortler Spitz, we at once made inquiries for guides, and, after a lengthened search, we discovered two men, Joseph Schäff and Anton Ortler, with whom we arranged to undertake the difficult enterprise next day. We spent the evening in making preparations for the ascent, laying in a stock of provisions, testing the ropes with which we were to be tied together, obtaining veils and spectacles to preserve our eyes from the dazzling glare of the sun's rays on the snow, and attending to the various other things which are requisite in an attempt of this kind. A considerable amount of interest was excited amongst the visitors at the hotel, and an English lady most obligingly offered her services to us as interpreter. We were roused at one o'clock next morning, having had but a brief period for repose; and after a hurried breakfast, we started at 2.30. The guide, Schäff, preceded us with a lantern, to direct our steps through the darkness which prevailed at that hour. Our path lay at first through meadows and then stretched up through tall gloomy pine woods, frequented by bears in winter. Shortly after three o'clock we reached a small chapel, where three jets of icy cold water pour from the bosoms of three saints, sculptured in stone. The little place looked weird enough by the light of our lantern, as we entered it to obtain a draught of the water. Daylight appeared shortly after, and about five o'clock we quitted the woods and mounted a long and wearisome slope, covered with loose stones, which

brought us to the foot of the first snow slope. Here we had our crampons fastened on, and though we found them awkward enough on the rocks, they were very useful on ice or hardened snow. We were now fairly on the snows of the Giant Ortler Spitz, the highest mountain in the Tyrol, where English foot had never trod, and we felt some little pleasure in being the first from our land to explore these wild and barely accessible heights.

We pursued our way up the steep slope, which was so soft that no step-cutting was needed to any extent—the axes being only occasionally brought into requisition. About eight o'clock we reached some rocks commanding a grand view of the snowy valleys, glaciers, and heights around, and halted for about an hour, while the guides went forward and cut steps up the ascent of ice which formed the upper portion of the vast *couloir*, up which our difficult path lay. Unfortunately for us, it was quite denuded of fresh or soft snow, and we were obliged to keep as near as possible to some rocks on our right, after leaving which we had rather a trying time. The cliff of ice was awfully steep, so that it appeared nearly perpendicular, and whenever we ventured to take to the rocks, enormous masses of the friable limestone, of which the mountain is composed, came away almost at a touch, thundering down with fearful velocity. At one or two places we were obliged to swing ourselves round projecting crags of rock, holding on tightly with our fingers to the narrow ledges which were, however, really safer than the larger rocks, although more difficult to climb on. Of course, we were all well roped together, and took every step with great anxiety, since one false one might prove so dangerous. The icy *couloir* formed a sort of frozen wave at the side, so that what I may compare to a chimney was made between it and the rocks up which we had to climb. The strata being very much curved, at one point there was nothing intervening between the slippery ice and a tremendous precipice beneath but a layer of loose stones about two feet wide. This appeared to me the worst place I ever was in yet, as the moment we set our feet on the stones they rattled away beneath our tread—now down the ice cliff on one side of us, now down the precipice at the other, according as our feet gave them direction. We had, as it were, to screw our nerves in a vice so as to give way to no weakness or shrinking.

After two hours of this difficult work we reached a little plain, and after clambering up another stony cliff, we commenced the ascent of some mighty domes of frozen snow and ice, apparently of endless extent and height, split by occasional crevasses, which we crossed carefully without much difficulty. The day was extremely hot, and the labour very great; we had been able to eat or drink very little (feeling for my own part unable to touch anything), and we sometimes despaired of achieving the task we had undertaken. The guides had told us that we should reach the summit at midday, but the great *couloir* being in such a bad state

they were quite put out in their calculations. At last, after two hours and a half more of great exertion we stood upon the summit of the Ortler Spitz at 2.30 P.M., just twelve hours after leaving the inn at Trafoi. We had now reached the desired spot, and from the top of this giant of the Tyrol, 13,000 feet above the sea level, we had a panoramic view of the Swiss and Tyrolean mountains in all their glory, which transcended anything I had ever before seen. The day was magnificent, and the peaks and icy valleys around glistened bright as gems in the blazing sunlight.

The top of the Ortler Spitz is a large dome, at the end of which appears a little projection of ice which seemed to us higher than the spot where we stood, although the guides said that the latter was the actual summit. This projection, or tooth of ice, was surrounded by the huge jaws of a yawning chasm, and from its crown to its base ran an overhanging cornice of ice which must be traversed if we should attempt it. It appeared sheer madness to venture at this late hour of the day upon the undertaking, with the prospect of a long downward journey before us, and we decided not to try it.

We now began to descend, although we most reluctantly turned our eyes from the stupendous view before us. We passed readily over the crevasses and the domes until we were on its last slope, when J. slipped and I was dragged along with him; but we were soon pulled back by the stout arms of the guides. The sensation of slipping in such a position was horrible, although only for a moment. The day now began to change, a black cloud appeared in the north, and the Swiss mountains stood out with a portentous clearness that warned us that a storm approached. We now arrived where the descent of the first half of the great ice-cliff commenced, and certainly it was a terrifying place to be in. I led the way while Schüff held the rope round my waist, J. following, fastened in like manner to Ortler. At the brink of the precipice two ravens flew up from the glen beneath, and perched on the rocks close by, maliciously croaking there, and refusing to be driven away—by no means raising our spirits by their appearance.

Sunset now drew near, and the mountains presented an astonishing scene. A huge black curtain of cloud appeared to be drawn across the upper part of the heavens, below which the myriad peaks around literally glowed like spires of lurid flame rising out of a sea of gold. The scene was awful in the extreme, and pen or pencil could never adequately represent the strange and exciting spectacle which displayed itself to our gaze. It seemed to us more like some weird vision of another world than anything we had ever expected to see upon this earth of ours. It was near 7 P.M. before we had descended the first half of the *coulair*, and we drew breath more freely when we reached the rocks which I mentioned before as having formed a resting-place during our ascent. The storm now slowly but surely approached, and we hurried on to descend the lower half of

the *couloir*. The guides had chosen another way, which was the cause of our being plunged into unforeseen difficulties.

The horrors of the upper passage were renewed, and as the darkness of the coming storm fast closed upon us, it became very difficult to plant our footsteps securely. We were lowered from rock to ice, and clambered from ice to rock, until we thought that the way could not be worse; yet still we could see no sign of the end, and it soon became certain that we must spend the night upon the Ortler Spitz. This was an appalling prospect, unprepared as we were for such an emergency; and well might the boldest heart feel a shudder at encountering the terrors of such a night as we now feared must be before us.

We had come to the worst spot in the descent, where we had to be lowered over a smooth jutting piece of rock, with nothing to hold on by, down to the glassy *couloir*, from whence we had to climb to a little hollow on the side of the mountain. I took one look at the gulf below me, and went down, keeping my self-command with difficulty. It was soon over, however, and I crept round to a ledge overhung by rocks. We were scarcely settled here, when the thunder came crashing around us, and the rain fell heavily. Schöff pointed, for our comfort, to another black chasm into which we had to be lowered, and said he feared there was no chance of our reaching Trafoi that night, in which we all agreed. It would have been certain destruction to have proceeded at that hour, yet the horrors of having to remain on the ledge for the night, almost overpowered us. This ledge, or rather sloping shelf of loose stones, was divided into two little hollows, and was covered by the overhanging rock above us, from which, unfortunately, there was a constant dropping of water, so that there was not a dry spot to be found. We could not move forward lest we should fall over the precipice which lay beneath; we could not sleep, for there was no place to lie down in; and we dared not sleep leaning against the rock, as it involved the danger of tumbling over also. We could not walk backwards and forwards, so as to keep ourselves warm with exercise, because the shelf we were on sloped so much, and the loose stones under our feet rolled down the height at every step. We had no food, no drink, no light, and our clothes were saturated with wet by the constant dropping from the rock over us. We were altogether in a most unenviable condition.

The storm now came on in earnest; the thunder rolled like ten thousand pieces of artillery, and the echoes reverberated through the mountains as if they never would end. The lightning was intense—flashing through the dark clouds; now in bright, white zigzags, and then in red streams of flame that lit up the peaks and snow-fields, as though they were on fire, while the great ice-cliff near us glowed as if it had been transmuted into one sheet of lava.

The scene was too awful for one to be able to look at with composure, and I strove to keep my eyes closed, but in vain,—each flash compelled

me to open them, and gaze on the brilliant spectacle around. The storm ceased after two hours' duration, and the moon shone out peacefully over the mountains, forming a striking contrast to the preceding scene. We were now shivering with cold in our wet clothes, but providentially there was no wind, otherwise I know not what we should have done. Ten o'clock arrived, and we had been here about two-and-a-half hours. I endeavoured to obtain some sleep leaning on a stone, while Schäff and I kept as close as we could together, in order to get a little warmth into our frames; the other guide had retired into a nook by himself. Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock came. Oh! how slowly the weary night wore on! Many hours appeared to pass by, and yet when I looked at my watch by the moonlight, frequently not half-an-hour had really elapsed. We felt, however, we must try and win through, as it would never do to give way to despair.

One o'clock, two o'clock passed, and our situation was becoming agonizing. My eyes would not keep open, and yet each moment I was awoke by a frightful forward movement, as if I were about to fall over the cliff. My brief doze appeared full of dreams, generally pleasant ones of home and repose. It was evidently now freezing, our teeth chattered with the cold, and we trembled from head to foot. Not a sound was to be heard save the bound of rocks or stones from the *couloir*, and the occasional roll of an avalanche. Sometimes the stones came tumbling over our heads, but we were well protected from them by the overhanging cliff. At three o'clock the moonlight began to fade away, and everything grew dim. Schäff had gone into the nook with the other guide, and J. and I stood together intently watching for the first glimmer of daybreak over the distant mountain tops. I scarcely moved my eyes now from the heights over which I knew the dawn would appear. At four o'clock we saw the welcome streaks of light, and at five o'clock I roused the guides, but to our horror one of them told us that he feared we could not reach Trafoi that day either. He said he was sick, and certainly looked worse after the night than any of us. The rain that had fallen the evening before had been frozen over the snow of the *couloir*, and had converted it into one smooth glassy surface, down every yard of which steps would have to be cut. As day advanced, Schäff revived, and sent Ortler to cut the steps, and at 7.30 we heard the welcome words, "Now you go forwards," and we braced up our nerves for the struggle, glad at any rate to leave the ledge where we had spent twelve such weary hours.

We had first to walk across the line of steps cut in the ice, until we reached the centre of the *couloir*, when we began to descend. We soon got to the end of these steps, and as fresh ones had to be cut as we descended our progress was slow, and the labour entailed on the leading guide very heavy. The rocks and stones came bounding down all this time,—the large ones with loud crashes, and the smaller

ones with a sound like the whizz of a rifle bullet. Our guides were evidently afraid of them, and we hurried on as well as we could, but there was a certain sort of excitement, as they whirled past, probably like that felt by soldiers in action when the bullets are heard flying past them. Schöff got a severe blow in the leg from a stone, and I was struck by a small one in the back. Ortler being exhausted at step-cutting, we tried to walk on the *couloir* without steps, but we had no sooner attempted it than J. (who had lost one of his crampons) slipped on the ice and was sliding away; but happily I had my alpenstock well in at the time, and was enabled to hold him up.

After three hours' hard work we reached some rocks, where we rested, and then we got quickly down the soft snow of the lower slope, at the foot of which we bade adieu to the regions of ice and snow, our way lying now through a steep stony descent, where we met a man who had been despatched by our kind hostess with refreshments for us. The heat was very great by this time, and I could not take either meat or wine; my mouth and throat were literally dry as if they had been made of parchment, in consequence of the long abstinence.

About noon we reached the woods, where unfortunately no water was to be had, and my sufferings from thirst were so great that I could scarcely drag myself along. At two o'clock we reached the little chapel where the three fountains are, and I rushed into it and drank copiously of the delicious water—the first thing that I had tasted with the least benefit for the last thirty-six hours. I was at once restored; the sense of fatigue vanished, and we walked on rapidly to Trafoi, which we reached after an absence of thirty-six hours; twelve occupied in the ascent, five in descending to our night's resting-place, twelve on that awful ledge, and seven in the final descent. The inhabitants had nearly all given us up for lost, and the report of it was brought away by some travellers leaving the place. Mr. H., one of the Alpine Club, who was staying at our hotel, felt confident, however, that we were safe. He and his wife had been watching us during the morning making our way on the *couloir*, like flies crawling down a wall, and on our arrival he came forward to greet us most cordially. After a light repast, we parted with our guides, having first proved our sense of their courage and careful attention by a suitable recognition of their services, and then retired to the rest we had so hardily earned. Next morning we awoke thoroughly refreshed, and found ourselves in no way the worse for all the hardships we had endured.

The spot that we spent the night on was about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, as well as we could calculate. We could scarcely have lived through the night if there had been any wind, unprovided as we were with suitable covering of any kind. We felt truly thankful to Providence for our escape from such imminent peril, and resolved never

to risk our lives in a similar undertaking. Next morning we bid farewell to quiet little Trafoi, and walked down the valley to Prad, finding ourselves the objects of some curiosity to the inhabitants, who called us "the Ortler Herren," the news of the ascent having quickly been circulated through the neighbourhood. On our arrival at Prad, the curate and several of the townsfolk called to congratulate us on our escape, and we had to submit to a friendly catechizing on various points of interest connected with the ascent. They told us that telescopes had been brought to bear on us while we were on the mountain, from various places in the surrounding district, as far as Heiden in the upper valley of the Adige. We could not help being impressed by the simple, kindly manners of the people in this portion of the Tyrol, unspoiled as they are by that great influx of tourists, which in other parts of the Continent has exercised such a prejudicial effect upon the character of the inhabitants.

Our experience of the conduct of the Austrian soldiery was far more favourable than that of some other travellers, as we found both the officers and privates courteous in their bearing to us, and in different instances had reason to contrast their attention and civility to strangers with the repelling hauteur assumed by certain youthful warriors nearer home; but it may have been that we were also a little biassed in their favour by the fact that the ropes which had served us so well on the mountain were kindly furnished from the fort in the neighbourhood of Trafoi.



"LET US DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF THE ABSENT," SAID PETITPÈRE, SOLEMNLY.

The Village on the Cliff.

CHAPTER IX.

REINE IN HER FARMYARD.



ATHERINE found herself transported, as if by magic, from the long dreary brick-enclosed hours to a charming world, where vine garlands were wreathing under cloudless skies. There was at once more light, more sound, more sentiment and drowsy peace in it than she had ever known in all her life before. She awakened to a dazzle streaming through the vine round her window, and flickering upon the red brick floor of her little room; to a glitter, to a cheerful vibration of noises. Some one would bring her a little roll and a cup of steaming coffee, and then, when she was dressed, the children would come tapping and fumbling at her door. Little Henri de Tracy sometimes attempted a *réveillée* upon his horn, which would be instantly suppressed by a voice outside. Nanine, who was nine years old, and had elegant little manners like a lady, would wish Catherine good morning; and Madelaine, who was four and “*très raisonnable*” Suzanne her nurse said, consented to be kissed through the iron-work balusters of the staircase.

The children would lead the way through the great dining-room, where Baptiste was hopping about on one leg, polishing the shining floor, across the terrace, through green avenues and gardens, looking a little neglected, but fresh with dew, and luxuriant with flowers and fruit-trees. Pumpkins, carnations, and roses were growing between vine-clad walls. There were bees, and there was an old stone well full of deep water, like Jocelyn’s well—

Dont la chaîne rouillée a poli la margelle,
Et qu’une vigne étrecint de sa verte dentelle.

From the terrace there was a distant view of the sea,—of the blue line of the horizon flashing beyond the golden corn-fields.

One morning Nanine said, “We are to go to the Ferme, Miss George, to-day, with a commission from grandmamma. We will go out at the door in the Potager, if you’d not mind and come back the other way.” It was all the same to Catherine, who followed her little conductors through the kitchen-garden door out into the open country, and along the path skirting the corn-fields which spread to the sea. Henri went first, blowing his horn, Nanine loitered to pick the poppies and bleu-bleus, as she called the corn-flowers, Madelaine trotted by Catherine, holding her hand. It was like the nursery rhyme. Miss George thought of the little boy blue, only the sheep were wanting.

From outside the farm at Tracy still looks more like a ruined fortress than a farm where milk is sold in cans, and little pats of butter prepared, and eggs counted out in dozens, and pigs fattened for the market. All over Normandy you come upon these fortified abbayes, built for praying and fighting once, and ruined now, and turned to different uses. It is like Samson’s riddle to see the carcase of the lions with honey flowing from them. “Out of the eater came forth meat; out of the strong came forth sweetness.” There is a great archway at the farm at Tracy, with heavy wooden doors studded with nails. There is rust in plenty, and part of a moat still remaining. The hay is stacked in what was a chapel once; the yellow trusses are hanging through the crumbling flamboyant east window. There is a tall watch-tower, to which a pigeon-cote has been affixed, and low cloisters that are turned into outhouses and kitchens. The white walls tell a story of penance and fierce battlings, which are over now, as far as they are concerned. The great harvest waggons pass through the archway without unloading; so do the cows at milking time. Cocks and hens are pecketing the fallen grains, the pigeons circle overhead suddenly white against the sky.

As the children and Miss George pushed open the heavy doors and came into the wide sunny court, a figure descended the stone steps leading from the strong tower where the apples are kept. It was Reine in her white coiffe, who advanced with deliberate footsteps, carrying an earthenware pan under her arm, and who stood waiting in the middle of the great deserted-looking place, until they should come up to her.

Catherine wondered whether all Normandy peasant-girls were like this one. It was a princess keeping the cows. There she stood, straight, slender, vigorous; dressed in the Sunday dress of the women of those parts, with this difference, that instead of two plastered loops of hair like a doll’s, a tawny ripple flowed under the lace of her cap and low over her arched brows. As for her eyes, they were quick dancing grey eyes, that looked black when she was angry—clouds and lightning somebody once told her they were, but the lightning became warm sunlight when she smiled upon those she liked. She smiled now, for Reine was a child-lover, and even little De Tracys were welcome, as they came towards her with

their bunches of flowers out of the fields, and the pretty strange lady following.

"Who are you bringing me?" Reine asked, "and what do you want, my children? Madelaine, shall I give you some milk and some peaches?"

"Out of Josette's little *ménage*," said Madelaine, while Henri cried out, "Oh, there is old Paris!" and went and clasped the big dog round the neck.

Nanine meanwhile advancing very politely and prettily, in a smart little toilette, explained that Miss George was a demoiselle Anglaise who was staying with them, and that they had come to request Mademoiselle Chrétien to supply them with butter for a few days. "Our cows are ill," said Nanine, shrugging her shoulders, "and we are all but reduced to dry bread."

"There are others besides you who eat their bread dry," said Reine; "but your grandmamma can have as much butter as she likes, Mademoiselle Nanine, at the market price, since she has money to pay for it." She did not say this rudely, but rather sadly, and then she suddenly turned to Catherine, and asked her if she would not like some milk too. "And so you are English?" Reine said in her odd sweet voice, pushing open a door with both her hands. Reine's hands were not like Madame Binaud's, two red paws which could be seen shining a mile off; but thin and white like a lady's. Catherine glanced at them a little curiously as they lay outspread upon the oak, and she saw that Reine wore a signet-ring on one finger—then she looked up in her face again, and Reine Chrétien caught the glance and melted somehow towards the little thing with the startled look and curious soft eyes that seemed to be taking everything in. The love-making of friendship is not unlike that of sentiment, and friends are friends sometimes in an instant almost, even though they may not have set the feeling to the tune of words and protestations.

I hardly know which of these two women needed the other most, when they met by chance in the silent, sunny court-yard that morning. In after-times, doubt, trouble, cruel suspicion, pain and jealousy came to part them, but they were faithful to one another through it all. There was something to forgive and to forget for each of them, but they loved one another well enough to be able to remember and to need no forgiveness. They suited. Somehow, there was a certain affinity between them which is priceless in friendship. It is worth all the virtues and merits and accomplishments put together to people who care for one another, or who ought to care.

Catherine, who had never in her life spoken to a Normandy peasant before, listened and looked with all her eyes. There was Reine, dressed like a doll, in flaps and apron and ornaments; but Catherine was touched and fascinated by the grave, noble face, the pathetic voice. Alas! she was not the first Reine had charmed.

The girl gave the children their milk out of a great brass pan, standing

surrounded by little barrels for making butter. "Should you like to see the farm?" she asked them. "This is where we keep our cider," and, opening a door into an old vaulted cellar, she showed them six huge butts, standing side by side, and reaching to the ceiling. Each one of them was large enough to drown the whole party. Nanine exclaimed at their size. "They are half of them empty already," said Reine, laughing. "Dominique alone could drink one of those for his supper. I don't offer you any," she said to Catherine, leading them away, and locking the door behind her. "I know English people do not like cider," and she sighed as she spoke.

She went before them through many courts, opening arched doors, into store-rooms heaped with the oily colza grain. She showed them a wheat-field enclosed by four walls, against which nectarines and apricots were ripening. The cows were all out in the meadows, but there were a few sheep in a stable; and at last she brought them into the great farm-kitchen. It had been added on to the rest of the buildings; so had Reine's own room, which was over it, and reached by stone steps from outside.

Petitpère was sitting at the table, eating bread and soup. He looked hot and tired, but he got up to make a bow and a little speech. He was a hospitable and courteous old fellow, whatever his other defects may have been. "Ladies, you are welcome to the farm," he said. "Pray excuse my continuing my breakfast. I have been out since five o'clock in the fields, with the soldiers."

"We have not men enough to get in the harvest," Reine explained to Catherine, "and we send for the soldiers to help us."

"And have you, too, been up since sunrise?" Catherine asked.

"I see it every morning of my life," said Reine. "I should like to show it you from our archway. The sea awakens first, all our animals stir as if they knew; it is a most beautiful hour," she said gravely, "and like a prayer before the work."

What was there about Reine Chrétien that attracted and interested her so curiously? Catherine asked herself this, and also how was it and why was it that the place seemed so strangely familiar? Had she been there in some previous existence? She turned and looked round about. The window, the great cupboard, with the gleaming hinges, she had seen them before somewhere—she could not understand it. Petitpère went on composedly drinking his soup; Catherine still stood in a puzzle. She had a silly little fancy there would be a bright brass pot in one of the corners, but it was not there as she expected—she could not understand it at all.

Reine begged them to come and see her again, and stood watching them thoughtfully under the archway as they went home across the fields where the soldiers were reaping with peaceful scythes, and the corn fell against the horizon, and the figures of the gleaners with their golden troven treasures stood out with garments flying against the sky. Then

she turned and crossed the court once more, and once she stopped and pulled a letter from her pocket and read it over twice.

Catherine thought as she walked back that morning that if she could have forgotten all that had passed before she came to Tracy, all the people she had known, all the things she had thought, she could breathe on for years happily enough in this fruitful country. But who is there who would forget willingly what has gone before? There are few who would not remember more if they could, if it were even the pangs they have forgotten.

As they reached the court-yard, they met Monsieur de Tracy heavily booted and gaitered, all dressed in white, and finishing his morning rounds. Monsieur Fontaine was with him, also in linen clothes. He acted as a sort of agent or manager in Tracy's absence, and used often to come up to talk over business and bailiffs. They all met just inside the iron gates of the court-yard. Fontaine bowed profoundly to the pretty fresh-looking little Miss with the great bunch of field-flowers in her hand, and the blue ribbons in her crisp black hair. The children clustered round their father, and Henri held him prisoner while Nanine stuck poppies into all his button-holes, and little Madelaine, who could reach no higher, ornamented his gaiters with flowers.

Meanwhile the following conversation was going on :—

"You have quite recovered from the fatigue of your journey, I trust?" said Fontaine. "One need scarcely ask mademoiselle the question."

"Oui, monsieur," said Catherine, looking up shyly.

"And mademoiselle has already surrounded herself with flowers," said Fontaine, alluding to the bouquet.

"Oui, monsieur," said Catherine, who did not know what else to say.

"And I hope that mademoiselle is pleased with our country?" said Fontaine, speaking both in his public and his private capacity.

"Oui, monsieur," said Catherine, with great originality, half laughing at her own stupidity, and moving away towards the house, to put an end to such a silly conversation.

It was like a scene in a play, like a picture on a fan or a bonbon box. It seemed as if nothing could be less serious. The little banality, the bow, the curtsy, it was a nothing Catherine thought, or she would have thought so had she thought at all. To the children it was an instant of great anxiety: would the flowers tumble off their papa when he moved his legs?—but Catherine tripped away unconscious and unconcerned.

Poor Fontaine's fate, too, was decided in that instant, when he bowed so profoundly, and Catherine turned away with her quick little smile. Not at Bayeux, not at Caen, not including Madame la Sous-Préfète herself, was there any one to be compared to this charming young Englishwoman, thought the maire. As for a *dot*, he would prefer Miss George with a moderate sum, to Reine with all her fortune; and then something told him that the English were so orderly, such excellent housekeepers, caring nothing for follies and expenses. "Toilette is their

aversion," thought Fontaine, remembering at the same time some of the bills he had paid for Toto's poor mother. He built a castle in the air, a Tower of Babel it was, poor fellow, reaching to heaven. He perceived himself passing Reine Chrétien, with a lovely and charmingly mannered Madame Fontaine beside him, elegantly but not expensively attired; he pictured her to himself embroidering by his fire-side, superintending his ménage. As he thought of Catherine, a sweet, arch, gentle glance came dazzling his eyes, like sunlight through the double eyeglass, and at that minute Jean moved, after patiently standing until his decoration was complete, and alas! for poor little Madelaine, all the flowers fell off him.

"Good morning, Monsieur le Maire," said Madame de Tracy, suddenly appearing at the hall-door. "Wen't you stay and breakfast with us?"

"Madame," said the maire, "you are too good. I shall be quite delighted."

Catherine liked the breakfast-hour at Tracy. They all came in cheerful and freshly dressed, and took their places in the long, picturesque-looking salle, with its vaulted roof and many windows. The food was carefully and prettily served and ornamented; the white bright china glittered on the table; the golden and purple fruit was heaped up bountifully. She liked to look at it all from her place by Madame de Tracy, as she liked looking at Marthe's pale, beautiful head opposite to her, or Madame Jean's smart ribbons. Catherine used sometimes to compare the scene at Tracy—the cool green windows, the festive-looking table, the ripple of talk—to the sombre dining-room in Eaton Square, where the smoke had settled in clouds upon the faded stucco walls, where Mr. Butler sliced the eternal legs of mutton while everybody sat round and watched the process in silence and anxiety.

Monsieur Fontaine sat next Catherine to-day; Madame de Tracy sent them in together. She could not help thinking as she followed the couple what an easy solution there might be to all her difficulties. The little thing would be the very wife for Fontaine,—he would make an excellent husband. It would be a home for her,—the maire's admiration was evident, and Ernestine had been too provoking that morning.

There had been an explanation, ending as explanations generally end, by hopelessly confusing matters. Ernestine declared with the utmost liveliness that she had not room to lodge a fly in her apartments at Paris, and that nothing would induce her to have a governess in the house.

"But it is certain neither I nor your grandmother require one," said poor Madame de Tracy, at her wit's end. "And we go to V—— on the twentieth of next month. What am I to do? How can I tell her?"

It seemed like a second inspiration to this impulsive lady when on her way to the breakfast-room she happened to see the little scene in the court-yard. The bow, the respectful look of admiration, which said nothing to Miss George, were like signals of approaching succour to the distressed hostess. Madame de Tracy thought no more of parcelling out the future of two living souls than she did of matching her cap-strings. As she sat

there at the head of the table she talked, schemed, made, looked after them all, carved out destinies and chicken with admirable precision and rapidity. "Baptiste, take this wing to Monsieur de Tracy. Marthe, I know it is no use offering you any. Monsieur le Maire, do you prefer omelette?"

This was the first Friday that Catherine had spent at Tracy, and she saw with a thrill that omelettes were being handed round, and great flowery roast potatoes and fried fish. There were, however, chickens too, and cutlets, of which, as a Protestant, she felt bound to partake. So did Jean and his grandmother. His mother was of an amphibious persuasion, sometimes fish, sometimes flesh, as the fancy took her. She was by way of being a Protestant, but she went to mass with her family, and fasted on Fridays, when Marthe and Ernestine were there. Madame de Tracy *mère*, as they called the old lady upstairs, had a dispensation. Catherine was rather disappointed to see them all quietly peppering and salting the nice little dishes before them, and enjoying their breakfasts. She thought of her aunt Farebrother's warnings; the scene did not look very alarming. Monsieur Fontaine, although strictly adhering to the rules laid down by his church, managed to make an excellent repast, attending at the same time to his companions' wants, and passing salt and pepper and sugar with great empressement and gallantry. Catherine herself, before breakfast was over, became conscious of his devotion, and, I am sorry to say, was woman enough to be amused and not displeased by it. Once she caught Madame de Tracy's glance; there were no frozen looks now to chill and terrify. "I am determined I will speak to him on the subject immediately after breakfast," Madame de Tracy was thinking.

"Monsieur le Maire, I want to show you my new plantation. Ernestine, little Madelaine is longing for a bunch of grapes. Baptiste, has Madame de Tracy *mère's* breakfast been taken up?"

"Madame desires a little more chicken," said Baptiste respectfully. "Mademoiselle Picard has just come down to fetch some, also a little Burgundy wine and an egg and some figs."

Catherine used to wonder at the supplies which were daily sent up from every meal to this invisible invalid. She had seen the shutters of her rooms from without, but she never penetrated into the interior of the apartment which Madame de Tracy *mère* inhabited. Once or twice in passing she had heard a hoarse voice like a man's calling Picard or Baptiste (they were the old lady's personal attendants); once Catherine had seen a pair of stumpy velvet shoes standing outside her door. That was all. Old Madame de Tracy was a voice, an appetite, a pair of shoes to Catherine, no more.

Everybody is something to somebody else. Certain hieroglyphics stand to us in lieu of most of our neighbours. Poor little Catherine herself was a possible storm and discussion to some of the people present—to Marthe a soul to be saved, to Madame de Tracy a problem to be solved and comfortably disposed of, to Monsieur Fontaine, carried away by his feelings, the unconscious Catherine appeared as one of the many possible

Madame Fontaines in existence, and certainly the most graceful and charming of them all. There was only that unfortunate question of the *dot* to outweigh so much amiability and refinement.

After breakfast everybody disappeared in different directions. The children and Miss George went up into Madame de Tracy's bedroom, where she had desired them to sit of a morning. It was a comfortable Napoleonic apartment, with bureaux and brass inlaid tables, upon which bonbonnières and liqueur stands and arrangements for sugar and water were disposed. A laurel-crowned clock was on the chimney-piece, over which the late M. de Tracy's silhouette legion of honour and lock of hair were hanging neatly framed and glazed. The children sat with their heads together spelling out their tasks. Catherine's bright eyes glanced up and round about the room; and out across the gardens, and the vine-clad roofs of the outhouses, the flies came buzzing. There was silence and a scent of ripe fruit from the garden. Suddenly, with a swift pang, she remembered that it was a week to-day since she had said good-by to Rosy and Totty, and to Dick. The three names used to come together somehow in her thoughts. A week already since she had bade him a hasty farewell at the door of a room with everybody standing round. . . . She could not bear to think of it, she thought, as she began to recall every expression, every sound, every aspect of that instant, which had been to her like Mahomet's, and which had seemed to last for a thousand years.

The last few days had been so sunny, so easy, so harmonious a medley of sweet summer weather, and gardens and grapes, and lively talk, that Catherine had been too much absorbed to dream. People do not dream when they are happy. For the last few days she had remembered without bitterness. Life seemed to have grown suddenly bearable, and almost easy once more. If she had known how short a time her tranquillity was to last, she might have made more of it perhaps, and counted each minute as it passed. But she did not know, and she wasted many of them as she was doing now, as we all do, in unavailing hankering and regrets,—precious little instants flying by only too quickly, and piping to us very sweetly, and we do not dance. Looking back, one laments not so much the unavoidable sorrows of life, as its wasted peace and happiness, and then more precious minutes pass in remorse for happiness wasted long ago.

"I wonder what grandmamma is talking to Monsieur Fontaine about," said Nanine, standing on tiptoe and peeping out. "Look, Miss George, how they go walking up and down the *allée verte*."

"Monsieur Fontaine seems very much excited," said Catherine, smiling, as Fontaine began gesticulating suddenly, and stopped short in his walk to give more emphasis to what he was saying.

If she could have heard what he was saying!

CHAPTER X.

A BOUQUET OF MARGUERITES.

ABOUT this time one or two people came occasionally to stay in the house for a night or two : the De Vernons, who were neighbours, young Robert de Coëtlogon, Ernestine's brother, and others from time to time. Catherine did not see very much of them ; they came and they went without any reference to her. Madame de Tracy was very kind to her always. Even Madame Jean had melted and got to like the bright-faced little thing, although she never altered her vexatious determination to admit no governess into her house. Madame de Tracy had begged that Catherine might not be told. She did not want the poor child to be unnecessarily distressed, and she looked so happy and comfortably settled, that it seemed a shame to disturb her, when, perhaps, everything might arrange itself smoothly, and without any explanations. Madame de Tracy used to take Catherine out sometimes. One day they drove to Bayeux, with its cathedral towers and winding streets and jewellers' shops all twinkling. Another day they went to Petitport : the fishwives looked up grinning and nodding as the lady of the manor passed by. "Do you see the pretty little chalet on the cliff overlooking the sea ?" said Madame de Tracy, pointing to the little house with the pink curtains, and all its wooden balconies and weathercocks. "That is where Fontaine lives. Is it not a charming little place ? I have to speak to him. We will leave the ponies down here at Pélotier's." And Madame de Tracy put the reins into some idler's hands, and panted up the cliff, too busy and preoccupied and breathless to glance at the sapphire sea at her feet.

Fontaine was not at home, but an old gentleman's head was to be seen through one of the windows, and a fat old lady with mustachios was sitting in the garden with her hands on her two knees, and her feet on a footstool, and Toto was galloping round and round the little gravel path.

"My son is out, unfortunately, Madame la Comtesse," said the old lady, bowing from her seat to Madame de Tracy, who remained outside the gate. "He will be in despair when I tell him you passed this way," she added, stiffly.

"I hope you are well, Madame Mérard," said Madame de Tracy, willing to propitiate. "Your son gives me news of you from time to time. What a charming little habitation this is !"

"They offered us five hundred francs a month for it only yesterday," said Madame Mérard, with dignity. "I do all I can to prevail upon Charles to let it. Rents are enormous just now. One should make one's profit when one can. But Charles will not hear reason."

Meanwhile Toto and Catherine were making acquaintance. The little boy had come up to look at the pretty lady his papa had told him about ; and Catherine, bending over the low railing and holding out her hand,

said, "What nice flowers you have got in your garden. Will you give me one of them?"

"Papa and I water them every evening," said Toto, picking a slug-eaten specimen, and holding it up. "I have a little watering-pot of my own."

The sea looked so blue, the shutters so green, the sunlight so yellow, the margarets so brilliant, that Catherine's eyes were dazzled, and she scarcely noticed the curious, dissatisfied glances old Madame M  rard was casting in her direction. Madame de Tracy, however, saw them, and quickly hurried Catherine away, for fear she should be frightened by this somewhat alarming person.

"Pray tell Monsieur le Maire we asked for him," said Madame de Tracy as they walked away, bowing and forcing herself to be civil to the old lady of the cha  let.

For Fontaine himself Madame de Tracy began to feel almost a sentimental interest. She looked upon him from an entirely new point of view; a bore no longer, but a hero of romance, an enthusiastic and disinterested lover. Madame de Tracy felt that if she were Catherine, nothing in the world would be more delightful to her than a marriage with Monsieur Fontaine. "Handsome, amiable, warm-hearted, a good man of business, musical, universally respected: it is a piece of good fortune I never dared hope for," said the ch  telaine to herself. "I should like the marriage to take place, if possible, before the 15th of next month. It was too absurd of Sarah Butler to alarm me so unnecessarily about Dick.—One might be very comfortable in that nice house of Fontaine's," said Madame de Tracy aloud. "Don't you think so, Catherine?"

"Oh, yes," said Catherine, not knowing what she was saying.

Another time Madame de Tracy suddenly asked her how she should like to pass her life among them always? Catherine thought that she was speaking of her as a governess, and said, with grateful effusion, "You are so good to me; I am more happy with you than I could be with anybody else. I almost forget I am a governess."

"My dear child, I meant how should you like to settle down among us and marry?" said Madame de Tracy, apparently unconcerned.

"I shall never marry," said Catherine, turning away disappointed, with a wistful, perplexed look in her eyes.

Madame de Tracy did not press the subject, but she went on asking Fontaine to breakfast and dinner, until Ernestine declared it was quite intolerable, and even Marthe gently remonstrated.

Catherine looked happy and contented, but presently, while all was going on as usual, there came a secret change. Outside, everything was the same, inside it was all different. These two existences side by side, "*l'  me et la b  te*," as De Maistre calls them, seem sometimes to lead two lives almost apart, leading in different directions with different results. Do they in their differences supplement one another, one is sometimes

tempted to ask, and keep the balance even? In one calm and uneventful existence, angels may know of terrible tragedies, of happiness, and overwhelming misfortune, scarcely acknowledged even by the "bête" itself; whereas another life outwardly hopeless, deserted, unsuccessful in everything, may from within have won all the prizes that seem to have failed it.

When Catherine had been a little time at Tracy, when she began to know her way about the house, and the vine-grown garden, and along the hedgeless paths to the sea, to the farm, to the church; narrow paths skirting the fields, dust-blown, fringed with straggling flowers and scattered with stones—when she had tasted her fill of the grapes that were sweetening upon the walls, when she had gathered handfuls of the flowers that were growing all about the gardens and courts in a sweet yet disordered luxuriance—when all this had grown familiar, she began to turn away from it all, and look back once more towards the past which was already beginning to glow with a distant radiance. It was like some one dazzled for a little by a sudden illumination who begins to see clearly again—more clearly, alas! than before.

She had met Reine once or twice in her walks, and had promised to go and see her.

"I shall look out for you every day until you come," said Reine, in her odd jarring voice, that sometimes began harshly, and ended in a pathetic cadence. "It is not often that any one comes to see me that I care for."

Reine had, like others infinitely wiser and better than herself, to pay a certain penalty of loneliness and misapprehension which seems to be the doom of all those who live upon the mountain tops. Catherine, too, was lonely in her way, and the country girl's cordial sympathy was very grateful and sweet to her. But Catherine was lonely from outward influences, and not from inner causes. Poor little soul, it was not for the mountain tops that she longed. Any green valley, any fertile, tranquil plain, would have contented her, if she could only have seen the shadow of one person falling across it and advancing towards her.

One Sunday evening—it was the day after she had called at the chalet—Catherine came down dressed for dinner before anybody else. She came into the drawing-room. It was empty, and one lamp only was standing upon a table, and casting its circlet of light upon the cloth. It lit up a card-rack, and Madame de Tracy's paroissien with its golden cross, and some letters which had just arrived by the post, and which had been left there by the servant. Catherine had a book in her hand (it was *Eugénie Grandet*, which M. de Tracy had lent her), and she walked quietly across the dark room to the light, and knelt down by the table to read, as she had a trick of doing when she was alone. But she did not open her novel: in an instant she saw one letter lying there with the others, and she started with a sort of shock, and let the book fall on the table, and the poor little heart gave a great leap, and began throbbing and crying aloud

in its own language. If Catherine had seen Dick himself she might have been less moved. A calm belongs to certainty which does not come when there is only a hint, a possible chance, an impossible disappointment in store. "Was he coming? Oh, was he coming, perhaps?"

Catherine could not herself have told you how it was that she recognized his handwriting in an instant among all the others. She had only once seen his initials on the fly-leaf of a book—but she knew it—she did not need the English post-mark to tell her whence the letter came: here was his writing and she might not read it, here was a secret he himself had closed and sealed against her. His thoughts, his words, were there, but they were not for her. It seemed to her suddenly as if the thing in the whole world she most longed for was that letter—even more than to see him again. Did it come straight from the river-side? She remembered a table in the studio where books, and loose papers, and envelopes were lying: was that where it was written? She longed to take it up and to read the post-mark, and to look at the stamp upon the seal. With a sudden movement like a child's, she put her hands behind her to keep them out of temptation, and then, poor little foolish, foolish thing, she bent suddenly forward and touched it with her lips.

A minute afterwards she would have given, oh, how much! not to have done this. She sat there in scorn with her own weakness, angry with herself, indignant; the red and white flames were still coming and going in her cheeks, when Madame de Tracy came bustling into the room, followed by the inevitable M. Fontaine, who had just arrived.

"This is the only punctual person in the house, Monsieur le Maire," said Madame de Tracy, smiling and nodding at Catherine as she spoke, and then she went straight up to the letters, and then she looked up curiously at Catherine a second time, and caught the girl's odd, wistful glance, and saw her suddenly change colour. As for Fontaine, he thought he had never seen Miss George in greater beauty. "If she were dressed by one of our first modistes in Caen," thought Monsieur Fontaine, "not Madame la Sous-Préfète herself would present a more distinguished appearance." He took a chair and sat down opposite to her in the lamp-light, and began thanking her for her kindness to his little boy the day before.

"Toto has been talking of you ever since, mademoiselle," said Monsieur le Maire. "His grandmother and I had some difficulty in preventing him from quitting his bed to accompany me here to-night. Toto has a great deal of character, poor little fellow," sighed Fontaine, with real kindness and tenderness. "He has no mother, and one is always afraid of not being gentle enough with him. I am afraid we are not quite so decided as we ought to be."

It was impossible not to like Fontaine when he talked about his little son. This man was genuinely and unaffectedly kind-hearted and affectionate. He was absurd, prosy, fussy; he had all sorts of tiresome peculiarities, but he was incapable of a harsh or unkind action.

Madame de Tracy opened her letters, and read them one by one. Catherine answered Fontaine from beyond the sea, as it were; from the river-side, from the quaint old studio; listening to some one else the whole time, to a distant music, playing across all the days that had passed since she heard it.

Everybody began to enter the room. "Nothing for me?" said Ernestine, coming in, in a marvellous shimmering toilette. "It is too provoking! people never write—Jean sends me a telegram when he goes away . . . Isn't this from Dick?" she continued, looking over her mother-in-law's shoulder. "What does he say?"

"We will talk it over another time," said Madame de Tracy, in a constrained sort of way—and she handed the letter to Ernestine.

"He asks for fricandeau!" said Ernestine, looking puzzled.

"Poor little prodigal!" said Jean, laughing kindly, and in his turn beginning to read.

Queen's Walk, Sept. 1.

My DEAR AUNT—I have been working very hard, or I should have written to you before. There is a bit of the cliff at Petitport which must come into my picture, and I am thinking of running over before the wedding. Will you take me and my canvas for a day or two, and once more prepare the fricandeau for your affectionate

R. B.

P.S.—Uncle Charles has been buying some wonderful sherry, he says. Hervey is gone on a walking tour with Francis. The affair is settled for the 9th.

This was the letter Jean de Tracy read in silence. Madame de Tracy for once looked stern, and glanced meaningly at her son, as he returned it. She folded it up without a word.

Catherine's troubled manner, Dick's proposal to return so soon again, had filled her with vague alarm once more. Dick might be unconscious, serious, amusing himself with a passing flirtation—it was impossible to say what he was about. He had certainly declared once that Miss George was nothing to him, but it was well to be on the safe side. "We must make some excuse to keep him away a little longer," thought Madame de Tracy. She wanted to be a good genius to all these people. She liked managing, arranging: she meant rather well: it was convenient to dispose of Miss George, and amusing to occupy herself with these sentimental matters. How bitterly she regretted afterwards the irreparable work she had accomplished! The good lady disquieted herself a good deal at one time as to whether she had not, perhaps, materially interfered with the plans of Providence.

They seemed to drop the subject by tacit consent. Ernestine asked no more questions. Catherine's heart gave one more flutter, and sank down and down. Ah, why would they not at least talk, and say what they meant. This was all she was to know. This was all the uncertainty: all her life she might expect no more—nothing else. This horrible instinct of what they were thinking was her only certainty. To Catherine, the sight of the letter had brought everything back with a rush. Poor little thing, she had thought her house was swept and garnished, and here were seven

devils worse than the first who had taken possession. It was an absurdity, a childishness, but she longed for that letter. The sudden conviction that for all her life she should have no right even to read what he had written, even to ask a question or to speak his name, was a sort of passing torture. It lasted until dinner was announced, some ten minutes after. It seemed like an hour of agony to Catherine, there in the lamplight, sitting in her muslins as if nothing had happened. It was nonsense; and yet she suffered as keenly as from any of the certainty that came to her later. From his hand it was easy to bear any blow; but to be parted by others . . .

"Permit me, mademoiselle, to have the honour," said Monsieur le Maire, offering his arm.

Catherine suddenly felt as if she hated poor Fontaine, ambling and complimenting beside her, as if it was a cruel mockery of Fate to come with this absurd compromise to jeer at her and turn her into ridicule. She had never before felt so sure of poor Fontaine's admiration, and never thought of it so seriously. All dinner-time she was silent; she turned from him—she was almost rude. He had never before seen her so little amiable, so inattentive.

Monsieur Fontaine departed early in the evening, very crestfallen and out of spirits. For the first time in his life he told himself his heart was really touched. He was humble, as most vain people are, and he alternated from absurd complacency to utter despondency. Never until now had he felt like this about any one. His first wife was a small heiress, and the match had been purely one of convenience. For Reine, a terrified fascination induced him reluctantly to come forward at his mother's suggestion; but Catherine's gentleness charmed and touched him at once. Here was a person he could understand and sympathize with. He longed to protect her, to make some great sacrifice for her, to bring her home proudly to his chalet and garden, and to say, "All this is yours; only love me a little and be good to Toto." "My excellent mother will regret her want of fortune," thought Fontaine. "Alas! who knows whether she will ever have the occasion to do so. And yet," said the maire to himself, with a certain simple dignity, "that child might do worse than accept the hand of an honest man." He did not go into his chalet through the kitchen as usual, but walked down the garden to his "cabane," a small wooden sentry-box facing the sea. It had been erected at the bottom of the sloping embankment for the convenience of bathing. A little heap of white stones that Toto had placed upon the seat were gleaming in the darkness. Fontaine pushed them carefully into one corner, and then sat down and smoked one cigar after another until quite late in the night.

Meanwhile, the drawing-room of the château was still lighted up. Some one had been singing, the others had been dancing, but Catherine would not join them. Poor child, was the music of her life only to be for other people to dance to? Were her dreams of love to be so cruelly realized? Fontaine, with all his devotion, attention, conversation, was

not as much alive to Catherine as that one little bit of paper in Madame de Tracy's pocket.

Catherine was standing ready in the hall next morning when the children came running up to her. She had awakened late, refreshed by a long dreamless sleep, and she thought she had shaken off the vivid impressions of the night before. But how relentlessly people are pursued in life by any idea which has once taken possession of them ! Everything seems to suggest and bring it back : the very stones cry out ; we open a book, and we read something concerning it ; chance people speak of it to us ; even the children in their play told Catherine that she was alone, and had neither home nor friend to shield her. The children went into the kitchen-garden, and Miss George followed them there.

Catherine sat down on the side of the old well ; the vines were creeping up the iron bars, the grapes were hanging between the leaves. There was one great ripe bunch dropping against the sky, painted purple upon the blue. A few wasps were floating drowsily ; a bird flew swiftly by, glancing down for one instant with its bright sleepy eye. There was again that scent of fruit and indescribable sweetness in the air. As she sat there, Catherine began to feel as if she had known it all from the beginning. It was like that strange remembrance in the farm-kitchen, only less vivid. It was all very sweet and lovely ; but she thought, with a sudden thrill, that the ugliest London street along which Dick Butler had walked would be more to her than this.

Was she never to see him again ? ah, was she never to see him again ? And as she thought this, his face seemed to go before her eyes. They had been singing a little song the night before at the château,—

Si vous n'avez rien à me dire, pourquoi venir auprès de moi ?

it went. Dreams said nothing to her now. She looked at them in a sort of despair as they went by.

"Why does he come, why does he come ?" sighed the little thing, clinging to the iron crank. "Why am I haunted like this ?" She felt as if it was cruel—yes, cruel of Fate to mock her and tempt her thus ; to have brought the fruit, sweet and ripe and tempting to her lips, and to whisper at the same time cruel warnings : "This is for others, not for you. This is for the other Catherine, who does not very much care—this will be for him some day when he chooses. Do you wish ? You may wish, and wish, and wish, you will be no nearer—put out your hand and you will see all these beautiful, purple, sweet peaches turn into poisonous berries, bitter and sickening. And yet I did not go after it," thought the girl, with a passionate movement. "Why does this come to me, crossing my path to distract, to vex, to bewilder ?" Catherine was but a child still : she leaned over the old moss-grown parapet of the well and let her tears drop deep, deep into it. What a still passage it was down into the cool heart of the earth. She heard a fresh bubble of water rippling at the bottom, and she watched her tears as they fell sparkling into the dark silent depths.

"Nobody will find them there," she said to herself, smiling sadly at the poor little conceit. "I will never cry again if I can help it, but if I cannot help it I will come here to cry."

And yet this poor little hopeless, sorrowful love of Catherine's was teaching and educating her, although she did not know it. She was only ashamed of it. The thought that they suspected it, that it was no chance which had caused them all to avoid Dick's name so carefully, made her shrink with shame. The poor little wistful silly thing, with the quick little fancies and warm tender heart, was changing day by day, making discoveries, suddenly understanding things she read, words people spoke. The whole pulse of life seemed to be beating more quickly. Something had come into her face which was not there a year ago. She was thinner, and the moulding of her two arched brows showed as it had not done before. Her little round mouth was longer and more finely drawn; her eyes looked you more straightly in the face through their soft gloom. She got up, hearing voices and footsteps approaching: it was the children, who came running along the pathway.

Henri was holding a great big nosegay, done up in stamped paper. It was chiefly made of marguerites, sorted into wheels, red, white, orange, violet. It was a prim-looking offering, with leaves and little buds at regular intervals, as Nature never intended them to grow.

"This is for you!" cried little Henri, triumphantly. "This beautiful big bouquet. Toto and M. Fontaine have brought it. You will let me smell it, won't you?"

"The flowers are magnificent," said Nanine, following panting and indignant. "M. Fontaine confided them to me; but Henri seized it and ran away. I do not like rude little boys."

"You must tell Monsieur Fontaine I am very much obliged to him," said Catherine. "And you can put it in water, if you like, Nanine."

"You must thank him yourself," said the little girl walking beside her. "I know you like marguerites. You wore some in your hair last night. They look pretty with your white muslin dresses."

Catherine followed the children sadly, walking under the song of birds and the glimmering green branches. She would have escaped, but Madame de Tracy, with Monsieur Fontaine and Toto, came to meet them; the châtelaine was calling out cheerfully and waving her parasol.

Fontaine sprang forward. He looked spruce as usual in his white linen dress; his panama was in his hand; he wore a double eyeglass like Jean de Tracy. "We are proud, mademoiselle, that you honour us by accepting the produce of our little garden," said Fontaine. "Toto and I cultivate our flowers with some care, and we feel more than repaid. . . ."

"Thank you," interrupted Catherine, mechanically. She spoke, looking away over the wall at some poplar-trees that were swaying in the wind. It brought with it a sound of the sea that seemed to fill the air.

"Accustomed as you must be to the magnificent products of your

Chatswors and Kieus," said Fontaine, "our poor marguerites must seem very insignificant. Such as they are, we have gathered our best to offer you."

He said it almost pathetically, and Catherine was touched. But how oddly people affect and change one another! This shy, frightened little girl became cold, dignified, absent in Monsieur Fontaine's presence, as she stood enduring rather than accepting his attentions.

"Thank you. They are very pretty," she repeated; "but I am sorry you should have gathered your best for me."

CHAPTER XI.

A PILGRIMAGE.

A CERTAIN expedition had long been arranged for the next day. The ladies wanted to shop, Tracy had business in Caen. They were all to go over and dine at the hotel and come home in the evening. Catherine begged Madame de Tracy to leave her behind. She was shy and out of spirits, and was glad when the elder lady acceded. Nanine and Henri were carried off; only Madelaine, Catherine, and the invisible Madame mère were left at home. In the silence of the house Catherine heard the deep voice resounding more than once.

Miss George went out soon after breakfast, leaving Madelaine with her nurse as usual. She remembered her promise to Reine, and there was something cordial and cheering in the Frenchwoman's kindness. The thought of the farm was always connected with brightness in Catherine's mind, and immediately after breakfast she set off along the fields to see her friend. Something was evidently contemplated at the farm. A cart was waiting in the courtyard as Catherine walked in; Dominique was standing at the old mare's head and affectionately rubbing her nose. Little Josette and Toto, hand in hand, were wandering up and down. Toto was magnificent in Sunday clothes. "Voyez comme Toto est beau," said Josette, pointing with her little finger and forgetting to be shy in her excitement. Reine was preparing a basketful of provisions in the kitchen—cream in a brass can, roast apples, galette, salad and cold meat, all nicely packed in white napkins, also a terrinée or rice pudding for the children, and a piled-up dish full of ripe figs and green leaves and grapes for dessert. Toto's Sunday clothes looked like a holiday expedition. His grandmother pleased herself by inventing little costumes for him. On this occasion he wore what she called a *turban écossais*. This Scotch turban was ornamented by long streamers, glass buttons, and straw tassels. He also wore a very short jacket and trousers of the same magnificent plaid. His hair was cropped quite close, so as to make his head look smooth and round like a ball. Toto himself was much pleased with his appearance, and gazed at his reflection approvingly in a tub of dirty water which was standing in a corner of the court.

"They will take me for a soldier, Josette," said he, strutting about.

"Come in, come in," cried Reine from her kitchen to Catherine, who was standing uncertain where to go.

A very odd and unexpected little revelation was awaiting Miss George (at least, so she thought it) as she came, with eyes dazzled by the sunny court, under the old stone porch into the dark kitchen, where Reine was standing, and where Petitpère had been eating his breakfast the time before. The odd-shaped shuttles for making string were hanging from the ceiling and swaying a little in the draught from the open door. There was the brass pan in the corner, which she had looked for; suddenly she recognized it all, the great carved cupboard with the hinges, the vine window looking across the blazing fields! Now she remembered in an instant where and when and how it was she had first seen Reine in her farm-kitchen—how could she have ever forgotten? Here was the picture Dick had shown her on his easel, only it was alive. The shuttles swayed, the light flickered on the brazen pan, one of the cupboard doors was swinging on its hinges, and Reine herself, with no hard black lines in her face, only smiles and soft changing shadows, came forward, tall and bright and kind, to meet her. So Dick had been here before her and painted his picture here where she was standing. When this little revelation came to her, Catherine, who had been attracted before, felt as if she loved Reine now for something more than her own sake. This was the explanation—it was all natural enough as she came to think of it, but it struck her like a miracle almost, worked for her benefit. She seized Reine by the arm; all the colour came rushing into her cheek. "Now I know where I have seen you," she cried. "Ah, Reine, how strangely things happen!"

"What do you mean?" said Reine, with a quick matter-of-fact glance as she shut down the cover of the basket.

Catherine went on, looking all about the place. "When did Mr. Butler paint you?—used you to sit to him?—was it not a beautiful picture? He showed it to us in his studio."

"It was like the kitchen," said Reine, not seeming much surprised, with another odd, reserved glance at Catherine. "I didn't think it very like me. I wanted him to paint the court-yard and the archway, with Dominique and Petitpère on the bench. A kitchen is always a kitchen.—Mademoiselle, how I wish you were coming with us to-day," she said, in another tone. "We are going to the chapel of the Deliverande."

Catherine did not answer, she had not done with her questions. Here at last was some one to whom she could talk without exciting suspicion. Any one may speak of a picture in an unconcerned tone of voice, of Miss Philomel's talent for music, of Strephon's odd-shaped crook, or Chloris's pretty little lambs, but they should choose their confidantes carefully. Let them beware of women of a certain age and sentimental turn; let them, above all, avoid persons also interested in music, and flocks, and shepherds' crooks, or woe betide any one's secret. I think

if Catherine had been quite silent, and never mentioned Dick's name, Reine would by degrees have guessed as much as she did the instant the little girl spoke. Miss George herself was not deficient in quickness, but she was preoccupied just now.

"How little I ever thought I should really know you," said Catherine.

"That is how things happen," said Reine. "It has been a great pleasure and happiness to me.—Mademoiselle, you have not said No. Will you not honour us by coming to-day? It might amuse you to see the chapel. They say that to-day anything is accorded that one asks for there. They say so to make people come perhaps," added the sceptic.

"Oh, Reine, what shall you ask for?" said Catherine, who believed everything.

"An explanation," said Reine, drily. "I have been expecting one some time. Et vous, mademoiselle?"

Catherine's colour rose again and fell. "One would never have the courage to ask for what one wished," she faltered. "Yes, I should like to come with you. I suppose Madame de Tracy will not mind."

"We can send a message by Dominique," said Reine; and so the matter was settled.

Petitpère appeared, brushing his tall beaver-hat, and then clambered with strong trembling hands into his place. The two women sat opposite to one another, on straw chairs. Josette and Toto had a little plank to themselves. The children were delighted and clapped their hands at a windmill, an old cow, a flight of crows; so did Catherine, at their request. Something like a reaction had come after her weariness, and then she had had a drop of water, poor little fool, when she did not expect it. Reine smiled to see her so gay, and then sighed as she thought of former expeditions to the Deliverande.

The old farm stood baking in the sun. The cart rolled on, past stubble-fields and wide horizons of corn, and clouds, and meadow-land; the St. Claire was over, and the colza had been reaped. They passed through villages with lovely old church towers and Norman arched windows. They passed acacia-trees, with their bright scarlet berries, hanging low garden walls. They passed more farms, with great archways and brilliant vines wreathing upon the stone. The distance was a great panorama of sky and corn and distant sea. The country-folks along the road cried out to them as they passed, "*Vous voilà en route, père Chrétien,*" "*Amusez-vous bien,*" and so on. Other carts came up to them as they approached the chapel, and people went walking in the same direction. They passed little roadside inns and buvettes for the convenience of the neighbours, and here and there little altars. Once, on the summit of a hill, they came to a great cross, with a life-size figure nailed upon it. Two women were sitting on the stone step at its foot, and the cloud-drifts were tossing beyond it. It was very awful, Catherine thought.

An hour later she was sitting in the chapel of the Deliverande. In a dark, incense-scented place, full of flames, and priests, and music, and

crowding country-people, a gorgeously dressed altar was twinkling and glittering in her eyes, where the Virgin of the Deliverande in stiff embroideries was standing, with a blaze of tapers burning among the fresh flowers. Voices of boys and girls were loudly chanting the hymn to the Virgin in the darkness behind it. Catherine had groped her way in the dazzling obscurity to some seats, and when she could see she found the children side by side in front of her, and she saw Reine on her knees, and Petitpère's meek grey head bowed. One other thing she saw, which seemed to her sad and almost cruel,—poor old Nanon Lefebvre creeping up the centre aisle, and setting her basket on the ground, and then kneeling, and with difficulty kissing the cross let into the marble pavement in front of the altar, and saying a prayer, and slinking quickly away. Poor old Nanon! the penances of poverty and old age were also allotted to her. Just over Catherine's head, on a side-altar, stood a placid saint, with outstretched arms, at whose feet numberless little offerings had been placed—orange-flowers, and wreaths of immortelles, and a long string of silver hearts. Catherine, who had almost thought it wrong to come into a Popish chapel, found herself presently wondering whether by offering up a silver heart she could ever ease the dull aching in her own. It would have been no hard matter at this time before her marriage to bring this impressionable little sheep into the fold of the ancient Church. But Monsieur le Curé of Petitport, who was of an energetic and decided turn of mind, was away, and the gentle old Abbé Verdier, who had taken his place for a time, did not dream of conversions. Catherine changed very much after her marriage, and the opportunity was lost.

Petitpère having concluded his devotions, presently announced in a loud whisper that he should go and see about the *déjeûner*; he took the children with him. Reine and Catherine stayed a little longer. Catherine was fascinated by the odd signs, the barbarous fantastic images, which expressed the faith and patience and devotion of these simple people.

"Venez," said Reine at last, laying a kind heavy hand on Catherine's shoulder, and the two went out again through the porch into the white daylight.

The inn was crowded with pilgrims, who, whether or not their petitions were granted, were breakfasting with plenty of wine and very good appetites, in the quaint old stone kitchen. The cook was busy at his frizzling saucepans at a fireplace in the centre. The country-folks were sitting all about unpacking their baskets, opening cider-bottles. There was a great copper fountain let into the massive wall, from which the people filled their jugs with water; a winding staircase in the thickness of the wall led to the upper story.

"Par ici," said Petitpère, triumphantly leading the way: he had engaged a private room in Catherine's honour, for he had some tact, and had been used to his daughter-in-law's refinements, and he said he thought mademoiselle would not care to dine below with all those noisy people.

The private room had a couple of beds in it and various pictures—of the Emperor at Austerlitz, and three shepherdesses in red bodices and coloured religious prints alternately; it had also a window opening upon the little *place*, and exactly opposite the chapel where services were constantly going on.

Reine laid the cloth, piling up the fruit in the centre, and pushing the table into the window. Petitpère made the salad very quickly and dexterously, and uncorked the wine and the cider. Reine had no fear of his transgressing before Catherine. "If my aunts were to see me now," thought Catherine, and she smiled to herself as she thought of Mrs. Buckingham's face of apoplectic horror at the sight of Petitpère's blouse at the head of the table; of Lady Farebrother trembling in horror of popery upon Mount Ephraim. It was amusing to watch all the tide of white caps and blouses down below; it was odd and exciting to be dining in this quaint old tower with all the people shouting and laughing underneath.

It was not so great a novelty to Reine as to Catherine; she was a little silent, and once she sighed, but she was full of kind care for them all, and bright and responding. "Petitpère," she said, "give *mademoiselle* some wine, and Toto and Josette too."

"Let us drink to the health of the absent," said Petitpère, solemnly.

But Catherine gave a sudden exclamation, and put down her glass untouched. "Look, ah, look," she cried, pointing through the window. "Who is that?" She cried out; she half feared it was a vision that would vanish instantly as it seemed to have come. Who was that standing there in a straw hat, looking as she had seen him look a hundred times before? It was no dream, no "longing passion unfulfilled" taking form and substance for a time. It was Richard Butler, and no other, who was standing there in the middle of the *place*, looking up curiously at their window. Petitpère knew him directly.

"C'est Monsieur Richard," he said, hospitably, and as if it was a matter of course. "Reine, my child, look there. He must come up. C'est un monsieur Anglais qui fait de la peinture," he explained hastily to Catherine. "But you recognize him. The English are acquainted among each other."

Recognize him! Dick was so constantly in Catherine's thoughts that, if he had suddenly appeared in the place of the Virgin on the high altar of the chapel, I think she would scarcely have been very much surprised after the first instant. That he should be there seemed a matter of course; that he should be absent was the only thing that she found it so impossible to believe. As for Reine, she sat quite still with her head turned away; she did not move until the door opened and Dick came in, stooping under the low archway. He was just as usual; they might have been in Mrs. Butler's drawing-room in Eaton Square Catherine thought as he shook hands first with one and then with another.

"Did you not know I was coming to Tracy?" he said to Catherine.

"I found nobody there and no preparations just now, but they told me you were here, and I got Pélottier to give me a lift, for I thought you would bring me back," he added, turning to Reine. She looked up at last and seemed trying to speak indifferently.

"You know we are going back in a cart," Reine answered harshly.

"Do you think I am likely to have been dazzled by the splendour of Pélottier's gig?" Dick asked.

Reine did not like being laughed at. "You used to object to many things," she said, vexed, and then melting. "Such as they are, you know you are welcome to any of ours."

"Am I?" Dick answered, looking kindly at her.

Catherine envied Reine at that instant. She had nothing, not even a flower of her own to offer Dick, except, indeed, she thought, with a little smile, that great bouquet out of poor Monsieur Fontaine's garden.

If it was a sort of *Miserere* before, what a triumphal service was not the little evening prayer to Catherine! They went into the chapel after dinner for a minute or two. Sitting there in the darkness, she thought, silly child, that heaven itself would not seem more beautiful with all the radiance of the crystal seas and rolling suns than did this little shrine. To her as to Petitpère the Deliverande was a little heaven just now, but for Petitpère Dick's presence or absence added but little to its splendour. There was Dick, meanwhile, a shadowy living figure in the dimness. Catherine could see him from where she sat by Reine. How happy she was. In all this visionary love of hers, only once had she thought of herself—that day when she sat by the well—at other times she had only thought of Dick, and poured out all the treasure in her kind heart before him. That he should prize it she never expected, that he should return it had never once crossed her mind. All her longing was to see him and hear of him, and some day, perhaps, to do him some service, to be a help, to manifest her love in secret alms of self-devotion and fidelity and charity. She looked up at the string of silver hearts; no longer did they seem to her emblems of sad hearts hung up in bitterness, but tokens of gladness placed there before the shrine.

Petitpère was driving, and proposed to go back another way. The others sat face to face as they had come. The afternoon turned grey and a little chilly. Reine took Josette on her knee; Catherine wrapped Toto in her shawl. Dick had asked Catherine all the questions people ask by this time. He didn't see her doubtful face when he told her he had not waited for an answer to the letter announcing his coming.

"Madame de Tracy isn't like you, Mademoiselle Chrétien," said Dick. "She doesn't snub people when they ask for hospitality."

It struck Catherine a little oddly, afterwards, that Dick should speak to Reine in this reproachful tone, that Reine should answer so shortly and yet so softly, so that one could hardly have told whether she was pleased or angry—at the time she only thought that he was there. Yesterday she had longed for a sight of the lines his pen had scratched upon a paper,

to-day she was sitting opposite to him with no one to say one word. Petitpère's short cut was longer than it should have been, but Catherine would have gone on for ever if she had held the reins. All the grey sky encompassed them—all the fields spread into the dusk—the soft fresh winds came from a distance. The pale yellow shield of the horizon was turning to silver. The warm lights were coming out in the cottage lattices. As the evening closed in, they were sprinkled like glow-worms here and there in the country. Sometimes the cart passed under trees arching black against the pale sky; once they crossed a bridge with a rush of water below. There was not much colour anywhere, nor form in the twilight, but exquisite tone and sentiment everywhere.

They passed one or two groups strolling and sitting out in the twilight as they approached Petitport, and the rushing of the sea seemed coming up to meet them at times. They were all very silent. Petitpère had been humming a little tune to himself for the last half-hour; Dick had spoken to Reine once or twice, always in that bantering tone; to Catherine he was charming, gay, and kind and courteous, and like himself in short.

"Are you going to stay here, Mr. Butler?" asked Catherine once, suddenly.

"Only a day or two," Dick said abruptly. "I must go back for Beamish's wedding. I came because—because I could not keep away any longer, Miss George. Here we are at the château."

"There is M. le Maire," cried Petitpère, pulling up abruptly.

Fontaine had come down to look for Toto, who was asleep and very tired. The *turban écossais* slid off the little nodding head as Dick hauled the child to his father over the side of the cart.

"Good-night, Reine, and thank you," Catherine said. "It has been—oh, such a happy day!"

Fontaine only waited to assist Miss George to jump down, to express his surprise and delight at Mr. Butler's return, and then hurried off with his little sleepy Toto. "I shall come back in the evening," cried the maire, going off and waving his hat.

"Monsieur Richard, you also get down here," said Petitpère, growing impatient at the horse's head, for Dick delayed and stood talking to Reine.

The two had been alone with Josette in the cart for a minute. Now Richard took Reine's unwilling hand in his, and looked her fixedly in the face, but he only said, "Au revoir, Mademoiselle Reine, is it not so?"

Reine seemed to hesitate. "Au revoir," she faltered at last, in the pathetic voice, and she looked away.

Catherine was safely landed down below, and heard nothing. "He came because he could not help it," she was saying to herself over and over again. For the first time a wild wondering thrill of hope came into her head. It was a certainty while it lasted—she never afterwards forgot that minute. She stood outside the iron gate, the moon was rising palely, the evening seemed to thrill with a sudden tremor, the earth shook under her feet. While it lasted the certainty was complete, the moment

was perfect. How many such are there even in the most prosperous lives? This one minute lasted until the cart drove away.

As Catherine and Dick were walking slowly across the court together he stopped short. "I know I can trust you, Miss George," he said. "I— I think you must have guessed how things are with me," and a bright look came into his face. "Pray do not say anything here. Reine is a thousand times too good for me," he said with a shake in his voice, "or for them, and they wouldn't understand; and I can't afford to marry yet, but I know I shall win her in time. Dear Miss George, I know you will keep my secret. We have always been friends, have we not?" and he held out his hand.

"Yes," Catherine said, in a dreamy sort of way, as if she was thinking of something else. Friends! If love is the faith, then friendship is the charity of life. Catherine said yes, very softly, very gently, and put her hand into his, and then went away into the house. There was no bitterness in her heart, no pang of vanity wounded just then; only an inexpressible sadness had succeeded that instant of foolish mad certainty. The real depth, and truth, and sweetness of her nature seemed stirred and brought to light by the blow which had shattered the frail fabric she had erected for herself. But when she went upstairs into her room, the first thing she saw was the great nosegay of marguerites which the children had placed upon her table, and then she began to cry.

She was quite calm when she came down again. Dick tried to speak to her again, but he was somehow enveloped by Madame de Tracy, who was all the more glad to see him because she had written to him not to come.

After dinner they all began to dance again as they had done the night before, and Marthe went to the piano and began to play for them. Ernestine would have liked, if possible, that all the gentlemen should have danced with her, but that could not be; so she was content to let the two little demoiselles de Vernon share in the amusements. Dick came and asked Miss George to dance, but she shook her head and said she was tired. The little ball lasted some ten minutes perhaps, and ended as suddenly as it had begun. Marthe closed the piano with a sigh: she had very brilliant and supple fingers, and played with grace and sentiment; it was a sort of farewell to which they had all been dancing. Ernestine put one hand into her husband's arm, and one into Dick's. "Come," she said, dragging them out through the open window.

"Jeunesse! jeunesse!" said the countess kindly to Catherine as the young people went scampering and flitting across the grass and disappeared in the winding walks of the garden. Catherine answered with a faint smile. Madame de Tracy took up the newspaper and drew her chair to the lamp, and then it was that Catherine slid quietly out of the room and crept along the front of the house, and suddenly began flying down the avenue to the straight terrace walk, from whence she could see the sea gleaming silver under the vast purple-black dome of night. It was full moon again. All the light rippled over the country. The old pots

on the parapet were turned to silver. The trees shivered and seemed to shake the moonlight from their twigs and branches. Once the far-away voices reached her through the silence; but poor little Catherine only shivered when she heard them. She felt so utterly forsaken and out of tune and harmony in this vast harmony, that she found herself clinging to the old pot with the lichen creeping up the outer edge, and crying and crying as if her heart must break. Poor little moonstruck creature, shedding her silver tears in the moonlight; she was like a little lichen herself, with her soft hands grasping the cold stone and crying over them and asking them for sympathy. She shivered, but she did not heed the chill; she seemed engulfed as it were in the great bitter sea of passionate regret and shame, struggling and struggling, with no one to help. The moon travelled on, and now came streaming full upon the terrace, changing everything fantastically. The gleam of the lamp by which Madame de Tracy was standing pierced through the trees. Sometimes a bird stirred in its sleep; sometimes a dog barked in the valley.

The voices which had sounded so distant, presently came nearer and nearer: shadows, figures, sudden bursts of laughter, the shrill exclamations, the deeper tones of the men. Catherine looking up, saw them all at the end of the walk: she could not face them; she started and fled. The others saw the white figure flitting before them.

"It is a ghost!" some one cried.

"It is Miss George," said Dick.

Catherine had no thought but to avoid them all just then as she went flying along, only as she was turning up the dark pathway leading to the house a figure suddenly emerged into the moonlight. It was no ghost. It was only Fontaine, with his eye-glasses gleaming in the moon rays. But she started and looked back, thinking in vague despair where she should go to escape. Fontaine seemed to guess her thought,—

"Will you not remain one instant with me, mademoiselle?" he said.

"I was looking for you. Madame de Tracy told me I might find you here."

He spoke oddly. There was a tone in his voice she had never heard before. What had come to him? Suddenly she heard him speaking again, thoroughly in earnest; and when people are in earnest, their words come strongly and simply. All his affectations had left him, his voice sounded almost angry and fierce.

"I know that to you we country folks seem simple, and perhaps ridiculous at times," he said. "Perhaps you compare us with others, and to our disadvantage. But the day might come when you would not regret having accepted the protection and the name of an honest man," cried Fontaine. "Madame de Tracy has told me of your circumstances—your sisters. You know me, and you know my son. The affection of a child, the devotion of a lifetime, count for something, do they not? And this at least I offer you," said Fontaine, "in all good faith and sincerity. You have no mother to whom I can address myself, and I come to you, mademoiselle; and I think you owe me an answer."

There was a moment's silence; a little wind came rustling through the trees, bringing with it a sound of distant voices and laughter. Catherine shivered again; it sounded so sad and so desolate. She found herself touched and surprised and frightened all at once by Fontaine's vehemence. In an hour of weakness he had found her. "Take it, take it," some voice seemed saying to her, "give friendship, since love is not for you!" It seemed like a strange unbelievable dream to be there, making up her mind, while the young people, laughing still and talking, were coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly Fontaine saw a pale wistful face in the moonlight, two hands put up helplessly. "Take me away, oh, take me away!" she said, with a sudden appealing movement. "I can do nothing for you in return, not even love you."

"Do not say that, my child," said Fontaine. "Do not be afraid, all will be well."

A minute later they were standing before Madame de Tracy. "She consents," said Fontaine; "you were wrong, madame. How shall I ever thank you for making me know her?"

It was Dick who first told Reine the news of the engagement. "I don't half like her to marry that fellow, poor little thing," he said. Reine, who was churning,—she always made a point of working harder when Dick was present than at any other time—looked at him over her barrel. "I should not have done it in her place," she said, "but then we are different." Dick thought her less kind at that minute than he had ever known her before.

Love is the faith, and friendship should be the charity of life, and yet Reine in her own happiness could scarcely forgive Catherine for what she had done. Guessing and fearing what she did, she judged her as she would have judged herself. She forgot that she was a strong woman, and Catherine a child still in many things, and lonely and unhappy, while Reine was a happy woman now, at last, for the first time. For her pride had given way, and the struggle was over. Reine, who would not come unwelcome into any family, who still less would consent to a secret engagement, had succumbed suddenly and entirely when she saw Dick standing before her again. She had not answered his letter telling her that he would come and see her once more. She had vowed that she would never think of him again. When he had gone away the first time without speaking, she had protested in her heart; but when he spoke to her at last, the protest died away on her lips, and in her heart too. And so it came about that these two were standing on either side of the churn, talking over their own hopes and future, and poor little Catherine's too. With all her hardness—it came partly from a sort of vague remorse—Reine's heart melted with pity when she thought of her friend, and instinctively guessed at her story.

"Why do you ask me so many questions about Miss George?" Dick said at last. "Poor child, she deserves a better fate."



DICK AND REINE.

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The Village on the Cliff.

CHAPTER XII.

PLASTIC CIRCUMSTANCE.



ONCE long afterwards, Catherine, speaking of the time before her marriage, said to Reine,—“ Ah ! Reine, you cannot imagine what it is to have been afraid, as I have been. I am ashamed, when I think of my cowardice and want of trust ; and yet I do not know that if the time were to come again, I might not be as weak, in my foolish, wicked longing for a fancied security.”

“ I don't know whether strong people are more or less to be pitied than weak ones, when they are in perplexity,” Reine answered, brusquely. “ You are much mistaken if you think I have never been afraid. I tell you, there have been days when

I have been afraid of jumping over the cliff into the sea, like the swine in the scriptures, to escape from the torments of the condemned. But we take things more at our ease now,” said Reine, with a sigh. “ One would soon die of it, if one was always to be young. And yet, for the matter of that,” she added, glancing kindly at Catherine, “ you look to me very much as you did when I knew you first.” And as she spoke Reine sent her shuttle swiftly whirling, and caught it deftly, while Josette,

who had grown up tall and pretty, stood by, scissors in hand, cutting the string into lengths.

But this was long years afterwards, when Catherine looked back, as at a dream, to the vague and strange and unreal time which had preceded her marriage. There had been a quick confusion, a hurry, a coming and going ; it seemed to her like a kaleidoscope turning and blending the old accustomed colours and forms of life into new combinations and patterns. Catherine had watched it all with a bewildered indifference. She had taken the step, she was starting on the journey through the maze of the labyrinth, she had not the heart to go back. There had been long talks and explanations which never explained, and indecisions that all tended one way, and decided her fate as certainly as the strongest resolves. Once she had been on the very point of breaking everything off : and, looking back, she seemed to see herself again ; by the seaside, watching the waves and telling them that they should determine ; or *tête-à-tête* with Fontaine, silent and embarrassed, trying to make him understand how little she had to give in return for all his attentive devotion. He would not, perhaps he could not, understand her feeling for him ? Why was she troubling herself ? He looked conscious, elated, perfectly satisfied ; for Fontaine, like a wise man, regarded the outside aspect of things, and did not disturb himself concerning their secret and more difficult complications. She had promised to be his wife. She was a charming person, he required no more ; he had even declared that for the present he would not touch a single farthing of the small yearly sum which belonged to her. It was to be expended as heretofore upon the education of her sisters. In the holidays they were to find a home in the chalet. Fontaine felt that he was behaving liberally and handsomely, and it added to his satisfaction. Madame M  rard groaned in agony over her snuff-box at his infatuation. That her son-in-law should marry again, she had always expected. " But never, never, Monsieur M  rard, did I think him capable of a folly like this ! " cried the old lady. Monsieur M  rard, who was an extremely fat and good-humoured old gentleman, tried to look as if the matter was not perfectly indifferent to him. There were but three things in life that really mattered ; all the rest must be taken as it came ; this was his experience :—

- I. Your coffee should be hot in the morning.
- II. You should have at least five trumps between you and your partner.
- III. Your washerwoman should not be allowed to starch your shirt-collars into uncomfortable ridges.

That very day she had sent them home in this horrible condition. Monsieur M  rard could not turn his head without suffering. That Fontaine should marry more or less to please Madame M  rard seemed a trifle in such an emergency.

Dick was the only person who doubted the expediency of the proposed arrangement, or at least who said as much to Catherine herself. He found a moment to speak to her alone in the hall.

"Forgive me," he said. "I know I of all people have the least right to speak ; but have you thought well over the tremendous importance of the step you are taking. You are young enough to look for something different from If you wanted a home, Reine is always there. . . . Fontaine is an excellent fellow ; but your tastes are so unlike ; your whole education and way of thinking." . . .

"You don't know what it is," said Catherine, controlling herself and speaking very gently ; "I shall have a home and some one to look to," but her heart sank as she spoke.

Butler himself was one of those weak-minded natures that sometimes trouble themselves about other concerns besides their own and those of their own belongings. The stalwart hero who succeeds in life, loves his wife and his children, or the object of his affections, his friends, his dog, but worries himself no farther about the difficulties and sorrows, expressed and unexpressed, by which he is surrounded. He does his day's work, exchanges goodhumoured greetings with the passers-by, but he lets them pass on. He would never, for instance, dream of being sorry for a lonely, fanciful, little woman who chanced to cross his path. He might throw her a sovereign if she were starving, and shut the door, but that would be the extent of his sympathy. The Mr. Grundys of life are sensible, manly fellows, business-like, matter-of-fact, and they would very sensibly condemn the foolish vagaries and compunctions of unpractical visionaries like Dick. And they are safer companions perhaps than others of finer nerve and more sympathetic fibre. Catherine might have been heart whole and laughing still with the children in the garden, if Dick Butler had belonged to the tribe of Mr. Grundys. Unluckily for her he was gentle and kindhearted, and chivalrous after a fashion. He could not help being touched by helplessness and simplicity. He had said nothing to Catherine more than he had said to any of the young ladies of his acquaintance, but the mere fact of her dependence and inequality,—although he would not own it,—gave importance to what had no importance. It would have been truer kindness to have left her alone, for it is no longer the business of knights-errant to go about rescuing damsels in distress.

And yet Dick had the gift, which does not belong to all men : a gift of sympathy and an intuitive tenderness. "What chance of happiness was there for that impressionable little creature with the well-meaning but tiresome Fontaine ?" So he said to himself and to his aunt one day ; but Madame de Tracy only assured him that he was mistaken in his estimate of Fontaine. It was a charming arrangement, and Catherine was perfectly happy.

Catherine's perfect happiness manifested itself by a strange restlessness ; she scarcely eat, her dreams were troubled, music would make her eyes fill up with tears. "*Voi che sapete*," some one was singing one evening ; she could not bear it, and jumped up and went out through the open window into the night. She did not go very far, and stood looking

in at them all, feeling like a little stray sprite out of the woods peering in at the happy united company assembled in the great saloon.

Madame de Tracy was surprised and somewhat disappointed at the silence and calmness with which Catherine accepted her new lot in life. She took the girl up into her room that night, and talked to her for nearly an hour, congratulated, recapitulated, embraced her affectionately, and then sat holding her hand between her own fat white fingers; but it was all in vain. Her heroine would not perform; the little thing had no confidence to give in return; she seemed suddenly to have frozen up; still, chill, pale, answering only by monosyllables, silent and impenetrable, Catherine seemed transformed into somebody else. She was not ungrateful for the elder lady's kindness, but her eyes looked with a beseeching fawn-like glance which seemed to say, "only leave me, only let me be." This was not in the least amusing or interesting to Madame de Tracy or Catherine. It was a sort of slow torture. Dazed and a little stupefied, and longing for silence, to be expected to talk sentiment when she felt none, to blush, to laugh consciously, to listen to all the countess's raptures and exclamations, was weary work. The child did her best, tried to speak, but the words died away on her lips; tried to say she was happy, but then a sudden pain in her heart seemed to rise and choke her. What was she doing? Dick disapproved. Was it too late to undo the work she had begun.

Fontaine did not come up to the château that evening. It was perhaps fortunate for him that he was detained by Madame Mérard. Catherine thought not of the countess's congratulations but of Dick's two words of warning that night, as she was sitting upon her bed half undressed, with all her hair tumbling about her. She could hear them all dispersing below, and Dick's voice humming *Voi che sapete*, as he tramped along the gallery, then a door banged, and all was silent.

She was thinking of his words again in the courtyard next morning, sitting with her work upon a bench under a tree. The De Vernons, and Ernestine, and Dick, were at the piano in the little boudoir, of which the windows were open. Little Henri was marching in and out, and beating time with his whip. The young people were singing and screaming with laughter, and banging false notes on the piano sometimes, and laughing again. "Take care, Henri, do not get out of the window," cried his mother from within; but Henri paid no attention. The gay jangle went on, and the laughter and music poured out to where Catherine was sitting, with her chin resting on her two folded hands. She could see through the iron gates; beyond the road lay a distance smiling in sunshine. She watched the smoke from a chimney drifting in the breeze. "Clang a rang, clang a rang, Ta ra, ta ta ra," sang the young people; and then came a burst of laughter, and then more voices joined in. Catherine recognized Dick's in the medley of sounds. The sun shone hotter and hotter; a chestnut fell to the ground with a sudden snap, and the brown, bright fruit showed through the green pod. Again the music sounded and her ribbon fluttered gently. How

happy they all seemed ! What good spirits Butler was in. The languid young Englishman seemed to have caught something of the life and gaiety of the people among whom he was staying. But he had looked grave when he spoke to her, Catherine thought. How good of him to think of her ! Just then he came out and quickly crossed the yard without seeing her. "Do not be late," cried Ernestine from the window.

Dick nodded, and strode away along the dusty road towards the village. Catherine watched him from under her tree until he disappeared, and Henri and Nanine came up disposed for conversation, and bringing a supply of chestnuts for Miss George's work-basket.

"Mon cousin is very disagreeable," Henri said. "He would not take me with him. I don't care for him any more."

"Mademoiselle, what stuff is this?" said Nanine, taking hold of Catherine's gown. "Something English, is it not? Have you many more toilettes in your box upstairs? Though to be sure," added the child, with instinctive politeness, "one does not require much when one is travelling, and you did not expect to remain with us long."

"I brought all the prettiest dresses I had, Nanine," Catherine said, sadly, wondering how much the children knew already. "Why do you think I am not going to stay with you?"

Nanine turned red and did not answer : but Henri cried out, "Oh no, Mademoiselle la Curieuse. Miss George has found you out. Miss George, she heard mamma say there was no room for you at Paris the day grandmamma was angry, and mamma had her migraine. It is not pretty to listen, is it?" said Henri, who had not forgiven certain sisterly lectures.

Miss George blushed too, like Nanine, and did not answer. She began slowly throwing the chestnuts one by one into the basket at her side, and then suddenly started up. All the chestnuts which had remained in her lap, fell to the ground and rolled away. She left the amazed children to collect their scattered treasures. It was a nothing that the children had inadvertently revealed to her, and yet in her excited state it seemed the last drop in her cup. "What did it all mean?" she said to herself. "Who can I trust? where can I go? Only Mr. Butler and Reine speak the truth to me. Ah! would Reine help me if I went to her? I think—I think she cares for me a little."

Meanwhile Dick, who had not gone to the village after all, was walking along the cliff to the farm. He found Reine sitting in the window of the kitchen, with her head resting upon her hand, as perplexed as Catherine herself, only facing her troubles and looking to no one else for help. What was she afraid of? She scarcely knew. She was afraid for Dick far more than for herself.

Who can account for painful impressions? Reine's was a strong and healthy organization, and of all people she would have seemed the least likely to be subject to vague terrors, to alarms indefinite and without a cause; and yet there were moments of foreboding and depression, against

which she found it almost impossible to struggle; almost, I say, because therein did her healthy and strengthful nature reassert itself, battling with these invisible foes, and resisting them valiantly.

She, too, sometimes asked herself whether she had done wisely and well? Whether she, a simple country girl, without experience of the world, would ever be able to suffice to a grand seigneur like Dick. Once she had thought herself more than his equal, but that was over now. She was rich and he was poor, he told her; but it was a magnificent sort of poverty, and the word had not the same meaning for him as it had for old Nanon, for example, mumbling her crusts.

"Ah, was he, could he be in earnest?" Reine asked herself. Dick's languid manner might have been that of any young Machiavel of society; it frightened her sometimes, though she laughed at it to him; but his heart was a simple blundering machine, full of kindness and softness. There was a real touch of genius about him for all his crude workmanship. Whatever people may say, genius is gentle and full of tenderness. It is cleverness which belongs perhaps to the children of this world. Some very dull and sad people have genius, though the world may not count it as such: a genius for love, or for patience, or for prayer, may be. We know the divine spark is here and there in this world: who shall say under what manifestation or humble disguise?

Reine was not troubling herself about such speculations, but she trembled sometimes for Dick, even more than for herself, and asked herself whether he might not do himself injury by marrying her? and so she told him when he came in now, and took her hand and kissed it, and asked what she was thinking of, and why she looked so disturbed.

Her answer did not quite please him somehow, though as she spoke she looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her, blushing, with tender deep eyes, as she sat in the light of the window. "Why do you always want to take care of me?" said Butler. "Am I not big enough to take care of myself? Reine, when we are married I shall take care of you too. I shall not let you work any more, and I shall paint you just as you look now, and not one of the fine ladies will be able to hold a candle to you."

"They will despise me," said Reine, "as they did my mother; perhaps for your sake they will just touch me with the end of their fans. You know well enough that it is from no want of love for you that I speak," said Reine, blushing more deeply. "I love you so well that I had rather you left me here now this moment than that you were ever ashamed of me or sorry for what you have done," and suddenly Reine the overbearing, Reine the magnificent, burst into tears.

Dick tried to reassure her, to console her, by every tender word he could think of; but Reine, recovering and ashamed of her weakness, pushed him away. "Go, go," she said, as he bent over her, full of concern and gentleness. He was a little hurt; he loved her, but he could not always understand her—her odd abruptness and independence—her strange moods. He turned away—how well he remembered the

scene in after years ! The quaint, straggling room, with its odd, picturesque accessories, even the flower-pot in the window, and the faint scent from its blossoms ; Reine's noble head bent low, and the light upon it. He turned away, and as he did so he caught sight for one instant of a pale face looking in through the window—a pale, wistful, sad face, that disappeared in a moment. Poor sad eyes ! the sight of the two together was more than they could bear. Human nature is very weak as well as very strong. Catherine had come across the sultry fields, looking to the farm for help and consolation. If Reine also advised it, she thought she would break for ever with the schemes she had consented to ; go back, work hard, and struggle on as best she could. Dear Reine ! she at least could be depended upon. Coming to the farm at last, she had found only Paris to welcome her with a lazy wag of his tail. There was no one about, all the doors were shut ; even the house-door with its bars and heavy-headed nails all distinct in the sun. She tapped once or twice without being heard. She turned away at last disappointed, thinking Reine must be out in the fields ; and then as she turned she glanced in through the window and saw the two. Catherine could think of them together with a certain gentle loving sympathy : but to come knocking at the door wanting help, and not be heard ; to stand by unnoticed, and see them engrossed, utterly oblivious of her existence—oh, it was hard, life was cruel, friendship was an illusion !

“Can anything be the matter ?” Dick said, starting up. “That was little Miss George.” And he went to the door and looked out. He was only in time to see the little figure disappearing under the archway.

Reine wiped her tears out of her eyes—I don't know that she was the less sad for that,—she came to the doorway and stood beside him. “Poor child !” she said ; “was she looking in ?”

“She looked very strange,” said Richard. “It may have been my fancy——” And then catching Reine's steady gaze he turned red in his turn. “Don't look like that, dear,” said he, trying to laugh, “or I shall think it was a ghost I saw.”

A ghost indeed ! the ghost of a dead love. Only yesterday some one was saying, with a sigh,—“There are other deaths sadder than death itself : friendships die and people live on, and love dies, too, and that is the saddest of all.” The saddest of all ! and sometimes people come and look in through windows and see it.

Petitpère came in a minute after, and found Reine and Richard still standing in the doorway. “What have you been doing to the little demoiselle Anglaise ?” said he. “She passed close by the barn just now without speaking to me, and I think she was crying.”

Catherine meanwhile was going quickly away from the place, leaving them, “together in their happiness,” so she kept telling herself. She hurried along the dusty road ; she did not go back to the house, but she took a footway leading to the cliff, and she came to the edge at last and looked over. The small sandy convolvuluses were creeping at her feet,

the wind shook the dry faint-coloured scentless flowers. The wavelets were rolling in, and the light struck and made fire upon each flashing crest. She clambered down the side of the cliff by a narrow little pathway which the fishermen had made there, and she came down upon the beach at last, and went stumbling over the shingle and sea-weed and heaps of sea-drift.

Catherine had gone stumbling along under the shadow of the cliff. She did not care or think where she was going. She had come upon the smooth, rippled sands : the sea was swelling inland in a great rushing curve. She had passed the village ; she heard the sounds of life overhead as she went by ; she had come to the terrace at the end of Fontaine's garden. A little river of sea-water was running in a cleft in the sand. Catherine had to jump to cross it. Ever afterwards she remembered the weary effort it was to her to spring. But she crossed the little ford, and came safely to the other side ; and it was at this instant that somebody, rushing up, came and clasped her knees with many expressions of delight. It was Toto, who in his little childish squeak gladly exclaimed : " I saw you from the cabane. Papa sent me, and I ran." The child was clinging to her still when Fontaine himself made his appearance, slippered, and newspaper in hand, hastening to welcome her.

" Were you coming to find us, *chère demoiselle* ? " said he. " Come, you are at home, you know."

Was she indeed at home ? Catherine felt as if she had been crazy for a few minutes with doubt, mistrust, indecision. She hated herself, and felt herself unworthy of Fontaine's kindness, and yet she was inexpressibly touched and cheered by it. She said to herself that she had found a friend in her sore necessity—that she should never, never forget his kindness, and indeed she kept her vow. This was the last of her indecisions.

A little later Fontaine walked back to the château with her. As they were going along she asked him if he knew that they had meant to send her away when they left for Paris ?

" *Chère demoiselle*," said he, " how should I know it ? It may or may not be true. I care not, since you remain."

" I felt as if nobody wanted me," Catherine said, as they went in at the gates together.

Butler was alone on the terrace, smoking a cigar, when they came back. When he saw them he got up and came to meet them. He looked a little curious, a little languid, and slightly sentimental.

" Why did you go away ? " he said. " I rushed out to call you, Miss George, but you would have nothing to do with us."

" I—I did not want to stop just then," she said, hastily. He had recognized her then ! She turned to Fontaine in a confused sort of way, and called him to her.

" Charles," she said, calling him by his Christian name for the first time. " Have you ? . . . Will you ? . . ." The words died away. But after that first moment she was quite outwardly calm again. Butler

had recognized her. She made a great effort. She spoke quietly and indifferently, while to herself she said passionately, that at least he could not read her heart. She had taken her resolution, she would abide by it.

Reine, in her place, would have done differently. Catherine was doing wrong, perhaps, but with no evil intent—she was false with a single heart. She thought there was no other solution to her small perplexities than this desperate one she had taken. If she had been older she would have been wiser. Wait. That is the answer to most sorrows, to most troubled consciences. But how can one believe in this when one has not waited for anything? Some one says, very wisely and touchingly: “To the old, sorrow is sorrow; to the young, sorrow is despair.” What other interpretation may there not be hidden beneath the dark veil to those who can see from afar?

CHAPTER XIII

MENDELSSOHN'S WEDDING-MARCH.

CATHERINE BUTLER was to have been married on the 10th, but old Mr. Beamish was suddenly taken ill, and everything had to be put off indefinitely. Dick offered himself to remain at Tracy until after Catherine George's wedding.

This wedding was fixed for a very early date. Madame de Tracy was anxious to have it over before she left for Paris. Lady Farebrother, who was written to, sent back her consent in a strange jumble of religion and worldliness. Mrs. Buckingham, to everybody's surprise, came out with a fifty-pound note for Catherine's trousseau. The modest little outfit did not take long to make ready. Fontaine undertook the other necessary arrangements at Caen, for from the difference of religion there were some slight complications beyond those which usually attend weddings. The day came very quickly, almost unexpectedly and suddenly at last, like most eventful days.

The Protestant church is a great, grey, vault-like place, with many columns and sad-coloured walls. Catherine, who had slept at Caen the night before in a house belonging to the De Vernons, came driving up to the door with Madame de Tracy just as the party arrived from Petitport by the early train. They all passed in together, but Catherine felt a chill as she came into the sombre place. It was so big, so full of echoes; some one brushed against a chair as the little procession passed up the centre aisle, the dismal scraping sound reverberated from column to column. The clergyman was a kind-looking, white-haired old man, who read the service in a plaintive, mumbling voice. He was only passing through the place, he knew none of the people, but he was interested in the little sweet-eyed bride, and long afterwards he remembered her when he met her again. Fontaine was uncomfortable, and very glad when this part of the ceremony was over. There was no knowing where these myste-

rious rites to which he was exposed, defenceless and without redress, might not lead him. He was not anxious for Catherine. She was inured to it, and she was so docile and gentle, too, that nothing would be counted very heavily against her; but for a good Catholic like himself, who knew better, who had been carefully instructed, there was no saying what dangers he might not be incurring.

The service was soon over, but Madame de Tracy had made some mistake in her orders, and when the wedding-party came out into the peristyle of the church, the carriages had both disappeared. It was but a short way to the church where they were going. Most of them had intended to walk, and there was now no other alternative. "Venez, madame," said Jean de Tracy, offering Catherine his arm, while Fontaine followed with Madame de Tracy; then came Marthe, with some children; and last of all, Dick, and a strange lady, who had also arrived from Petit-port by the early train. It was not Madame M  rard. She, naturally enough, refused to be present at the ceremony; Madame Ernestine, too, found it quite out of the question to be up at such an impossible hour. The strange lady was handsomely dressed in a grey silk gown and a pale-coloured Cashmere shawl. She kept a little apart from the rest, never lifting her eyes off her book during the service. Madame de Tracy could not imagine who she was at first, but Catherine's eyes brightened when she saw her.

The strange lady looked a little ashamed and shy and fierce at once. She had fancied people stared at her as she came along; and no wonder, for a more beautiful and noble-looking young creature than Reine Ch  tien at that time never existed. Under her bonnet her eyes looked bigger and brighter, and her rippled hair was no longer hidden under the starch of her cap; she came up with a certain grace and stately swing which she had caught from her mother. Secretly, she felt uncomfortable in her long-trained gown; but she came bravely along, as if she had been used to her draperies all her life. Dick was amused and interested to see his peasant maiden so transformed.

"Reine, I never should have dared to fall in love with you if I had first known you like this," said he, watching his opportunity, and taking his place beside her.

"Don't laugh at me," said Reine.

"What a dismal affair this has been. I know my aunt has cooked the whole thing up," Dick went on. "They are not in the least suited to each other."

Reine sighed. "Ill-assorted marriages never answer," she said, in the quick harsh tones she sometimes used.

"But well-assorted marriages, mademoiselle," said Dick, gaily and kindly, and then he stopped short. A sad glance had crossed his; Catherine looked back with her pale face, and the young man, who always said out what was in his mind, began pitying her to his companion.

Reine, never very talkative, became quite silent by degrees.

Some bells were ringing from some of the steeples, and to Catherine they seemed playing one of the bars of Mendelssohn's wedding-march over and over again. They were passing by some of those old wooden houses which still exist in the quaint old city, piled with carvings and balconies and flowers, chiefly balsams, flaming against the blackened walls; heads were peeping through the windows, casements were gleaming. It was like the realization of a fancy Catherine once had long ago, when she was listening to Beamish in the studio.

"How loudly those bells are ringing, they will break their necks," said Jean de Tracy, by way of something to say, for conversation was a little difficult, under the circumstances, and silence was difficult too.

All round the church of St. Pierre there is a flower-garden. The church stands at the end of the quai, and at the meeting of many streets. The market people were in groups all about when the wedding-party arrived. There seemed to be an unusual stir in the place. It is always gay and alive, to-day it was more than usually crowded with white caps, and flowers, and blouses, and baskets of vegetables. Jean de Tracy, who was used to the place, led the way across to a side door, which he opened and held back for Catherine to pass in, but she waited until the others came up. Fontaine and Madame de Tracy first entered, the others following after, and then there was a sudden stop, and no one advanced any farther. If the Protestant temple seemed melancholy, this was terrible to them as they came in out of the cheerful clatter and sunshine, into a gloom and darkness which startled them all. The high altar was hung completely in black; the lights burnt dimly: by degrees, when they could distinguish more clearly, they saw that figures in mourning were passing up the long aisle, while voices at the altar were chaunting a requiem for the dead. Catherine gave a little cry, and seized hold of some one who was standing near her.

"Ah! how terrible!" cried Madame de Tracy, involuntarily.

"There must be some mistake," said Dick. "Have we come to the wrong church?"

"It often happens so in our churches," Reine said, quietly taking Catherine's hand. "I do not think there is any mistake."

Fontaine and Jean de Tracy went hastily forward to speak to an official who was advancing up a side aisle. As Reine said, there was no mistake, they were expected; a little side-altar had been made ready for them, where l'Abbé Verdier's well-known face somewhat reassured them, but not entirely. We all know that the marriage service goes on though there are mourners in the world. Why not face the truth? and yet it was sad and very depressing. The ceremony was hurried through, but Catherine was sobbing long before it came to an end. Marthe was the person who was least moved. It put her in mind of her own profession, now soon approaching, when neither marriage nor burial-service, but something between the two, would be read over her. Reine was trying to cheer and reassure the children. Toto said he wanted to

go, he was frightened and began to whimper, and at last Reine took him out into the porch.

Butler, who always seemed to know where she was, followed her a minute after, and stood with her under the noble old porch with its ornamentations and gargoyles carved against the blue of the sky; stony saints and flowers, fantastic patterns, wreaths, birds flying, arch built upon arch, delightful bounty and intricate loveliness, toned and tinted by the years which had passed since these noble gates were put up to the house of the Lord, and the towers overhead were piled. Dick thought he should be well content to stand there with Reine like the abbots and saints all about, and see the centuries go by, and the great tides of the generations of people.

Reine was busy meanwhile, answering Toto's impatient little questions; her shawl was half slipping off, as she leant against a niche in the wall: with one hand (it was a trick she had) she was shading her eyes from the sun, with the other she was holding Toto's little stout fist.

"I am trying to give you a name," said Dick at last, smiling. "I do not know what noble lady was martyred in Cashmere, for whom you might stand, in your niche, just as you are."

As he spoke, some more of the mourners passed in. It was the funeral of a high dignitary in the place, and numbers of people were attending it. "What a sad wedding for poor Catherine," Reine said, looking after them.

"Poor little thing! It must be almost over now," Dick answered.

"I shall not be sorry for one if it were, only to get rid of all this," said Reine, tugging at her great Indian shawl; "and to go back to Petitport quietly in my own everyday clothes."

"I think after all I like you best in your cap and apron," said Butler, looking at her critically.

"I knew it, I knew it!" Reine cried, suddenly flashing up; "I am not used or fit for anything else but what I am accustomed to. I often feel if I ever put off my poor peasant dress it may turn out an evil day for you and for me. You might change and be ashamed of me perhaps, and . . ."

"Hush, Reine," said Butler: "it isn't worthy of you to have so little trust in me. Why wouldn't you believe me the other day, as now, when I tell you . . .?"

"Shall I tell you what makes me mistrust you?" the girl answered, and her eyes seemed to dilate, and then she suddenly broke off and went on angrily: "Ah, I am no angel from heaven; I have told you that often enough. We in our class are not like you others. We don't pretend to take things as they come, and to care, as you do, for nothing, nor do we women trick our husbands, and speak prettily to them as if they were children to be coaxed and humoured. I have good blood in my veins, but I am a woman of the people for all that, and I love frankness above all things, and there are things belonging to this dress, belonging to rich people I hate, and I always shall hate; never will I condescend to deceive you, to pretend to be what I am not—I cannot dissemble; do you see?" she

cried ; " and if there is anything in my mind, it comes out in time—hatred, or jealousy, or whatever it may be."

" You are pretending to be what you are not when you make yourself out worse than you are," Dick said gravely, chipping off a little piece of the cathedral with his penknife. The little bit of soft stone fell to the ground like dust—Reine looked up, hesitated, and suddenly calmed down. " Forgive me," she said at last, with a thrilling low voice, " I was wrong to doubt you ; " and she tore off her glove and put her honest hand in his. Butler was touched, and stooped and kissed it ; but he wished, and in his turn hated himself for wishing, that she had not pulled off her glove.

And so the martyr came out of her niche, and it was time to go, but before the wedding-party left the church some one whispered to M. Fontaine to come out by the side-door, for the funeral carriages were drawn up at the great front entrance.

Fontaine took his wife away to Rouen for a fortnight's distraction after the ceremony. While the two were going off in a nervous *tête-à-tête* in the *coupé* of a railway carriage, the others were returning to Tracy, silent and depressed for the most part, like people after an unsuccessful expedition.

" I am going to smoke a cigar," said Dick, looking in at the door of the carriage where Madame de Tracy and Marthe and the children were installed. De Tracy hearing this, started up from his seat and said he would come too, and Dick walked along the second-class carriages until he had made his selection.

In one corner of a crowded department sat a peasant-girl with two great baskets at her knees. De Tracy got in without even observing her, sat down at the other end of the bench, and let down the window and puffed his smoke out into the open air. Dick did not light his cigar after all, but sat turning one thing and another in his head. Once looking up he caught the glance of Reine's two kind eyes fixed upon him, and he could not help saying, " What has become of the grand lady Made-moiselle Chrétien." Reine pointed to her baskets and looked down trying to be grave. Butler did not speak to her any more ; the compartment was full of blouses ; he had only wanted to see her safe to her journey's end.

Dominique was at the station with the cart he had brought for Reine, and the Tracy carriage was waiting too. Madame de Tracy, nodding greetings right and left, got in, followed by Marthe and the children and little Toto, who was to spend a couple of days at the château before he went to his grandmother. Madame de Tracy knew everybody by name and graciously inquired after numbers of Christian names.

" Jean, there is that excellent Casimir," pointing to a repulsive-looking man with one eye. " Bring him here to me. How do you do ? how is your poor wife ? Ah, I forgot, you are not married. How are you yourself ? Not coming, Jean ? Then drive on, Jourdain. Baptiste, put Monsieur Toto on my great fur cloak ; yes, my child, you must, indeed ; I should never forgive myself if you were to catch cold now your papa is away. Never mind being a little too warm." And so the

carriage load drove off in slight confusion, poor Toto choking, and trying in vain to get his mouth out of the fur.

Meanwhile Dick went and helped Reine into her cart with as much courtesy as if she was a duchess getting into a magnificent chariot. She blushed, nodded good-night, and drove off immediately; and then Butler came back and joined his cousin, who was standing by, looking rather surprised.

"Come along, my Don Quixote," said Jean, turning off the little platform and striking out towards the fields. It was a quiet twilight walk. They both went on in silence for a time. There was a sound of grasshoppers quizzing at their feet from every grass tuft and distant coppice and hedgerow. One or two villagers passed them, tramping home to their cottages.

"I hope my mother is satisfied," said Jean de Tracy at last, "and easy in her mind. I must confess, Dick, that I myself had some misgivings. That poor little thing! I could see very well that it was not Fontaine she was thinking of all the time. Hé! It is not the first wedding I have been at."

Dick could not answer; he felt horribly guilty and uncomfortable. "Heaven knows," he was thinking to himself, "I am unconscious of ever having said a word or done anything to make that poor child fancy I cared for her!" . . . He was haunted by the remembrance of that pale face looking in through the window, and yet it might have been a mere chance after all. His course was plain enough now; to Reine he had spoken words of love, to her he was bound by every tie of honour and sincere affection, and yet his head was full of all sorts of regrets and remorse. Reine's sudden outbreak had left a discomfort in his mind which he tried in vain to shake off,—a discomfort which concerned Reine herself as well as poor little Catherine. He began to hate concealment, to tell himself that the sooner he had done with mysteries the better. Should he tell them all now, directly; should he speak to his cousin here walking beside him, and tell him of his plans, or wait a little longer until he had spoken to his uncle Charles first before declaring himself to the others? On the whole he decided this last plan would be best. But he vowed to himself that Reine at least should have no cause to reproach him. "At all events she is rich; they ought to approve of that," thought Dick, bitterly. "I shall have a terrible time of it, but that cannot be helped." He would work hard and make himself independent, and brave the coming storm. It was true that she had enough for them both, even now; but to accept her money was an impossibility, and she had acknowledged it herself when she had once told him how rich she was.

Now that Reine knew him better, that a certain education in the way of the world had come to her, she began to understand better than she had done before their relative positions. It was no longer the poor and struggling artist aspiring to the hand of the rich *fermière* who had been so courted and much made of by the small dignitaries and needy *propriétaires*

of the place. She understood better the differences between them; she began to see the gulf which she must cross if she did not wish to shock him and repulse him unconsciously at almost every step. He could not come to her as she had imagined once: she must go to him. Her heart failed her sometimes. That sham, idle, frittering, fidgety, trammelled, uneasy life had no attractions for her. Reine imagined herself playing the piano and nodding her head in time, and occasionally fanning herself with a scented pocket-handkerchief, and burst out laughing at the idea. Her notions of society were rather vague, and Dick hardly knew how to explain to her the things he was so used to.

"I hope you will never fan yourself with your pocket-handkerchief," he said, when Reine described her visions for the future. He owned to himself sometimes that she was right in what she said. He liked her best when he thought of her as herself, at home in her farm, with her servants and her animals round her. There she was, simple and gentle and thoughtful in all her ministrations, occupied always, unselfish, and only careful for others. After that last outbreak she met him with a sweet humility and womanliness which charmed him and touched him utterly. The night he said good-by to her she came out with him under the great arch, and stood looking at him with her noble tender face.

"Fate has done its best to separate us, has it not?" said Reine, smiling; "putting us like this, on different sides of the sea. But you will come back, is it not so?" she said, "and I have no fear any more. I shall wait for you here."

The sunset was illuminating the old farm and the crumbling barns, and Petitpère's blue smock and white locks, as he sat on his bench smoking his evening pipe; some cows were crossing the road from one field to another, with tinkling bells sounding far into the distance; the great dog came up and rubbed his head at his mistress's knee. "He will know you again," Reine said, holding out both her hands, "when you come back to me," and so they parted.

The next day the whole family of Tracys started together for Paris. Madame mère in a huge bonnet, which almost completely concealed her face, was assisted from her apartment by her grandson to a close carriage. She was anxious to consult some Paris doctors on the state of her health.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAME FONTAINE AT HOME IN THE CHÂLET.

WHEN Catherine with her husband returned from their trip a fortnight later and looked out through the diligence windows at the château, the blinds were drawn, the shutters shut, the garden chairs were turned up on their seats, the great iron gates were closed fast. Catherine never had realized so completely that she was not coming back there any more, but

to the little *châlet* with the balconies and weathercocks which Madame de Tracy had shown her. It was like the story of *Rip Van Winkle*: she had been away among the elves and gnomes a hundred years. Everybody was gone that she was used to: Dick was gone, the others dispersed here and there; most of the strangers lodging in the village had left; even Catherine George had vanished; Monsieur and Madame Mérard had retired to their *campagne*. It was a mouldy little villa on the high-road to Bayeux, but Fontaine assured her from experience that they would doubtless return before long. Perhaps in his heart of hearts the worthy *maire* regretted that his *tête-à-tête* should be so soon interrupted, but he blamed himself severely for the inconsiderate feeling. "After all that I owe to these excellent parents," he explained, "the magnificent *dot* which their daughter brought me, I feel that they must always look upon the *châlet* as their home whenever they feel inclined to do so. You, *ma très-chère amie*, are gifted with a happy and equable temper: I know you will not hesitate to bestow upon them those filial attentions which are so graceful when accorded by youth to old age. Believe me, I shall not be ungrateful."

Catherine smiled at the solemn little address: she was glad that there was anything she could do for her husband. For already his kindness, his happiness, his entire contentment, had made her ashamed. "Ah, it was cruel to have taken so much, to have so little to give in return," she had thought once or twice. At least she would do her duty by him, she told herself, and it was with a very humble, and yet hopeful, heart that she passed the threshold of her new home. Toto was there to welcome them, and to trample upon all the folds of Catherine's muslin dress with his happy little feet, and Justine, the excellent cook, came out to stare at the new inmate of the *châlet*.

"*Soyez la bien-venue*," said Fontaine, embracing his wife affectionately; and they all three sat down very happily, to dine by the light of the lamp. The entertainment began with a melon.

"Grandmamma is coming on Saturday week," said Toto. "Mr. Pélottier will call for them on his way back from Caen."

"Ah, so much the better," said Justine, who was carrying away the empty dishes. Justine did not approve of second marriages.

Madame Fontaine soon found that she would have little or nothing to do with the domestic arrangements in the *châlet*. She was much too greatly in awe of Justine, the excellent cook, who had fried Fontaine's cutlets for fifteen years, to venture to interfere in the kitchen. Fontaine himself had been accustomed, during his long bachelor life and after his first wife's death, to interest himself in the cares of the *ménage*. He superintended the purchase of fish, the marketing, the proper concocting of the *pot-au-feu*. He broke sugar, and made himself generally useful in the house. He might be discovered sometimes of a fine morning busily employed in the courtyard, sawing up pieces of wood for the stove. He cut pegs with his penknife to hang up the clothes in the field; he had

even assisted on occasion to get them in before a shower came down. He knocked nails, gardened, mended windows, signed papers for the villagers, contracts of marriage, agreements, disagreements. The people of Petitport were constantly coming to their maire for redress and advice.

Fontaine used to do his best to dissuade them from going to law, but the neighbours were tenacious of their rights, and enjoyed nothing so much as a good lawsuit. Even old Nanon Lefebvre once insisted on spending her wretched earnings in summoning her cousin Leroi at Bayeux, who had unjustly grasped a sum of two pounds, she declared, to which she was entitled. She lost her trial, and received back a few shillings from Fontaine's own pocket, with a lecture which she took in very ill part. She never would believe he had not made some secret profit by the transaction.

The very first morning after her arrival, Catherine, who was outside upon the terrace, heard the stormy voices of some of Monsieur le Maire's clients coming shrill and excited from the kitchen, where Fontaine often administered justice. From the little embankment Catherine could see the sea and the village street descending, and the *lavatoire*, where the village women in their black stockings and white coiffs and cotton night-caps were congregated scrubbing and flapping and chattering together. The busy sounds came in gusts to Catherine in her garden, the fresh sea-breezes reached her scented by rose-trees. On fine days she could make out in the far distance the faint shimmer of the rocks of the Calvados out at sea, where the Spanish galleon struck. It struck and went down, and all on board perished, the legend runs, and the terrible rocks were called by its name for a warning. But now-a-days all the country round is christened Calvados, and the name is so common that it has lost its terror.

Fontaine sometimes administered justice in the kitchen, sometimes in a little dark draughty office, where he kept odd pieces of string, some ink, some sealing-wax, and some carpenter's tools. The *châlet* was more picturesque than comfortable as a habitation. The winds came thundering against the thin walls and through the chinks and crevices; the weather-cocks would go twirling madly round and round, with a sound like distant drums. In the spring-tides, Justine had said, the water would come up over the embankment and spread over the marguerite beds and the rose-trees, and the rain falling from the cliff would make pools in front of the dining-room door. The drawing-room was upstairs. It was a room of which the shutters were always closed, the covers tied down tightly over the furniture, the tablecloths and rugs rolled up, and the piano locked. The room was never used. When Monsieur MÉRARD was there they were in the habit of sitting in his bedroom of an evening, Fontaine told his wife. "*C'est plus snog, comme vous dites,*" he said. Catherine demurred at this and begged to be allowed to open the drawing-room, and make use of it and of the piano. Fontaine agreed,—to what would he not have agreed that she wished?—but it was evidently a pang to him, and he seemed afraid of what Madame MÉRARD might say.

The second day seemed a little longer to Catherine than the first at the chalet, and the third a little longer than the second. Not to Fontaine, who settled down to his accustomed occupations, came, went, always taking care that Catherine should not be left for any time alone. Now and then, as days went on, she wished that she could be by herself a little more; she was used to solitude, and this constant society and attention was a little fatiguing. All that was expected from her was, "Yes, mon ami," "Non, mon ami." At the end of a month it became just a little wearisome; for, counting the fortnight at Rouen, Catherine had now been married a month. Petitport had begun to put on its nightcap; scarcely any one remained, shutters were put up, and there was silence in the street. She walked up to the farm, but Reine had been away at Caen for some time, Dominique told her. One day was like another. Nobody came. Fontaine talked on, and Catherine almost looked forward to the arrival of Toto's grandparents to break the monotony.

"Ce qui coûte le plus pour plaire, c'est de cacher que l'on s'ennuie." Catherine had read this somewhere in a book of French maxims, and the words used to jangle in her ears long afterwards, as words do. Sometimes she used to think of them involuntarily in those early days in the beginning of her married life, when she would be sitting by her own fireside alone with Fontaine. Monsieur le Maire was generally bolt upright on a stiff-backed chair by the table, delightedly contemplating the realization of his dreams; while Madame Fontaine, on a low little seat by the fire, with her work falling upon her lap, was wondering, perhaps, whether this could be her own self and the end of all her vague ideals. The little gold ring upon her finger seemed to assure her it was so indeed. This was her home at last. There sat her husband, attentive, devoted, irreproachable, discursive—how discursive! Conversation was Fontaine's forte, his weakness, his passion, his necessity. The most utterly uninteresting and unlikely subjects would suggest words to this fertile brain; his talk was a wonder of ingenuity and unintermittingness. Now for the first time for many years he had secured a patient and a silent listener, and the torrent which had long been partially pent up had found a vent. Poor Fontaine was happy and in high spirits; and under the circumstances could any repetition, retrospection, interrogation, asseveration, be sufficient? Must not every possible form of speech be employed to tell Catherine how sensible he was to the happiness which had befallen him? "And you too are happy," he used to say, triumphantly; and if his wife smiled gratefully, and answered "Yes," no one, I think, could blame her.

She *was* happy after a fashion. It was so strange to be wanted, to be loved and of importance, and looked for and welcomed. She found this as difficult to believe in as all the rest. Fontaine was always thinking of what would give her pleasure. Her sisters were to come to her for their holidays always—whenever she liked, he said; and Catherine's heart beat with delight at the thought of welcoming them to her own roof. The pretty

room upstairs, looking down the street, should be theirs, she thought; she would buy two little beds, some flower-pots for the window. Every day she looked in, on her way up and down, planning small preparations for them, and one little scheme and another to please them. How happy they would be! This thought was almost perfect delight to her. She loved to picture them there, with their little beloved ugly heads. She took Toto into her confidence, and one day he came rushing in with a plaster statuette of Napoleon at St. Helena he had bought in the street. "C'est pour tes petites sœurs," said he, and his stepmother caught him in her arms and covered his round face with kisses. Fontaine happened to be passing by the door at the moment. His double eyeglasses were quite dim, for his eyes had filled with tears of happiness as he witnessed the little scene.

"Je me trouve tout attendri!" said he, coming in. "Ah, mon amie, you have made two people very happy by coming here. I am shedding tears of joy. They relieve the heart."

It was a pathetic jumble. When Fontaine was unconscious he was affecting in his kindness and tenderness of heart, and then the next moment he would by an afterthought become suddenly absurd.

In the first excitement of his return Fontaine had forgotten many little harmless precisions and peculiarities which gradually revived as time went by. On the morning that Monsieur and Madame Mérard were expected he appeared in a neat baize apron, dusting with a feather brush, arranging furniture, bustling in and out of the kitchen, and personally superintending all the preparations made to receive them.

"Can't I do something?" Catherine timidly asked.

"Va-t'en, mon enfant," said Fontaine, embracing her. "I am busy."

Catherine knew it was silly, but she could not bear to see him so occupied. She took her work, went and sat in the dining-room window waiting, and as she sat there she thought of the day she had come with Madame de Tracy, a stranger, to the gate of her future home.

Toto came running in at last to announce the arrival of his grandmother and grandfather. Fontaine took off his apron and rushed into the garden, and Catherine went and stood at the door to welcome them, a little shy, but glad on the whole to do her best to please her husband and his relations.

Monsieur and Madame Mérard were heavy people. They had to be carefully helped down from the little high carriage in which they had arrived by Justine and Fontaine, who together carried in their moderate boxes and packages. Although her trunk was small, Madame Mérard was neatly and brilliantly dressed. Monsieur Mérard, who was a very, very stout old gentleman, wore slippers, a velvet cap, and short chequed trousers. He took off his coat immediately on arriving, as a matter of course, and sat down, breathless, in a chair near the window.

"Venez, mon amie," said Fontaine, much excited, leading Catherine up by the hand. "Mon père, ma mère" (the maire had a turn for oratory

and situation), "I bring you a daughter," he said; "accord to her a portion of that affection you have for many years bestowed on me."

A snuffy kiss from Madame Mérard on her forehead, something between a sniff and a shake of the head, was the portion evidently reserved for Catherine. Monsieur Mérard signed to her to advance, and also embraced her slowly, on account of his great size. After that they seemed to take no more notice of her, only every now and then Catherine felt the old lady's sharp eyes fixed upon her like the prick of two pins.

"Eh bien, Justine," said Madame Mérard, addressing the cuisinière. "Has everything been going on well? You have taken good care of Monsieur and of Toto? What are you going to give us for our breakfast to-day?"

"Monsieur is responsible for the breakfast," said Justine, irascible now that she was sure of an ally. "If he thinks it is possible for a cook to attend to her business when the masters are perpetually in and out of the kitchen he is much mistaken."

"You are right, ma fille," said Madame Mérard, soothingly. "I have told him so a hundred times. Eh bien, dites-moi! Where have you been taking your butter since I left?"

"I have taken it from Madame Binaud, as madame desired," said Justine.

"That is right," said Madame Mérard, "and yet there is no trusting any one. Imagine, Charles! that I have been paying thirty-eight sous a pound. It was for good Isyngny butter, that is true, but thirty-eight sous! Ah, it is abominable. How much do you pay for butter in England, madame?" said the old lady, suddenly turning round upon Catherine, and evidently expecting a direct answer to a plain question.

"Half-a-cr—— I don't know," said Catherine, looking to Fontaine to help her. Fontaine turned away much disappointed: he wanted his wife to shine, and he guessed the painful impression her ignorance would produce.

"Ho, ho," said old Mérard, in a droll little squeaking voice, "Madame Mérard must give you some lessons, my young lady." He was good-naturedly trying to avert disagreeables.

"Lessons," said Madame Mérard, hoarsely. "It is no longer the fashion for young women to interest themselves in the management of their domestic expenses. It is perhaps because they contribute nothing to them."

Catherine felt very angry at this unprovoked attack. She made an effort. "I shall be very glad to learn anything you will teach me," she said. But already she was beginning to wonder whether she had not been wrong to wish for the *tête-à-tête* to be interrupted. If it is hard to seem amused when one is wearied, it is also difficult to conceal one's pain when one is wounded. They all sat down to breakfast. Monsieur Mérard asked for a pin, and carefully fastened his napkin across his shirt-front. Madame Mérard freely used her knife to cut bread, to eat dainty morsels off her plate. Everything went on pretty smoothly until Toto, who had been perfectly good for a whole fortnight, incited by the

reappearance of his grandparents, and perhaps excited by some wine the old lady had administered, became as one possessed. He put his hands into the dishes, helped himself in this fashion to a nice little sole he had taken a fancy to, beat the *rappel* with his spoon upon the tablecloth, and held up his plate for more, so that the gravy dropped down upon Catherine's dress. She put her gentle hands upon his shoulder, and whispered gravely to him. This was a terrible offence. Madame M  rard took snuff, and wiped both eyes and nose in her handkerchief, shaking her head.

"Ah," she said, "Charles, do you remember how patient his poor mother used to be with him? She never reproved him—never."

"I don't think poor L  onie herself could be more gentle with her son than his stepmother is," Fontaine answered, with great courage, holding out his hand to Catherine with a smile.

But this scarcely made matters better. Catherine had found no favour in Madame M  rard's little ferret eyes. She looked afraid of her for one thing, and there is nothing more provoking to people with difficult tempers and good hearts than to see others afraid. All day long Catherine did her best. She walked out a little way with the old couple; she even took a hand at whist. They began at one, and played till five. Then Monsieur le Cur   came in to see his old friend Madame M  rard, and Catherine escaped into the garden to breathe a little air upon the terrace, and to try and forget the humiliations and weariness of the day. So this was the life she had deliberately chosen, these were to be the companions with whom she was to journey henceforth. What an old m  nag  re! what economies! what mustachios! what fierce little eyes! what a living tariff of prices! A cool, delicious evening breeze came blowing through her rose-trees, consoling her somewhat, and a minute afterwards Catherine saw her husband coming towards her. He looked beaming, as if he had just heard good news; he waved his hand in the air, and sprang lightly forward to where she was standing.

"All the morning I have not been without anxiety; I was afraid that something was wrong," he confided frankly to Catherine. "But now I am greatly relieved. My mother is telling Monsieur le Cur   that she and my stepfather fully intend to pass the winter with us." Catherine tried to say something, but could not succeed—her husband noticed nothing.

Fontaine, from the very good-nature and affectionate fidelity of his disposition, seemed to cling very much to his early associates, and to the peculiar prejudices which he had learnt from them. The odd ways were familiar to him, the talk did not seem strange. It was of people and places he had known all his life. Their habits did not offend any very fine sense of taste. The translations which English minds make to themselves of foreign ways and customs are necessarily incorrect and prejudiced. Things which to Catherine seemed childish, partly humorous, partly wearisome, were to Fontaine only the simple and natural arrangements of every day. He could sit contentedly talking for hours in his cabane, with the little flag flying from the roof. He could play away the bright

long afternoons with a greasy pack of cards or a box of dominoes. He could assume different costumes with perfect complacency,—the sport costume, when he went to the shooting-gallery some enterprising speculator had opened at Bayeux,—the black gaiters *pour affaire*,—the red flannel shirt for the sea-side stroll. . . . Fontaine asked her one day if she would come down to the château with him. He had some business with the bailiff, who was to meet him there. Leaving the Mérards installed upon the terrace, Catherine went for her hood and her cloak, and walked down the steep little ascent, and through the street, arm in arm with Monsieur le Maire. She had not been at the place since she left on the eve of her marriage. She began to think of it all; she remembered her doubts, her despair. They came to the gates at last, where only a few weeks ago Dick had told her of his love for Reine; the whole thing seemed running through her head like the unwinding of a skein. While Fontaine was talking to the bailiff she went and rang at the bell, and told Baptiste, who opened the door, that she wanted to go up to her room.

“Mais certainement, madame! Vous allez bien. Vous voyez il n’y a plus personne.” Catherine crossed the hall, and looked into the deserted drawing-room,—how different it looked—how silent! The voices and music had drifted elsewhere, and Catherine George, she no longer existed, only a little smoke was left curling from the charred embers and relics of the past. Thinking thus, she went up to her own old little room, which was dismantled and looked quite empty, and as if it had belonged to a dead person.

Catherine’s heart was very full; she looked round and about; the sunset was streaming in through the curtainless window; she heard the faint old sound of the sea; she went to the little *secrétaire* presently, and opened one of the drawers and looked in.

That last night when she had been packing her clothes, she had come upon one little relic which she had not had the heart to destroy. She had thrust it into a drawer in the bureau where she had already thrown some dead *marguerites*, and locked it in. No one finding it there would have been any the wiser. It was only a dead crumpled brown rose which Dick had picked up off the grass one day, but that had not prevented it from withering like other roses. It was still lying in the drawer among a handful of dry *marguerites*. Who would have guessed that the whole story of her life was written upon these withered stalks and leaves? She felt as if the story and life all had belonged to some one else. She opened the drawer—no one else had been there. As she took up the rose a thorn pricked her finger. “Neither scent, nor colour, nor smell, only a thorn left to prick,” Catherine sadly sighed: “these other poor limp flowers at least have no thorns.” So she thought. Then she went and sat down upon the bed, and began to tell herself how good Fontaine had been to her, and to say to herself that it was too late now to wonder whether she had done rightly or wrongly in marrying him. But, at least, she would try to be good, and contented, and not ungrateful. Perhaps, if she was very

good, and patient, and contented, she might see Dick again some day, and be his friend and Reine's, and the thorn would be gone out of the dead rose. Fontaine's voice calling her name disturbed her resolutions.

She found her husband waiting for her at the foot of the stairs.

"Shall we revisit together the spot where we first read in each other's hearts," said he, sentimentally.

"Not this evening," said Catherine, gently. "I should like to go down to the sea before it grows quite dark."

Everybody had not left Petitport, for one or two families were still sitting in their little wooden boxes along the edge of the sands, and a hum of conversation seemed sounding in the air with the monotonous wash of the sea. The ladies wore bright-coloured hoods; the waves were grey, fresh and buoyant, rising in crisp crests against a faint yellow sky. A great line of soft clouds curled and tossed by high currents of wind was crossing the sea. One or two pale brown stars were coming out one by one, pulsating like little living hearts in the vast universe. Catherine went down close to the water's edge, and then threw something she held in her hand as far as she could throw.

"What is that?" Fontaine asked, adjusting his eyeglass.

"Only some dead flowers I found in a drawer," said Catherine.

"My dear child, why give yourself such needless trouble?" asked the practical husband. "You might have left them where they were or in the courtyard, if you did not wish to litter the room, or . . ."

"It was a little piece of sentiment," said Catherine, humbly trying to make a confession. "Some one gave me a rose once in England, long ago, and . . ."

"Some one who—who—who loved you," Fontaine interrupted, in a sudden fume, stammering and turning round upon her.

"Oh, no," Catherine answered: "you are the only person who has ever loved me."

She said it so gently and sweetly, that Fontaine was touched beyond measure. And yet, though she spoke gently, his sudden anger had terrified her. She felt guilty that she could not bring herself to tell him more. She could not have made him understand her; why disquiet him with stories of the past, and destroy his happiness and her own too? Alas! already this had come to her.

On the Cornice.

(MENTONE AND SAN REMO.)

It was a dull afternoon in February when we left Nice, and drove across the mountains to Mentone. Over hill and sea hung a thick mist. Turbia's Roman tower stood up in cheerless solitude, wreathed round with driving vapour, and the rocky nest of Esa seemed suspended in a chaos between sea and sky. Sometimes the fog broke and showed us Villafranca, lying green and flat in the deep blue below : sometimes a distant view of higher peaks swam into sight from the shifting cloud. But the whole scene was desolate. Was it for this that we had left our English home, and travelled from London day and night? At length we reached the edge of the cloud, and jingled down by Roccabruna and the olive groves, till one by one Mentone's villas came in sight, and at last we found ourselves at the inn door. That night, and all next day, and the next night, we heard the hoarse sea beat and thunder on the beach. The rain and wind kept driving from the south, but we consoled ourselves with thinking that the orange-trees and every kind of flower were drinking in the moisture and waiting to rejoice in sunlight which would come.

It was a Sunday morning when we woke and found that the rain had gone, the sun was shining brightly on the sea, and a clear north wind was blowing cloud and mist away. We left the good people to their church, and out upon the hills we went, not caring much what path we took ; for everything was beautiful, and hill and vale were full of garden walks. Through lemon groves,—pale, golden, tender trees,—and olives, stretching their grey boughs against the lonely cottage tiles, we climbed, until we reached the pines and heath above. Then I knew the meaning of Theocritus for the first time. We found a well, broad, deep, and clear, with green herbs growing at the bottom, a runlet flowing from it down the rocky steps, maidenhair, black adiantum, and blue violets hanging from the brink and mirrored in the water. This was just the well in *Hylas*. Theocritus has been badly treated. They call him a court poet, dead to Nature, artificial in his pictures. Yet I recognized this fountain by his verse, just as if he had showed me the very spot. Violets grow everywhere, of every shade, from black to lilac. Their stalks are long, and the flowers “nod” upon them, so that I see how the Greeks could make them into chaplets—how Lycidas wore his crown of white violets lying by the fireside, elbow-deep in withered asphodel, watching the chestnuts in the fire, and softly drinking deep healths to Ageanax far off upon the waves. It is impossible to go wrong in these valleys. They are

cultivated to the height of about five hundred feet above the sea, in terraces laboriously built up with walls, earthed and manured, and irrigated by means of tanks and aqueducts. Above this level, where the virgin soil has not been yet reclaimed, or where the winds of winter bring down freezing currents from the mountains through a gap or gully of the lower hills, a tangled growth of heaths and arbutus, and pines, and rosemaries, and myrtles, continue the vegetation, till it finally ends in bare grey rocks and peaks some thousand feet in height. Far above all signs of cultivation on these arid peaks, you still may see villages and ruined castles, built centuries ago, for a protection from the Moorish pirates. To these mountain fastnesses the people of the coast retreated when they descried the sails of their foes on the horizon. In Mentone, at the present day, there are old men who in their youths were taken captive by the Moors, and many Arabic words have found their way into the patois of the common people.

There is something strangely fascinating in the sight of these ruins on the burning rocks, with their black sentinel cypresses, immensely tall and far away. Long years and rain and sunlight have made these castellated eyries one with their native stone. It is hard to trace in their foundations where Nature's workmanship ends, and where man's begins. What strange sights these mountain villagers must see! The vast blue plain of the unfurrowed deep, the fairy range of Corsica hung midway between the sea and sky at dawn or sunset, the stars so close above their heads, the deep dew-sprinkled valleys, the green pines! On penetrating into one of these hill fortresses, you find that it is a whole village, with a church and castle and piazza, some few feet square, huddled together on a narrow platform. We found one day three magnates of Gorbio taking a morning stroll backwards and forwards, up and down their tiny square. Vehemently gesticulating, loudly chattering, they talked as if they had not seen each other for ten years, and were but just unloading their full budgets of accumulated news. Yet these three men probably had lived, eaten, drunk, and talked together from the cradle to that hour: so true it is that use and custom quicken all our powers, especially of gossiping and scandal-mongering. St. Agnese is the highest and most notable of all these villages. The cold and heat upon its absolutely barren rock must be alike intolerable. In appearance it is not unlike the Etruscan towns of Central Italy; but there is something, of course, grander in the immense historical antiquity of a Narni, a Fiesole, a Chiusi, or an Orvieto. Sea life and rusticity strike a different note from that of those Apennine-girdled seats of dead civilization, in which nations, arts, and religions have gone by and left but few traces,—some wrecks of giant walls, some excavated tombs, some shrines, where monks still sing and pray above the relics of the founders of once world-shaking, now almost forgotten, orders. Here at Mentone there is none of this; the idyllic is the true note, and Theocritus is still alive.

We do not often scale these altitudes, but keep along the terraced

glades by the side of olive-shaded streams. The violets, instead of peeping shyly from hedgerows, fall in ripples and cascades over mossy walls among maidenhair and spleenworts. They are very sweet, and the sound of trickling water seems to cool their fragrance to a most delicious harmony. Sound, smell, and hue make up one chord, the sense of which is pure and perfect peace. The country people are kind, letting us pass everywhere, so that we make our way along their aqueducts and through their gardens, under laden lemon boughs, the pale fruit dangling at our ears, and swinging showers of scented dew upon us as we pass. Far better, however, than lemon or orange trees are the olives. Some of these are immensely old, numbering, it is said, five centuries, so that Petrarch may almost have rested beneath their shade on his way to Avignon. These veterans are cavernous with age: gnarled, split, and twisted trunks, throwing out arms that break into a hundred branches, every branch distinct, and feathered with innumerable sparks and spikelets of white, wavy, greenish light. These are the leaves, and the stems are grey with lichens. The sky and sea—two blues, one full of sunlight and the other purple—set these fountains of perennial brightness like gems in lapis lazuli. At a distance the same olives look hoary and soft—a veil of woven light or luminous haze. But underneath their branches, in the shade, grey periwinkles wind among the snowy drift of allium. The narcissus sends its arrowy fragrance through the air, while far and wide the red anemones burn like fire, with interchange of blue and lilac buds, white arums, orchises, and pink gladiolus. Wandering there, and seeing the pale flowers, stars white and pink and odorous, we dream of Olivet, or the grave Garden of the Agony, and the trees seem always whispering of sacred things. How people can blaspheme against the olives, and call them imitations of the willow, or complain that they are shabby shrubs, I do not know.

This shore would stand for Shelley's "Island of Epipsychidion," or the golden age which Empedocles describes, when the mild nations worshipped Aphrodite with incense and the images of beasts and yellow honey, and no blood was spilt upon her altars—when "the trees flourished with perennial leaves and fruit, and ample crops adorned their boughs through all the year." This even now is literally true of the lemon groves, which do not cease to flower and ripen. Everything fits in to complete the reproduction of Greek pastoral life. The goats eat cyttisus and myrtle on the shore: a whole flock gathered round me as I sat beneath a tuft of golden green euphorbia the other day, and nibbled bread from my hands. The frog still croaks by tank and fountain, "whom the Muses have ordained to sing for aye," in spite of Bion's death. The narcissus, anemone, and hyacinth still tell their tales of love and death. Hesper still gazes on the shepherd from the mountain head. The slender cypresses still vibrate, the pines murmur, Pan sleeps in noontide heat, and goatherds and wayfaring men lie down to slumber by the roadside, under olive boughs in which cicadas sing. The little villages high up are just as white, the mountains just as grey and shadowy when evening falls.

Nothing is changed — except ourselves. I expect to find a statue of Priapus or pastoral Pan, hung with wreaths of flowers—the meal cake, honey, and spilt wine upon his altar, and young boys and maidens dancing round. Surely, in some far-off glade, by the side of lemon grove or garden, near the village, there must be still some such a pagan remnant of glad Nature-worship. Surely I shall chance upon some Thyrsis piping in the pine-tree shade, or Daphne flying from the arms of Phœbus. So I dream until I come upon the Calvary set on a solitary hillock, with its prayer steps lending a prospect wide across the olives and the orange-trees, and the broad valleys to immeasurable skies and purple seas. There is the iron cross, the wounded heart, the spear, the reed, the nails, the crown of thorns, the cup of sacrificial blood, the title, with its superscription royal and divine. The other day we crossed a brook and entered a lemon field, rich with blossoms and carpeted with red anemones. Everything basked in sunlight and glittered with exceeding brilliancy of hue. A tiny white chapel stood in a corner of the enclosure. Two iron-grated windows let me see inside : it was a bare place, containing nothing but a wooden praying-desk, black and worm-eaten, an altar with its candles and no flowers, and above the altar a square picture brown with age. On the floor were scattered several pence, and in a vase above the holy-water vessel stood some withered hyacinths. As my sight became accustomed to the gloom, I could see from the darkness of the picture a pale Christ nailed to the cross with agonizing upward eyes and ashy aureole above the bleeding thorns. Thus I stepped suddenly away from the outward pomp and bravery of Nature to the inward aspirations, agonies, and martyrdoms of man—from Greek legends of the past to the real Christian present—and I remembered that an illimitable prospect has been opened to the world, that in spite of ourselves we must turn our eyes heavenward, inward, to the infinite unseen beyond us and within our souls. Nothing can take us back to Priapus or Pan. Nothing can again identify us with the simple natural earth. “*Une immense espérance a traversé la terre,*” and these chapels, with their deep significances, lurk in the fair landscape like the cares of real life among our dreams of art, or like a fear of death and the hereafter in the midst of opera music. It is a strange contrast. The worship of men in those old times was symbolized by dances in the evening, banquets, libations, and mirth-making. “Euphrosyne” was alike the goddess of the righteous mind and of the merry heart. Old, withered women telling their rosaries at dusk ; belated shepherds crossing themselves beneath the stars when they pass the chapel ; maidens weighed down with Margaret’s anguish of unhappy love ; youths vowing their life to contemplation in secluded cloisters,—these are the human forms which gather round such chapels ; and the motto of the worshippers consists in this, “Do often violence to thy desire.” In the Tyrol we have seen whole villages praying together at daybreak before their day’s work, singing their Miserere and their Gloria and their Dies Iræ to the sound of crashing organs and jangling bells ; appealing in the midst of

Nature's gorgeousness to the spirit which is above Nature, which dwells in darkness rather than light, and loves the yearnings and contentions of our soul more than its summer gladness and peace. Even the olives here tell more to us of Olivet and the Garden than of the oil-press and the wrestling-ground. The lilies carry us to the Sermon on the Mount, and teach humility, instead of summoning up some legend of a god's love for a mortal. The hillside tanks and running streams and water-brooks swollen by sudden rain, speak of Palestine. We call the white flowers stars of Bethlehem. The large sceptre-reed; the fig-tree, lingering in barrenness when other trees are full of fruit; the locust-beans of the Caruba—for one suggestion of Greek idylls there is yet another of far deeper, dearer power.

But who can resist the influence of Greek ideas at the Cap St. Martin? Down to the verge of the sea stretch the tall, twisted stems of Levant pines, and on the caverned limestone breaks the deep blue water. Dazzling as marble are these rocks, pointed and honeycombed with constant dashing of the restless sea, tufted with corallines and grey and purple sea-weeds in the little pools, but hard and dry and rough above tide level. Nor does the sea always lap them quietly: for the last few days it has come tumbling in, roaring and raging on the beach with huge waves crystalline in their transparency, and maned with fleecy spray. Such were the rocks and such the swell of breakers when Ulysses grasped the shore after his long swim. Samphire, very salt and fragrant, grows in the rocky honeycomb; then lentisk and beach-loving myrtle, both exceeding green and bushy; then rosemary and euphorbia above the reach of spray. Fishermen, with their long reeds, sit lazily perched upon black rocks above blue waves, sunning themselves as much as seeking sport. One distant tip of snow, seen far away behind the hills, reminds us of an alien, unremembered winter. While dreaming there, this fancy came into my head:—Polyphemus was born yonder in the Gorbio Valley. There he fed his sheep and goats, and on the hills found scanty pasture for his kine. He and his mother lived in the white house by the cypress near the stream where tulips grow. Young Galatea, nursed in the caverns of these rocks, white as the foam, and shy as the sea fishes, came one morning up the valley to "pick mountain-hyacinths," and little Polyphemus led the way. He knew where violets and sweet narcissus grew, as well as Galatea where pink coralline and spreading sea-flowers with their waving arms. But Galatea, having filled her lap with blue-bells, quite forgot the leaping kids, and piping cyclops, and cool summer caves, and yellow honey, and black ivy, and sweet vine, and water cold as Alpine snow. Down the swift streamlet she danced laughingly, and made herself once more bitter with the sea. But Polyphemus remained,—hungry, sad, gazing on the barren sea, and piping to the mockery of its waves.

Filled with these Greek fancies it is strange to come upon a little sandstone dell furrowed by trickling streams and overgrown with English primroses; or to enter the village of Roccabruna, with its mediæval castle

and the motto on its walls, *Tempora labuntur tacitisque senescimus annis*. A true motto for the town where the butcher comes but once a week, and where men and boys, and dogs, and palms, and lemon-trees grow up and flourish and decay in the same hollow of the sunny hill. Into the hard conglomerate of the hill the town is built; house walls and precipices morticed into one another, dovetailed by the art of years gone by, and riveted by age. The same plants grow from both alike—spurge, cistus, rue, and henbane, constant to the desolation of abandoned dwellings. From the castle you look down on roofs, brown tiles and chimney-pots, set one above the other like a big card-castle. Each house has its foot on a neighbour's neck, and its shoulder set against the native stone. The streets meander in and out, and up and down, overarched and balconied, but very clean. They swarm with children, healthy, happy little monkeys, who grow fat on salt-fish and yellow polenta, with oil and sun *ad libitum*. At night from Roccabruna you may see the flaring gas-lamps of the gaming-house at Monaco, that Armida's garden of the nineteenth century. It is the sunniest and most sheltered spot of all the coast. Long ago Lucan said of Monaco, "*Non Corus in illum jus habet aut Zephyrus*;" winter never comes to nip its tangled cactuses, and aloes, and geraniums. The air swoons with the scent of lemon groves; tall palm trees wave their graceful branches by the shore; music of the softest and the loudest swells from the palace; cool corridors and sunny seats stand ready for the noon-tide heat or evening calm; without are olive gardens, green and fresh and full of flowers. But the witch herself holds her high court and never-ending festival of sin, in the painted banquet halls and among the green tables.

Let us leave this scene and turn with the country-folk of Roccabruna to St. Michael's Church at Mentone. High above the sea it stands, and from its open doors you look across the mountains with their olive-trees. Inside the church is a seething mass of country-folk and townspeople, mostly women, and these almost all old, but picturesque beyond description; kerchiefs of every colour, wrinkles of every shape and depth, skins of every tone of brown and yellow, voices of every gruffness, shrillness, strength, and weakness. Wherever an empty corner can be found, it is soon filled by tottering babies and mischievous children. The country women come with their large dangling earrings of thin gold, wearing pink tulips or lemon buds in their black hair. A low buzz of gossiping and mutual recognition keeps the air alive. The whole service seems a holiday—a general enjoyment of gala dresses and friendly greetings, very different from the silence, immobility, and *noli me tangere* aspect of an English congregation. Over all drones, rattles, snores, and shrieks the organ; wailing, querulous, asthmatic, incomplete, its everlasting nasal chaunt—always beginning, never ending, through a range of two or three notes ground into one monotony. The voices of the congregation rise and sink above it. These southern people, like the Arabs, the Apulians, and the Spaniards, seem to find their music in a hurdy-gurdy swell of

sound. The other day we met a little girl, walking and spinning, and singing all the while, whose song was just another version of this chaunt. It has a discontented plaintive wail, as if it came from some vast age, and were a cousin of the primæval winds.

At first sight, by the side of Mentone, San Remo is sadly prosaic. The valleys seems to sprawl, and the universal olives are monotonously grey upon their thick clay soil. Yet the wealth of flowers in the fat earth is wonderful. One might fancy oneself in a weedy farm flower-bed invaded by stray oats and beans and cabbages and garlic from the kitchen-garden. The country does not suggest a single Greek idea. It has no form or outline—no barren peaks, no spare and difficult vegetation. The beauty is rich but tame—valleys green with oats and corn, blossoming cherry-trees, and sweet-bean fields, figs coming into leaf, and arrowy bay-trees by the side of sparkling streams: here and there a broken aqueduct or rainbow bridge hung with maidenhair and briar and clematis and sarsaparilla.

In the cathedral church of San Siro on Good Friday they hang the columns and the windows with black, they cover the pictures and deface the altar; above the high altar they raise a crucifix, and below they place a catafalque containing the effigy of the dead Christ. To this sad symbol they address their prayers and incense, chant their "litanies and luries," and clash the rattles which commemorate their rage against the traitor Judas. So far have we already passed away from the Greek feeling of Mentone. As I listened to the hideous din, I could not but remember the Theocritean burial of Adonis. Two funeral beds prepared: two feasts recurring in the springtime of the year. What a difference beneath this superficial similarity! *καλὸς νέκρῳ οἷα καθείδων*—*atritus ægrâ macie*. But the fast of Good Friday is followed by the festival of Easter. That after all is the chief difference.

After leaving the cathedral we saw a pretty picture in a dull old street of San Remo—three children leaning from a window, blowing bubbles. The bubbles floated down the street, of every colour, round and trembling, like the dreams of life which children dream. The town is certainly most picturesque. It resembles a huge glacier of houses poured over a wedge of rock, running down the sides and along the ridge, and spreading itself into a fan between two torrents on the shore below. House over house, with balcony and staircase, convent turret and church tower, palm-trees and olives, roof gardens and clinging creepers—the white cataract of buildings streams downward from the lazaret-house, and sanctuary, and sandstone quarries on the hill. It is a mass of streets placed close above each other, and linked together with arms and arches of solid masonry, as a protection from the earthquakes which are frequent at San Remo. The walls are tall, and form a labyrinth of gloomy passages and treacherous blind alleys, where the Moors of old might meet with a ferocious welcome. Indeed, San Remo is a fortress as well as a dwelling-place. Over its gateways may still be traced the pipes for molten lead,

and on its walls the eyeloops for arrows, with brackets for the feet of archers. Masses of building have been shaken down by earthquakes. The ruins of what once were houses gape with blackened chimneys and dark, forlorn cellars; mazes of fungus and unhealthy weeds among the still secure habitations. Hardly a ray of light penetrates the streets; one learns the meaning of the Italian word "*uggia*" from their cold and gloom. During the day they are deserted by every one but babies and witch-like old women, some gossiping, some sitting vacant at the house-door, some spinning, or weaving, or minding little children—ugly and ancient as are their own homes, yet clean as are the streets. The younger population goes afield; the men on mules laden for the hills, the women burdened like mules with heavy and disgusting loads. It is not a handsome race, but tall, well-grown, and strong. But to the streets again. The shops in the upper town are few, chiefly wine-booths and stalls for the sale of salt, fish, eggs, and bread, or cobblers' and tinkers' ware. Notwithstanding the darkness of their dwellings, the people have a love of flowers; azaleas lean from their windows, and vines, carefully protected by a sheath of brickwork, climb the six stories, to blossom out into a pergola upon the roof. Look at that mass of greenery and colours, dimly seen from beneath, with a yellow cat sunning herself upon the parapet! To reach such a garden and such sunlight who would not mount up six stories and thread a labyrinth of passages? I should prefer a room upon the east side of the town, looking southward to the Molo and the sea, with a sound of water beneath, and a palm soaring up to fan my window with his feathery leaves.

The shrines are little spots of brightness in the gloomy streets. Madonna with a sword; Christ holding his pierced and bleeding heart; l'Eterno Padre pointing to the dead Son stretched upon his knee; some souls in torment; St. Roch reminding us of old plagues by the spot upon his thigh;—these are the symbols of the shrines. Before them stand rows of pots filled with gilliflowers, placed there by pious simple praying hands—by maidens come to tell their sorrows to our Lady rich in sorrow, by old women bent and shrivelled, in hopes of paradise or gratitude for happy days when Madonna kept Checchino faithful to his home, or saved the baby from the fever.

Lower down between the sea and the hill is the municipal, aristocratical, ecclesiastical quarter of San Remo. There stands the Palace Borea—a truly princely pile, built in the last renaissance style of splendour with sea-nymphs and dolphins, and satyric heads, half lips, half leafage, round about its doors and windows. Once it formed the dwelling of a feudal family, but now it is a roomy anthill of a hundred houses, shops, and offices, the Boreas of to-day retaining but a portion of one flat, and making profit of the rest. There too are the barracks and the syndic's hall, the Jesuits' school crowded with boys and girls, the shops for clothes, confectionery and trinkets, the piazza with its fountain and tasselled planes, and flowery chestnut trees, a mass of greenery. Under these trees the idlers

lounge, boys play at leap-frog, men at bowls. Women in San Remo work all day, but men and boys play for the most part at bowls or toss-penny or leapfrog or morra. San Siro, the cathedral, stands at one end of the square. Do not go inside; it has a sickly smell of immemorial incense and garlic, indefinable and horrible. Far better looks San Siro from the parapet above the torrent. There you see its irregular half Gothic outline across a tangle of lemon-trees and olives. The stream rushes by through high walls, covered with creepers, spanned by ferny bridges, feathered by one or two old tufty palms. And over all rises the ancient turret of San Siro, like a Spanish giralda, a minaret of pinnacles and pyramids and dome bubbles, with windows showing heavy bells, old clocks, and sun-dials painted on the walls, and a cupola of green and yellow tiles like serpent scales, to crown the whole. The sea lies beyond, and the house-roofs break it with grey horizontal lines. Then there are convents, legions of them, large white edifices, Jesuitical apparently for the most part, clanging importunate bells, leaning rose-blossoms and cypress-boughs over their jealous walls.

Lastly, there is the port—the mole running out into the sea, the quay planted with plane-trees, and the fishing-boats—by which San Remo is connected with the naval glory of the past—with the Riviera that gave birth to Columbus—with the Liguria that the Dorias ruled—with the great name of Genoa. The port is empty enough now; but from the pier you look back on San Remo and its circling hills, a jewelled town set in illimitable olive greyness. The quay seems also to be the cattle-market. There the small buff cows of North Italy repose after their long voyage or march, kneeling on the sandy ground or rubbing their sides against the wooden cross awry with age and shorn of all its symbols. Lambs frisk among the boats; impudent kids nibble the drooping ears of patient mules. Hinds in white jackets and knee-breeches made of skins lead shaggy rams and fiercely bearded goats, ready to butt at every barking dog, and always seeking opportunities of flight. Farmers and parish priests in black petticoats feel the cattle and dispute about the price, or whet their bargains with a draught of wine. Meanwhile the nets are brought on shore glittering with the spawn of sardines, which are cooked like whitebait, with cuttlefish—amorphous objects stretching shiny feelers on the hot dry sand,—and prickly purple eggs of the sea-urchin. Women go about their labour through the throng, some carrying stones upon their heads, or unloading boats and bearing planks of wood in single file, two marching side by side beneath one load of lime, others scarce visible under a stack of oats, another with her baby in its cradle fast asleep.

San Remo has an elder brother among the hills, which is called San Romolo, after one of the old bishops of Genoa. Who Remo was is buried in remote antiquity; but his town has prospered, while of San Romolo nothing remains but a ruined hill-convent among pine-trees. The old convent is worth visiting. Its road carries you into the heart of the sierra which surrounds San Remo, a hill-country something like the Jura,

undulating and green to the very top with maritime pines and pinasters. Riding up you hear all manner of Alpine sounds; brawling streams, tinkling cow-bells, and herdsmen calling to each other on the slopes. Beneath you lies San Remo, scarcely visible; and over it the great sea rises ever so far into the sky, until the white sails hang in air, and cloud and sea-line melt into each other indistinguishably. Spanish chestnuts surround the monastery, with bright blue gentians, hepaticas, forget-me-nots and primroses about their roots. The house itself is perched on a knoll with ample prospect to the sea and to the mountains, very near to heaven, within a theatre of noble contemplations and soul-stirring thoughts. If Mentone spoke to me of the poetry of Greek pastoral life, this convent speaks of mediæval monasticism—of solitude with God, above, beneath, and all around, of silence and repose from agitating cares, of continuity in prayer, and changelessness of daily life. Some precepts of the *Imitatio* came into my mind—"Be never wholly idle; read or write, pray or meditate, or work with diligence for the common needs." "Praiseworthy is it for the religious man to go abroad but seldom, and to seem to shun, and keep his eyes from men." "Sweet is the cell when it is often sought, but if we gad about it wearies us by its seclusion." Then I thought of the monks so living in this solitude; their cell windows looking across the valley to the sea, through summer and winter, under sun and stars. Then would they read or write, what long melodious hours; or would they pray, what stations on the pine-clad hills; or would they toil, what terraces to build and plant with corn, what flowers to tend, what cows to milk and pasture, what wood to cut, what fircones to gather for the winter fire; or should they yearn for silence, silence from their comrades of the solitude, what whispering galleries of God, where never human voice breaks loudly, but winds and streams and lonely birds disturb the awful stillness. In such a hermitage as this, only more wild, lived St. Francis of Assisi, among the Apennines. It was there that he learned the tongues of beasts and birds, and preached them sermons. Stretched for hours motionless on the bare rocks, coloured like them and rough like them in his brown peasant's serge, he prayed and meditated, saw the vision of Christ crucified, and planned his order to regenerate a vicious age. So still he lay, so long, so like a stone, so gentle were his eyes, so kind and low his voice, that the mice nibbled bread crumbs from his wallet, lizards ran over him, and larks sang to him in the air. There, too, in those long, solitary vigils, the spirit of God came upon him, and the spirit of Nature was even as God's spirit, and he sang:—"Laudato sia Dio mio Signore, con tutte le creature, specialmente messer lo frate Sole; per suor luna, e per le stelle; per frate vento e per l'aire, e nuvolo, e sereno e ogni tempo." Half the value of this hymn would be lost were we to forget how it was written, in what solitudes and mountains far from men, or to tincture it with some cold word like Pantheism. Pantheism it is not; but an acknowledgment of that brotherhood, beneath the love of God, by which the sun and moon and

stars, and wind and air and cloud, and clearness and all weather, and all creatures, are bound together with the soul of man.

Few, of course, were like St. Francis. Probably no monk of San Romolo was inspired with one spark of his humanity, or felt the poetry of Nature but most vaguely. It was as much as they could boast, if they kept steadily to the rule of their order, and attended to the concerns each of his own soul. A terrible selfishness, if rightly considered; but one which accorded with the delusion that this world is a cave of care, the other world a place of torture or undying bliss, death the prime object of our meditation, and life-long abandonment of our fellow-men the highest mode of existence. Why, then, should monks, so persuaded of the riddle of the earth, have placed themselves in scenes so beautiful? Why rose the Camaldolis and Chartreuses over Europe? white convents on the brows of lofty hills, among the rustling boughs of Vallambrosas, in the grassy meadows of Engelbergs,—always the eyries of Nature lovers, men smitten with the loveliness of earth? There is surely some meaning in these poetic stations.

Here is a sentence of the *Imitatio*, which throws some light upon the hymn of St. Francis and the sites of Benedictine monasteries, by explaining the value of natural beauty for monks who spent their life in studying death. "If thy heart were right, then would every creature be to thee a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine. There is no creature so small and vile that does not show forth the goodness of God." With this sentence bound about their foreheads, walked Fra Angelico and St. Francis. To men like them the mountain valleys and the skies, and all that they contained, were full of deep significance. Though they reasoned "*de conditione humanæ miseræ*," and "*de contemptu mundi*," yet the whole world was a pageant of God's glory, a poem to his goodness. Their chastened senses, pure hearts, and simple wills, were as wings by which they soared above the things of earth, and sent the music of their souls aloft with every other creature in the symphony of praise. To them, as to Blake, the sun was no mere blazing disc or ball, but "an innumerable company of the heavenly host singing, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty.'" To them the winds were brothers, and the streams were sisters,—brethren in common dependence upon God their father, brethren in common consecration to His service, brethren by blood, brethren by vows of holiness. Perfect faith rendered this world no puzzle; they overlooked the things of sense because the spiritual things were ever present, and as clear as day. Yet did they not forget that spiritual things are symbolized by things of sense; and so the smallest herb of grass was vital to their tranquil contemplations. We who have lost sight of the invisible world, who set our affections more on things of earth, fancy that because these monks despised the world, and did not write about its landscapes, therefore they were dead to its beauty. This is mere vanity: the mountains, stars, seas, fields, and living things were only swallowed up in the one thought of God, and made subordinate to the awfulness of human destinies. We to

whom hills are hills, and seas are seas, and stars are ponderable quantities, speak, write, and reason of them as of objects interesting in themselves. The monks were less concerned about such things because they only found in them the vestibules and symbols of a hidden mystery.

The contrast between the Greek and mediæval modes of regarding Nature is not a little remarkable. Both Greeks and monks, judged by nineteenth-century standards, were very unobservant of natural beauties. They make but brief and general remarks upon landscapes and the like. The *ποντίων τε κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* is very rare. But the Greeks stopped at the threshold of Nature; the forces they found there, the gods, were inherent in Nature, and distinct. They did not, like the monks, place one spiritual power, omnipotent and omnipresent, above all, and see in Nature lessons of divine goodness. Since Paley somewhat overstrained the latter point of view, we have returned vaguely to Greek fancies. Perhaps we talk so much about scenery because it is *scenery* to us, and the life has gone out of it.

I cannot leave the Cornice without one word about a place which lies between Mentone and San Remo. Bordighera has a beauty which is quite distinct from both. Palms are its chief characteristic. They lean against the garden walls, and feather the wells outside the town, where women come with brazen pitchers to draw water. In some of the marshy tangles of the plain, they spring from a thick undergrowth of spiky leaves, and rear their tall aerial arms against the deep blue background of the sea or darker purple of the distant hills. White pigeons fly about among their branches, and the air is loud with cooings and with rustlings, and the hoarser croaking of innumerable frogs. Then, in the olive groves that stretch along the level shore, are labyrinths of rare and curious plants, painted tulips and white periwinkles, flinging their light of blossoms and dark glossy leaves down the swift channels of the brawling streams. On each side of the rivulets they grow, like sister cataracts of flowers instead of spray. At night fresh stars come out along the coast, beneath the stars of heaven; for you can see the lamps of Ventimiglia and Mentone and Monaco, and, far away, the lighthouses upon the promontories of Antibes and the Estrelles. At dawn, a vision of Corsica grows from the sea. The island lies eighty miles away, but one can trace the dark strip of irregular peaks glowing amid the gold and purple of the rising sun. If the air is clear and bright, the snows and overvaulting clouds which crown its mountains shine all day, and glitter like an apparition in the bright blue sky. "Phantom fair," half raised above the sea, it stands, as unreal and transparent as the moon when seen in April sunlight, yet not to be confounded with the shape of any cloud.

If Mentone speaks of Greek legends, and San Romolo restores the monastic past, we feel ourselves at Bordighera transported to the East; and lying under its tall palms, can fancy ourselves at Tyre or Daphne, or in the gardens of a Moslem prince.

The Prussian Army.

IN Prussia the history of the Army is, more than in any other Continental State, also that of the constitution. The Prussian sovereigns succeeded very early in breaking the power of the nobility, and consequently the military organization rapidly passed from the feudal system to that of the standing army, and finally, as popular institutions began to predominate, to that of the Landwehr. We shall endeavour to give a brief description of these successive changes, and thereby enable our readers to appreciate the advantages and disadvantages of the present military system of Prussia.

At the beginning of the Thirty Years' War the Prussian army was at its lowest ebb. Mercenary levies occupied the place of national troops, and acted as a scourge rather than as a defence to the country. As the government was unable to procure the necessary funds for paying them in cash, they were directed to take what was due to them in kind, from the people among whom they were stationed, which naturally led to great abuses; so that whenever a detachment approached a village the inhabitants used to ring the alarm-bell, and remove their property, in order to secure it against the rapacity of their so-called defenders. Nor were these troops even under the direct command of the sovereign of the country; they swore allegiance to the Emperor of Germany, and bore his arms on their banners. In the province of Prussia alone was the old military organization maintained, though even there it was so only in form. A muster report of 1622 complains that "the nobles, instead of coming forward themselves, sent cobblers, tailors, schoolmasters, and other mechanics (*Handwerker*); free menials and others came in ragged clothes, pointed caps, and the like, and were almost entirely ignorant of riding or the use of arms."

The Grand Duke Frederick William, surnamed the Great, set himself energetically to the reforming of these abuses when he ascended the throne (1640). Hitherto the colonels of regiments had enjoyed the privilege of appointing their own officers. This privilege the Grand Duke abolished, and took the appointment of all the officers into his own hands. That in doing so he did not favour the nobles is proved by the history of that most celebrated of tailor's boys, Derfflinger, whom he raised from a private soldier to a field-marshal. He also laid the foundations of the future national army by assigning a separate recruiting district for each regiment. It is true that besides these home regiments there were also foreign ones; but these only existed in time of war, and were always disbanded directly peace was declared. The same Grand Duke introduced

the principle of a reserve. In 1654 he ordered each village to receive a certain number of soldiers, who had completed their term of service, and were provided with certificates of good conduct. These soldiers were to be kept ready for the defence of the country when required, and were exempt from taxes, lived rent-free, were provided with corn and beer, and received three thalers a year as pay—were, in fact, given every advantage that could induce them to remain in the country. At the same time, enlistment into a foreign army was strictly forbidden, and every precaution was taken against it.

Frederick, the first King of Prussia, introduced a new element into the army—that of the militia. In every town and village not belonging to a noble, all the male inhabitants, of from eighteen to forty years of age, were entered in a list and divided into companies, which were drilled by sergeants from the regular army. These drills occupied two hours in every week, and during drill the militiaman was provided with a uniform and a gun by the authorities, together with a sword, which he was allowed to keep. The period of service was five years, and those who served in the militia were exempt from other military service. The militia companies were commanded by officers who had formerly served in the army, and were compelled to remain in the country. In time of war the militia was used for garrisoning fortresses and defending the frontier, and it was distinctly stipulated that it was never to be taken out of Prussia. The regulation for the militia, which was issued in 1703, was the first step, both in Prussia and the rest of Germany, towards the establishment of a national army.

Frederick William I., the second king, looked upon this institution from his own exclusively military point of view. He abolished it directly after his accession, and even announced that any one using the word "militia" in an official correspondence would be fined 100 ducats. That the defensive force of the nation should rest on a combination of the classes constituting it, that besides money, the country should also offer up for the good of the State the strength of its male population, and that by this means whole armies would spring up as if by magic, he could not understand. He only believed in an army which would be always on active service, thoroughly drilled and dressed, and ready to go to battle at any moment. These qualities were instilled into the standing army with such merciless severity that the military service began to be held in horror among the people, and numbers of young men fled the country to avoid the conscription. At length it was found necessary, in order to prevent depopulation, to abolish the system of home enlistment altogether. Thus was not only the old system of mercenary levies restored in its worst form, but the king sought a fresh guarantee of the loyalty and submission of his army in the reorganization of the corps of officers according to a new principle. He made this corps a sort of close profession, recruited almost exclusively from the nobility, who were brought up to it from their youth upwards, as pages or cadets; and he cultivated the *esprit de corps* among them, by

making the higher ranks only attainable by those who belonged to their own body, from which the common soldier was rigorously excluded. This was the origin of what is now known as Junkerdom—a class of men brought up at court, devoted to the sovereign, but cut off from all communication with the people, whom it heartily despised.

Such were the elements out of which was developed the army of Frederick the Great, which has obtained a very undeserved fame from the writings of romantic historians. It performed prodigies of valour, no doubt, but it certainly did not contribute in the slightest degree to the realization of those principles of freedom and civilization which characterize the political tendencies of the second half of the eighteenth century. The middle class was still excluded from the army; Frederick, with characteristic astuteness, giving the preference in appointing his officers to the Junker, whose only wealth was his sword and only profession that of war, and who would follow him with blind obedience to the field, rather than to the independent and thinking citizen, who could at any time leave the army for some more congenial pursuit when its discipline or the service on which it was employed became distasteful to him. The result was that all respectable people in the middle and lower classes avoided the army as much as possible, and that it became a refuge for vagabonds and criminals of every description, who could only be reduced to discipline by blows. "Those who do not obey their parents must obey the butt-end of the musket," was in those days the fatherly warning of respectable citizens; and a contemporary official document, which is by no means unique of its kind, sets forth how "a man who, after endless punishments, had been found quite incorrigible, and utterly useless to the world, was at once to be enlisted in the royal and highly laudable (*hochlöbliche*) regiment of artillery at Magdeburg."

The corps of officers also degenerated to a frightful extent. As the miserably scanty pay of the lieutenants was far from being in relation with their wants and habits, they were obliged to submit to many humiliations, and fell into the hands of usurers, who advanced money to them on the chance of their promotion. The post of commander of a company, on the other hand, was so lucrative, that even generals preferred to retain it rather than take the command of a division. The reason of this was that the money for the pay, the horses, and the clothing of a company was placed at the absolute disposal of its commander, who, after spending on his company as much of this sum as he thought fit (which was usually very little), was allowed to pocket the balance. In this way many commanders of companies made from three to four thousand thalers a year. The results of this system on the physical condition of the soldier were often lamentable. Outwardly, he seemed to be decently dressed; but his underclothing was of the most scanty kind, his uniform was of the thinnest cloth, and he was never allowed a cloak. Fortunately, in time of peace, he had but seldom to wear his uniform. The commander, although drawing pay for his men all

the year round, used to send them away "on furlough" for nine months out of the twelve, during which period they had to earn their living as they could, not being allowed to touch a farthing of their pay. It may easily be imagined how by this means both officers and men became corrupt, vicious, and inefficient.

Such was the state of the army under the great king, and such it remained in all important points until the beginning of the nineteenth century. In vain did the thunder of the French revolution roar in the ears of Frederick William II.; it was under his rule that the degeneracy of the officers and the decline of the army reached its lowest level. All the pasquinades and broadsheets which were at that time directed against "King Saul of Cannon-land" (the most popular of the sovereign's many nicknames,) describe in strong terms the immorality and corruption of the Prussian officers. Hock, afterwards the hero of the War of Independence of 1813-15, was dismissed the service under Frederick the Great, because he had called his captain a thief when he saw him stealing an altar-cover from a church, and similar scandalous occurrences in the army were notoriously frequent. The journals of the most celebrated of the Prussian generals who entered the service towards the end of the eighteenth century are full of earnest forebodings as to the consequences of such a state of things, which were fully justified by the battle of Jena.

The above retrospect was necessary in order to bring into prominence two facts, which it is important to bear in mind in considering the present military organization of Prussia. The first is, that the participation of the whole of the nation in the defence of the country, which is the distinctive characteristic of the Prussian military system, and ultimately took the form of the Landwehr, is no new thing, but existed in principle more than two hundred years ago, under the Grand Duke Frederick William and his successors: the second, that Junkerdom has also long been more firmly established in the Prussian army than anywhere else, and is to this day characteristic of it, notwithstanding the revolutions it has gone through. The storm which broke over the land in 1806, for instance, shook the army to its very roots. A few weeks after the unfortunate battle we have named, a commission of inquiry was appointed, for the purpose of weeding the corps of officers of those who had disgraced it, and it did its work thoroughly, from the lowest to the highest ranks. Important reforms followed, among which was the regulation by which common soldiers might be promoted to the rank of officers, but only "so long as the war lasted." Immediately after the conclusion of peace, a "Military Reorganization Committee" was established under Scharnhorst, which ordered the abolition of degrading punishments, and altered the system of recruiting. The financial administration of the army was taken from the captains, and a separate organization for that purpose was introduced. The most important changes, however, were caused by the provision introduced by Napoleon in the treaty of peace, by which Prussia,—which had hitherto had an army of 240,000 men,—was bound to reduce it

to 42,000 men. This condition, which was strictly enforced, was the great difficulty with which all the numerous plans of reorganization which succeeded one another between 1806 and 1812 had to deal. We shall only here touch upon these plans in so far as they bear upon the present system. Scharnhorst's original plan of making an army of reserve out of the militia was rendered nugatory by the Emperor, who put a decisive veto upon it, so that the only approach to a reserve which could be formed consisted of the civic guards and shooting societies, although even here many obstacles were created by French distrust. The means adopted for strengthening the standing army were more successful. For this purpose the *Krümper* system was adopted. The term *Krümper* was applied to the soldiers in a regimental district or "canton" who were available for filling up vacancies in the army when the stock of men on furlough was exhausted. The number of these *Krumpers* was now considerably increased by discharging efficient soldiers before the completion of their term of service, and putting recruits in their places. Even men on furlough were replaced by recruits, and it was decreed that at least five men a month were to be sent on furlough in every company. Finally, "drill-depôts" were formed, with a staff of soldiers who had completed their terms of service, the establishment being filled up with recruits at the rate of a hundred per battalion. Every month discharges were given to those who had the longest service, the result of which was that each recruit remained about two years in these depôts. By this system every regiment was made to consist of the peace establishment, the war establishment, a reserve of twenty men per company, the drilled *Krumpers* in the cantons, and the depôt. Thus, in three years' time, Prussia had a force at her disposal of 150,000 well-drilled men, and had also provided herself with sufficient arms for the militia, in the event of its being called out in case of war. It was, no doubt, a heavy blow to this young organization when, in 1812, Prussia was compelled to send full one-half of the army of 42,000 men to which she was restricted by treaty with the French troops into Russia, and saw one-half only of those she sent return; but the latter were inured to war and hardship, and the great year 1813 had already begun.

The patriotic enthusiasm which swept over Prussia in 1813 soon carried the weak and hesitating king along with it, and he gave the national rising the force of law by the important decrees of the 17th of March. On that day an appeal was addressed to the Prussian people by the king from Breslau, together with the "Regulation for the Organization of the Landwehr." The latter provided that the Landwehr should be raised by provinces, and be placed under the command of the highest civil and military authorities in each province. To every district was assigned a detachment of the Landwehr proportionate to its population, and having no connection with other districts. The Landwehr was to be formed of volunteers, but if these did not come forward in sufficient numbers, the ranks were to be filled by lot from the whole of the population capable of bearing arms, between the ages of 17 and 40. The

Landwehrmen were to provide their own uniforms, or be clothed by the district to which they belonged, and they were to be provided only with such arms by the State as could not be manufactured in the districts. They were not to receive any pay so long as they remained in their districts, and during drill the district was bound to compensate them for their loss of time. When the Landwehr was employed out of its district, it was to be paid on the same scale as the standing army. The officers were to be selected, subject to the approval of the king, by the district committees, consisting of two landowners, a representative of the town population, and one of the country population, the last two being elected by the government. The officers and men were to have the same ranks and privileges as the standing army. The Landwehr was to consist of cavalry and infantry, the former being divided into regiments of 378 men each, and the latter into divisions of 9,908 men. The chief point in which this Landwehr differed from the later ones is that it was essentially an organization for the defence of the country at home, and was therefore a kind of militia formed to act as an auxiliary to the standing army. It is clear from the wording of the decree that there was no intention of sending the Landwehr into the field in separate divisions. As for the "Landsturm," whose revolutionary organization was never put to the proof, it was expressly provided that it should only be employed in the home districts. This system has been found fault with by many as too revolutionary and democratic, and is to this day condemned by Prussian conservatives as leading to nothing but the most hopeless anarchy; notwithstanding which, it has brilliantly withstood the test of practical experience, as the days of Grossbeeren and Hagelsberg, of Leipzig, Liegnitz, and Waterloo have proved.

The six provinces east of the Elbe furnished 120,000 men for the Landwehr: the contingent of the reconquered provinces west of the Elbe was insignificant. The present province of Westphalia, especially, showed little interest in the institution, and it is remarkable that the very man who fifty years later advocated with the greatest persistence and enthusiasm the maintenance of the old Landwehr—the deputy, Herr Waldeck—is at the same time a son of the "red land" of Westphalia. Of the above 120,000 men, 75,000 were drafted in 1813 by regiments into the brigades of the standing army, and the remainder were employed in besieging the fortresses which still remained in the possession of the enemy. The old spirit of caste, however, soon revived in the midst of the glorious battles of this eventful year. On the 21st of August a royal decree was issued, providing that "when officers of the Landwehr associated with officers of the standing army, the former should always be considered as the juniors of their respective ranks, without regard to the dates of their commissions"—an order which was the more unjustifiable that most of the officers of the Landwehr had previously served in the regular army, and that of the 237 staff officers and others of high rank in the Landwehr five only had been civilians before they received their commissions.

In the beginning of the year 1814 the enemy had been thrown back across the Rhine, the country was free, and the signal object for which the Landwehr had been called was fulfilled. It had suffered great losses, notwithstanding which it was still employed in besieging fortresses, and the portion of it which had been attached to the regular army continued to serve in the subsequent campaigns, though it got no credit for its achievements. Meanwhile, both in the king's council and at headquarters, great efforts were made by the reactionists to procure the abolition, or at least the thorough remodelling, of this inconvenient organization. Accordingly, directly peace was concluded, the Landwehr regiments from the provinces east of the Elbe were dismissed with thanks to their homes, leaving only a staff of 120 men in each battalion, and the reorganization was proceeded with. A new decree was issued on the 3rd of September, 1814, but before it was fully carried out, Napoleon returned to France, and the war of 1815 began; so that it was found necessary again to call out the Landwehr, which was organized according to the old system, and then marched, 131,000 strong, against the enemy. It took a glorious part in the victories of Liegnitz and Waterloo, but this did not prevent its being again disbanded after the second treaty of Paris, and then submitted to a reorganizing process which left of the old Landwehr little more than the name.

The reactionists at court knew that the idea of arming the nation, as it was realized in 1813, had been obnoxious to the king from the beginning. Educated in the traditions of military martinetdom which Frederick the Great had handed down to his successors as the basis of Prussia's greatness, his opinions had been in no way altered even by the experience of 1806. The circumstances under which the arming of the nation first began greatly provoked him. The estates of Eastern Prussia formed the Landwehr of their province, under the pressure of an imperative necessity, without first obtaining the king's sanction, and only with the assistance of General York, who was already in disgrace at court in consequence of his having broken, on his own responsibility, the treaty with France. "Does Herr von York already wear the civic crown?" was the sneering remark made repeatedly by the king on hearing of the national movement in Königsberg. The reactionists, who wished not only to destroy the Landwehr, but also the liberal laws of 1808-12 introduced by the Stein-Hardenberg ministry, hoped to take advantage of this disposition of the king to attain both of these objects. For in no question more than those of military organization does the first step carry all the others after it, and the new military system that was to be adopted would inevitably, sooner or later, react on all other political questions, the liberties of the people being always mainly dependent on the constitution of the army.

The decree of the 3rd of September, 1814, organized the whole of the Prussian army on a new system; but it naturally affected the Landwehr the most. The principle on which the latter was based could only be thoroughly applied in a free State. An absolute government, such as

it was wished to maintain in Prussia, could not possibly allow such an organization to subsist by the side of the regular army, as such a government would always be in danger of finding the people opposed in arms against it. There were also other political and military considerations which had their weight with the Government on this occasion. However excellent these national troops might be for the defence of the country, they were little suited for employment in cabinet wars. To induce them to abandon their daily avocations, and sacrifice their lives in battle, it was necessary that they should feel enthusiastic about the cause for which they were to fight, which would very rarely be the case in a mere political quarrel about the possession of a piece of land. The government still held to its old policy of aggression, and the new army now to be formed was to be adapted for aggressive as well as for defensive wars. Moreover, the Landwehr, notwithstanding the bravery it showed in the last war, manœuvred with a clumsiness which betrayed its civic origin; and what was tolerated in time of war could not possibly be endured in time of peace.

The leading idea of the new military constitution was, that in future the able-bodied youth of the country should obtain their military education in the standing army. The exemptions from military service, which were formerly often given, now ceased. The term of service was fixed at twenty years, three of which were to be passed in the ranks of the regular army, two in the reserve, eight in the Landwehr of the first ban, and seven in that of the second ban. The liability for military service began at the age of twenty, and ended at that of thirty-nine. At the same time the Landwehr obtained a wholly military organization, and the State took upon itself the expenses which were formerly defrayed by the districts. The system of appointing the officers by the district committees was also abolished, and a corps of officers was formed for the Landwehr as for the regular army. This corps was to consist of young men of a certain degree of education, and sufficient private means to be able to provide themselves, at their own expense, with the necessary equipment. They were also given the privilege of serving one year only with the regular army. The Landwehr of the first ban was to be drilled at stated times every year, and during war it was to be attached for service to the standing army, and was bound to serve both at home and abroad. That of the second ban was to be employed only in garrisoning the fortresses, and on other descriptions of home service, but not on foreign service. The remainder of the male population between the ages of seventeen and fifty constituted the Landsturm, and were only to be called out in case of actual invasion. This, though apparently only an improvement on the system of 1813, was really a complete abolition of it. What Scharnhorst and Count Dohna, the authors of that system, had aimed at, was to establish the principle that the whole nation was bound to take up arms for its defence, whereas the new organization was formed on the principle that the whole nation was liable to military service, which are two very different things. According to the old system the defence of the fatherland was entrusted

to a powerful national army, by the side of a standing army. The new Landwehr, on the other hand, was nothing but a military reserve in the strictest meaning of the term. The military constitution of 1813 only required the full exercise of all the strength of the nation in the hour of danger; that of 1814, with its regulated service of twenty years, and its service of three years in the regular army, penetrated deeply into the social life of the people, and threatened to enlarge the army, as the population increased, to proportions which would severely tax the financial resources of the country. On the other hand, if regarded from a purely military point of view, the new system certainly presented immense advantages. Before 1806, Prussia, with a standing army of 180,000 men, could bring into the field an army of 240,000 at most; now, with a standing army of 120,000, she was enabled, thanks to her new organization, to have at her command 400,000 troops and more. This enormous augmentation of power, too, was secured at a comparatively trifling expense. Every able-bodied man in the country became a soldier, and this powerful military machine was at the sole disposal of the king, in whose hands the whole of the military, as well as of the legislative power, was vested.

What, however, was still more remarkable is, that this system was so thoroughly in accordance with the military spirit of the people, that it was received with the greatest enthusiasm in all parts of the country. The foreign relations of Prussia, too, contributed not a little to maintain the popularity of the new organization. It was essentially suited to a rising-state, which must be always ready to seize upon favourable political opportunities and to secure the advantages it has thus obtained. The distribution of power in Europe was, however, so firmly established after 1815, and the Bonapartist intrigues, and the revolutionary movements in Italy and Spain, produced so firm a solidarity of conservative and reactionary interests among the great European powers, that there was no opportunity of using the power which Prussia had obtained by her new military system. The result was, that neither the levies for the standing army, nor the drilling of the Landwehr, were so onerous as to make the people feel any very great inconvenience from the new state of things. The industrial development of Prussia, too, in consequence of the heavy losses she had sustained in the war, and the defective system of finance, was for a long time so slow and insignificant, and wages were so low, that the evil of being sent to the army during three of the most productive years of one's life was but little felt. Moreover, the new system had some advantages, which, whether real or apparent, were very evident to the eye. The three years' service in the ranks brought the inhabitants of distant provinces in contact with civilization; their young men entered the army at an age when one is most susceptible of external impressions, and at the same time when the judgment becomes developed, and they returned to their rustic homes with the manners and extended views of men who have travelled and resided in towns. This, in the state of education which then prevailed in the provinces, was a great advantage, not only to

the man himself, but often to the whole of his village. It is true that the soldier often brought to his native place the vices as well as the virtues of civilization—a distaste for steady work, dissolute manners and habits, and the overweening conceit of a privileged class. But, on the other hand, he was quick, supple, and accustomed to obedience; and this result of a military education was at any rate a source of satisfaction to those who had occasion to employ him. Another part of the system, which was equally beneficial to the State and the nation, was the optional prolongation of the service in the regular army. Any Landwehrman who had served his three years, and wished to continue in the service, was allowed to enlist for six years longer, for which he was rewarded with an honorary certificate; and, if he prolonged his service for a further term, he was allowed an increase of pay, with the prospect of obtaining a subordinate post under government on being discharged. These inducements, small as they were, were sufficient to attract numbers of those (in Prussia a very numerous class) who have not sufficient independence or energy to choose a profession for themselves; and these, after serving their twelve or fifteen years, obtained a certificate which entitled them to become candidates for a place in the customs or post-office, where they generally made excellent public servants, their life in the army having taught them punctuality and honesty, and enabled them to subsist on the very scanty pay which in Prussia is given to all subordinate government officials.

Such were the chief of the social results of the new military system. Its political results were not less important. As it became more and more certain that the fall of Napoleon was to be succeeded by an epoch of peace and reaction, the outward aggressive character of the military organization began to lose its prominence, and its inner conservative tendencies gradually developed themselves. The consequence was, that the Prussian military system was strongly condemned in the smaller German States, where, for some time after the Paris treaty was signed, some traces of constitutionalism still remained. The new system certainly did not contribute in any way to the unification of Germany by the means of what was called "moral conquest." When the Prussian Government found it necessary to compensate the people for the sacrifices the military system entailed upon them by opening out free channels for their trade, such as the Zollverein, for instance, the neighbouring German States adopted its innovations, but they never attempted to place their armies on the same footing as the Prussian. Up to the beginning of the present year there was but one of the thirty smaller German States, the Duchy of Brunswick, in which the Prussian system was fully introduced, and three others only, Coburg, Lauenburg, and Altenburg, had partly adopted it by making military conventions with Prussia. The other governments were dissuaded by the cost, and their peoples by the long term of military service, the burdens the system imposed on individuals, and the power it gave to the government.

The amalgamation of the Landwehr with the standing army was not, however, without its disadvantages, even in a military point of view. The advantage of the amalgamation really consisted in this, that during peace the Prussian State now only required to keep up an army which was small compared to that which existed before 1806; and that it at the same time possessed a sufficiently numerous reserve to bring, in case of war, nearly four times as large a force into the field. In point of fact, however, the standing army, whose strength was fixed in 1815 at about 120,000 men, must be considered as a military force which could only be kept up, with the then population of 11,000,000, and the limited revenue of the country, by educating the great majority of the population for the military service. We have already remarked, too, that as the population increased, the army would under the new system probably swell to a size which would overtax the financial resources of the country. This could only be, to a certain degree, obviated by shortening the period of active service as fixed by the law of 1814, which was afterwards actually done. It is remarkable, moreover, that the new Landwehr possessed all the defects of the old one, without its advantages. The maximum age of service was fixed so high that, practically, even under the new system, the Prussian State could only enter upon a war which had the strong sympathies of the population, and was besides compelled to support, not only the army in the field, but also the army of wives and children left behind by the Landwehrmen, while at the same time the treasury lost a great part of its income from so many tax-payers having been called into active service. It is true that in 1813 the maximum age of service in the Landwehr was the same, but what was possible with the national spirit that then prevailed could not be done again for a long time, and still less permanently. The only difference between the results of the two systems was that the Landwehr now consisted of well-drilled soldiers—an important point, no doubt, but it still remains a question whether this advantage might not have been more effectively secured without the defects above mentioned, even if the old Landwehr organization had been retained.

We have devoted particular attention to this law of the 3rd of September, 1814, because the system which has been called "the reorganization" since 1860, is nothing more than a strict return to the principles of that law; in doing which the Government, as against the Liberals, was decidedly in the right. In order to explain the difference between the "reorganization" and the law of 1814, it will be necessary to give a brief *résumé* of the changes which the latter underwent in its execution.

The third article of the law of 1814, regarding the strength of the army, was very loosely worded. It provided that "the strength of the standing army and the Landwehr shall be fixed according to the relations of the State (*Staatsverhältnisse*).¹" As these relations continued to be of a peaceful character, as the country wanted its young men for civil pursuits, and as the king himself did not require the

strength of the standing army to be greater than 200,000 men, the burden of the yearly levy was not very heavy. According to official accounts, the average proportion of young men taken for the military service was about 26 per cent. of the whole of the able-bodied population of the country. Above all, the educated and wealthy classes felt this burden the least. The superabundance of material afforded by the yearly levies enabled the authorities to select the tallest and strongest men, and the sons of middle-class families, being usually inferior in these respects to the peasantry, thus often escaped the service altogether. For those who had a taste for the army, the system of "one year's volunteers" was a very convenient one. Any one with sufficient means to purchase his uniform, and with the ordinary education which is to be obtained in middle-class schools in Prussia, could engage for service before he had attained his twentieth year. By doing this, he lost, it is true, the chance of not being drawn for the Landwehr—the selection being made in the last instance by lot—but on the other hand he had the right to select the arm of the service to which he wished to belong, and served for a year only, at the end of which time he was promoted to the rank either of sub-officer or officer, and his liability to service practically ceased, for his having to appear for a few weeks at the great Landwehr reviews, which take place once every two years, to show his bright epaulettes and scarf in the cafés of small towns or the canteen-tents of the camp, rather partook of the nature of amusement than of duty. Another provision of the law was that those who had not been drawn for the Landwehr were to undergo a six-weeks' drill as recruits, and then take part in the Landwehr reviews, but this institution became obsolete a very few years after the law was issued. The Landwehr itself was neglected by the government from the beginning, and all sorts of expedients were devised (such as making the men wear old-fashioned uniforms) to disgust the people with the whole system. Thus matters went on until 1830, when the revolutionary movement in Europe again waked the Prussian Government to the necessity of making its army efficient. King Frederick William III. had meanwhile attained an age when people usually recoil from extensive changes, and in 1833—"on financial grounds," as was stated by the Prussian Government in 1860 when it brought in its reorganization bill, and also in order to obtain a greater number of recruits in the cadres—the three years' term of service in the regular army was temporarily abandoned, and replaced by a term of two years. There are documents of that time now extant which show that Prince William, the present king, had then already opposed this reduction in the term of service, and declared that he even looked upon the three years' term as only a minimum. In 1833 the reins of the military organization of Prussia began to be drawn tighter. Numerous plans with this view were presented to Frederick William IV., but they met with no attention from that sovereign, who neither understood nor cared for military matters. They only obtained consideration when the king's illness called the Prince Regent to the direction of affairs. It was

due to his influence, while he was still under the impression of the events of 1848-9, that in 1856 the three years' term of service was restored, after an intermediate two-and-a-half years' term in 1852. These measures were taken without reference to the Chambers, as matters of administration; and in the same manner, in 1859, 409 new captains were suddenly created, who, in the event of war, were to take the command of the Landwehr. At this the Chamber took the alarm, and in passing the vote declared that it only did so on condition that the position of the Landwehr should be in no way altered by the new measure. Herr von Bonin, who was then Minister of War, reassured the Chamber by declaring that no such alteration would be made without its consent; but finding shortly afterwards that the government was about to continue the reorganization, he resigned. His successor was Herr von Roon, and with him began a new seven years' war, which, it seems, has now ended with the "seven days' war."

Those who are not blinded by the late Prussian successes must admit that the conduct of the government in this quarrel is far from being a creditable episode in its career. For six years it wavered between attempting to settle the question in a lawful and constitutional manner, and proceeding independently of the Chamber. As for the idea which lies at the bottom of its military policy—the abolition of the distinct existence of the Landwehr, and its incorporation with the standing army—it sedulously kept it in the background, and many years elapsed before the Chamber appreciated its true significance.

In the session of 1860 a bill was laid before the lower House proposing a reorganization of the army on the basis of the law of 1814, and at the same time asking for a supplementary vote for the military budget of about ten millions of thalers. Finding that the House was not disposed to grant this sum, the ministry withdrew the bill, and asked for a provisional grant of nine millions, "for keeping the army in readiness for the field," and assured the House in the most positive manner that any future decisions at which they might arrive would not be prejudiced by their granting the sum asked for. The representative of the government expressly declared on this occasion that "if the House refused to vote the necessary supplies at a future period, the former state of things could be reverted to." The nine millions were then voted. But the government, notwithstanding its assurances to the contrary, had already taken the first step towards the new reorganization, by establishing nine new regiments, called "combined reserve regiments." Next year it asked for a further sum to complete, as it said, the organization of the army according to the law of 1814. The House again granted what was asked, though with a small deduction, taking care, however, to place the item under the head of "extraordinary expenses," in order to show that the charge was to be only temporary. This, however, was not sufficient for the military party at court, which wished to settle the matter once for all. The liberal ministry of Hohenzollern-Auerswald-Schwerin fell, and after a short interval, in which Herr von der Heydt tried his powers of conciliation in

yain, Herr von Bismarck became Minister President. The conflict now broke out in earnest. A new reorganization bill was brought before the Chamber in 1862, together with the demand for an addition of between eight and ten millions to the ordinary budget.

This bill was not debated in the Lower House that session, simply because the latter was dissolved immediately after Herr von Hagen had proposed a motion asking for a more detailed explanation of the budget. The new elections only strengthened the Opposition, and the government accordingly no longer asked the consent of the House to the reorganization, but proceeded with it by way of decree. In 1863, a reorganization bill, together with the budget, was brought before the House for the third time, but before the debate could take place the Chamber was closed, on account of the alleged refusal of the Vice-President to allow the Minister of War to speak. In 1864 the reorganization was proceeded with as before, the Chamber striking out of the budget, as it did in the second session of 1862, all the additional items. At length, in 1865, the bill was again brought in, together with the budget, and was this time fully debated in four long sittings, the result of which was its rejection, and the renewed erasure from the budget of the expenses of the reorganization. The session was then closed, and the king, in his speech from the throne, declared that notwithstanding the opposition of the Chamber the remodeling of the army would be maintained. Then came the short session of 1866, towards the end of which it was already contemplated to send an address to the king, begging for a settlement of the differences between the House and the Government. The new elections and the battle of Königgratz followed, and the conflict was ended by a peace in both cases, the House granting to the Government an indemnity for having ruled without a budget, and passing, with trifling alterations, the budget of the year, thus tacitly recognizing the reorganization, so far at least as it had been carried out between 1860 and 1866.

But now comes the question, what was this reorganization? For it is a painfully ludicrous feature of this unhappy quarrel that no one in the country now knows—nor, we fear, the government itself—what was the real question at issue. The four bills of 1860, 1862, 1863, and 1865, which were to reduce the reorganization to a system, entirely differ from each other; and as since then no orderly budget has been issued, it is not clear which of these bills, if any of them, the government has practically carried out. The bill of 1860 demanded a service of eight years in the standing army, four years to be served in the cavalry, three in the other arms, and the remainder in the reserve, and it entirely abolished the distinction between the first and second bans of the Landwehr, in which the term of service was to be eleven years. The bill of 1862 demanded a service of seven years in the standing army, three of which were to be served in one of the arms, a service of five years in the first ban of the Landwehr, and of four in the second ban. The same provisions were contained in the bill of 1863, with this difference, however, that the

service in the first ban was made four years, and that in the second five. This bill also abolished the institution of Landwehr recruits, and permitted the drafting of the Landwehr officers into the regular army. In the bill of 1865 the terms of service are the same as in that of 1863, but it is chiefly interesting from the explanations given by the Minister of War regarding it, which we shall now briefly notice.

The points in these bills which were most easily reconcilable with the law of 1814, were, in the first place, the three years' service, and in the second, the increase in the numbers of the army. Between the years 1815 and 1860 the population of Prussia had increased from eleven to eighteen millions, and taking this as the standard, the government was perfectly justified in saying that as the proportion of the population which had been called to the ranks in 1816 was $12\frac{1}{2}$ per 1,000, while this proportion was only $8\frac{1}{2}$ in 1859, a raising of the latter to 10 per 1,000, which has been contemplated since 1860, would be by no means excessive. This would have increased the peace establishment from 40,000 to from 60,000 to 70,000 men, and would probably have been agreed to by the Chamber, if the Minister had consented to fix the numbers by law, and to compensate the nation for this additional burden by shortening the period of active service. But he refused to do either, and he was equally indisposed to make any concession with regard to the number of the cadres of the standing army, which had been considerably increased, or to the Landwehr of the first ban, which had been greatly reduced from its former position of equality as regards numbers with the regular force. According to the explanations of the Minister, the following appear to be the chief points of the "reorganization :"—

First.—The three years' service remains in force, for all arms.

Second.—Instead of the 40,000 recruits hitherto levied, the number is henceforward to be 60,000 at least, such number to be subject to increase in proportion as the population increases.

Third.—Those who are serving their first three years in the Landwehr of the first ban are to be treated as a reserve to the regular army, that is to say, they are not only to be embodied with it in time of war or for purposes of drill, but are to be liable to fill up any vacancies that may occur in the division of the standing army to which they may be attached. Thus the greater half of the Landwehr of the first ban is entirely deprived of its original character, and is, in point of fact, embodied with the standing army, which may thereby be at once increased from 220,000 (its present strength) to 450,000 men.

Fourth.—The 136 infantry battalions of the standing army have been increased to 253, the difference constituting the cadres for the reserve. The cavalry, which formerly consisted of 156 squadrons of the line, and 104 of the Landwehr, is made to consist of 200 squadrons of the line, and a further increase of twenty-four squadrons was announced by the government in 1865; the Landwehr cavalry, on the other hand, now consists of forty-eight squadrons only.

It is to be observed here that the very points which the public looked upon as the most important, and opposed most eagerly, namely, the three years' service and the increase in the numbers of the army, are those which are the most defensible and insignificant. The first is clearly provided for in the law of 1814, and the second is not forbidden by it. The really important point in the new system is the altered position of the Landwehr, the object of which is to enable the army, by converting the Landwehr into a reserve, to do without the Landwehr altogether, as such, in time of war. The law of 1814 only imposed a service of five years in the regular army, two of which as a reserve, and the reserve men were only called upon to serve in case of war. By the present system the term of service in the regular army is from seven to eight years, whereby the service in the reserve is extended from two to from four to five years, besides which the reserve men, to use the words of the bill of 1865, "are only relieved from service so long as they are not required for drill or to strengthen the army," *i.e.* so long as the regular army is up to its full strength. This is the real pith of the new system, which deprives the most numerous and effective portion of the Landwehr of the guarantee that they will only be called from their homes in case of war, and at the same time of their independent position by the side of the regular army. They will now be doubtless entirely incorporated with the latter, together with their officers, provided always that the latter possess the necessary qualifications of birth. This was actually done in the last war, when hundreds of thousands of Landwehrmen were enlisted as reserves, and sent into the field, the government at the same time taking great credit for having withdrawn so few of the "Landwehrmen," *i.e.* those not belonging to the reserve, from their daily occupations,—an evident quibble, which, however, deceived many who ought to have known better.

The Prussian Chamber, after the brilliant successes of the Prussian arms, seems to be unwilling to look too closely into the condition of the army by which they were achieved; and the public feeling in the country certainly does not encourage any opposition to the government on this point. At the same time it is evident that the Prussian army, if the present system is maintained, must gradually lose that national character which is its chief glory, and which it so eminently possessed in 1813. History teaches us that political movements which give rise to practical military ideas are always successful. This was the case with the French revolution, and still more so with the Prussian national rising in 1813. The reorganization of the Prussian army has in this respect been timely, as it is contemporaneous with a great political movement in Germany. But will the latter owe any of its success to the former? We doubt it, for the national aspirations of Germany are still progressive, while the reorganization of the army in Prussia has assumed a retrograde aspect. Let us at least hope that, if it brings no other advantage, it will direct the efforts of free nations to the imitation of the excellent system of 1813.

In a Gondola.

(*Suggested by Mendelssohn's Andante in G minor, Book I. Lied 6
of the "Lieder ohne Worten."*)

I.

IN Venice ! This night so delicious—its air
 Full of moonlight and passionate snatches of song,
 And quick cries, and perfume of romances, which throng
 To my brain, as I steal down this marble sea-stair,
 And my gondola comes.
 And I hear the slow, rhythmical sweep of the oar
 Drawing near and more near—and the noise of the prow—
 And the sharp, sudden splash of her stoppage—and now
 I step in ; we are off o'er the street's heaving floor,
 As my gondola glides
 Away, past these palaces silent and dark,
 Looming ghostly and grim o'er their bases, where clings
 Rank seaweed that gleams flecked with light as it swings
 To the plash of the waves, where they reach the tide-mark
 On the porphyry blocks—with a song full of dole,
 A forlorn barcarole,
 As my gondola glides.

II.

And the wind seems to sigh through that lattice rust-gnawn
 A low dirge for the past : the sweet past when it played
 In the pearl-braided hair of some beauty, who stayed
 But one shrinking half-minute—her mantle close-drawn
 O'er the swell of her bosom and cheeks passion-pale,
 Ere her lover came by, and they kissed. " They are clay,
 Those fire-hearted men with the regal pulse-play ;
 They are dust ! " sighs the wind with its whisper of wail :
 " Those women snow-pure, flower-sweet, passion-pale ! "
 And the waves make reply with their song full of dole,
 Their forlorn barcarole,
 As my gondola glides.

III.

Dust—those lovers! But Love ever lives, ever new,
 Still the same : so we shoot into bustle and light,
 And lamps from the festal casinos stream bright
 On the ripples—and here's the Rialto in view ;
 And black gondolas, spirit-like, cross or slide past,
 And the gondoliers cry to each other : a song
 Far away, from sweet voices in tune, dies along
 The waters moon-silvered. So on to the vast
 Shadowy span of an arch where the oar-echoes leap
 Through chill gloom from the marble ; then moonlight once more,
 And laughter and strum of guitars from the shore,
 And sonorous bass-music of bells booming deep
 From St. Mark's. Still those waves with their song full of dole,
 Their forlorn barcarole,
 As my gondola glides.

IV.

Here the night is voluptuous with odorous sighs
 From verandahs o'erstarred with dim jessamine flowers,
 Their still scent deep-stirred by the tremulous showers
 Of a nightingale's notes as his song swells and dies—
 While my gondola glides.

V.

Dust—those lovers!—who floated and dreamed long ago,
 Gazed and languished and loved, on these waters,—where I
 Float and dream and gaze up in the still summer sky
 Whence the great stars look down—as they did long ago ;
 Where the moon seems to dream with my dreaming—disc-hid
 In a gossamer veil of white cirrus—then breaks
 The dream-spell with a pensive half-smile, as she wakes
 To new splendour. But lo ! while I mused we have slid
 From the open—the stir—down a lonely lane-way
 Into hush and dark shadow : fresh smells of the sea
 Come cool from beyond ; a faint lamp mistily
 Hints fair shafts and quaint arches, in crumbling decay ;
 And the waves still break in with their song full of dole,
 Their forlorn barcarole,
 As my gondola glides.

VI.

Then the silent lagune stretched away through the night,
And the stars,—and the fairy-like city behind,
Domes and spires rising spectral and dim : till the mind
Becomes tranced in a vague, subtle maze of delight ;
And I float in a dream, lose the present—or seem
To have lived it before. Then a sense of deep bliss,
Just to breathe—to exist—in a night such as this :
Just to feel what I feel, drowns all else. But the gleam
Of the lights, as we turn to the city once more,
And the music, and clangour of bells booming slow,
And this consummate vision, St. Mark's !—the star-glow
For a background—crowns all. Then I step out on shore :
The Piazzetta ! my life-dream accomplished at last,
(As my gondola goes.)

I am *here* : here alone with the ghost of the Past !
But the waves still break in with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola goes ;
And the pulse of the oar swept through silvery spray
Dies away in the gloom, dies away, dies away—
Dies away——dies away—— !

AUREOLUS PARACELUS.

Transylvania.

THE main object of travelling is to cut oneself fairly off from all home associations, to break the monotonous succession of to-morrows, which run in this petty place from day to day. When we come back to our ordinary work, the first day after our return joins on in memory to the last before our departure. The intervening period belongs to a different series of events altogether. We resemble some of those cataleptic patients described in books upon psychology, who have led two alternate lives; during each of which their memory leaps over all the events of the other, and its whole train of associations becomes, as it were, dormant. Even in a tour to the Alps or to the English lakes, it is curious to observe how vivid are the recollections of our previous visit, and how our every-day existence retires into the background. This charm of travelling would become perfect if we could travel in time as well as in space—if, like a character in one of Andersen's fanciful stories, we could sometimes take a fortnight in the fifteenth century, or, still more pleasant, a leap into the twenty-first. It is possible to accomplish this object more or less in imagination—not by reading historical novels, in which the characters are always obtrusively reminding us of their nineteenth-century origin—but by a journey beyond the reach of railways and newspapers. Those are the links which always bind us down offensively to the present. The scream of an engine or a sheet of *The Times* carries us forcibly back to London from the ends of the earth. It is the rattling of the chain which reminds us that we are, after all, prisoners to certain conditions of space and time. But once beyond their influence we can shake ourselves fairly free. It is possible, indeed, to make "the forward flowing tide of time" recede a little too far. Sir Samuel Baker, when he was in the kingdom of Katchiba, must have felt that he was almost in a geological epoch. He was back in the period when, according to Mr. Darwin, man was just emerging out of the gorilla and learning to walk upon his hind legs. But a leap backwards for a century or two would be intensely enjoyable; and to those who can appreciate it, that is precisely the pleasure to be obtained by a journey in Transylvania. It takes you back sometimes to the epoch when the feudal system was just melting away, or to the period when a rattling old coach, crawling along at five miles an hour, was a wonderful invention in travelling, and certainly to the time when inns were in their infancy, and fleas were a familiar beast to every rank of society. You are a hundred miles or so beyond the furthest ramifications of the European system of railways. The telegraph wires indeed keep you company, but,

unlike railways, they are unobtrusive companions, never reminding you of their presence unless you run against them. London may have been swallowed up by an earthquake, the Prussians may be in Vienna, and France may have become a republic, for anything you know, or, for the time being, for anything you care. Not that this temporary cutting loose from the noisy hurry and bustle of more civilized nations is the only advantage to be obtained. The sound of Transylvania has indeed something unpleasing about it to English ears. Its geographical position is probably rather vaguely defined to most persons, and every one will not be very clear whether it is a dependency of Austria, Turkey, or Russia. Still the name has a certain smack of the Danubian principalities and the Eastern question. It even suggests speeches from Mr. Darby Griffiths and endless discussions upon topics which no fellow can understand. It is somehow mixed up with the affairs of Prince Couza or Prince George of Hohenzollern, or some other misty potentate "down East." Such, at least, to make a frank confession, was the position which it occupied in the mind of the present writer not very long ago. The name had been stowed away in a kind of lumber-room of the brain amongst various geographical terms, which had had some hazy meaning at school, but which had long ceased to hold any definite position. The study of a very interesting book by Mr. Boner* had to some degree resuscitated the fading image, and a lucky combination of circumstances led to a delightful tour, of which the following paper is an attempt to reproduce some of the impressions.

The huge angle which the Danube makes by diverging suddenly to the south and then resuming its eastern course, is produced by the necessity of giving a wide offing to the mountain range which surrounds Transylvania like a wall. From the eastern bank of the Danube to the western frontier of Transylvania is some two hundred miles across the great Hungarian plain. The journey from Vienna to Hermannstadt, one of the chief towns of Transylvania, was accomplished in three stages, each of which seemed to lower us in succession to a more remote period and an earlier stage of civilization. First came the voyage down the noble Danube. Of all varieties of travelling, none is equal, in my opinion, to a voyage by a good river steamboat. You are not cramped as in a railway, nor sick as at sea, and the path by which you travel is always interesting. A great river is a main artery in the anatomy of the country ; it carries you in imagination back to its source, and down to its mouth ; you seem to have seen, not a miserable little segment cut at random transversely across the plan of a province, but part of the map of the world. Then, too, a river always seems to be more or less alive. The Danube below Vienna sweeps through the country as if it was taking its ease in its channel ; cutting off " monstrous cantles " on either side ; embracing wide islands in its grasp ; forcing its way through occasional hill gaps, and generally

* *Transylvania, its Products and People*, by Chas. Boner : London, 1865. Longmans.

sprawling about at random with its gigantic limbs like an indolent monarch of the plain. At times you are cut off from all sight of the habitable world by broad stretches of swamp, haunted by innumerable wild-fowl; the only signs of human life are an occasional herd of long-horned cattle or a little fleet of floating mills moored in the stream. Then a line of hills creeps down to the bank, crowded with villages and covered with vineyards. Old castles and churches look down upon you, the last recorded event in whose history is generally that they have been sacked by Attila; Attila being in these regions what the Devil or Cromwell is in England—the author of every anonymous piece of history.

A pleasant day brought us to Pesth, whence our second stage of travelling was performed in a railway across Hungary to the town of Arad. A railway may appear to be above, and not below, a steamboat in point of civilization: but not such a railway as those of Hungary. They are like the furthest vessels of a body where the circulation is not strong enough fairly to warm the extremities. The pulsation along these distant lines is feeble indeed. The express train (I am not quite certain whether there is another train) managed to get up a speed of fifteen miles an hour. We crept along through a sultry stifling day, with clouds of dust gradually forming layers upon the cushions and filtering through our clothes, and clouds of tobacco-smoke darkening the very air. For it may be parenthetically remarked that as the German to the Englishman in the matter of smoking, so is the Hungarian to the German. There is no place, as I believe—I don't know whether a church is an exception—sacred from tobacco. It is even said that some enthusiasts have a lighted pipe put into their mouths before they wake in the morning, so as to rise with the delicious flavour already produced. No sight is more profoundly melancholy than that of a boundless plain, especially when not populous nor well cultivated. The monotony becomes oppressive to the spirit; the ocean is tiresome, in spite of all that poets have said about it; but though the ocean is dull and monotonous enough, it has not the rigid immovable calmness of a huge plain—which looks as if it had resolutely lain down and was not going to get up till the day of judgment. It was a relief to see at last a line of purple hills rising abruptly from the dead wearisome level, and to feel that there might perhaps be fresh air and cool breezes playing upon their summits, far above the layer of hot stagnant vapour that quivered in mirages above the weary stretches of the plain. At the town of Arad, where this welcome view greeted us, we felt that we were nearing the limits of civilization. Strange, anomalous languages were being talked in the streets. Wild beings with long hair and sheepskin cloaks came certainly within a flea's skip of our garments. And when after an accidental detention of twenty-four hours we started once more for the east in a rattling diligence with five ragged rope-harnessed horses, we had travelled fairly back for a good fifty years. The present generation has indeed some recollection of that antiquated form of torture. But there is something

so barbarous in the proceeding that it produces perhaps an exaggerated sense of remoteness. The diligence was of course constructed on the theory that the only attitude permissible to a reasonable being was to sit bolt upright, looking straight to his front. When this position has become wearisome in the course of a thirty-hours' journey, one goes through a series of fruitless experiments, like those in a puzzle where a perverse polygon has somehow to be fitted into a square. Moreover, the diligence combined a minimum of pace with a maximum of jolting. It need not be said that at the end of the thirty hours two limp and bruised mortals staggered out of their place of torture with a premature conviction that Transylvania was a mistake, and that this, the last stage of the journey, was neither beautiful nor interesting. Cooler reflection has since demonstrated that the drive up a valley between forest-clad hills, sometimes opening into broad meadow-bottoms, and sometimes narrowing into picturesque gorges, must be beautiful to a fresh unprejudiced mind. But this was an afterthought, derived from more intimate knowledge of Transylvania. Meanwhile, mistake or no mistake, we were cut off by long miles, if not years, from our own contemporaries, and it was as well to make the best of it.

"What is the object of your journey?" used to be the first question of our hospitable entertainers. "Are you the gas-works, or the railway, or searchers for petroleum, or for gold, or wine-merchants, or political spies?" One of our answers used to be—for it is politic to change your character a little according to your questioner, if only to avoid being made a sacrifice to some remorseless rider of hobbies—that we were simply admirers of scenery. We had, in fact, a certain leaven of Alpine enthusiasm, and wished to ascend one or two summits of the Carpathians by way of carrying out a principle, and I may therefore say a few words upon the results obtained in this direction. Transylvania is a land of hills. A line of heights, forming part of the Carpathians, runs, as I have already said, all round the frontier; but it does not form the watershed of any considerable or continuous river basin. The interior of the country is a labyrinth of lower ranges, through whose convolutions the chief rivers wind after an intricate fashion, until they break through depressions in the loftier chain, in order ultimately to find their way to the Danube. This lower district is full of picturesque scenery, which—except for the untidy, half-cultivated look of the country—might remind one of many of the prettiest parts of England. But the traveller is naturally anxious to reach the loftier summits that lie along the border, of whose blue slopes he catches occasional glimpses in the distance. When actually reached, they are disappointing to eyes accustomed to the Alps, or even to the Jura. We generally concede the title of mountain only to summits which rise to some arbitrary standard of height. But it is as great a mistake to call certain masses "mountains" because they are 8,000 or 9,000 feet high, as to call a man a gentleman because he has 10,000*l.* a year. It is the character which makes the gentleman in any

rank of life, and the same may be said for mountains. The Matterhorn would be undeniably a mountain if it were reduced to a fourth part of its height; and in the humbler ranks every one feels that Snowdon or the Cuchullin hills have claims superior to their position. On the contrary, the Carpathians, though rising to over 8,000 feet, are nothing but monstrous downs. It is possible by diligent investigation to find among them spots where suicide might be committed with convenience; but the Alpine Club might be allowed to roam at random over their huge ridges and hollows without any apprehension of the consequences. In fact, when we were informed that a mountain was extremely difficult, we found it to mean that it was rather steep for horses. They possess, however, one charm in great perfection. They are wild enough for the most misanthropical of tourists. The mountains on the eastern frontier are covered by forests stretching for many miles, which have some right to be called primeval. The trees often grow so closely as to form an impenetrable screen, which seems never to have been thinned by the axe. A few sawmills have crept up the streams, down which the timber is floated to the low country; but over great spaces, the forests are pretty much left to themselves, rising and falling and rotting in their places. After piercing the heart of one of these mighty woods, and climbing under and over the huge trunks which encumber the narrow path, the traveller perhaps comes upon an open glade; he looks over long wave-like swells of forest reaching as far as the eye can see, with one or two of the loftier undulations rising high enough to be bare of trees. There is no marked or boldly-formed summit; nothing but purple sweeps of pine-forest below, and green pastures above. There is something oppressive to the fancy in the central silence of a great forest; it seems to be suitable only to wild huntsmen and other fantastic creations of a gloomy imagination. Notwithstanding its poetical aspects, I do not wonder that the backwoodsman in time contracts a personal hatred to trees, and clears them off as so much rubbish. A certain additional flavour is given to these Carpathian forests by the fact that they still contain a large number of bears. My own acquaintance with bears has been strictly confined to Zoological Gardens, where the affability with which a bear will always share the bun of the passing sight-seer has strongly prejudiced me in his favour, to say nothing of the strong sense of humour depicted in his countenance. But these homely associations do not prevent me from appreciating the romantic characteristics of bears. Their supposed presence in a wood adds wonderfully to its wildness. It is pleasing to think that it is possible, if not probable, that forty-two of them may issue from the wood and tear you in pieces as they did the prophet Elisha. (This reference is perhaps slightly inaccurate.) And if a flavour of bear does not give sufficient interest to the forest, you may listen to stories—whether groundless or not I cannot say—of robbers, who are supposed to inhabit it and plunder the passers-by. The robbers must have some of the faculty which enables a spider to live for six months on a single fly; but their existence was certainly believed in, if not

established by evidence, and somebody had always been robbed the day before yesterday. Haunted by these visionary brigands, by more certainly authentic bears, and by a large number of visible eagles and vultures, the great woods had always a melancholy charm, though they might have soon become monotonous; and in occasional openings, or seen from a valley clinging to the opposite hills, they were often exceedingly beautiful. They are the most characteristic feature of the mountain district, although along the southern, or Wallachian frontier, the hills are barer, as well as higher, than in the Szekler land, which lies to the east.

To penetrate the depths of the forests it was of course necessary to go on foot; but we generally found an amusing incredulity in our pedestrian powers. A German bookseller was the only man we found who could at once afford to ride and yet preferred to walk, and he apologized profusely for proposing to us a walk of six miles. The correct way of ascending the hills was on certain skinny ponies; like other mountain ponies, they were represented as marvellously sagacious and surefooted. I believe this to be a pleasing fiction, disseminated by guides for their own purposes in all parts of the world. I am certain that Alpine horses and mules are capable of stumbling and being grossly stupid; at any rate, I hope it is not vain to prefer my own feet and brains to those of the queer little ponies upon which I was compelled to mount. I was held, indeed, to be partially insane for indulging this fancy at times, but when I looked at my friends mounted upon saddles all over excruciating knobs and ridges, lugging at the halters of their emaciated quadrupeds, and jolting over stony roads,—both ladies and gentlemen, I may remark, riding astride,—I hugged myself in secret on my superior wisdom. To secure this delightful mode of locomotion, they were content to spend two days over the ascent and descent of a mountain which a slow walker might have easily accomplished in ten hours, although he would have to cross two or three places near the top inaccessible for ponies. In the lower regions travelling is perhaps better than might be expected. There are really good roads between the chief towns. It is possible to hire a tolerably comfortable carriage, or to travel by post, that is, by the dismal old diligences already described, in following the main routes. But in order to penetrate into the more remote districts, or, in other words, in order to see the more interesting parts of the country, it is necessary to make a greater sacrifice. The vehicle to which the traveller generally entrusts his bones is a peasant's cart, drawn by two or three horses. In one place we were strongly exhorted to save an hour's walk through a forest by permitting ourselves to be hauled by oxen over a road which would only take us from two to three hours. We were foolhardy enough on this occasion to prefer our legs: a choice which was condemned as savouring of a wilful contempt of well-meant advice; and even after our return, when we declared that we were not exhausted by the effort, and that we declined to believe in oxen, wise heads were shaken

at us with an air of solemn disapproval. Most of our travelling, however, was done in the aforesaid peasants' carts. The carts are long troughs, across which a box is placed transversely, to serve as a seat and to contain the baggage of the driver. The cart itself is filled with hay, and if of a peculiarly luxurious build, a kind of canopy is erected across it to keep out sun or rain. It is entirely innocent of springs. After eight days' consecutive travelling in such machines the sensations produced were of a very singular character. We felt as if all that part of the human economy which is roughly classified by the English vulgar as our "inside" had been shaken up into an undistinguishable mass. We did not well know whether our brains were under our hats or in our boots. Every stone on the roads—and the stones in Transylvania are large, round, and distributed in great abundance upon the roads—had communicated a separate jar to our frames, racking our joints, and trying the continuity of our backbones. If we were rash enough to attempt a cigar, it was necessary to make a snap at it, as an impatient dog snaps at the morsel which you benevolently hold out to him. We were as likely to take off the tips of our tongues as to seize the end of the cigar between our teeth. Conversation, from the incessant rattling, was next to impossible—the words coming out sometimes singly between successive jolts, and sometimes shot out in an inarticulate mass. Moreover, the hay upon which we reclined formed a singularly unstable resting-place. The carts, although rigid enough to transmit faithfully every vertical shock, had a curious vermicular motion, like the ribs of a serpent. The hay gradually shifted, and after you had carefully amassed little heaps of it to fit into all the hollows of your person, it slowly moved away, and the result generally was that you sank into the bottom of a small pit, with your friend sitting upon the top of you. It was an aggravation of the other evils that we were seldom able to exchange a word with our drivers. They could rarely speak a word of any language current on this side of Vienna, and were either stupid in interpreting our signs, or, as I rather believe, puzzled by exceedingly clumsy attempts on our parts. At any rate, we were more than once carried violently past the point at which we desired to stop, in spite of a dumb eloquence that should have carried conviction to their souls. Our macerated bodies found but scanty repose at the more remote inns. There is, indeed, one great merit in the inns of Transylvania. There is always something eatable and drinkable. The wine, though not first-rate, is not like the wine in many German villages which I have visited—a kind of liquor which takes the skin off your tongue, and peculiarly adapted to produce cholera. At the remotest places, we could always get a "paprika huhn," that is, a fowl torn to pieces (generally on the instant), and made into a sort of cockaleekie with a quantity of red pepper, which would have been better had we not been expected to consume the broth by the help of a knife and a two-pronged fork. But the horrors of the night were undeniable. A village inn is constructed on the most elementary principles. Its nucleus is a backyard, where there is a stable and stand-

ing room for the carriages. A small room, in which the meals are served, opens out of the kitchen. The bedrooms seem to have been built separately upon the ground-floor; each room is entered on a level from the backyard, and is just large enough to hold two beds. The windows, of course, are of the smallest, and are contrived so as to admit the minimum of air.

Speculative fowls and pigs, which are always meandering about the yard, make occasional excursions into the rest of the establishment in an inquiring spirit. Whether the floors are ever washed is a point upon which I am doubtful. The linen, one would be inclined to say, is certainly not; at any rate, the brown coarse bed-coverings are alive with jumping and crawling insects. We had provided ourselves in expectation of such contingencies with an "insekten-pulver," described by its vendor in glowing terms. We were to wake in the morning and to see upon the magic circle which we had traced around us a whole line of marauders, struggling in the agonies of death. Whether the powder was weak or the insects blessed with unusually strong constitutions, I am unable to say; certain I am that assaults were successfully delivered every night upon our guarded fortress. I had thought of bequeathing my own body to an anatomical museum, in case of all its juices being successfully drained by some combined assault from a hungry army of fleas. I fortunately escaped this fate; but I shall always cherish lively recollections of the sustained energy, the insatiable appetite, and the incisive powers of the Transylvanian flea. Some persons are skilful in catching the enemy, and they may find some consolation in their revenge; but to lie a passive victim, devoured piecemeal through the long watches of the night, with the hideous sensation of crawling monsters all over your skin, is, to quote the words of Mr. Carlyle, "exhilarating in the long run to no creature."

I feel after all some compunctions at this grumbling. Bad as a peasant's cart is to a man accustomed to railway carriages, it is pleasant to be in the open air and to see the country; and the Hungarian peasant has a very fair notion of driving whenever he gets a chance. When the roads are tolerable and his horses fresh, he puts far more vigour into his performance and stimulates his cattle into a much livelier pace than the phlegmatic German. We generally set off fast enough to be in danger of an upset, and downhill we usually managed a round trot. As for the inns, no one has a right to complain of fleas in a remote country who gets plenty of fowls and beef and drinkable wine. Moreover, it is only fair to add the excuse which was generally made to us. In former times, it was said, the country gentlemen used to entertain travellers as a matter of course; the inns were consequently used only by the lowest classes; the increasing poverty of the country has diminished the hospitality by hard necessity, and there is not sufficient travel to improve the inns. How far the melancholy cause assigned may be true, I know not; but I can certainly say, that if there is any failing in hospitality it is not for want of a will. There are few countries left where the facts that you are a traveller and an Englishman

give you a right to the civility, or rather to the active kindness, of every one you meet ; but Transylvania is certainly one of them. It is impossible to exaggerate the goodwill with which every one met us, and their anxiety to show us everything that was to be shown. Indeed, if one must be censorious, the kindness on this latter point was such as to be a little bit troublesome. My first rule in travelling is to see as few sights as possible. Sights, as a rule, may be said to be uniformly disappointing, and to make bad returns for the trouble and money. With one exception (and that too little appreciated), namely, the tops of mountains, such things as museums, churches, picture-galleries, and natural curiosities, are a weariness and vexation of spirit to the right-minded. There is, as we had anticipated, little enough of this kind to be seen in Transylvania ; but unfortunately the eagerness of the natives to oblige you more than compensates for the meagreness of their lists of sights. In almost every little village in Europe there is something, if we could only discover it, which its proprietor believes to be unrivalled throughout the world. Where travelling is common, however, the proprietors are more likely to be enlightened, and they are at least more accustomed to the indifference of travellers. But in Transylvania, not only did every one religiously believe in the local wonder, but every one thought that we should never forgive ourselves if we passed it unseen. We were pathetically implored to visit every mine, and drink of every mineral spring throughout the land. I fear that I really gave pain to my benevolent entertainers every day by refusing to get into a bath, of which the only peculiarity was that it was the coldest in the country. They thought that some hidden motive must lie behind such unaccountable reluctance. Two salt-mines weigh upon my conscience to this hour. I would not, in England, walk across the road to see a salt-mine, or rather, I would fly from the infliction as I would fly from bores, from scientific lectures, or from the Social Science Congress in a body. But so eloquent were the descriptions of these mines, into such ecstatic rhapsodies did our friends throw themselves, that I felt for the time as if the omission to visit Parajd and Maros Ujvar was not merely foolish, but criminal. The anxiety to show us picture-galleries and libraries had even something pathetic about it ; for libraries and picture-galleries can scarcely be said to exist. There are little nuclei of future collections, which have been painfully put together. We admired so much the perseverance which had formed them in face of great difficulties that we were compelled to simulate, or rather to excite ourselves to, a genuine interest in them. If we said too confidently that certain pictorial daubs were valuable works of art, or that we took an intense interest in the earliest examples of printed books in Hungary, or that we would have come all the way from England only to see certain mineral specimens, I hope no severe casuist will condemn our well-intended compliments. We suffered, I hope, enough on the spot to make after penance unnecessary. After all, it is not a very heavy payment for the kindness of a warm-hearted entertainer to give him the pleasure of showing you all the paces

of his hobby, and to praise its action a little more than your conscience allows. Perhaps it is not quite a winner of the Derby ; and indeed the studs which we inspected were small, and not very select. Luckily their very smallness prevented the infliction from being serious ; with the best of goodwills it was impossible to make a few dozen inferior copies last as long as the Dresden Gallery : so we took our sights as part of the day's work, and endeavoured, by playing all the changes we knew upon "wunderschön," and "reizend," and "ausgezeichnet," to repay our friends for their intentional kindness. This was quite consistent with a secret wish that when the Wallacks destroyed, as was said, nine-tenths of the curiosities in 1848, they had, as we may surely say without offence, exchanged their other atrocities for the destruction of the remaining tenth. And herein I may especially say that I wish they had destroyed all Roman antiquities.

Paying this debt of civility as a kind of toll or entrance fee, we received the most friendly attentions, and were enabled to see something of what is incomparably the most interesting sight in any country, namely the people themselves. I could not, even if there were space, give any opinion as to their political and social condition ; for a month's trip in a country is just about long enough to convince a foreigner of his own profound ignorance. He gains a sufficient knowledge of the superficial stratum to suggest to him the complexity of the forces to which its conformation is owing, and in Transylvania it is something bewildering even to enumerate the chief political elements. The great waves of population that have swung up and down the valley of the Danube have left behind them waifs and strays of races mixed together in the most intricate fashion. The problem which has to be solved in Transylvania, if the country is ever to be made prosperous, is strangely complicated in consequence. To produce some sort of parallel to it, let us suppose that Ireland were conquered by France, and that a series of French colonies were planted across it. Suppose that the English in Ireland hated their conquerors as bitterly as they naturally would ; that the Irish still leaned towards the Fenians and America ; and that the French colonists were thoroughly discontented with their own government, though not actually disloyal ; imagine also that all the cross antipathies of race were kept alive, so that a kind of triangular duel was constantly in the background, merely restrained by a general antipathy to the government. If we imagine further that the French Government ruled by arbitrary force, that it was on the verge of bankruptcy, and that Ireland itself was getting poorer every year ; and we have a rough approximation to some of the troubles of Transylvania. The Wallacks are the race which in this parallel would correspond to the Irish peasantry ; and they are not without some points of resemblance. With them we were unable to hold any direct communication ; as they could rarely speak any language but their own. We therefore had to take their character partly from external observation and partly from the accounts of their more

civilized neighbours. I cannot say that either source gave us much favourable information. The Wallack is often a good-looking fellow enough, with black eyes and well-cut features; he has a wild, rather gipsy-like appearance, with long hair hanging about his shoulders. He is dressed in a shirt of some kind of coarse linen and a pair of short wide drawers of the same, baggy enough to look at first sight like a kilt. The junction between these garments is formed by a broad leather belt, thick enough and broad enough to suggest that it is the representative of a saddle, and that at an earlier period men were actually born, according to the proverb, ready saddled and bridled, and others ready booted and spurred to ride them. Certainly the theory was carried out. The belt was probably intended to carry weapons, after the Asiatic plan, and a pipe or two and a knife are generally stuck inside it. The Wallack's legs are usually bandaged up like a horse's, and his feet stuck into laced sandals. His shaggy mane is surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat. In full costume he also wears a sheepskin coat, the skin of which is elaborately worked. The most peculiar article in the women's dress is a kind of plaid, with patterns very much like its Scotch representative, but hanging down in two straight strips from the waist behind and in front. They also resemble the Scotch in their habit of going barefoot except on feast days. The costumes are very various and sometimes exceedingly pretty. Most of the articles of which it is composed are evidently of home manufacture. A Wallack woman is always spinning, whether she is walking about or sitting still, and so far seems scarcely to deserve the reputation of innate and invincible laziness unanimously conferred upon them by their compatriots. It may be deserved; for laziness is a very natural result of prolonged serfdom, though generally alleged as a reason for prolonging it. Laziness, however, is only one of the vices of which the Wallacks are accused. A Hungarian of the lower orders once announced to me as his serious and settled conviction that an intelligent horse was decidedly the superior of a Wallack—a remark reminding me strongly of what I have heard from more educated people about other lately emancipated races. This man also informed me that his father and brother had been killed by the Wallacks in 1848, which may, perhaps, have prejudiced his judgment. The memory of fearful atrocities committed by them at that time against the Hungarians naturally produces continued distrust, if not actual hatred, between the two races. A Hungarian, indeed, despises the Wallack too much to hate him. He puts down the atrocities to the account of the Austrian Government, which is supposed to have winked at them, and which is the receiver-general of all grudges and hatreds aimed at no other special mark. Of the Wallack he generally says contemptuously that he is a good fellow enough if left to himself. This rather vague commendation is qualified by all manner of accusations in detail; as that he is revengeful, treacherous, lazy, lying, ignorant, bigoted to the last degree, and grossly immoral. Formerly, we were told, he was bound

to labour two days a week for his lord ; now that he is left to himself he spends them in the public-house ; he is gradually getting into difficulty, borrowing money from the Jews, and selling his land to pay the debt. How true all this may be I have no means of knowing. It is enough to walk through their villages to see that they are a slovenly and miserable race, overflowing, as such people do, with pigs and children. Bright yellow pigs, red pigs, black pigs and white pigs, with curly coats and bristly coats, with every variety of shape and breed that pigs can show, but generally running to ribs and snouts, poke their inquisitive noses into every hole and corner. Their necks are frequently inserted into a kind of portable pillory, to prevent them from extending their researches too far. The pigs, however, had generally the air of being the most important personages of the village, as they probably represented the ideal of a Wallack's existence. As for children, in remarkable simplicity of clothing (consisting of one shirt, sometimes on and sometimes off), they ran about on friendly terms with the pigs ; but the pigs looked most at home. As a kind of fringe to the population, on the outside of most Wallack villages there is a gipsy settlement. They appear to be the Pariahs of the country, and in civilization to be below even the half-civilized Wallack.

The Wallacks, such as they are, form nearly half of the total population. It was depressing to travel through their miserable villages, and look at the slovenly, shiftless population which filled them, and which, inferior as it is in every respect, seems to be encroaching rapidly upon the two dominant races. The Germans and the Magyars, on the other hand, are people in whom it is impossible not to take a lively interest. The Germans, or Saxons, as they call themselves, form distinct and very remarkable colonies. A full account of them is given in Mr. Boner's interesting work. They excite the curiosity of the most transient tourist. Take, for example, the little village of Michelsberg, which stands near Hermannstadt, just under the forest-clad ranges of the Carpathians. A little rounded hill, two or three hundred feet high, stands out in front of the main chain. The village nestles close at its feet, along the course of a small brook which flows from the mountain recesses. The hill is crowned by a building which combines the purposes of a church and a fortress. A strongly built wall encloses a small area upon the summit of the hill. On the top of the wall are still piled up a number of round stones, which in former days served as a substitute for artillery. The area is entered through a vaulted passage. In its centre rises the church, curious as a rare specimen of the Romanesque style of architecture. A barbarism, not without parallel elsewhere, had covered half the carvings of the porch with a thick coat of whitewash, when the remonstrances of more intelligent visitors luckily arrested its progress. The church, however, was chiefly remarkable for the massiveness of its walls. It was evidently built to be a citadel in case of need, and loop-holes in its strong square tower were provided for purposes of defence. We were

shown the place in which provisions were stored in time of siege; and every family in the village had a place assigned to them where they could live in huts within the walls. Such fortified churches are common throughout the Saxon country; some of them in places where the natural advantages are less, being surrounded with three separate lines of defence, more strongly built than those at Michelsberg. Michelsberg is perhaps the most picturesque of those which we saw. The church is no longer used, a more convenient place of worship being erected in the valley at its foot; but it is carefully preserved from ruin. It speaks forcibly of the kind of life which the colonists must have led in wilder times. When the wild Tartars or Wallacks came down from the gorges of the mountains the church bell was rung, and the inhabitants took refuge with all their valuables within their church-fort, until the invaders had been repelled. The little community, of which this was the central point, seem to be as much isolated from their neighbours as if they were still periodically locked up within their village fortress. No Wallack or Hungarian, we were told, had ever been permitted to settle in Michelsberg. They were pure Saxons, as though they lived in the centre of Germany. They, in common with the other Saxon communities, had institutions entirely distinct from those of the remaining population. They originally emigrated from their native country, seven centuries ago; yet the peasants still speak the same *patois* which is heard on the Rhine near Cologne and on the borders of Flanders. Many privileges were afterwards conferred upon them by Hungarian kings, so that collectively they possessed separate municipal institutions, although their settlements were mixed up in the most complicated way with those of the other races. They were entirely independent of, and frequently in conflict with, the Hungarian nobility; but they steadily preserved their rights, and kept themselves in all respects a peculiar and separate people. Old customs have been pertinaciously preserved; they still, for example, possess trade-guilds and brotherships, after a mediæval pattern. Perhaps it is more curious that, having been so early separated from the parent stem, they are still so thoroughly in sympathy with the fatherland. They are almost universally Lutherans, and their clergy are sent to study in the German universities. The higher classes, and indeed most of the lower, can talk the ordinary High German. They have both the merits and the weaknesses of their countrymen. Their schools are said to be excellent; and they are a patient, hard-working and prosperous race. They carry the virtue of prudence indeed a little too far. It is said to be very rare to find families of more than two children; and the result of this over-observance of Malthusian doctrines is, that the Saxons diminished in the years 1787—1850, from over 300,000 to less than 200,000. If this rate of diminution continues, one difficulty will, before long, be effectually erased from the conflict of nationalities.

It is curious to come upon these little islands, as it were, of Germans amongst the huge ocean of totally alien races, and even more curious to

remark how strongly they exhibit the well-known peculiarities of their race. It seems as if the doctrine of a permanent national character were confirmed by this isolated handful, preserving through centuries, and amidst altered circumstances, the well-known type of their compatriots. Perhaps the very pressure to which they have been subject by the surrounding people has checked any new developments. Mr. Boner even suggests that the indelible nationality tends to upset Mr. Darwin's doctrines. We need not plunge into such profound speculations at present; it is evident without a vain inquiry into causes that the strong line of demarcation between them and their neighbours produces additional complications in the sufficiently tangled skein of Transylvanian politics. It would be natural that the Magyar and Saxon should be forced into union against the uncivilized but more numerous Wallacks; to some extent this seems to be taking place. The Wallacks, partly by sympathy with their kinsmen, and partly as belonging to the Greek church, naturally gravitate towards the east, that is, towards Russia. The higher races both look upon Russia's encroachments as amongst their greatest possible dangers; but there is still much jealousy between them. Not, indeed, that we ever heard a general dislike expressed by either Magyar or Saxon of his rival. The Saxons, say the Hungarians, are thoroughly good people—which, by the way, is a very ordinary beginning—moralists may say why—of the semi-contemptuous variety of eulogy; they are the most educated and most industrious element in the country. But then Germans are sadly docile; they adapt themselves marvellously to a bureaucracy; they are inconveniently prudent in a political struggle; they are glad to let us do the fighting, and to put themselves on the winning side. They are, in short, too flexible and too canny for the impetuous and unyielding Hungarian.

The difference which a stranger finds between the conversation of the Saxon and the Magyar, impresses him forcibly with this distinction. The Saxon will confess that he is discontented with the government; if you press him upon the subject, he will complain of the neglect of the material resources of the country, but he does it with more or less reluctance, and prefers talking natural history, or science, or antiquities. The Hungarian on the contrary is always on the brink of an eloquent political oration. He will talk about anything in which you take an interest because he is anxious to be civil, but every track that you strike out leads to the same goal; from whatever point you start you find yourself landed in denunciations of the Austrian Government. You might fancy that every man you meet had just been on a stumping expedition in the provinces, or rather, that he was just about to start upon one, and was compelled to give vent to the matter with which he is crammed almost to bursting. Every Hungarian is something of an orator; and his eloquence would be a little more pleasing if the moral were not rather melancholy, and if every orator did not pronounce

exactly the same oration. It is in some respects an imposing spectacle to find a whole nation holding the same creed and holding it with the same intensity; but the hundredth repetition of it becomes a little wearisome. There is a catalogue of grievances against the Austrian Government which its subjects have apparently learnt by heart, and they run through their commination service with a vigour and fluency which nothing but continual practice can confer. The general tone may be summed up in an anecdote which a gentleman told us by way of illustrating his personal sentiments towards the government, and which to me, at any rate, was new. A certain Transylvanian nobleman being once asked why he preferred the Turks to the Austrians, replied by the following myth:—A man was once seized by the devil, who flung him on his back, and was carrying him off to hell. On the way they met an acquaintance of the victim who civilly asked him,—

“How goes it, my friend?”

“Not so bad as it might be,” was the answer.

“Not so bad as it might be! when the devil is carrying you off on his back!”

“No, it might be worse; instead of carrying me, the devil might have made *me* carry *him*.”

Now, said the nobleman, the Turk is the devil who carries you; but the devil who makes you carry him is the emperor. Illustrated in a thousand different ways and put in a great variety of forms, according to the command of language of your interlocutor, this was the invariable burden of his eloquence; the Austrian Government is an impersonification of diabolic agency, and that in the worst form which diabolic agency can assume. There were indeed different shades in the intensity of reprobation expressed; but they all came to pretty much the same result. The war was over before the commencement of our visit, and the tone in which its events were discussed was characteristic. We have reason, men would tell us, to be ashamed of the battle of Königgratz; there were Hungarian troops there and Hungarians were shamefully beaten; but we only wish we could have one Königgratz more. It was never suggested that the troops engaged in the battle showed disaffection to any considerable extent. Once on the field troops are very apt to leave their political prejudices behind them. Still if the existence of this intense hostility in its own subjects did nothing directly to bring about the defeat, it did much to make the defeat fatal. There was no vigorous rebound under the blow as there would have been in a more healthful condition of the body politic: no desperate rally of national pride, such as might have been expected in a homogeneous nation like France or England. The emperor's subjects in Hungary looked on with a gloomy satisfaction, and calculated how far his grasp would be weakened by his sufferings. It is difficult to realise the intensity and universality of this feeling till you have spent day after day in listening to its repetition. One example

rather amused us. Mr. Boner's book upon Transylvania is written from a rather Austrian point of view, and criticises the Hungarians with some keenness for their obstinate refusal to listen to any compromise, or to withdraw a jot of their historical claims. He thinks them wrong for refusing to send representatives to the Reichsrath, which, in fact, they invariably denounced as a mere juggle, or as Americans would say, a "bogus" parliament. And whilst complimenting them highly for their chivalrous character, he gently insinuates that they are somewhat pig-headed in practice. In fact, the book shows a leaning towards the Austrians, and a want of sympathy with the demands of orthodox Hungarian patriots. Now, as it has not yet been translated, very few, if any, of the Hungarians had read it. They had seen one or two extracts from it in the newspapers, and understood upon which side it was written. This was enough at once to place Mr. Boner in the *Index Expurgatorius*. Mrs. Trollope was not more of a byword in the United States than Mr. Boner in Transylvania. His book, according to the less refined, was full of lies, and he himself paid by the Austrian Government. On the mildest showing, he had grossly misrepresented the case, having been skilfully hoodwinked by the Saxons. It used to amuse me to introduce Mr. Boner's name in the course of conversation, just to try the effect. We never met a Hungarian, as I believe, who had read it, and we never met one who scrupled to pour out all the vials of his wrath upon it. It would be better to stir up a hornet's nest, to announce in Convocation that you were a believer in Dr. Colenso, to proclaim your faith in Mr. Bright at a meeting of country gentlemen, or to commit any other inconceivable folly, than to hint any complicity with Mr. Boner's lampoon. Few English readers, however much they may differ from Mr. Boner's conclusions, will find that he says any more than a moderate partisan might be expected to say. There is, however, something touching about the feeling evinced, although it does not in this case take a very amiable form. It is due not merely to a very sensitive patriotism, but to a special sensitiveness to English criticism. An Englishman, of all nations in the world, is bound to sympathize with a people struggling for the possession of the ancient constitutional privileges of which it has been deprived by arbitrary power; he is specially to be condemned if he endeavours to damp their zeal, or to recommend anything approaching to a compromise. It is well, therefore, for any Englishman intending to travel in Transylvania, to brush up all his constitutional ardour. Indeed, he will find it difficult to refrain; he will inevitably catch the enthusiasm of all around him, and find himself denouncing the Austrian Government with a hearty goodwill, as the cause of all the evil in the land. Perhaps the Hungarian claims are a little exaggerated. They have a national pride which their misfortunes seem only to stimulate. The Szeklers, who inhabit a separate province, but for all practical purposes are identical with the Hungarians, delight to tell you that they are the descendants of Attila, and to give you the story of their

immigration as confidently as a Yankee might talk of the *Mayflower*. Attila, it seems, left them behind in the Carpathian gorges, and there they remained until the entry of the Hungarians into Europe some four or five centuries later under Arpad. The Hungarians found that these Szeklers were in fact the same with themselves, and made an alliance with them, which has ever since continued. These vague conjectures are taken for authentic history; and not only so, but the people seem to believe that the complete Hungarian constitution came in with Arpad or Attila from the centre of Asia, and has subsisted ever since. They would apparently prefer that heaven and earth should pass away before one jot of it should be abandoned owing to any weakness of theirs.

As an instance of the way in which the yoke galls, I may mention a visit we paid to one of the chief gymnasia with several hundred pupils. The professors, who received us with extreme kindness, received salaries of eighty pounds a year and a small house. The funds were entirely raised by voluntary subscription. Does not government do anything for you? we asked. It not only gives us nothing, they replied, but it taxes us. In the German provinces, schools are exempt from taxation, because they derive their funds from the government. Here we are taxed because we raise the funds ourselves. We have to pay a heavy income-tax, to which constant additions are being made, and from which nothing is ever taken off. The books, and scientific collections which we have painfully got together, are valued and taxed. Then, as a college never dies, and as its property never pays a succession duty, we pay an equivalent; it is calculated that property on an average changes hands once in so many years, and as our property never changes by death, we pay as if we died at the regular intervals. The whole taxation, if I remember, amounted to over ten per cent. of the gross income; and thus government, which does nothing whatever for education in Transylvania, makes its neglect to give assistance a reason for imposing a burden. It was a natural pendant to this account, that, as we were told, the boys at the school objected so strongly to learn German, that it was going out of use in the country. The government at one time tried to enforce it. A professor sent in his report at the end of the first year, saying that his pupils were making good progress, and some had even begun to pronounce the German *ch*. At the end of the second year, he reported that they were still progressing and that one had quite learnt to pronounce *ch*. Whether they have progressed any further, I know not. It is evident that this antipathy to German is a great misfortune, as German is the medium by which they must necessarily communicate with the civilized world; and, as a matter of fact, all really educated people necessarily learn German. The prejudice, however, has reached that point at which one almost expects them to refuse to make use of the Danube because it flows from Vienna. Nor, so far as we could see, were there any signs that the constitutional professions made by the Austrian Government had pro-

duced any effect except ridicule. How far the discontent extends into the lower strata of society, we were unable to judge for ourselves. The Magyar language, as you are proudly told, is totally unlike any other European tongue, with the exception, I think, of the Finnish. Gratifying as this must be to the national pride, it is rather inconvenient to the stranger, who is entirely cut off from conversation with the peasantry. We were of course assured that the whole nation were at one, and there seems no reason to doubt it. There is no doubt that in a material point of view, the country is at present very badly off, and it is said to be rapidly retrograding. It is only too easy and natural to lay the blame of this entirely upon the government. With immense resources, with unlimited mineral and agricultural wealth, every one tells you that it is growing annually poorer. The great proprietors are ruined by the abolition of their feudal rights. The peasants are being sold up. There is no commerce, there is no money, there is no credit, and there are no means of communication with neighbours. In fact, next to denunciations of the Austrian Government, the favourite topics are amplifications of the cry for money and for railways. And both of these deficiencies are attributed to the government, which, it is said, drains the country of its money by severe taxation, which is applied to keep up a great army, which results in Königgratz. As for railways, what with circumlocution and what with local jealousies between Saxons and Hungarians, people almost despair of them. Till they come, it is impossible to export the wonderfully rich products of the country. With a good harvest, there may be a glut of corn in Transylvania whilst people are starving in Hungary.

Transylvania was constantly reminding me, sometimes by likeness, sometimes by contrast, of the Western States of America. The Danube is a fair representative of the Mississippi. The great Hungarian plain resembles Illinois. The broad fields of maize stretching for miles together are alike in both countries. In both there is still much waste land. The population, although denser upon the Danube, is very far from having reached its natural limits. Under more favourable circumstances, the valley of the Danube might be to Europe what the Western States are to America. And yet, instead of being a land of promise, it seems to be a land of despair. Instead of the exultant, buoyant energy which is conquering Nature with unprecedented rapidity in the West, the whole current of life seems to be stagnant or actually flowing backwards in the East. Instead of "glad, confident morning," we have "the sadness of twilight." Every American seems to be intoxicated with the boundless prospect of future prosperity. He has a vision of his people multiplying and abounding indefinitely through indefinite periods of time. The Hungarian talks of the decay of the land, and if he permits himself to hope at all, it is a hope against hope. The untold resources are close at hand, but he can see no prospect of ever turning them to account. In America, again, there is a mixture of races, but there is little jealousy; and they

are all rapidly amalgamating and adapting themselves to the same type. In Hungary, an isolated colony of the Germans, who are so rapidly absorbed elsewhere, have retained their minutest peculiarities and natural customs for seven centuries. The lapse of time only seems to draw more deeply the lines of demarcation which already exist. It is partly a consequence of other differences, but it is partly also their cause, that the Danubian provinces are under a despotic government, which, though never governing harshly, still governs for its own interests instead of those of the country, and insists upon interfering with and regulating everything, whilst the American States are under a government which, with all its faults, has the great merit of doing very little, and leaving the fullest opportunity to individual energies. I need not say that the American system would be utterly inapplicable to such a population as I have described ; but a greater freedom of action allowed to a people who, like the Hungarians, are quite capable of self-government, might probably lead to a better adaptation of many things to the people's interests. Whilst the Austrian Government does next to nothing for their material development, and hinders their doing anything for themselves, they won't develope very quickly. Meanwhile the great difficulty is, that whilst the Hungarians themselves generally admit that they could hardly stand alone, they put forward such claims as the Austrian Government could scarcely grant consistently with its own existence. The problem of maintaining the real unity of the Austrian empire, and yet satisfying the claims of its subjects, is one which it seems almost impossible to solve. Every Englishman must sympathize with the gallant spirit of the Hungarians, and wish them the success their courage deserves. * But they have a difficult path to tread.

The Story of a Campaign.

Not many years ago a knowledge of the principles of the science of war was limited to a very few. Some of the more thoughtful of the military profession, two or three painstaking historians not content with merely recounting brilliant feats of arms, here and there a solitary traveller wandering from the beaten track of learning,—such was the select band. But the general diffusion of literature and the interest taken by all classes in the wars of recent years led many to enter these almost unexplored and wholly uninviting regions. Their experience was not encouraging. When, wearied and toil-worn, they emerged from its obscure paths, they told of dense and frequent fogs, of cross-roads and no legible sign-posts! of irreclaimed tracts and disputed points with no ultimate court of appeal. After much journeying they for the most part returned in a bewildered condition. The fact was, that the smaller works upon the subject were few, and these represented military operations in so meagre a fashion that they were sadly wanting in interest, and the student cried in despair,—“Can these dry bones live?” Great armies which should cover broad territories were represented by thin lines and sharp angles, and were surrounded by theoretical arguments which appealed to no human feeling. The flesh and blood of history were wanting, and the simplicity aimed at was gained by a sacrifice of the vividness of reality, if, indeed, it was gained at all. On the other hand, the larger works which clothed and habited with life and feeling these otherwise ghastly frames, were in general of appalling length, and mostly written in a foreign language. Jomini’s style is entertaining, and he carefully refrains from touching upon any but military considerations, yet his *Wars of the Revolution* alone extend over thirteen volumes—a long journey for the non-professional reader to undertake. The market now supplies a more satisfactory answer to the demand. Last and best of all, we welcome Colonel Hamley’s book. Yet we should like to see a smaller volume with the story of three or four campaigns, serving as models to illustrate virtues and flaws and the effect they produced, and in which the feelings which animated the contending hosts should be revealed, and the sympathies of the student thereby thoroughly enlisted.

It is only when the treacherous shadows of contemporary jealousy or violent partisanship have passed away, that the broad principles of action are clearly perceived and appreciated. And as in art he who would be eminent must needs go study the old masters, so the soldier of the present day, if he desire to become a great captain, should ponder over the achievements of those whom the universal judgment of mankind has

decreed illustrious in the profession of arms. Of all generals none will teach with greater clearness and authority than Napoleon, and of all his campaigns none is more illustrative at once of his personal character, his great capacity for war and the resources of military science, than that of 1800, which culminated in the battle of Marengo. Ambitious in aim, grand in conception, rapid in execution, it may well serve as a first model to set before the student, for he cannot fail to be fascinated by its splendour. The star of Napoleon's military genius is indeed so brilliant that it dazzles the beholder, and the worship due to his warlike ability is but too apt to lose itself in admiration of the whole man. The professional observer, however, is not called upon to follow or judge him beyond the area of his exploits as a general, and may well be pardoned if he leaves to others to trace, to expose, and to condemn the scorching as well as dazzling influence of his course. To his private character we must indeed sometimes refer, but it shall be only when it affects military operations, by giving a tone or colour to some movement, or when necessary to explain its bearings upon the general plan.

It is not to the army alone that the study of a successful campaign will prove attractive. The public desire to acquire some knowledge of the principles which determine the success of operations, and to be able to form a well-grounded opinion upon the probable issues of a campaign, charged, it may be, with the fate of nations. Now, if two opposing forces are equal in every respect save that one numbers 5,000 and the other 4,999, the 5,000 will be victorious. But human affairs are so shaped by unforeseen contingencies, and by moral influences still further hidden from vulgar gaze, that their course is not in any department regulated by laws capable of demonstration with mathematical precision. And 5,000 men never were launched against 4,999 with no other disparity between them save that of numbers. A deep significance underlies the question, What king going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? What, then, will enable the smaller army to cope with the larger? There are many elements to be considered, chiefly these:—discipline, provisions and stores, superior arms, advantage of ground, morale, concentration or dispersion of force. Circumstances equalize the force of unequal numbers, or give a preponderating advantage to the weaker corps. It is not always that Providence is on the side of the big battalions, and no one established this more conclusively than Napoleon, as the following narrative will show. Jomini says of him, —“*Persuadé qu'un régiment électrisé en vaut deux, et plus habile qu'aucun général moderne à doubler les forces morales de ses troupes.*”

In 1796 Napoleon overran the North of Italy, and bent it beneath the yoke of France. But having achieved this, he sighed for more worlds to conquer, and his restless ambition led him to Egypt. During his absence, his work was all undone, and the Austrian Empire regained its sway over Northern Italy. When, therefore, on his return to France, he turned his

eyes to the scene of his so recent exploits, and beheld the enemy supreme over the fields of his previous victories, he was wounded to the quick. He was now First Consul, and his cares were such as might well have been deemed sufficient to engage the greatest mind and to strain the nerves of the boldest man. Beset by factions at all times, jealous of others and others jealous of him, consolidating his power, burdened with the care of civil administration at home, directing great military operations abroad, he still found time to reflect upon these provinces and to plan the restoration of French supremacy. What was the state of affairs in those parts towards the end of April, 1800?

The reader should take up a good map of Northern Italy, and picture Napoleon brooding over it, far in the silence of a solitary night after the harassing work of a day's government of revolutionary France. Of the occupation which he had bequeathed, he saw no trace save a French corps imprisoned in Genoa. Massena with 10,000 men was there besieged by 25,000 under the Austrian General Ott. On the French side of the Var, Suchet with 12,000 was threatened by 40,000 under Melas. The passes of the Alps, even to Bellinzona, were guarded by Austrian troops of various strength. Nor was this all. The imperialists contemplated an invasion of the soil of France—they meditated the taking of Toulon. Napoleon chafed under the provocation which the Austrians' presence in these regions inflicted—he was roused to anger at the rumour of their daring design.

The reader should now mark the chief positions of the Austrian forces: Genoa, the Var, Turin, Bellinzona; and on the French side, Mont Cenis, the Var, and Genoa. Next he should note the strength of the Austrian troops at upwards of 100,000. More than 7,000 were stationed about Bellinzona under Wukassowich; about 4,000 at Aosta under Haddick; 10,000 about Turin under Kaim; 5,000 in the valley of the Tanaro; 25,000 lay before Genoa under Ott; 42,000 held the line of the Var under Melas, with Elsnitz his second in command. Dotted lines upon the map should join these posts. Draw also a red dotted line from Alessandria by Piacenza to Mantua—that is the Austrian line of communication, a line which must not be broken by the enemy: stores, magazines, &c. depend upon its maintenance intact. The least skilful eye will at once observe that the Austrian front was a very long one—extending over 200 miles. Here then was an element of weakness, for to defend so prolonged a line must be a most difficult task. A sudden inroad might expose the Austrians to a succession of defeats. To attack the centre of an extended line is to incur greater risk than to attack a flank, because the enemy can more quickly concentrate there than at either extremity. But if it is more perilous it is also more decisive; for, if successful, the flanks are exposed to attack in succession, the enemy offering fractions of his troops to the assault of a superior force; and no greater error can be committed in war than to permit your opponent to be superior at the decisive point of attack.

With an army to start from France, the plan which most generals would have proposed to themselves would have been, perhaps, (1) to aim at Turin. If the enemy could be compelled to fall back upon Asti and Alessandria—when Alessandria was abandoned so would Genoa be. But this promised to be slow, for each of those posts would prove a check of some duration, and a point on which to concentrate his detachments. Besides, the enemy retiring on his natural line of retreat would never be utterly destroyed. Halting for a time at each fortress on the Po, he would oppose grave obstacles to the French advance. Or (2) by a sudden junction and advance with Suchet, the French might cause a disastrous retreat of the imperialists over the mountains, and speedily relieve Genoa. But a sudden union would be difficult to accomplish, and (his forces on the Var excepted) the enemy would have his retreat secure, his ability to concentrate undisturbed, and the conquest of the North-west of Italy yet to be begun. The successful accomplishment, however, of either plan would have reflected sufficient glory upon the commander to satisfy the ambition of an ordinary man. But such was not Napoleon. He not only promised himself victory, but vengeance also. The power that had dared to advance over ground consecrated to France by his victories must be, not driven back—that would not be sufficient punishment—it must be annihilated. He so applied his great mind and strong will to the furtherance of his purpose, that he laid under tribute every resource of his country, every resource of the science of war.

Napoleon's plan was an example of the most decisive operation in war, viz., with a superior force to sever the enemy from his base. To cut off the communications of an army is like cutting off a man's legs, the body cannot stand firm, much less walk and work. It may move, but it will be with the hobbling gait of a cripple. The body of an army, however, may sometimes, though rarely, find new limbs as good as the old. Where this is impossible the operation is perfect, and if the French had the command of the sea it would be so in this instance. Napoleon determined first of all to isolate the Austrian forces by throwing himself across their communications and depriving them of their line of retreat.

A glance at the map will show that the most decisive point on which to effect this was the region about Piacenza. But how was he to arrive there without the Austrian general getting scent of the design? Perfect secrecy was impossible; he was watched by a thousand spies, and every move he made was reported to hostile Governments. Yet its betrayal would be certain discomfiture. He must, therefore, resort to stratagem; and the campaign opens with an admirable example. To gain Piacenza he must first secure Milan. That, then, was to be his base; thither his troops must move and concentrate. But the French army, having crossed the Rhine towards the end of April, was operating upon the Danube under Moreau, and Napoleon had therefore to raise a force. With great ostentation he gave out that a grand army of reserve was about to be formed at Dijon. That place would appear a probable dépôt for reinforce-

ments for the army of the Rhine, and thus his design upon Italy would be masked. To Dijon, accordingly, repaired the agents of foreign governments, and seeing none but invalids, raw recruits, and pensioners assembled, they reported the condition of the force in the most disparaging terms, and held it up to ridicule and contempt. Caricatures soon abounded in the cafés of Vienna and in the shops of London. A favourite one represented a boy of about twelve years of age, and an invalid with a wooden leg. Beneath was written, "Grande Armée de Reserve." Napoleon's purpose was gained. The real rendezvous was Lausanne and the neighbourhood. Nowhere, however, was there a large store; nowhere a large assemblage of men: small groups passed from place to place, receiving arms at one, clothing at another. In this way, without a note of alarm, 35,000 men were brought together by the 12th May. Moreau engaged to detach upwards of 15,000 men, under Moncey, by the St. Gothard, to Milan. Napoleon himself, with the Army of Reserve, would cross the Great St. Bernard. To this pass man was almost a stranger. Occasionally, and but seldom, a human voice was heard urging a mule up some rugged path; at intervals, the universal silence was broken by the slip of some huge avalanche. The passage of 30,000 soldiers over these heights was difficult, but to transport with them stores and ammunition, provisions and baggage, horses and guns, seemed well nigh impossible. He sent General Marescot, a distinguished engineer, to report upon the feasibility of the enterprise. That officer represented to him that it would be impossible to over-estimate the difficulties. But to make Napoleon swerve from his purpose was a task less easy. "Peut-on passer?" said he. "Oui, général, mais avec peine." "Eh bien, partons." To the monastery at the summit he sent with conspicuous foresight a large sum of money, directing the monks to prepare a feast for an army. Trees were felled, and their trunks hollowed for the reception of the guns. The carriages were taken to pieces, numbered, and carefully packed by skilled artificers. No detail was too minute to escape the attentive consideration of the great commander. Each soldier was to carry six days' provisions, and six days' subsistence was to be borne on mules. These would suffice until the army reached the fertile plains.

Perhaps it will be said that Napoleon might have maintained the disguise of a reinforcement to the army of the Rhine, by moving along its southern bank, and suddenly turning southward, to descend with Moncey through Switzerland to Milan. But that was a tedious and difficult route, as it will hereafter be seen that Moncey took six days longer in reaching Milan than Napoleon did from Lausanne; and time was a matter of the first importance.

Here then begins the Diary of the Campaign, and instead of following one army for some days, and then reverting to the operations of the other, we shall state the movements of each from day to day. The immediate bearing and importance of moves and counter-moves will thus be more readily seen. Berthier, late War Minister, had been named commander,

both because the state of affairs at home demanded Napoleon's presence, and in order the better to conceal his design.

May 13th.—Napoleon arrived at Lausanne and directed an immediate advance to St. Pierre. To Lannes he assigned the command of the advance guard, to Murat that of the rear-guard.

14th.—The advance guard ascends at night. Had Melas (now at Nice) penetrated the enemy's design, he would have assembled his forces at Ivrea, thereby guarding the two lines of Milan and Turin, and securing his communications along the Po. But he knew not.

15th to 19th.—The ascent occupied six hours. The gun-carriages were packed on mules, the guns dragged up, each by 100 men. With joy and surprise the toil-worn soldiers found a repast awaiting their arrival at the summit. But here new and more serious difficulties commenced. The condition of the snow gave unstable footing, and some men, horses, and guns were lost in the descent. About 7,000 men cross each day.

Thurreau crosses the Mont Cenis. A French brigade passes the Simplon and forces back the Austrians at Domo Dossola. Kray having been repulsed at Moeskirch and Biberach, Moncey left Moreau on the 10th, and is now advancing through Switzerland by the St. Gothard.

Melas hears that a force approaches by the Valais, and imagines that Thurreau's corps is its advance guard. So he leaves Nice with two divisions, and proceeds by Col di Tenda to Turin, leaving 18,000 men under Elsnitz. He is loth to abandon his hold on Genoa or his advanced frontier line of the Var, and deems this a sufficient reinforcement from the south.

20th.—Napoleon crossed. The whole army now transported. The advance guard having repulsed a small body of Austrians at Chatillon, reach Bard, which they find so strongly fortified that it cannot be taken by a *coup de main*. Napoleon directs the advance guard to push on by a path on the Monte Albaredo; but it being impossible to convey artillery by this road, the commandant of the fort sends word to Melas that he has not been able to prevent the passing of a large number of men, but that not a single gun shall pass his post.

It is plain that if the imperialists, instead of diluting their forces, scattering feeble detachments here, there, and everywhere, had been able to show a fair front at Chatillon, supported by reinforcements from Bard and Ivrea, Napoleon might have been driven back upon the mountains, lost all his guns and half his men. At least they would have delayed him until the main army moved up from Turin.

20th to 24th.—Lannes takes Ivrea. The main body advances, the siege of Bard being left to a small force. From Ivrea two roads diverge: one to Milan, seventy miles, the other to Turin, thirty-three miles.

25th.—Lannes advances on the Turin road in order to make the enemy believe that it is the point aimed at. It will also confirm Melas in his impression that Thurreau's force is of the main body.

The garrison of Genoa suffers great privation. Famine and sickness

exasperate both the army and the population, and an insurrectionary spirit spreads. Nevertheless, Massena hopes.

26th.—Melas becomes aware that Napoleon is with the army descending from the Alps by Bard. Could he but realize his position he would withdraw 15,000 men from before Genoa, hold the mountain passes instead of the Var against Suchet, concentrate at Alessandria or Turin, and advancing towards Ivrea render abortive Napoleon's design on Milan. But he does not see the importance of the capture of Ivrea, and suspects that Thurreau and Napoleon will endeavour to unite and advance to the relief of Genoa. He is anxious to retain every point he at present holds, but if he permit this idea to rule him it will prove his ruin.

27th.—The main army assembles at Ivrea, having passed by Bard, where, in order to avoid the fire of the fort, the guns, wrapped in tow, were dragged silently at night along roads laid with dung and straw. Obviously, this fortress might otherwise have been fatal to the French advance, for without artillery Napoleon dare not debouch into the plains. This should therefore be noted by the student as another instance of stratagem, small apparently in itself, big in its issues. In devices such as these Napoleon constantly disclosed his abundant fertility of resource.

Had a stand been made at Ivrea so as to delay the French for two or three days, that would have given ample time for a large imperial force to assemble and take Napoleon in flank when on the march from there to Milan. Instead of aiming at Melas' communications, Napoleon would have had enough to do in looking to his own, and Melas would have had the advantage of the initiative.

28th.—The main army proceeds to Milan, Murat now forming the advance guard, while Lannes screens the movement by attacking Haddick on the Orco. He is driven across the river, and the Austrians are confirmed in their belief that the main force is advancing to Turin.

A sortie of the Genoa garrison is repulsed.

Moncey compels the Austrians to retire from Bellinzona.

Suchet, reinforced by 1,500 men, drives back Elsnitz from the Var. They embark their heavy artillery for Leghorn (the imperialists had 20,000 men in Tuscany), and resolve to hold the line from La Turbia to Rauss.

29th.—Lannes feigns an advance, but falls back on Chivasso.

Thurreau remains at Susa, 33 miles from Turin.

30th.—Lannes takes Pavia, where he finds 200 pieces of cannon, and large stores.

Melas learns that Lannes has retired to Chivasso and that Napoleon is making for Milan. He hopes to cut off Lannes at Vercelli, but he will not loosen his hold on Genoa, nor withdraw Elsnitz (who had better have been at Coni now), and, ignorant of Moncey's advance, he trusts to Wukassowich defending the line of the Ticino.

31st.—Melas hears that Wukassowich has been compelled to retire, abandons his idea of intercepting Lannes, and sends orders for the army in

the south to repair without delay, some to Alessandria, others to Piacenza. He is only now awakened to a sense of his danger.

Murat attacks Buffalora.

The Austrians, leaving a small garrison in Milan, retire by Lodi and Cassano behind the Adda.

Ott offers terms for the capitulation of Genoa, and the English fleet bombard the town.

1st June.—Bard capitulates.

2nd.—Napoleon enters Milan.

Elsnitz receives orders to proceed at once to Alessandria by Col di Tenda and Asti; the Turin corps to Asti, leaving a garrison of 3,800 men to check Thurreau's advance from Susa; Ott to withdraw without delay from before Genoa; Gottsheim's division by Bobbio to Piacenza, the remainder by Tortona. The Bobbio road was practicable only for infantry.

Had Ott, even at this eleventh hour, pressed on to Piacenza, he might have been in time to prevent Napoleon crossing the Po. But a fatal spell seemed to hang over the Austrians, and the tenacity which forbade their abandonment of Genoa before, was now increased, for Ott argued that if Melas had known how immediate was the prospect of Massena's surrender he would not have sent such stringent orders to retire. So he resolved to await the conclusion of the negotiations for the surrender of Genoa.

3rd.—Ott receives a message from Melas, telling him to make a bridge of gold for Massena, and not to lose a moment after his capitulation in flying to Alessandria and Piacenza.

4th.—Suchet, driving the imperialists before him, advances to succour Massena. The last morsel had long since been doled out to the starving, suffering garrison, and at length Massena sent a messenger to the hostile camp. But he was the bearer of a notice rather than an offer. He intimated that he would force his way out at the point of the bayonet if he were not permitted to evacuate the place with arms and baggage. Mindful of Melas' message, Ott agrees, and 10,000 Austrians take possession of the town; the remainder prepare to join the main army. Thus ended the resistance of Massena, heroic indeed, but entailing a frightful sacrifice of life. It had been a terrible time. "Save where were heard the heart-rending cries of the sick, the starving, the dying, a death-like silence reigned over the town. That the sufferings of the garrison had indeed been horrible every countenance bore witness. Death was busy on every side performing his hideous work, not only by the pangs of hunger, but by the fearful operation of a fierce epidemic." Such is General Thiébault's description of this eventful day, pending the negotiations which all knew were being carried on.

Here let the curtain fall for a time, for the first act in this great play is over. There is but one blot; Massena has had to surrender. But see what Napoleon has achieved. He has succeeded in secretly forming an army, and secretly transporting it by a most difficult route into the theatre

of war. He has succeeded in deceiving the enemy into the belief that Turin was the point aimed at. He has had the advantage of seeing Melas deprived of the assistance of his southern troops through misplaced tenacity. In short, without a single engagement between the main armies, by a *march* alone, he has won the North-west of Italy. For in the gain of Milan, he holds a decisive point; the enemy will retire quietly to Mantua by the southern bank of the Po, if he will only permit them. Will he choose to do so? He might then, joined by the forces from the Var and Genoa, at the head of about 80,000 men, with his back to France, several lines of retreat open, defy the Austrians to advance into Lombardy. But sitting with folded arms was not a favourite attitude of Napoleon's, however beautiful might be the panorama that was to pass before him, and it would not have fulfilled his programme. It would be hard to say that Napoleon imperilled the fate of Massena by his resolution to operate by Milan instead of by Turin, for he could scarcely rely upon his plan being kept secret for so long, or that, when revealed, Melas would display so fatal a determination not to withdraw from the south. Napoleon, doubtless, counted upon Melas hearing of his movements, and upon his subsequent abandonment at once of the siege of Genoa; and he only feared that the imperialists might concentrate before he had effected a junction with Moncey, and might thus escape by the southern bank of the Po. It came, therefore, to be with him very much a question of time, and that none of his calculations should be disturbed. Each successful move was a stepping-stone which afforded him footing more and more secure towards the attainment of his object. Such advantages pertain in a peculiar degree to the possession of the initiative. On the other hand, Melas having delayed too long the recall of his southern troops, is in infinite danger. His communications severed, he will have to fight with inverted front, with his back to France, instead of to the eastern fortresses. Where his line of retreat? Thurreau and Suchet hem him in.

The curtain again drawn, we behold Napoleon awaiting with some anxiety the arrival of Moncey. Meanwhile, he establishes a provisional government, consolidates his forces, and issues an address to the army. Its fierce and exulting tone betrays the spirit which dictated his proceeding, and reveals in impassioned language his resolve, not only to cut off and defeat, but also to destroy. The following passages disclose enough for our purpose:—

“Soldats ! Un de nos departemens se trouvait au pouvoir de l'ennemi. . . . La plus grande partie du territoire du peuple ligurien, le plus fidèle ami de la république, était envahie. La république cisalpine, anéantie dès la campagne passée, était devenue le jouet du grotesque régime féodal. Soldats ! vous marchez—et déjà le territoire est délivré ! . . . L'ennemi, épouvanté, n'aspire plus qu'à regagner ses frontières. Vous lui avez enlevé ses hôpitaux, ses magasins, ses parcs de réserve. . . . Mais laisserez-vous retourner dans ses foyers l'armée qui a porté l'alarme dans vos familles ? . . . Marchez à sa rencontre, opposez-vous

à sa retraite; arrachez-lui les lauriers dont elle s'est parée, et par là apprenez au monde que la malédiction est sur les insensés qui osent insulter le territoire du grand peuple ! ”

He thus raised still higher the morale of his troops, for they partook of his enthusiasm and imbibed a share of his uncontrollable spirit. So consuming was the fire which burned within him that it seemed to dry up the very springs of prudence. He so craved after the enemy that he could not quietly await—he must seek them. Casting to the winds his own cherished principle to be always superior at the decisive point, he resolved to divide his army and risk the exposure of fractions to the assault of a superior force. So consummate a master of the science of war would only do this in deference to some very pressing necessity of the hour, mayhap in concession to the striving that was within him.

June 5th.—Gottsheim's division moves from Genoa by Bobbio, Vogelsang's by Tortona. Each of these places was distant thirty-five miles.

Dedowich arrives at Brescia.

Duhesme takes Lodi.

Elsnitz retreats by Ormea.

6th.—Ott leaves Genoa with a division for Novi.

Dedowich abandons Brescia, which is taken possession of by Loison.

Moncey's corps arrives at Milan.

Duhesme takes Crema and advances to Pizzighitone.

Lannes crosses the Po at Belgioso, advancing from Pavia.

Wukassowich falls back on the Mincio.

Between Finale and Savona 8,000 French from Genoa, under Gazan, join Suchet on his way to their relief.

There were two roads by which the Austrian army might reach Mantua : by the right bank of the Po, through Stradella and Piacenza, and by the left bank through Pavia and Lodi. Melas had selected the Piacenza route and directed his army to concentrate there. The passage of the Po was therefore the important point now in the campaign, and it depended upon the speed with which Ott should obey his orders to fall back upon Piacenza. We have seen that he delayed his march until Genoa had surrendered, and consequently he enabled Napoleon to anticipate him at the decisive point.

7th.—Murat from Lodi crosses the Po at Nocetto and Piacenza, and Napoleon expecting an attack on that side orders his forces on the southern bank to concentrate.

Napoleon leaves Milan for Pavia.

Elsnitz arrives at Ceva from Ormea, having lost 9,000 men in his retreat.

Ott leaves Novi and desires to cross the Scrivia, but finds it too much swollen.

The position of the republicans was this:—they had 28,000 men ready to dispute the retreat of the imperialists by Piacenza, and 29,000

scattered over the country at Bard, Susa, Pavia, Crema, Milan and Lodi. To leave the solution of the vital question to only half his army was a manifest mistake, but what led him to commit so great an error was the fear that Melas might escape by Pavia. So he left Moncey on that bank with 10,000 men to check the Austrians on the line of the Ticino and contain them until he himself should recross with his army. But considering the force of the imperialists, somewhere about 50,000, this was too much to expect. It shows how uncompromising was the spirit which ruled him in his procedure towards the enemy. "J'avoue," said he afterwards, "que cette position était disséminée, et que l'idée d'envelopper Melas, en voulant tout couvrir, était un peu hazardée. Il eût été plus sage de réunir quinze milles hommes de plus sur Tortone, parceque si Melas filait sur le Mincio par Milán, je n'en avais pas moins conquis toute l'Italie par une seule marche, et que, réuni à Masesna, je n'avais plus besoin d'avoir des communications par le St. Bernard : mais le succès enivre, et je voulais tout ou rien."

Chabran having reduced Bard, was left there to keep open the line of the St. Bernard. Thurreau could not pass Turin, for it was garrisoned by the Austrians. It was necessary to hold in check the imperial garrison in Milan.

Melas' dispositions were these:—the garrison of Genoa to retire by Piacenza on being relieved by 12,000 English from Minorca. To Piacenza, likewise, several squadrons of cavalry under O'Reilly, followed by more from Turin; a regiment of foot from Tuscany by Firenzuola; a regiment from Casale and one from Valenza to reinforce Gottsheim's troops who were on their way by Bobbio. The main army to concentrate at Alessandria. 4,500 men were left to garrison Coni; 4,000 to garrison Turin. Of this programme the concentration at Alessandria by the 12th, was all which could be efficiently carried out.

8th.—Austrian detachments making for Piacenza are defeated and scattered.

Ott crosses the Scrivia and encamps at Voghera, pushing on his advance guard to Casteggio, where it meets O'Reilly greatly embarrassed.

Duhesme drives Wukassowich's advance guard from Cremona, with a loss of upwards of 800 men.

Melas leaves Turin for Alessandria with Kaim and Haddick.

Elsnitz is moving by Alba.

The Genoa garrison remains there as the English have not come.

9th.—Ott has heard that the French have crossed the Po, but does not believe in any large force and does not perceive Napoleon's plan. Did he, he would hasten to join Melas. He advances, nearly 15,000 strong, hoping to drive back the French detachments, as he believes them to be.

Lannes advances from Stradella upon Casteggio and meets Ott's force. Avoiding the flat ground on his right where the enemy's superiority in cavalry would have told against his troops, Lannes manœuvres by the

left in order to gain the heights, but Gottsheim drives him back, his centre is also repulsed. A division from Victor's corps comes up, regains the ground on the left, and finally pushes back the imperialists to Montebello with a loss of upwards of 4,000 men. The loss of the republicans was about the same.

Ott retires to Tortona.

His ignorance of Napoleon's plan, and that so large a force lay behind Lannes' small corps, justifies Ott's desperate attempt to gain Piacenza, for such were his orders, and it was, in truth, the key of the campaign.

Napoleon arrives at Casteggio.

10th.—Melas arrives at Alessandria.

11th.—Napoleon concentrates his army at Stradella. He is inferior to Melas in cavalry, and by holding the heights of the pass, that inferiority will be redressed. Here, then, in this strong position he will await him. He sends orders to Suchet to descend the Bormida from Cadibona.

12th.—Napoleon grows impatient. At one moment he fears the escape of the Austrians by the left bank of the Po; at another, that they will move southwards and crush Suchet. And would it not be wise for Melas to change his base? He has been surprised and anticipated. His line of retreat is more than threatened, his communications cut. Had he not better turn his eyes to the south? There await him the strong fortress of Genoa and the command of the sea. Provisions, stores, retreat, are there secure. Twelve thousand English are expected. Concentrating his army, he would still retain a vital hold on the west of Italy, would easily overwhelm Suchet's corps on the way, and might leisurely prepare himself to meet Napoleon on more equal terms. The counsels of prudence had nothing better to offer him. But if he do it at all he should do it now, without first risking a battle; for, in the event of a defeat, his retreating army might be thrown into complete disorder by Suchet. To save his honour he decides to appeal to arms rather than discretion, and endeavour to force his way to Piacenza. Having called a council of war he notifies his intention.

Desaix arrives. He had been with Napoleon in Egypt, and they greatly esteemed one another. He receives command of Boudet's division.

Napoleon resolves to march to Voghera.

The army rests behind the Scrivia.

Ott withdraws behind the Bormida.

Melas's main army is concentrated at Alessandria.

13th.—Napoleon's impatience is increased on learning that Ott has retired, and he crosses the Scrivia below Tortona to search for the imperialists. Receiving false information that a division was approaching by Rivalta, he detached Desaix to that quarter. He sends orders for Lapoype's division to cross the Po and join the main body; Victor to move on Marengo; Lannes to support him; Monnier to Ponte Curone and Castel Novo, to communicate with Pavia.

A skirmish took place between O'Reilly's advance guard and Gar-

danne's division of Victor's corps, the news of which tends to confirm Napoleon in his suspicions that Melas is either escaping by Pavia or moving in force southwards. He accordingly starts at night for Ponte Curone, in order to hear the reports from his army on the left bank of the Po. The swollen state of the Scrivia prevents his crossing, and in course of the night sufficient information reaches him to make him happy that it was so. The enemy were in force where he had least believed them to be. With few guns, and inferior in cavalry, it was dangerous in the last degree to enter the flat country which lay before him; but across the plains of Marengo two roads led from Alessandria—one to Pavia by Salé, the other to Tortona. To a man bent on meeting his adversary this was tempting ground.

Since the opening of the campaign the imperialists had lost about 30,000 men; their whole force had, in fact, dwindled down to about 65,500. Of these, 35,000 were scattered over the country, holding various posts, such, for instance, as Casale, 2,600 men; Feliciano, 1,000; Bobbio, 1,000; Alessandria, 3,000; Tortona, 1,200; Turin, 3,800; Coni, 4,500; Genoa, 6,000; Savona, 1,200; Gavi, 1,200; Milan, 2,800. The remainder—somewhat under 31,000—were under Melas on the Bormida; and of these, Elsnitz's corps was enfeebled and demoralized by its disastrous retreat. It is easy to perceive the magnitude of the blunder which left the decision of the vital question to less than half his forces. What avail him now these garrisons distributed over the length and breadth of Northern Italy? His hold upon the country depends not upon these posts, but upon the strength of his arm on the banks of the Bormida. The idea of retaining everything runs through each vein of his plan. Will it prove fatal? He numbered among his troops 7,600 splendid cavalry, and the configuration of the country offered them a rare opportunity.

Melas' plan was to throw 8,000 men on Salé, under Ott; 20,000, under his own command, to advance upon Marengo and San Giuliano, ultimately falling upon the French right already attacked by Ott. On his right, O'Reilly, with 3,000, would move on Stortiglione, and engage the enemy's left, thus covering his own advance. It was wise to engage the enemy's left, but that should have been only a feint. The great object for him was to force his way by Salé, reopen his communications with Mantua, and retire upon it. He would then divide his enemy and paralyze a great number of their forces. It would therefore be immaterial to hold the village of Marengo, and a wasteful expenditure of resources to combat earnestly its possession.

The republicans numbered a little over 28,000. They counted barely 3,700 cavalry. Viewed in advance, Napoleon ran unjustifiable risk in entering these plains with so great a deficiency of horse, few guns, and so small a force of infantry. He, too, had committed Melas' error of scattering his forces instead of concentrating them at the decisive point. It arose, indeed, from a different reason—he was impatiently anxious to make the

enemy fight, and fight on this line, and he feared Melas had eluded him. But since the ground was his own choosing he should have been superior to the enemy, and should have had at his disposal more than half his army. Yet 29,000 were mostly neutralized by their distance from the scene of action. Mostly, because at some points they were actually holding in check forces of the enemy.

Lannes was retired behind Victor's corps, whose right rested on Castel Ceriolo. Gardanne and Chambarlac defended Marengo, the latter division on the left of the other. Kellerman's brigade of cavalry was on the left of the position, which rested on a small river called the Fontanone. To hold this latter was important to the French, for here was the gate by which the division under Desaix should enter.

14th.—At early dawn Napoleon despatched a messenger with orders for the immediate recall of Desaix, whose force was to move instantly to San Giuliano.

At early dawn the Austrian army began to cross the Bormida. This operation involved a loss of time which had not been anticipated. O'Reilly and Haddick advance upon Gardanne's division, which Victor ordered Chambarlac to support.

Napoleon, who was at Garofolo, soon learnt the state of affairs and sent orders again for Desaix to join the army, while Lannes and Murat were meanwhile to support Victor to the utmost in retaining his position.

O'Reilly endeavoured to pierce through the French* at Stortiglione. Haddick attempted to force his way through the village of Marengo. Kaim deployed in rear to support him. Ott pressed on to take Castel Ceriolo. Haddick was repulsed and Kaim relieved him, but Victor's corps held their ground with admirable perseverance. It was evident that Melas would require to put forth all his strength, but at about nine o'clock a report reached him that Suchet was at Acqui. It was false. He did not arrive there until the following day. But supposing him to be there, his corps could not affect the fate of the battle now raging; it must be decided before the lapse of many hours. Yet the news so disquieted Melas that he aggravated his original error by still further separating his troops—he sent Nimptsch with 2,200 cavalry towards Acqui to check Suchet. Napoleon's inferiority in cavalry—so important an arm in these plains—was thus equalized.

Melas sends a brigade of cavalry to cut a way through the French, between Marengo and Stortiglione, but Kellerman, seeing the importance of the movement, made a brilliant charge and repulsed them. Lannes was now up and advanced against the remains of Haddick's division, which was forming on Kaim's left. But he had not time to engage it, for Ott, having succeeded in gaining Castel Ceriolo, moved on his right and checked him. O'Reilly succeeded in driving some troops from Stortiglione, while Melas brought up some grenadiers from his reserve to the support of Kaim. He also brought his artillery into play, and gained temporary possession of Marengo village. It was eleven o'clock and

Desaix's corps was still neutralized. The French were giving way. Napoleon, who came on the field of conflict at about ten o'clock, saw how critical was the situation, but he knew that Desaix was advancing, and could he but hold his ground until that general arrived, defeat might not ensue.

The Austrian guns did good service in supporting Melas' reserve. Victor's corps could hold out no longer, and began to retire upon San Giuliano and Spinetta. Lannes could not assist him, for he was menaced by Ott on the right and his cavalry force was too small to be effective. Napoleon brought up 800 grenadiers of the Consular guard to check Ott while Watrin should drive back Haddick's division, now under Bellegarde, and he trusted to Victor preventing the Austrian advance beyond the village. The imperial cavalry charged the French guard, and some fresh troops advancing under Gottsheim compelled them to fall back. Ott and Bellegarde fell upon Watrin.

Monnier's division from Castel Novo now arrives, and Napoleon sends him to take Castel Ceriolo, while a brigade under St. Cyr establishes itself in Marengo. But Monnier was driven back by the cavalry launched against him, along with some infantry under Vogelsang. Lannes and Victor must needs succumb to a vigorous attack. Now was the supreme moment, and had Melas not weakened himself by the detachment of Nimptsch, his superior cavalry and artillery might easily have put the republicans to disastrous rout. As things went, he was gaining a victory slowly instead of quickly. Will that difference of pace be so great as to enable Desaix to come on the field in time to be of effective service? Melas thought that if slow it was at all events sure, and having seen the French retire by San Giuliano, and his own troops advancing between Cassina Grossa and Villanova, he left to Zach, his chief of the staff, and on whom he was accustomed to rely, to follow up the success while he himself repaired to Alessandria to announce the victory, and rest after so great exertion of mind and body. He was eighty years of age; Napoleon was thirty-one, as was also Lannes, and Desaix was thirty-two.

The vulgar idea of a general is a very erroneous one. To exhibit a human form on a prancing steed and clothed in a martial cloak and a cocked hat, is sufficient to inform the public mind that a general is indicated. The figure suggests ideas of leading a charge and such-like duties—functions commonly supposed to be those of the commander, really those of subordinates. A man pondering over maps and manuscripts, or from a retired eminence calmly sending messengers in various directions, would be a representation nearer the truth. Brain, not mere animal courage, is the requisite in a commander. The day must be going badly with him when he has to descend into the mêlée—it is engaging the very last reserve. In the field of battle he must have a prompt determination as to the movement of troops and a quick apprehension of the advantage of ground. But a host of other considerations crowd upon his mind, demand his grave solicitude and test his higher qualities for command. With

what anxiety must he think of the subsistence and clothing of his troops ; of their ammunition and stores ; of the due disposition of reliefs and reinforcements ; of the care of sick, wounded, and prisoners ; of the time at which certain troops should arrive at certain places, and the probable cause and result of delay ; of sifting truth out of conflicting reports and penetrating the enemy's design ; of guarding his own communications while he attacks those of his adversary, of the roads by which alone he can move his artillery ; of the scarcity of water in one district, the poverty of means at his disposal for transporting an army over broad rivers in another. . Yes, he must look before him, but around and behind him too. With what eager, longing gaze did Napoleon turn his eyes in the direction whence Desaix should issue ! With what feelings did he think of the fruitless detachments across the Po, of his forces dispersed beyond recall ! No glances, no wishes brought them, and he has now to arrange his order of retreat.

It was about two o'clock when Melas left the field. Zach put his troops in motion, but in no hurry. The day was won, and to his men, wearied by long fighting, some repose was due. Could he have brought forward a few fresh troops, or were he strong in cavalry, he might have entrusted to them alone to follow up the victory. He arranged his corps in columns of march. Thus they were between three and four o'clock when Desaix made his appearance. Napoleon's first thought seems to have been to make use of the division in covering his retreat, which might otherwise fall into confusion if harassed by the enemy. But it is said that Desaix when appealed to, admitting that the battle had been fought and lost, added that there was still time to fight another that day. Whatever of truth there may be in this story, true it was that Napoleon had now 6,000 fresh troops to bring into action, while the Austrian reserve had been seriously engaged. At worst, after all, he would only be compelled to do later what he was doing now. Reflections of this nature would of course present themselves to a commander who was ever ready to risk all for the furtherance of his plan. He rallied his troops and addressed them in words which inspired them with invincible courage. "You know," said he, "that I always sleep on the field of battle." French guns were brought to bear upon the imperial columns, and Desaix's force in line, supported by Kellerman's cavalry on his right, suddenly fell upon the head of Zach's troops, whose formation was ill adapted to meet a sudden attack. The broken columns falling back destroyed the formation of those in rear, and the surprise of so formidable an attack caused a perfect panic. It was now about five o'clock. The brave Desaix fell, but his death served not to dispirit, rather to exasperate his devoted soldiers. They pressed forward with increased ardour. Zach, puzzled and surprised in common with his army, went to the front, but only to be surrounded and taken prisoner with 1,800 men by a dashing charge of Kellerman's horse. In vain did the commanders endeavour to rally their divisions ; a disastrous rout ensued, and the imperialists,

deprived of their leaders, panic-struck and dispirited, fled across the Bormida towards Alessandria.

Great was the pride and the glory of the republicans as they passed victorious over the ground they had disputed so vigorously and so long. Great was the consternation of Melas as he heard the sounds of battle approaching nearer and nearer, and then beheld the straggling fugitives at his very door. He hastened to the scene of action but only to meet the advancing corps of the victorious foe. At seven o'clock Marengo was in their hands. They occupied the ground they had held at dawn, and proudly brought to mind the words of their chief as they slept on the field of battle. Besides 3,000 prisoners, the imperialists lost twenty-five pieces of cannon and about 7,000 men killed or wounded. Haddick was killed, many other generals were wounded; altogether about 300 officers *hors de combat*. Nor was this all—they had lost morale. The French lost a like number of men and had to mourn the death of Desaix, but they had won the battle which decided the fate of Italy.

It would be absurd to accord to Napoleon, in this instance, the merit of having secured a glorious victory. But for the swollen state of the Scrivia on the night previous, he himself might not have been on the field. We have seen that Desaix's division with Kellerman's handful of cavalry turned the scale, and as Kellerman's horse would have been of no avail without Desaix's fresh troops, they were the deciding weight in the balance. But Desaix was present in spite of Napoleon's arrangements, rather than in consequence of them, and was by his orders so far at first from the scene of conflict that an hour's delay in the carriage of instructions for their immediate return, or their having been commanded by a general less prompt and able, would have left the victory with the imperialists. Nor could Napoleon have counted upon so perversely favourable a movement as the detachment of the Austrian cavalry—the sacrifice of a decided superiority in the arm which the configuration of the country so eminently favoured, and which had so splendid an opportunity in the fortune of the fight. Yet these were the elements which decided the fate of the battle. Had the republicans been defeated, theirs would have been a sorry plight. Yet not altogether irretrievable, for Napoleon might have effected a junction with Moncey and his other scattered forces, and confronted the enemy with fair numbers, and with his line of retreat open through the passes of the Alps. True, this would have been to a great extent due to the mistake of Melas, who had spent so much time and blood upon the taking of Marengo, when he should have thrown his whole power to turn the right flank, support Ott in forcing a passage by Salé, and cut off Napoleon from Moncey's army. The fatal greed which would not permit him to relinquish his hold upon any point, had deprived Melas of numbers sufficient to have formed another division, and proved a fresh reserve wherewith to encounter the fresh corps under Desaix. Coni and Turin were garrisoned by double the numbers necessary for the purpose. 2,500 lay idle at Casale, and he

literally threw away 2,200 horse. A general, fighting for his communications, can least of all afford to disperse his forces.

15th.—The sun rose with but few rays of hope for Melas. His army indeed was not despicable in point of numbers, and if it was dispirited it was also to be apprehended it might fight with the energy of despair. Could it escape to Genoa and unite with an English division, it would be formidable. His hand, in short, was not so bad that he should throw up his cards without reflection. But he was deprived of the wonted counsel of Zach, and the enemy was already knocking for an answer at the gates. He called a council of war, but there was no powerful mind to impose a plan, or fire with the enthusiasm of a grand resolve. The members seem rather to have heaped additional cares, anxieties, and reproach upon their leader. They said in effect, if not in so many words, that it was for those who had got them into the scrape to devise the best means of getting out of it. As to Napoleon, he had vanquished his adversary; if he could now humiliate him he would be satisfied. Other fields required his presence. Besides, it occurred to him that if Melas, suddenly marching southward, crushed Suchet and took shelter in Genoa, the republicans, weakened by their losses and exhausted by pursuit, would probably find some thousands of fresh English troops to oppose them. So on condition that the keys of the fortresses of Turin, Alessandria, Genoa, Piacenza, and Milan be laid at his feet, he will permit the Austrians to take their sorrowful way eastward, through the land of their recent domination, their still more recent defeat, where every step would inflict a wound and chafe a sore in their pained memories.

From the Mincio westwards to the Alps and to the sea, the imperialists surrendered all.

Thus within one month was accomplished a plan which to most men would have appeared but the dream of an enthusiast. Slowly Melas took his course to the east, bending his head to Eate. Swiftly flew Napoleon to Milan, to Lyons, and to Paris, receiving the homage of an admiring people.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT CECILIA BURTON DID FOR HER SISTER-IN-LAW.



AS soon as Harry Clavering had made his promise to Mr. Burton, and had declared that he would be in Onslow Crescent that same evening, he went away from the offices at the Adelphi, feeling it to be quite impossible that he should recommence his work there at that moment, even should it ever be within his power to do so. Nor did Burton expect that he should stay. He understood, from what had passed, much of Harry's trouble, if not the whole of it; and though he did not despair on behalf of his sister, he was aware that her lover had fallen into a difficulty, from which he could not extricate himself without great suffering and much struggling.

But Burton was a man who, in spite of something cynical on the surface of his character, believed well of mankind generally, and well also of men as individuals. Even though Harry had done amiss, he might be saved. And though Harry's conduct to Florence might have been bad, nay, might have been false, still, as Burton believed, he was too good to be cast aside, or spurned out of the way, without some further attempt to save him.

When Clavering had left him Burton went back to his work, and after a while succeeded in riveting his mind on the papers before him. It was a hard struggle with him, but he did it, and did not leave his business till his usual hour. It was past five when he took down his hat and his umbrella, and, as I fear, dusted his boots before he passed out of the office on to the passage. As he went he gave sundry directions to porters and



HOW DAMON PARTED FROM PYTHIAS.

clerks, as was his wont, and then walked off intent upon his usual exercise before he should reach his home.

But he had to determine on much with reference to Florence and Harry before he saw his wife. How was the meeting of the evening to take place, and in what way should it be commenced? If there were indispensable cause for his anger, in what way should he show it, and if necessity for vengeance, how should his sister be avenged? There is nothing more difficult for a man than the redressing of injuries done to a woman who is very near to him and very dear to him. The whole theory of Christian meekness and forgiveness becomes broken to pieces and falls to the ground, almost as an absurd theory, even at the idea of such wrong. What man ever forgave an insult to his wife or an injury to his sister, because he had taught himself that to forgive trespasses is a religious duty? Without an argument, without a moment's thought, the man declares to himself that such trespasses as those are not included in the general order. But what is he to do? Thirty years since his course was easy, and unless the sinner were a clergyman, he could in some sort satisfy his craving for revenge by taking a pistol in his hand, and having a shot at the offender. That method was doubtless barbarous and unreasonable, but it was satisfactory and sufficed. But what can he do now? A thoughtful, prudent, painstaking man, such as was Theodore Burton, feels that it is not given to him to attack another with his fists, to fly at his enemy's throat, and carry out his purpose after the manner of dogs. Such a one has probably something round his heart which tells him that if so attacked he could defend himself; but he knows that he has no aptitude for making such onslaught, and is conscious that such deeds of arms would be unbecoming to him. In many, perhaps in most of such cases, he may, if he please, have recourse to the laws. But any aid that the law can give him is altogether distasteful to him. The name of her that is so dear to him should be kept quiet as the grave under such misfortune, not blazoned through ten thousand columns for the amusement of all the crowd. There is nothing left for him but to spurn the man,—not with his foot but with his thoughts; and the bitter consciousness that to such spurning the sinner will be indifferent. The old way was barbarous certainly, and unreasonable,—but there was a satisfaction in it that has been often wanting since the use of pistols went out of fashion among us.

All this passed through Burton's mind as he walked home. One would not have supposed him to be a man eager for bloodshed,—he with a wife whom he deemed to be perfect, with children who in his eyes were gracious as young gods, with all his daily work which he loved as good workers always do; but yet, as he thought of Florence, as he thought of the possibility of treachery on Harry's part, he regarded almost with dismay the conclusion to which he was forced to come,—that there could be no punishment. He might proclaim the offender to the world as false, and the world would laugh at the proclaimer, and shake hands with the

offender. To sit together with such a man on a barrel of powder, or fight him over a handkerchief, seemed to him to be reasonable, nay salutary, under such a grievance. There are sins, he felt, which the gods should punish with instant thunderbolts, and such sins as this was of such nature. His Florence,—pure, good, loving, true, herself totally void of all suspicion, faultless in heart as well as mind, the flower of that Burton flock which had prospered so well,—that she should be sacrificed through the treachery of a man who, at his best, had scarcely been worthy of her ! The thought of this was almost too much for him, and he gnashed his teeth as he went on his way.

But yet he had not given up the man. Though he could not restrain himself from foreshadowing the misery that would result from such baseness, yet he told himself that he would not condemn before condemnation was necessary. Harry Clavering might not be good enough for Florence. What man was good enough for Florence ? But still, if married, Harry, he thought, would not make a bad husband. Many a man who is prone enough to escape from the bonds which he has undertaken to endure,—to escape from them before they are riveted,—is mild enough under their endurance, when they are once fastened upon him. Harry Clavering was not of such a nature that Burton could tell himself that it would be well that his sister should escape even though her way of escape must lie through the fire and water of outraged love. That Harry Clavering was a gentleman, that he was clever, that he was by nature affectionate, soft in manner, tender of heart, anxious to please, good-tempered, and of high ambition, Burton knew well ; and he partly recognized the fact that Harry had probably fallen into his present fault more by accident than by design. Clavering was not a skilled and practical deceiver. At last, as he drew near to his own door, he resolved on the line of conduct he would pursue. He would tell his wife everything, and she should receive Harry alone.

He was weary when he reached home, and was a little cross with his fatigue. Good man as he was, he was apt to be fretful on the first moment of his return to his own house, hot with walking, tired with his day's labour, and in want of his dinner. His wife understood this well, and always bore with him at such moments, coming down to him in the dressing-room behind the back parlour, and ministering to his wants. I fear he took some advantage of her goodness, knowing that at such moments he could grumble and scold without danger of contradiction. But the institution was established, and Cecilia never rebelled against its traditional laws. On the present day he had much to say to her, but even that he could not say without some few symptoms of petulant weariness.

"I'm afraid you've had a terrible long day," she said.

"I don't know what you call terribly long. I find the days terribly short. I have had Harry with me, as I told you I should."

"Well, well. Say in one word, dear, that it is all right,—if it is so."

"But it is not all right. I wonder what on earth the men do to the

boots, that I can never get a pair that do not hurt me in walking." At this moment she was standing over him with his slippers.

"Will you have a glass of sherry before dinner, dear; you are so tired?"

"Sherry—no!"

"And what about Harry? You don't mean to say——"

"If you'll listen, I'll tell you what I do mean to say." Then he described to her as well as he could, what had really taken place between him and Harry Clavering at the office.

"He cannot mean to be false, if he is coming here," said the wife.

"He does not mean to be false; but he is one of those men who can be false without meaning it,—who allow themselves to drift away from their anchors, and to be carried out into seas of misery and trouble, because they are not careful in looking to their tackle. I think that he may still be held to a right course, and therefore I have begged him to come here."

"I am sure that you are right, Theodore. He is so good and so affectionate, and he made himself so much one of us!"

"Yes; too easily by half. That is just the danger. But look here, Cissy. I'll tell you what I mean to do. I will not see him myself;—at any rate, not at first. Probably I had better not see him at all. You shall talk to him."

"By myself!"

"Why not? You and he have always been great friends, and he is a man who can speak more openly to a woman than to another man."

"And what shall I say as to your absence?"

"Just the truth. Tell him that I am remaining in the dining-room because I think his task will be easier with you in my absence. He has got himself into some mess with that woman."

"With Lady Ongar?"

"Yes; not that her name was mentioned between us, but I suppose it is so."

"Horrible woman;—wicked, wretched creature!"

"I know nothing about that, nor, as I suppose, do you."

"My dear, you must have heard."

"But if I had,—and I don't know that I have,—I need not have believed. I am told that she married an old man who is now dead, and I suppose she wants a young husband."

"My dear!"

"If I were you, Cissy, I would say as little as might be about her. She was an old friend of Harry's——"

"She jilted him when he was quite a boy; I know that;—long before he had seen our Florence."

"And she is connected with him through his cousin. Let her be ever so bad, I should drop that."

"You can't suppose, Theodore, that I want even to mention her name. I'm told that nobody ever visits her."

"She needn't be a bit the worse on that account. Whenever I hear that there is a woman whom nobody visits, I always feel inclined to go and pay my respects to her."

"Theodore, how can you say so?"

"And that, I suppose, is just what Harry has done. If the world and his wife had visited Lady Ongar, there would not have been all this trouble now."

Mrs. Burton of course undertook the task which her husband assigned to her, though she did so with much nervous trepidation, and many fears lest the desired object should be lost through her own *maladroit* management. With her, there was at least no doubt as to the thing to be done,—no hesitation as to the desirability of securing Harry Clavering for the Burton faction. Everything in her mind was to be forgiven to Harry, and he was to be received by them all with open arms and loving caresses, if he would only abandon Lady Ongar altogether. To secure her lover for Florence, was Mrs. Burton's single and simple object. She raised no questions now within her own breast as to whether Harry would make a good husband. Any such question as that should have been asked and answered before he had been accepted at Stratton. The thing to be done now was to bring Harry and Florence together, and,—since such terrible dangers were intervening,—to make them man and wife with as little further delay as might be possible. The name of Lady Ongar was odious to her. When men went astray in matters of love it was within the power of Cecilia Burton's heart to forgive them; but she could not pardon women that so sinned. This countess had once jilted Harry, and that was enough to secure her condemnation. And since that what terrible things had been said of her! And dear, uncharitable Cecilia Burton was apt to think, when evil was spoken of women,—of women whom she did not know,—that there could not be smoke without fire. And now this woman was a widow with a large fortune, and wanted a husband! What business had any widow to want a husband? It is so easy for wives to speak and think after that fashion when they are satisfied with their own ventures.

It was arranged that when Harry came to the door, Mrs. Burton should go up alone to the drawing-room and receive him there, remaining with her husband in the dining-room till he should come. Twice while sitting downstairs after the cloth was gone she ran upstairs with the avowed purpose of going into the nursery, but in truth that she might see that the room was comfortable, that it looked pretty, and that the chairs were so arranged as to be convenient. The two eldest children were with them in the parlour, and when she started on her second errand, Cissy reminded her that baby would be asleep. Theodore, who understood the little *manœuvre*, smiled but said nothing, and his wife, who in such matters was resolute, went and made her further little changes in the furniture. At last there came the knock at the door,—the expected knock, a knock which told something of the hesitating

unhappy mind of him who had rapped, and Mrs. Burton started on her business. "Tell him just simply why you are there alone," said her husband.

"Is it Harry Clavering?" Cissy asked, "and mayn't I go?"

"It is Harry Clavering," her father said, "and you may not go. Indeed, it is time you went somewhere else."

It was Harry Clavering. He had not spent a pleasant day since he had left Mr. Beilby's offices in the morning, and, now that he had come to Onslow Crescent, he did not expect to spend a pleasant evening. When I declare that as yet he had not come to any firm resolution, I fear that he will be held as being too weak for the rôle of hero even in such pages as these. Perhaps no terms have been so injurious to the profession of the novelist as those two words, hero and heroine. In spite of the latitude which is allowed to the writer in putting his own interpretation upon these words, something heroic is still expected; whereas, if he attempt to paint from Nature, how little that is heroic should he describe! How many young men, subjected to the temptations which had befallen Harry Clavering,—how many young men whom you, delicate reader, number among your friends,—would have come out from them unscathed? A man, you say, delicate reader, a true man can love but one woman,—but one at a time. So you say, and are so convinced; but no conviction was ever more false. When a true man has loved with all his heart and all his soul,—does he cease to love,—does he cleanse his heart of that passion when circumstances run against him, and he is forced to turn elsewhere for his life's companion? Or is he untrue as a lover in that he does not waste his life in desolation, because he has been disappointed? Or does his old love perish and die away, because another has crept into his heart? No; the first love, if that was true, is ever there; and should she and he meet after many years, though their heads be gray and their cheeks wrinkled, there will still be a touch of the old passion as their hands meet for a moment. Methinks that love never dies, unless it be murdered by downright ill-usage. It may be so murdered, but even ill-usage will more often fail than succeed in that enterprise. How, then, could Harry fail to love the woman whom he had loved first, when she returned to him still young, still beautiful, and told him, with all her charms and all her flattery, how her heart stood towards him?

But it is not to be thought that I excuse him altogether. A man, though he may love many, should be devoted only to one. The man's feeling to the woman whom he is to marry should be this;—that not from love only, but from chivalry, from manhood, and from duty, he will be prepared always, and at all hazards, to defend her from every misadventure, to struggle ever that she may be happy, to see that no wind blows upon her with needless severity, that no ravening wolf of a misery shall come near her, that her path be swept clean for her,—as clean as may be, and that her roof-tree be made firm upon a rock. There is much of this which is quite independent of love,—much of it that may be done

without love. This is devotion, and it is this which a man owes to the woman who has once promised to be his wife, and has not forfeited her right. Doubtless Harry Clavering should have remembered this at the first moment of his weakness in Lady Ongar's drawing-room. Doubtless he should have known at once that his duty to Florence made it necessary that he should declare his engagement,—even though, in doing so, he might have seemed to caution Lady Ongar on that point on which no woman can endure a caution. But the fault was hers, and the caution was needed. No doubt he should not have returned to Bolton Street. He should not have cozened himself by trusting himself to her assurances of friendship; he should have kept warm his love for the woman to whom his hand was owed, not suffering himself to make comparisons to her injury. He should have been chivalric, manly, full of high duty. He should have been all this, and full also of love, and then he would have been a hero. But men as I see them are not often heroic.

As he entered the room he saw Mrs. Burton at once, and then looked round quickly for her husband. "Harry," said she, "I am so glad to see you once again," and she gave him her hand, and smiled on him with that sweet look which used to make him feel that it was pleasant to be near her. He took her hand and muttered some word of greeting, and then looked round again for Mr. Burton. "Theodore is not here," she said; "he thought it better that you and I should have a little talk together. He said you would like it best so; but perhaps I ought not to tell you that."

"I do like it best so,—much best. I can speak to you as I could hardly speak to him."

"What is it, Harry, that ails you? What has kept you away from us? Why do you leave poor Flo so long without writing to her? She will be here on Monday. You will come and see her then; or perhaps you will go with me and meet her at the station?"

"Burton said that she was coming, but I did not understand that it was so soon."

"You do not think it too soon, Harry; do you?"

"No," said Harry, but his tone belied his assertion. At any rate he had not pretended to display any of a lover's rapture at this prospect of seeing the lady whom he loved.

"Sit down, Harry. Why do you stand like that and look so comfortless? Theodore says that you have some trouble at heart. Is it a trouble that you can tell to a friend such as I am?"

"It is very hard to tell. Oh, Mrs. Burton, I am broken-hearted. For the last two weeks I have wished that I might die."

"Do not say that, Harry; that would be wicked."

"Wicked or not, it is true. I have been so wretched that I have not known how to hold myself. I could not bring myself to write to Florence."

"But why not? You do not mean that you are false to Florence. You cannot mean that. Harry, say at once that it is not so, and I will

promise you her forgiveness, Theodore's forgiveness, all our forgiveness for anything else. Oh, Harry, say anything but that." In answer to this Harry Clavering had nothing to say, but sat with his head resting on his arm and his face turned away from her. "Speak, Harry; if you are a man, say something. Is it so? If it be so, I believe that you will have killed her. Why do you not speak to me? Harry Clavering, tell me what is the truth."

Then he told her all his story, not looking her once in the face, not changing his voice, suppressing his emotion till he came to the history of the present days. He described to her how he had loved Julia Brabazon, and how his love had been treated by her; how he had sworn to himself, when he knew that she had in truth become that lord's wife, that for her sake he would keep himself from loving any other woman. Then he spoke of his first days at Stratton and of his early acquaintance with Florence, and told her how different had been his second love,—how it had grown gradually and with no check to his confidence, till he felt sure that the sweet girl who was so often near him would, if he could win her, be to him a source of joy for all his life. "And so she shall," said Cecilia, with tears running down her cheeks; "she shall do so yet." And he went on with his tale, saying how pleasant it had been for him to find himself at home in Onslow Crescent; how he had joyed in calling her Cecilia, and having her infants in his arms, as though they were already partly belonging to him. And he told her how he had met the young widow at the station, having employed himself on her behalf at her sister's instance; and how cold she had been to him, offending him by her silence and sombre pride. "False woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton. "Oh, Cecilia, do not abuse her,—do not say a word till you know all." "I know that she is false," said Mrs. Burton, with vehement indignation. "She is not false," said Harry; "if there be falsehood, it is mine." Then he went on, and said how different she was when next he saw her. How then he understood that her solemn and haughty manner had been almost forced on her by the mode of her return, with no other friend to meet her. "She has deserved no friend," said Mrs. Burton. "You wrong her," said Harry; "you do not know her. If any woman has been ever sinned against, it is she." "But was she not false from the very first,—false, that she might become rich by marrying a man that she did not love? Will you speak up for her after that? Oh, Harry, think of it."

"I will speak up for her," said Harry; and now it seemed for the first time that something of his old boldness had returned to him. "I will speak up for her, although she did as you say, because she has suffered as few women have been made to suffer, and because she has repented in ashes as few women are called on to repent." And now as he warmed with his feeling for her, he uttered his words faster and with less of shame in his voice. He described how he had gone again and again to Bolton Street, thinking no evil, till—till—till something of the old feeling had come back upon him. He meant to be true in his story, but I

doubt whether he told all the truth. How could he tell it all? How could he confess that the blaze of the woman's womanhood, the flame of her beauty, and the fire engendered by her mingled rank and suffering, had singed him and burned him up, poor moth that he was? "And then at last I learned," said he, "that—that she had loved me more than I had believed."

"And is Florence to suffer because she has postponed her love of you to her love of money?"

"Mrs. Burton, if you do not understand it now, I do not know that I can tell you more. Florence alone in this matter is altogether good. Lady Ongar has been wrong, and I have been wrong. I sometimes think that Florence is too good for me."

"It is for her to say that, if it be necessary."

"I have told you all now, and you will know why I have not come to you."

"No, Harry; you have not told me all. Have you told that—woman that she should be your wife?" To this question he made no immediate answer, and she repeated it. "Tell me; have you told her you would marry her?"

"I did tell her so."

"And you will keep your word to her?" Harry, as he heard the words, was struck with awe that there should be such vehemence, such anger, in the voice of so gentle a woman as Cecilia Burton. "Answer me, sir, do you mean to marry this—countess?" But still he made no answer. "I do not wonder that you cannot speak," she said. "Oh, Florence,—oh, my darling; my lost, broken-hearted angel!" Then she turned away her face and wept.

"Cecilia," he said, attempting to approach her with his hand, without rising from his chair.

"No, sir; when I desired you to call me so, it was because I thought you were to be a brother. I did not think that there could be a thing so weak as you. Perhaps you had better go now, lest you should meet my husband in his wrath, and he should spurn you."

But Harry Clavering still sat in his chair, motionless,—motionless, and without a word. After a while he turned his face towards her, and even in her own misery she was stricken by the wretchedness of his countenance. Suddenly she rose quickly from her chair, and coming close to him, threw herself on her knees before him. "Harry," she said, "Harry; it is not yet too late. Be our own Harry again; our dearest Harry. Say that it shall be so. What is this woman to you? What has she done for you, that for her you should throw aside such a one as our Florence? Is she noble, and good, and pure and spotless as Florence is? Will she love you with such love as Florence's? Will she believe in you as Florence believes? Yes, Harry, she believes yet. She knows nothing of this, and shall know nothing, if you will only say that you will be true. No one shall know, and I will remember it only to remember your goodness afterwards. Think of it, Harry; there can be

no falseness to one who has been so false to you. Harry, you will not destroy us all at one blow?"

Never before was man so supplicated to take into his arms youth and beauty and feminine purity! And in truth he would have yielded, as indeed, what man would not have yielded,—had not Mrs. Burton been interrupted in her prayers. The step of her husband was heard upon the stairs, and she, rising from her knees, whispered quickly, "Do not tell him that it is settled. Let me tell him when you are gone."

"You two have been a long time together," said Theodore, as he came in.

"Why did you leave us, then, so long?" said Mrs. Burton, trying to smile, though the signs of tears were, as she well knew, plain enough.

"I thought you would have sent for me."

"Burton," said Harry, "I take it kindly of you that you allowed me to see your wife alone."

"Women always understand these things best," said he.

"And you will come again to-morrow, Harry, and answer me my question?"

"Not to-morrow."

"Florence will be here on Monday."

"And why should he not come when Florence is here?" asked Theodore, in an angry tone.

"Of course he will come, but I want to see him again first. Do I not, Harry?"

"I hate mysteries," said Burton.

"There shall be no mystery," said his wife. "Why did you send him to me, but that there are some things difficult to discuss among three? Will you come to-morrow, Harry?"

"Not to-morrow; but I will write to-morrow,—early to-morrow. I will go now, and of course you will tell Burton everything that I have said. Good night." They both took his hand, and Cecilia pressed it as she looked with beseeching eyes into his face. What would she not have done to secure the happiness of the sister whom she loved? On this occasion she had descended low that she might do much.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW DAMON PARTED FROM PYTHIAS.

LADY ONGAR, when she left Count Pateroff at the little fort on the cliff and entered by herself the gardens belonging to the hotel, had long since made up her mind that there should at last be a positive severance between herself and her devoted Sophie. For half-an-hour she had been walking in silence by the count's side; and though, of course, she had heard all that he had spoken, she had been able in that time to consider much. It must have been through Sophie that the count had heard of

her journey to the Isle of Wight; and, worse than that, Sophie must, as she thought, have instigated this pursuit. In that she wronged her poor friend. Sophie had been simply paid by her brother for giving such information as enabled him to arrange this meeting. She had not even counselled him to follow Lady Ongar. But now Lady Ongar, in blind wrath, determined that Sophie should be expelled from her bosom. Lady Ongar would find this task of expulsion the less difficult in that she had come to loathe her devoted friend, and to feel it to be incumbent on her to rid herself of such devotion. Now had arrived the moment in which it might be done.

And yet there were difficulties. Two ladies living together in an inn cannot, without much that is disagreeable, send down to the landlord saying that they want separate rooms, because they have taken it into their minds to hate each other. And there would, moreover, be something awkward in saying to Sophie that, though she was discarded, her bill should be paid—for this last and only time. No; Lady Ongar had already perceived that that would not do. She would not quarrel with Sophie after that fashion. She would leave the Isle of Wight on the following morning early, informing Sophie why she did so, and would offer money to the little Franco-Pole, presuming that it might not be agreeable to the Franco-Pole to be hurried away from her marine or rural happiness so quickly. But in doing this she would be careful to make Sophie understand that Bolton Street was to be closed against her for ever afterwards. With neither Count Pateroff nor his sister would she ever again willingly place herself in contact.

It was dark as she entered the house,—the walk out, her delay there, and her return having together occupied her three hours. She had hardly felt the dusk growing on her as she progressed steadily on her way, with that odious man beside her. She had been thinking of other things, and her eyes had accustomed themselves gradually to the fading twilight. But now, when she saw the glimmer of the lamps from the inn-windows, she knew that the night had come upon her, and she began to fear that she had been imprudent in allowing herself to be out so late,—imprudent, even had she succeeded in being alone. She went direct to her own room, that, woman-like, she might consult her own face as to the effects of the insult she had received, and then having, as it were, steadied herself, and prepared herself for the scene that was to follow, she descended to the sitting-room and encountered her friend. The friend was the first to speak; and the reader will kindly remember that the friend had ample reason for knowing what companion Lady Ongar had been likely to meet upon the downs.

"Julie, dear, how late you are," said Sophie, as though she were rather irritated in having been kept so long waiting for her tea.

"I am late," said Lady Ongar.

"And don't you think you are imprudent,—all alone, you know, dear; just a little imprudent."

"Very imprudent, indeed. I have been thinking of that now as I crossed the lawn, and found how dark it was. I have been very imprudent; but I have escaped without much injury."

"Escaped! escaped what? Have you escaped a cold, or a drunken man?"

"Both, as I think." Then she sat down, and, having rung the bell, she ordered tea.

"There seems to be something very odd with you," said Sophie. "I do not quite understand you."

"When did you see your brother last?" Lady Ongar asked.

"My brother?"

"Yes, Count Pateroff. When did you see him last?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Well, it does not signify, as of course you will not tell me. But will you say when you will see him next."

"How can I tell?"

"Will it be to-night?"

"Julie, what do you mean?"

"Only this, that I wish you would make him understand that if he has anything to do concerning me, he might as well do it out of hand. For the last hour——"

"Then you have seen him?"

"Yes; is not that wonderful? I have seen him."

"And why could you not tell him yourself what you had to say? He and I do not agree about certain things, and I do not like to carry messages to him. And you have seen him here on this sacré sea-coast?"

"Exactly so; on this sacré sea-coast. Is it not odd that he should have known that I was here,—known the very inn we were at,—and known, too, whither I was going to-night?"

"He would learn that from the servants, my dear."

"No doubt. He has been good enough to amuse me with mysterious threats as to what he would do to punish me if I would not——"

"Become his wife?" suggested Sophie.

"Exactly. It was very flattering on his part. I certainly do not intend to become his wife."

"Ah, you like better that young Clavering who has the other sweet-heart. He is younger. That is true."

"Upon my word, yes. I like my cousin, Harry Clavering, much better than I like your brother; but, as I take it, that has not much to do with it. I was speaking of your brother's threats. I do not understand them; but I wish he could be made to understand that if he has anything to do, he had better go and do it. As for marriage, I would sooner marry the first ploughboy I could find in the fields."

"Julie,—you need not insult him."

"I will have no more of your Julie; and I will have no more of you." As she said this she rose from her chair, and walked about the room. "You have betrayed me, and there shall be an end of it."

"Betrayed you! what nonsense you talk. In what have I betrayed you?"

"You set him upon my track here, though you knew I desired to avoid him."

"And is that all? I was coming here to this detestable island, and I told my brother. That is my offence,—and then you talk of betraying! Julie, you sometimes are a goose."

"Very often, no doubt; but, Madame Gordeloup, if you please we will be geese apart for the future."

"Oh, certainly;—if you wish it."

"I do wish it."

"It cannot hurt me. I can choose my friends anywhere. The world is open to me to go where I please into society. I am not at a loss."

All this Lady Ongar well understood, but she could bear it without injury to her temper. Such revenge was to be expected from such a woman. "I do not want you to be at a loss," she said. "I only want you to understand that after what has this evening occurred between your brother and me, our acquaintance had better cease."

"And I am to be punished for my brother?"

"You said just now that it would be no punishment, and I was glad to hear it. Society is, as you say, open to you, and you will lose nothing."

"Of course society is open to me. Have I committed myself? I am not talked about for my lovers by all the town. Why should I be at a loss? No."

"I shall return to London to-morrow by the earliest opportunity. I have already told them so, and have ordered a carriage to go to Yarmouth at eight."

"And you leave me here, alone!"

"Your brother is here, Madame Gordeloup."

"My brother is nothing to me. You know well that. He can come and he can go when he please. I come here to follow you,—to be companion to you, to oblige you,—and now you say you go and leave me in this detestable barrack. If I am here alone, I will be revenged."

"You shall go back with me if you wish it."

"At eight o'clock in the morning,—and see, it is now eleven; while you have been wandering about alone with my brother in the dark! No; I will not go so early morning as that. To-morrow is Saturday—you was to remain till Tuesday."

"You may do as you please. I shall go at eight to-morrow."

"Very well. You go at eight, very well. And who will pay for the 'beels' when you are gone, Lady Ongar?"

"I have already ordered the bill up to-morrow morning. If you will allow me to offer you twenty pounds, that will bring you to London when you please to follow."

"Twenty pounds! What is twenty pounds? No; I will not have

your twenty pounds." And she pushed away from her the two notes which Lady Ongar had already put upon the table. "Who is to pay me for the loss of all my time? Tell me that. I have devoted myself to you. Who will pay me for that?"

"Not I certainly, Madame Gordeloup."

"Not you! You will not pay me for my time;—for a whole year I have been devoted to you! You will not pay me, and you send me away in this way? By Gar, you will be made to pay,—through the nose."

As the interview was becoming unpleasant, Lady Ongar took her candle and went away to bed, leaving the twenty pounds on the table. As she left the room she knew that the money was there, but she could not bring herself to pick it up and restore it to her pocket. It was improbable, she thought, that Madame Gordeloup would leave it to the mercy of the waiters; and the chances were that the notes would go into the pocket for which they were intended.

And such was the result. Sophie, when she was left alone, got up from her seat, and stood for some moments on the rug, making her calculations. That Lady Ongar should be very angry about Count Pateroff's presence Sophie had expected; but she had not expected that her friend's anger would be carried to such extremity that she would pronounce a sentence of banishment for life. But, perhaps, after all, it might be well for Sophie herself that such sentence should be carried out. This fool of a woman with her income, her park, and her rank, was going to give herself,—so said Sophie to herself,—to a young, handsome, proud pig of a fellow,—so Sophie called him,—who had already shown himself to be Sophie's enemy, and who would certainly find no place for Sophie Gordeloup within his house. Might it not be well that the quarrel should be consummated now,—such compensation being obtained as might possibly be extracted. Sophie certainly knew a good deal, which it might be for the convenience of the future husband to keep dark—or convenient for the future wife that the future husband should not know. Terms might be yet had, although Lady Ongar had refused to pay anything beyond that trumpery twenty pounds. Terms might be had; or, indeed, it might be that Lady Ongar herself, when her anger was over, might sue for a reconciliation. Or Sophie,—and this idea occurred as Sophie herself became a little despondent after long calculation,—Sophie herself might acknowledge herself to be wrong, begging pardon, and weeping on her friend's neck. Perhaps it might be worth while to make some further calculation in bed. Then Sophie, softly drawing the notes towards her as a cat might have done, and hiding them somewhere about her person, also went to her room.

In the morning Lady Ongar prepared herself for starting at eight o'clock, and, as a part of that preparation, had her breakfast brought to her upstairs. When the time was up, she descended to the sitting-room on the way to the carriage, and there she found Sophie also prepared for a journey.

"I am going too. You will let me go?" said Sophie.

"Certainly," said Lady Ongar. "I proposed to you to do so yesterday."

"You should not be so hard upon your poor friend," said Sophie. This was said in the hearing of Lady Ongar's maid and of two waiters, and Lady Ongar made no reply to it. When they were in the carriage together, the maid being then stowed away in a dickey or rumble behind, Sophie again whined and was repentant. "Julie, you should not be so hard upon your poor Sophie."

"It seems to me that the hardest things said were spoken by you."

"Then I will beg your pardon. I am impulsive. I do not restrain myself. When I am angry I say I know not what. If I said any words that were wrong, I will apologize, and beg to be forgiven,—there,—on my knees." And, as she spoke, the adroit little woman contrived to get herself down upon her knees on the floor of the carriage. "There; say that I am forgiven; say that Sophie is pardoned." The little woman had calculated that even should her Julie pardon her, Julie would hardly condescend to ask for the two ten-pound notes.

But Lady Ongar had stoutly determined that there should be no further intimacy, and had reflected that a better occasion for a quarrel could hardly be vouchsafed to her than that afforded by Sophie's treachery in bringing her brother down to Freshwater. She was too strong, and too much mistress of her will, to be cheated now out of her advantage. "Madame Gordeloup, that attitude is absurd;—I beg you will get up."

"Never; never till you have pardoned me." And Sophie crouched still lower, till she was all among the dressing-cases and little bags at the bottom of the carriage. "I will not get up till you say the words, 'Sophie, dear, I forgive you.'"

"Then I fear you will have an uncomfortable drive. Luckily it will be very short. It is only half-an-hour to Yarmouth."

"And I will kneel again on board the packet; and on the—what you call, platform,—and in the railway carriage,—and in the street. I will kneel to my Julie everywhere, till she say, 'Sophie, dear, I forgive you!'"

"Madame Gordeloup, pray understand me; between you and me there shall be no further intimacy."

"No!"

"Certainly not. No further explanation is necessary, but our intimacy has certainly come to an end."

"It has."

"Undoubtedly."

"Julie!"

"That is such nonsense. Madame Gordeloup, you are disgracing yourself by your proceedings."

"Oh! disgracing myself, am I?" In saying this, Sophie picked herself up from among the dressing-cases, and recovered her seat. "I am disgracing myself! Well, I know very well whose disgrace is the most talked about in the world, yours or mine. Disgracing myself;—and from you? What did your husband say of you himself?"

Lady Ongar began to feel that even a very short journey might be too long. Sophie was now quite up, and was wriggling herself on her seat, adjusting her clothes which her late attitude had disarranged, not in the most graceful manner.

"You shall see," she continued. "Yes, you shall see. Tell me of disgrace! I have only disgraced myself by being with you. Ah,—very well. Yes; I will get out. As for being quiet, I shall be quiet whenever I like it. I know when to talk and when to hold my tongue. Disgrace!" So saying, she stepped out of the carriage, leaning on the arm of a boatman who had come to the door, and who had heard her last words.

It may be imagined that all this did not contribute much to the comfort of Lady Ongar. They were now on the little pier at Yarmouth, and in five minutes every one there knew who she was, and knew also that there had been some disagreement between her and the little foreigner. The eyes of the boatmen, and of the drivers, and of the other travellers, and of the natives going over to the market at Lymington, were all on her, and the eyes also of all the idlers of Yarmouth who had congregated there to watch the despatch of the early boat. But she bore it well, seating herself, with her maid beside her, on one of the benches on the deck, and waiting there with patience till the boat should start. Sophie once or twice muttered the word "disgrace!" but beyond that she remained silent.

They crossed over the little channel without a word, and without a word made their way up to the railway-station. Lady Ongar had been too confused to get tickets for their journey at Yarmouth, but had paid on board the boat for the passage of the three persons—herself, her maid, and Sophie. But, at the station at Lymington, the more important business of taking tickets for the journey to London became necessary. Lady Ongar had thought of this on her journey across the water, and, when at the railway-station, gave her purse to her maid, whispering her orders. The girl took three first-class tickets, and then going gently up to Madame Gordeloup, offered one to that lady. "Ah, yes; very well; I understand," said Sophie, taking the ticket. "I shall take this;" and she held the ticket up in her hand, as though she had some specially mysterious purpose in accepting it.

She got into the same carriage with Lady Ongar and her maid, but spoke no word on her journey up to London. At Basingstoke she had a glass of sherry, for which Lady Ongar's maid paid. Lady Ongar had telegraphed for her carriage, which was waiting for her, but Sophie betook herself to a cab. "Shall I pay the cabman, ma'am?" said the maid. "Yes," said Sophie, "or stop. It will be half-a-crown. You had better give me the half-crown." The maid did so, and in this way the careful Sophie added another shilling to her store,—over and above the twenty pounds,—knowing well that the fare to Mount Street was eighteen-pence.

CHAPTER XXX.

DOODLES IN MOUNT STREET.

CAPTAIN CLAVERING and Captain Boodle had, as may be imagined, discussed at great length and with much frequency the results of the former captain's negotiations with the Russian spy, and it had been declared strongly by the latter captain, and ultimately admitted by the former, that those results were not satisfactory. Seventy pounds had been expended, and, so to say, nothing had been accomplished. It was in vain that Archie, unwilling to have it thought that he had been worsted in diplomacy, argued that with these political personages, and especially with Russian political personages, the ambages were everything,—that the preliminaries were in fact the whole, and that when they were arranged, the thing was done. Doodles proved to demonstration that the thing was not done, and that seventy pounds was too much for mere preliminaries. "My dear fellow," he said, speaking I fear with some scorn in his voice, "where are you? That's what I want to know. Where are you? Just nowhere." This was true. All that Archie had received from Madame Gordeloup in return for his last payment, was an intimation that no immediate day could be at present named for a renewal of his personal attack upon the countess; but that a day might be named when he should next come to Mount Street,—provision, of course, being made that he should come with a due qualification under his glove. Now the original basis on which Archie was to carry on his suit had been arranged to be this,—that Lady Ongar should be made to know that he was there; and the way in which Doodles had illustrated this precept by the artistic and allegorical use of his heel was still fresh in Archie's memory. The meeting in which they had come to that satisfactory understanding had taken place early in the spring, and now June was coming on, and the countess certainly did not as yet know that her suitor was there! If anything was to be done by the Russian spy it should be done quickly, and Doodles did not refrain from expressing his opinion that his friend was "putting his foot into it," and "making a mull of the whole thing." Now Archie Clavering was a man not eaten up by the vice of self-confidence, but prone rather to lean upon his friends and anxious for the aid of counsel in difficulty.

"What the devil is a fellow to do?" he asked. "Perhaps I had better give it all up. Everybody says that she is as proud as Lucifer; and, after all, nobody knows what rigs she has been up to."

But this was by no means the view which Doodles was inclined to take. He was a man who in the field never gave up a race because he was thrown out at the start, having perceived that patience would achieve as much, perhaps, as impetuosity. He had ridden many a waiting race, and had won some of them. He was never so sure of his hand at billiards as when the score was strong against him. "Always fight

whilst there's any fight left in you," was a maxim with him. He never surrendered a bet as lost, till the evidence as to the facts was quite conclusive, and had taught himself to regard any chance, be it ever so remote, as a kind of property.

"Never say die," was his answer to Archie's remark. "You see, Clavvy, you have still a few good cards, and you can never know what a woman really means till you have popped yourself. As to what she did when she was away, and all that, you see when a woman has got seven thousand a year in her own right, it covers a multitude of sins."

"Of course, I know that."

"And why should a fellow be uncharitable? If a man is to believe all that he hears, by George, they're all much of a muchness. For my part I never believe anything. I always suppose every horse will run to win; and though there may be a cross now and again, that's the surest line to go upon. D'you understand me now?" Archie said that of course he understood him; but I fancy that Doodles had gone a little too deep for Archie's intellect.

"I should say, drop this woman, and go at the widow yourself at once."

"And lose all my seventy pounds for nothing!"

"You're not soft enough to suppose that you'll ever get it back again, I hope?" Archie assured his friend that he was not soft enough for any such hope as that, and then the two remained silent for a while, deeply considering the posture of the affair. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you," said Doodles; "and upon my word I think it will be the best thing."

"And what's that?"

"I'll go to this woman myself."

"What; to Lady Ongar?"

"No; but to the spy, as you call her. Principals are never the best for this kind of work. When a man has to pay the money himself he can never make so good a bargain as another can make for him. That stands to reason. And I can be blunter with her about it than you can;—can go straight at it, you know; and you may be sure of this, she won't get any money from me, unless I get the marbles for it."

"You'll take some with you, then?"

"Well, yes; that is, if it's convenient. We were talking of going two or three hundred pounds, you know, and you've only gone seventy as yet. Suppose you hand me over the odd thirty. If she gets it out of me easy, tell me my name isn't Boodle."

There was much in this that was distasteful to Captain Clavering, but at last he submitted, and handed over the thirty pounds to his friend. Then there was considerable doubt whether the ambassador should announce himself by a note, but it was decided at last that his arrival should not be expected. If he did not find the lady at home or disengaged on the first visit, or on the second, he might on the third or the

fourth. He was a persistent, patient little man, and assured his friend that he would certainly see Madame Gordeloup before a week had passed over their heads.

On the occasion of his first visit to Mount Street, Sophie Gordeloup was enjoying her retreat in the Isle of Wight. When he called the second time she was in bed, the fatigue of her journey on the previous day,—the day on which she had actually risen at seven o'clock in the morning,—having oppressed her much. She had returned in the cab alone, and had occupied herself much on the same evening. Now that she was to be parted from her Julie, it was needful that she should be occupied. She wrote a long letter to her brother,—much more confidential than her letters to him had lately been,—telling him how much she had suffered on his behalf, and describing to him with great energy the perverseness, malignity, and general pigheadedness of her late friend. Then she wrote an anonymous letter to Mrs. Burton, whose name and address she had learned, after having ascertained from Archie the fact of Harry Clavering's engagement. In this letter she described the wretched wiles by which that horrid woman Lady Ongar was struggling to keep Harry and Miss Burton apart. "It is very bad, but it is true," said the diligent little woman. "She has been seen in his embrace; I know it." After that she dressed and went out into society,—the society of which she had boasted as being open to her,—to the house of some hanger-on of some embassy, and listened, and whispered, and laughed when some old sinner joked with her, and talked poetry to a young man who was foolish and lame, but who had some money, and got a glass of wine and a cake for nothing, and so was very busy; and on her return home calculated that her cab-hire for the evening had been judiciously spent. But her diligence had been so great that when Captain Boodle called the next morning at twelve o'clock she was still in bed. Had she been in dear Paris, or in dearer Vienna, that would have not hindered her from receiving the visit; but in pigheaded London this could not be done; and, therefore, when she had duly scrutinized Captain Boodle's card, and had learned from the servant that Captain Boodle desired to see herself on very particular business, she made an appointment with him for the following day.

On the following day at the same hour Doodles came and was shown up into her room. He had scrupulously avoided any smartness of apparel, calculating that a Newmarket costume would be, of all dresses, the most efficacious in filling her with an idea of his smartness; whereas Archie had probably injured himself much by his polished leather boots, and general newness of clothing. Doodles, therefore, wore a cut-away coat, a coloured shirt with a fogle round his neck, old brown trowsers that fitted very tightly round his legs, and was careful to take no gloves with him. He was a man with a small bullet head, who wore his hair cut very short, and had no other beard than a slight appendage on his lower chin. He certainly did possess a considerable look of smartness,

and when he would knit his brows and nod his head, some men were apt to think that it was not easy to get on the soft side of him.

Sophie on this occasion was not arrayed with that becoming negligence which had graced her appearance when Captain Clavering had called. She knew that a visitor was coming, and the questionably white wrapper had been exchanged for an ordinary dress. This was regretted, rather than otherwise, by Captain Boodle, who had received from Archie a description of the lady's appearance, and who had been anxious to see the spy in her proper and peculiar habiliments. It must be remembered that Sophie knew nothing of her present visitor, and was altogether unaware that he was in any way connected with Captain Clavering.

"You are Captain Boddle," she said, looking hard at Doodles, as he bowed to her on entering the room.

"Captain Boodle, ma'am ; at your service."

"Oh, Captain Bood-dle ; it is English name, I suppose?"

"Certainly, ma'am, certainly. Altogether English, I believe. Our Boodles come out of Warwickshire ; small property near Leamington,—doosed small, I'm sorry to say."

She looked at him very hard, and was altogether unable to discover what was the nature or probable mode of life of the young man before her. She had lived much in England, and had known Englishmen of many classes, but she could not remember that she had ever become conversant with such a one as he who was now before her. Was he a gentleman, or might he be a housebreaker? "A doosed small property near Leamington," she said, repeating the words after him. "Oh!"

"But my visit to you, ma'am, has nothing to do with that."

"Nothing to do with the small property."

"Nothing in life."

"Then, Captain Bood-dle, what may it have to do with?"

Hereupon Doodles took a chair, not having been invited to go through that ceremony. According to the theory created in her mind at the instant, this man was not at all like an English captain. Captain is an unfortunate title, somewhat equivalent to the foreign count,—unfortunate in this respect, that it is easily adopted by many whose claims to it are very slight. Archie Clavering, with his polished leather boots, had looked like a captain,—had come up to her idea of a captain,—but this man! The more she regarded him, the stronger in her mind became the idea of the housebreaker.

"My business, ma'am, is of a very delicate nature,—of a nature very delicate indeed. But I think that you and I, who understand the world, may soon come to understand each other."

"Oh, you understand the world. Very well, sir. Go on."

"Now, ma'am, money is money, you know."

"And a goose is a goose ; but what of that?"

"Yes ; a goose is a goose, and some people are not geese. Nobody, ma'am, would think of calling you a goose."

"I hope not. It would be so uncivil, even an Englishman would not say it. Will you go on?"

"I think you have the pleasure of knowing Lady Ongar?"

"Knowing who?" said Sophie, almost shrieking.

"Lady Ongar."

During the last day or two Sophie's mind had been concerned very much with her dear Julie, but had not been concerned at all with the affairs of Captain Clavering, and, therefore, when Lady Ongar's name was mentioned, her mind went away altogether to the quarrel, and did not once refer itself to the captain. Could it be that this was an attorney, and was it possible that Julie would be mean enough to make claims upon her? Claims might be made for more than those twenty pounds. "And you," she said, "do you know Lady Ongar?"

"I have not that honour myself."

"Oh, you have not; and do you want to be introduced?"

"Not exactly,—not at present; at some future day I shall hope to have the pleasure. But I am right in believing that she and you are very intimate? Now what are you going to do for my friend Archie Clavering?"

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed Sophie.

"Yes. What are you going to do for my friend Archie Clavering? Seventy pounds, you know, ma'am, is a smart bit of money!"

"A smart bit of money, is it? That is what you think on your leetle property down in Warwickshire."

"It isn't my property, ma'am, at all. It belongs to my uncle."

"Oh, it is your uncle that has the leetle property. And what had your uncle to do with Lady Ongar? What is your uncle to your friend Archie?"

"Nothing at all, ma'am; nothing on earth."

"Then why do you tell me all this rigmarole about your uncle and his leetle property, and Warwickshire? What have I to do with your uncle? Sir, I do not understand you,—not at all. Nor do I know why I have the honour to see you here, Captain Bood-dle."

Even Doodles, redoubtable as he was—even he, with all his smartness, felt that he was overcome, and that this woman was too much for him. He was altogether perplexed, as he could not perceive whether in all her tirade about the little property she had really misunderstood him, and had in truth thought that he had been talking about his uncle, or whether the whole thing was cunning on her part. The reader, perhaps, will have a more correct idea of this lady than Captain Boodle had been able to obtain. She had now risen from her sofa, and was standing as though she expected him to go; but he had not as yet opened the budget of his business.

"I am here, ma'am," said he, "to speak to you about my friend, Captain Clavering."

"Then you can go back to your friend, and tell him I have nothing to

say. And, more than that, Captain Booddle"—the woman intensified the name in a most disgusting manner, with the evident purpose of annoying him; of that he had become quite sure—"more than that, his sending you here is an impertinence. Will you tell him that?"

"No, ma'am, I will not."

"Perhaps you are his laquais," continued the inexhaustible Sophie, "and are obliged to come when he send you?"

"I am no man's laquais, ma'am."

"If so, I do not blame you; or, perhaps, it is your way to make your love third or fourth hand down in Warwickshire?"

"Damn Warwickshire!" said Doodles, who was put beyond himself.

"With all my heart. Damn Warwickshire." And the horrid woman grinned at him as she repeated his words. "And the leetle property, and the uncle, if you wish it; and the leetle nephew,—and the leetle nephew,—and the leetle nephew!" She stood over him as she repeated the last words with wondrous rapidity, and grinned at him, and grimaced and shook herself, till Doodles was altogether bewildered. If this was a Russian spy he would avoid such in future, and keep himself for the milder acerbities of Newmarket, and the easier chaff of his club. He looked up into her face at the present moment, striving to think of some words by which he might assist himself. He had as yet performed no part of his mission, but any such performance was now entirely out of the question. The woman had defied him, and had altogether thrown Clavering overboard. There was no further question of her services, and therefore he felt himself to be quite entitled to twit her with the payment she had taken.

"And how about my friend's seventy pounds?" said he.

"How about seventy pounds! a leetle man comes here and tells me he is a Booddle in Warwickshire, and says he has an uncle with a very leetle property, and asks me how about seventy pounds! Suppose I ask you how about the policeman, what will you say then?"

"You send for him and you shall hear what I say."

"No; not to take away such a leetle man as you. I send for a policeman when I am afraid. Booddle in Warwickshire is not a terrible man. Suppose you go to your friend and tell him from me that he have chose a very bad Mercury in his affairs of love;—the worst Mercury I ever see. Perhaps the Warwickshire Mercuries are not very good. Can you tell me, Captain Booddle, how they make love down in Warwickshire?"

"And that is all the satisfaction I am to have?"

"Who said you was to have satisfaction? Very little satisfaction I should think you ever have, when you come as a Mercury."

"My friend means to know something about that seventy pounds."

"Seventy pounds! If you talk to me any more of seventy pounds, I will fly at your face." As she spoke this she jumped across at him as though she were really on the point of attacking him with her nails, and he, in dismay, retreated to the door. "You, and your seventy pounds!

Oh, you English ! What mean mens you are ! Oh ! a Frenchman would despise to do it. Yes ; or a Russian or a Pole. But you,—you want it all down in black and white, like a butcher's beel. You know nothing, and understand nothing, and can never speak, and can never hold your tongues. You have no head, but the head of a bull. A bull can break all the china in a shop,—dash, smash, crash,—all the pretty things gone in a minute ! So can an Englishman. Your seventy pounds ! You will come again to me for seventy pounds, I think." In her energy she had acted the bull, and had exhibited her idea of the dashing, the smashing and the crashing, by the motion of her head and the waving of her hands.

"And you decline to say anything about the seventy pounds?" said Doodles, resolving that his courage should not desert him.

Whereupon the divine Sophie laughed. "Ha, ha, ha ! I see you have not got on any gloves, Captain Booddle."

"Gloves ; no. I don't wear gloves."

"Nor your uncle with the leetle property in Warwickshire ? Captain Clavering, he wears a glove. He is a handy man." Doodles stared at her, understanding nothing of this. "Perhaps it is in your waistcoat pocket," and she approached him fearlessly, as though she were about to deprive him of his watch.

"I don't know what you mean," said he, retreating.

"Ah, you are not a handy man, like my friend the other captain, so you had better go away. Yes ; you had better go to Warwickshire. In Warwickshire, I suppose, they make ready for your Michaelmas dinners. You have four months to get fat. Suppose you go away and get fat."

Doodles understood nothing of her sarcasm, but began to perceive that he might as well take his departure. The woman was probably a lunatic, and his friend Archie had no doubt been grossly deceived when he was sent to her for assistance. He had some faint idea that the seventy pounds might be recovered from such a madwoman ; but in the recovery his friend would be exposed, and he saw that the money must be abandoned. At any rate, he had not been soft enough to dispose of any more treasure.

"Good-morning, ma'am," he said, very curtly.

"Good-morning to you, Captain Booddle. Are you coming again another day ?"

"Not that I know of, ma'am."

"You are very welcome to stay away. I like your friend the better. Tell him to come and be handy with his glove. As for you,—suppose you go to the leetle property."

Then Captain Booddle went, and, as soon as he had made his way out into the open street, stood still and looked around him, that by the aspect of things familiar to his eyes he might be made certain that he was in a world with which he was conversant. While in that room with the spy he had ceased to remember that he was in London,—his own London, within a mile of his club, within a mile of Tattersall's. He had been, as

it were, removed to some strange world in which the tact, and courage, and acuteness natural to him had not been of avail to him. Madame Godeloup had opened a new world to him,—a new world of which he desired to make no further experience. Gradually he began to understand why he had been desired to prepare himself for Michaelmas eating. Gradually some idea about Archie's glove glimmered across his brain. A wonderful woman certainly was the Russian spy,—a phenomenon which in future years he might perhaps be glad to remember that he had seen in the flesh. The first race-horse which he might ever own and name himself he would certainly call the Russian Spy. In the meantime, as he slowly walked across Berkeley Square he acknowledged to himself that she was not mad, and acknowledged also that the less said about that seventy pounds the better. From thence he crossed Piccadilly, and sauntered down St. James's Street into Pall Mall, revolving in his mind how he would carry himself with Clavvy. He, at any rate, had his ground for triumph. He had parted with no money, and had ascertained by his own wit that no available assistance from that quarter was to be had in the matter which his friend had in hand.

It was some hours after this when the two friends met, and at that time Doodles was up to his eyes in chalk and the profitable delights of pool. But Archie was too intent on his business to pay much regard to his friend's proper avocation. "Well, Doodles," he said, hardly waiting till his ambassador had finished his stroke and laid his ball close waxed to one of the cushions. "Well; have you seen her?"

"Oh, yes; I've seen her," said Doodles, seating himself on an exalted bench which ran round the room, while Archie, with anxious eyes, stood before him.

"Well?" said Archie.

"She's a rum 'un. Thank 'ee, Griggs; you always stand to me like a brick." This was said to a young lieutenant who had failed to hit the captain's ball, and now tendered him a shilling with a very bitter look.

"She is queer," said Archie,—*"certainly."*

"Queer! By George, I'll back her for the queerest bit of horseflesh going any way about these diggings. I thought she was mad at first, but I believe she knows what she's about."

"She knows what she's about well enough. She's worth all the money if you can only get her to work."

"Bosh, my dear fellow."

"Why bosh? What's up now?"

"Bosh! Bosh! Bosh! Me to play, is it?" Down he went, and not finding a good open for a hazard, again waxed himself to the cushion, to the infinite disgust of Griggs, who did indeed hit the ball this time, but in such a way as to make the loss of another life from Griggs' original three a matter of certainty. "I don't think it's hardly fair," whispered Griggs to a friend, "a man playing always for safety. It's not the game I like, and I shan't play at the same table with Doodles any more."

"It's all bosh," repeated Doodles, coming back to his seat. "She don't mean to do anything, and never did. I've found her out."

"Found out what?"

"She's been laughing at you. She got your money out from under your glove, didn't she?"

"Well, I did put it there."

"Of course you did. I knew that I should find out what was what if I once went there. I got it all out of her. But, by George, what a woman she is! She swore at me to my very face."

"Swore at you! In French you mean?"

"No; not in French at all, but damned me in downright English. By George, how I did laugh!—me and everybody belonging to me. I'm blessed if she didn't."

"There was nothing like that about her when I saw her."

"You didn't turn her inside out as I've done; but stop half a moment." Then he descended, chalked away at his cue hastily, pocketed a shilling or two, and returned. "You didn't turn her inside out as I've done. I tell you, Clavvy, there's nothing to be done there, and there never was. If you'd kept on going yourself she'd have drained you as dry,—as dry as that table. There's your thirty pounds back, and, upon my word, old fellow, you ought to thank me."

Archie did thank him, and Doodles was not without his triumph. Of the frequent references to Warwickshire which he had been forced to endure, he said nothing, nor yet of the reference to Michaelmas dinners; and, gradually, as he came to talk frequently to Archie of the Russian spy, and perhaps also to one or two others of his more intimate friends, he began to convince himself that he really had wormed the truth out of Madame Gordeloup, and got altogether the better of that lady, in a very wonderful way.

Good Society in Vienna.

—♦—
 Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die,
 But leave us still our old nobility.

LORD JOHN MANNERS' ideal of national progress corresponds well enough with the actual condition of the empire of the Danube. The Austrians are growing poorer and poorer, and what little commerce they have is slipping through their fingers; more than half the monarchy has been governed for twenty years without laws, and they have never had much learning; but Count Clam Gallas, and all the old nobility, still flourish like green bay-trees. The physiognomy of the last-named, or baronial element, in Austrian civilization seems to deserve a closer attention than has commonly been paid to it by strangers. For while the statistics of the aristocratic society of Vienna may unriddle some of the secrets of the empire's last collapse, they will also furnish a useful commentary on the old Tory postulate that the Austrian nobility is like the English, and the new democratic axiom that aristocracy is a single and identic species of social vermin.

Before the battle of Sadowa, good society in Vienna contained two emperors, three empresses, eighteen archdukes, the foreign diplomatic body, and those members of the resident aristocracy whose blood was blue enough. New nobles, members of useful or learned professions, authors, artists, financiers, bankers, merchants, can never, under any circumstances that may be conceived, penetrate into the presence of the elect, who thus live in permanent and inviolable quarantine. Society is based on the code of admission to the imperial court, modified by customary rules which make patrician circles in some cases of harder, in others of easier, access than the palace. Prince Windischgrätz used to say, *L'humanité commence par le Baron*. But mere baronial humanity is too abject for the court of Vienna. No one can claim to approach his sovereign (except for official purposes or audiences) because his name is Schwarzenberg, Clam, Dietrichstein, and so forth. The aspirant to such a privilege must have a shield chequered with sixteen quarterings, or, in other words, must prove eight successive generations of noble birth both on the father's and on the mother's side,—a total which, since it guarantees an aristocratic parentage ascending to the epoch of the 'Thirty Years' War, is considered sufficient warrant of social decency. As Austrian nobles never did, and never will, stoop to commit *mésalliances*, the parchments of high families can always satisfy the scrutiny of Rouge Dragon or Portcullis. All members

of such families (and no other persons) are potentially courtiers, though something is wanted before they become so *in esse*. Now the court of Austria is twofold. There is the general circle, which refers to grand gala balls given in the Ritter-Saal of the Burg, public spectacles, dinners, and the like. Then there is the inner circle, including the smaller (so-called "chamber") balls, and parties given by the emperor and empress and the various members of the imperial house. Persons inscribed on the list of the first category are Hof-fähig; persons in the second category are Kammer-fähig, and enjoy besides the privileges accorded to the former sort. To the chamber-capables belong chamberlains (K. K. Kämmerer), grand dignitaries attached to the person of the emperor and empress, as lord chamberlain, master of the buckhounds, &c., but *not* cabinet ministers, or high military and civil charges, unless these happen to be chamberlains, or to fill an office of the class just named. Austrians with the said sixteen quarterings are appointed when young to the post of chamberlain. This act of imperial grace metamorphoses the nobleman into a courtier: the grub becomes a butterfly, which is henceforth permitted to figure in an appropriate uniform at all court entertainments. The same favour is also occasionally conferred on public servants not Austrian born, for their descent is not subjected to the tests proper for natives. Into the pedigree of foreign ladies married to Austrian nobles no inquiry is made, but alliances of this sort are practically unknown. All these cycles and epicycles work smoothly enough, except when some low-born married man arrives at high civil or military rank. As such a person cannot impart to others his personal privilege of coming to court, his wife and daughters, if he have any, must be shut out from entertainments to which he himself is asked. This happened to the family of the late Austrian premier, M. de Schmerling, and his minister of marine Baron Bürger. The ladies in question were ignored at the palace, as well as in the society of Vienna, where they were apparently unknown by sight. On the formation of the present cabinet it seemed likely that one of its most distinguished members would be required to stomach a like indignity; but this time the empress was advised to grant the lady concerned the rank of Palast-dame, thereby clothing her with an official apron to hide her blotted pedigree.

To the outer circle access is had on cheaper terms. Nobles who are chamberlains, and generally whoever is Kammer-fähig—the ministers, councillors, and military dignitaries, as well as the officers of the garrison—are invited to a great yearly ball. But the wives of such persons, if not themselves individually qualified by birth, cannot accompany their husbands to the palace. On the strength of this domestic rule the court of Vienna contrived an analogous amenity for the benefit of strangers. The wives of the secretaries and attachés of foreign embassies and legations were not received by the emperor and empress on any terms whatever. Though this habit has been relaxed since 1848, there is another practice which sounds more characteristic of Nebuchadnezzar or

Aurungzebe than of a sovereign who nominally acknowledges the claims of international politeness. The advance of civilization destroys the business of diplomacy, but adds to the comfort of diplomatists. The representatives of foreign powers are no longer exposed to the sun, with their eyelids cut off, in casks studded with spikes, and their hats are now seldom nailed to their heads. Far from this, the conventional courtesy of European, we might almost say of African and Asiatic palaces, extends a certain share of intimate hospitality to the members of the Fetial profession. Prince Metternich is admitted into close relations with the emperor and empress of the French, and Count Apponyi enjoys at the court of St. James's more than the social privileges of a great English nobleman. In some countries even secretaries and attachés may enjoy the friendship, perhaps the sentimental confidence, of royalty. But at Vienna a more Byzantine, perhaps a juster, measure of crowned dignity prevails. Foreign diplomats, nay, the ambassadors of England and France, are deemed to be too low company for the family of Hapsburg, and are therefore rigorously excluded from the smaller balls and parties given by the members of the Imperial House. They are, however, in company with their suites, and all the official tagrag and bobtail of Vienna, graciously permitted to attend in full uniform at the great annual ball. Private society departs from court usages in so far that mere official rank, without the visa of a pedigree, is not received as a valid passport, while the rule of sixteen quarterings is sometimes less severely construed; not of course so as to open the fold to wolves from the ignoble world of industry and learning, but in order to leave the door ajar for a stray sheep whose path may be stopped by some bar sinister too obscure to destroy the lustre of an otherwise splendid name. Even the palace is not always obdurate in such cases. Instances have been known when, by special All-Highest favour, the fair branches of a noble tree in which a vice of origin could not be denied, were graciously admitted to partial purification, so as to be allowed on festive occasions to stand outside amongst the domestics and link-boys of the company invited.

A society thus formed of a caste of sacred creatures parked out of sight and hearing of the profane world, fits a prevalent German ideal. Whatever may be thought of their other pretences to represent the highest forms of Indo-Germanic culture, it must be granted that in this particular respect the Germans exhibit a genuine Aryan feeling. On the Spree and Danube, as on the Ganges and Jumna, caste is accepted as an order founded by the gods themselves. The Sudras of Austria and Prussia are content to keep aloof from Rajpoots, and Rajpoots are not ambitious to eat the salt of Brahmins. All Thuringia was horror-struck when it knew that the bourgeois author of *Werther* was permitted to be the boon companion of the Duke of Weimar, every time his Highness went about chucking peasant girls under the chin and drinking burgundy from skulls. Nor was Berlin edified when it was told that the Chamberlain von Humboldt was wont to read aloud his *Cosmos* in the palace at Berlin till both philo-

sopher and king nodded. Germans even of the middle rank are so tolerant of caste that they easily forgive all its sins against the genius, wit, wealth, and beauty that has not sixteen quarterings complete. Especially is this the case in Vienna, where the social system above described, albeit worked with exceptional punctiliousness, gives no more offence than the precession of the equinoxes, or any other inevitable fact. Castes to which admission is inherited and never acquired, cannot be expected to have a large intellectual horizon, but they are very likely to be schools of good manners,—a thing worth taking into account. According to the dictum of William of Wykeham, that “manners makyth man,” the gentlemen of the Austrian aristocracy ought to be conspicuous in every kind of excellence, for here they rival the Hungarians and Italians, their masters in the arts of behaviour. When people are absolutely exclusive, so that they can never escape each other, even if they would, except by renouncing all society whatever, the inducements to courtesy and forbearance are always present. Besides, as in circles thus formed there can be no discussion as to who shall be admitted and who not, and no current from below trying to burst the barriers and rush into the enclosure, there is no market for impertinence, snubbing, cutting, or the other disagreeable arms of social defence,—arms sometimes indispensable in mixed societies against the pushing snobberies of vulgar wealth, and generally adopted into the permanent social panoply of those who have once worn them. Again, since Austrian aristocrats aspire at most to an amusing and ornamental career, in which the grèat prizes will be won by the superficial charms of personal grace, almost from the cradle upwards they are spurred by the constant desire to form themselves on the pattern of models recognized as classical in this, to them, essential walk of excellence. Perhaps, also, perfect politeness, which includes many sacrifices to our neighbours’ fancies and feelings, and punctual observance of conventional forms, sits with special ease on natures too pliant and negative to revolt from the use of those formulas of compliment, compromise, and periphrasis, where sterner souls suspect the concessions of flattery and servility, and the fopperies of effeminacy and affectation. For these and other reasons, social æsthetics are flourishing in Austria; while they are almost neglected, or, at any rate, cultivated with nearly no success at all, wherever the passion for material progress governs supreme, as, for instance, in England; to which country, judging from her present crab’s progress, we shall soon have to add France.

When criticizing national manners, a foreigner must not generalize from the politeness or rudeness which he himself may receive, but notice the behaviour of the natives to each other. Whoever watches the Austrians, without losing sight of this precaution, will discover, firstly, that they are guided by a positive code of civility, whose tacit prescriptions are as accurately followed as if some Menu or Solon of manners had written them on tables. The first commandment forbids inequalities of politeness. There must be degrees in intimacy, but there can be no degrees in the

outer forms of courtesy and homage. In conversation with an obscure and uninteresting person, the Austrian will take as much pains to please as when great social or sentimental interests are at stake. The small coin of customary salutations, as expressions of respect, obeisances, apologies for accidental pressure in crowded rooms, and the like, is rigorously exacted and always paid. When an introduction occurs the parties concerned are willing to listen and look instead of betraying visible repugnance to the operation, or trying to catch the eye of a friend across the room, or perhaps in London fashion making a sudden wheel and marching off before two phrases have been exchanged. The general tone of manners, particularly with the men, is soft, and might be called too silken by the admirers of the boisterous and categorical method of our own rising generation. There may even be noticed an occasional deficiency in what Swift called "the art of making every reasonable person in the company easy, and being easy ourselves." However, seeing that what looks like timidity is often dulness or arrogance, and that most Austrians are either Bœotian or proud, it is curious that shy individuals should be so comparatively rare.

A stranger will not fail to be struck with the mechanism of an Austrian entertainment. People do not stand or sit about wherever they like or can, but according to fixed geographical laws. From an early moment each room is seen to contain the nucleus of a specific group. In the first place, unmarried ladies (except maids of honour) must not tarry in the presence of their elders; so that each damsel on arriving curtsies deeply to the hostess, and then without delay gravitates to the room prescribed for her kind. The young ladies, or Contesse, instinctively crowd together into a phalanx, which is soon surrounded by the military, when there ensues what Colley Cibber would have called an "incessant concussion of words." But no Contessa may quit the ranks for the purposes of private strategy. There is no sauntering about rooms or loitering in corridors and windows. Even at balls precautionary tactics prevail, for the Contesse must troop together in the middle of the floor, never separating except in order to dance, nor leaving their station unless when all rush with one consent to supper or to tea. Everybody stands and cackles; there is no secrecy, no separate, or prolonged talk, and, above all, no flirtation. The Contesse have a showy, thorough-bred air, well-grown figures, vivacious, though hardly intelligent, faces. Their toilettes err on the side of costly and tawdry over-dress, and their heads and necks are overdecked with jewels, feathers, and flowers. They have not only the clothes but also the *aplomb* of married women. They have a self-possessed manner, which sometimes verges upon assurance, and withal a vast deal of courtesy and polish. Their dancing is perfection, but in other bodily exercises they do not indulge, not even in archery and croquet; they have small taste or skill in music or drawing, speak French poorly, and English not at all; read little, have slight natural gifts of comprehension or invention, and are seldom taken to travel beyond the empire, or even beyond their province.

Yet the Contesse are the real magnets of Austrian society. Their circle is always "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," to the disadvantage of the young married women, who keep more or less together in a room apart, if possible, in family groups—neither expecting nor receiving much of what is technically called attention, still less exciting miscellaneous adoration. In the remoter periods of modern history Vienna was reputed to be the Corinth, if not the Paphos, of Europe. Pope Pius II., himself, according to his own confessions, an energetic and well-informed student of such subterranean statistics, hints that there were in his time few houses in the Austrian capital on whose windows the inner eye could not detect the line of scarlet thread. About the time of the Congress of Vienna, the nadir of morals seems to have been reached, and then began a reaction which may be advantageously compared with the change noted by English historians, as occurring between the end of the reign of George II. and the middle of the reign of George III. The sensuality and cynicism of the lower orders and bourgeoisie, still exceeds the average of European urban proportions, but thanks (as is said) to the Tugendbund, and to the diminution of the vagrant diplomatic population, after the general peace of 1815, dissolution began to decrease in high places, and good society is at present very free from reproach in this kind. Tender secrets may dwell in Austrian souls, but open flirtation is pretty well abolished, and even the gallantry of compliment is considered a compromising and slippery pastime. As marriage adds little to the catalogue of the accomplishments before ascribed to their virgin state, the intellectual resources of these ladies are necessarily of an elementary description. So that if their behaviour is too cruel for a man of sentiment, their conversation can have no attraction for a man of sense.

Erasmus, departing for once from that golden moderation in which he gloried, said of the people of Brabant, "*Quo senescunt eo stultescunt.*" Could the learned Dutchman now take a bird's-eye prospect of Austrian society, he might not improbably let loose some such ill-bred truth in the face of the constellation formed by the married women who are no longer young. In this corner of the social firmament move the stars whose sovereign titles and lineage blaze through so many dazzling pages of the *Almanac de Gotha*. Here, in virtue of the compensations which nature so bountifully grants to those whose youth has lost its roses, should be, if not the zenith of beauty, at least the zenith of intelligence, urbanity, and tact. But in point of fact these qualities are increasingly diminishing to telescopic magnitude. Justice must add that the tendency to degeneration is not an exclusively Austrian fact. The social species christened "Grande Dame" by the French, seems verging to extinction. Observant foreigners, always loud in praise of the lilies and carnations of Englishwomen's cheeks, and the agility of Englishwomen's bodies and minds, are mostly dumb in respect of their claim to be considered as carrying with them that perfume of unctuous greatness which the Grande Dame of tradition knew how to fling

around her presence. In France, the duchesses who taught La Rochefoucauld behaviour, and capped conundrums with the great Condé, have hardly left a successor. Yet in London and in Paris, still more, perhaps in Russia and in Rome, there do exist noble dames who dispense a kindly hospitality, seasoned with that perfect politeness and Attic talk which struggle in vain for existence where society becomes a mob. In this respect Vienna occupies a more unfavourable position than cities where the general tone of manners is less good. It becomes harder and harder to find women at once hospitable, reasonable, agreeable, and polite; departures from the prevailing rule being generally connected with royal, not with noble, influences. And what is more, in advancing years Austrian ladies often drop something of the patrician style, putting on, in individual cases, exuberances of idiosyncrasy neither amiable, quiet, nor refined, and those signs of blooming health which prejudice identifies with all that is least aristocratic in woman.

Wordsworth's declaration—

I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk,

if acted on in Vienna, would lay the axe at the root of social intercourse. Perhaps in no society that ever existed has the staple of conversation more exclusively consisted of the petty details of local and family gossip. Nowhere else is Falstaff's intolerable deal of sack so utterly empty of the smallest halfpennyworth of bread. Nowhere else is Graziano's infinite deal of nothing hid in so many bushels of chaff. The triflers who spent their mornings in solemnly mapping out the geography of the Pays de Tendre, or inquiring whether Madame de Rambouillet ought to be named Eracinte or Arthenice, and their evenings in listening with raptures of delight to the madrigals of Benserade, or the enigmas of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, showed a taste, however depraved, for grammatical, if not for literary, culture. The Fellamars and Foppingtons of the court of our foolish Charles could listen, if they could not reply, when, after the basset and usquebaugh had been put away, Mazarin's voluptuous niece would hear Vossius argue that the Pentateuch was written by Moses, and St. Evremont expound the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the tempest that drove Dido and Æneas into the cavern. In Austria, nothing like this—nothing like the shadow of this—can ever be. That which does exist would satisfy Lord John Manners, who considers an old nobility to be an end and not a means; but it would not satisfy the Earl of Malmesbury, who, while ranking knowledge itself amongst the *suppellex* of the mind, insisted strongly on a "knowledge of reference." Now the Austrians have not even a knowledge of reference.

This is a permanent condition of the local intellect, as will be evident to whoever consults the very few pictures of Viennese society which have been drawn, not from lay figures, or from the artist's moral consciousness, but from life itself. Mrs. Trench and Madame de Staël in this century,

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the last, the above-quoted Pope Pius II., four hundred years ago—these and other genuine describers tell the tale much as we should tell it now. A favourite pastime of his holiness throws some light on the point which concerns us here. Æneas Sylvius, amongst the other functions assumed by that versatile genius, filled the office of poet laureate to the Hapsburg Kaiser Frederick the Pacific. When journeys of curiosity or business took the wily Siennese from court, he used to correspond with Durchlauts, Dilections, Kämmerers, and other Gross Dignitaries of the K. K. household. After the stereotyped formulas of mediæval adulation—addressed for instance to “Comes Schlick cancellarius, dominus serenissimus necnon doctissimus,” Æneas could proceed to paraphrase an ode of Horace for the grandee’s edification. “I have come,” the laureate would say, “to Gratz. The weather is very bad. Jupiter has sent plenty of snow and dreadful hail, and with his red right hand has hurled down the sacred citadels, to the great alarm of the people.” And so the worthy laureate proceeds from “Jam satis terris,” through all the string of Proteus, and the temple of Vesta, and the Moorish horseman, down to the final “te duce, Cæsar.” On other epistolary occasions, Æneas subjects other odes of Horace, and other classical commonplaces, to a like process, which, unless we greatly err, might be safely repeated by the laureate of Francis Joseph, not only in the dry tree of Latinity, but also in the green of modern German literature.

Passing from Horace to Goethe, it is worth note that the Viennese, who take a facetious view of their deficiencies in the matter of education, relate that while all Germany was weeping tears of grief and joy over *The Sorrows of Werther*, their own grandfathers remained for long in utter darkness respecting this signal event in the culture history of the world, until by chance a transparency in the Prater showed them Charlotte slicing the bread and butter, and the young Jerusalem committing the dreadful deed. There is nothing incredible in this. The representative man or woman of Vienna is one who, as Nathaniel apologetically says of Dull, “hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.” Now knowledge and taste may not belong to the necessary conditions of fine breeding and knightly notions, but without them there can be no keen encounter of wits, nor even amusing and elegant trifling. A society that eschews them, eschews the champagne of Beatrice and Benedick for the soda-water of Belinda and Sir Plume, and condemns itself to a tittle-tattle which, far from being a feast even of the frothiest parts of reason, must always be a flow of perennial balderdash, whose headlong current will be a great deal less than conversation, and very little more than a mere cataract of unintelligent parts of speech.

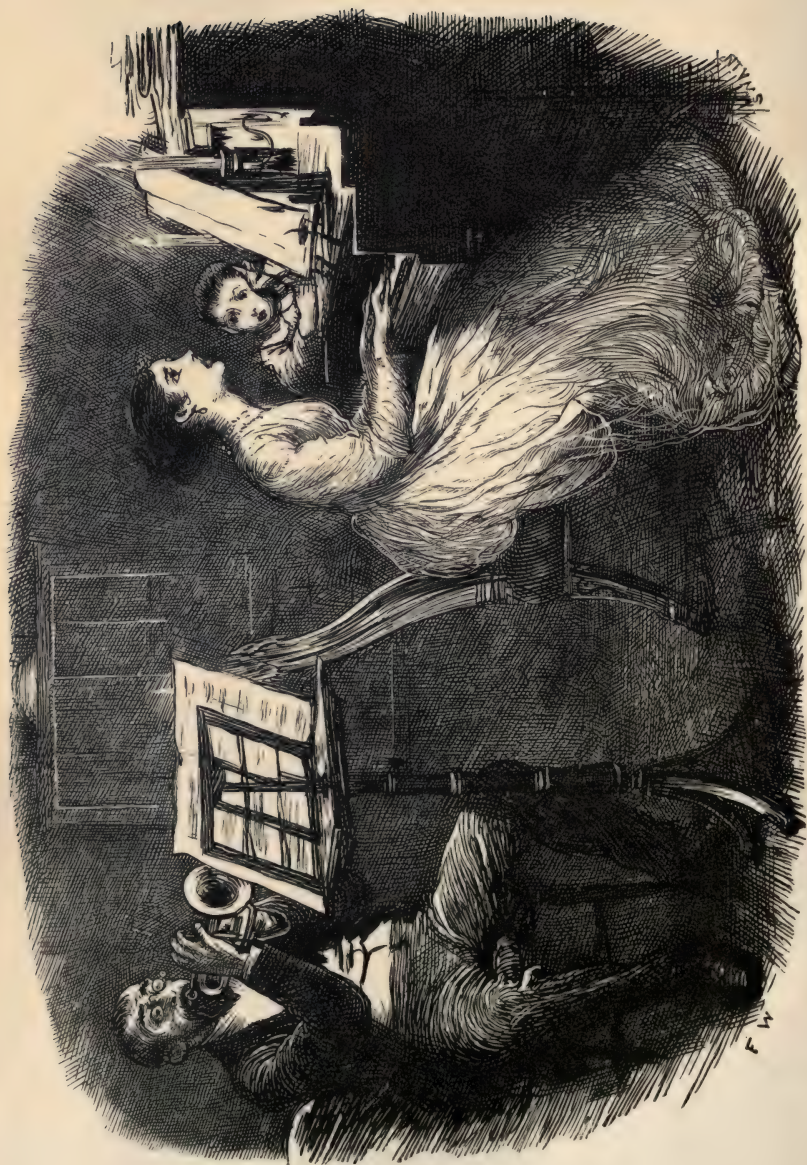
To describe in positive terms talk compounded of such negative quantities would be as hard as it was for Mercutio to describe to Romeo the “beggary account of empty boxes” which he saw in the apothecary’s shops in Verona. A competent judge, not given to insist on strictly scientific discussion in common talk, used to say that when two Austrians

had achieved their "*Bon soir. Comment allez-vous?*" they imagined themselves to have taken part in a very diverting conversation. Certain it is that by the well-timed and smiling use of phrases not much more original and suggestive than these, something like a reputation for intelligence may be obtained in the great Vienna world. Politics and literature are of course absolutely proscribed; but no positive indecency is involved in the mention of the opera or the Prater, provided all analysis be strictly avoided. You may say Fräulein Murska has a wiry organ; or that Herr Wachtel sings no better than a quail; but you must by no means launch into criticism, however slight, of *Lucia*, or the *Postillon de Longjumeau*, much less into an estimate of the musical merits of Donizetti or Adam. So you may remark that the Rondo is muddy, so that you abstain from inquiring whether the Lusthaus of the Prater is believed to be the very building occupied by Napoleon half a century ago, the night before he crossed into the Lobau. Under these circumstances the conversational horizon of a stranger cannot be very capacious. He knows nothing of the last treasures which Fürstin Ungeist has got to-day from Roget and Laure, or of the capercailzie which Graf Weissnix shot last week in the forests of Styria, or of the other similar felicities which naturally come under the observation of relatives and close friends alone. It would be unjust to ignore the truth that such phenomena, far from belonging to Austria alone (although it is in Austria that their intensity reaches its maximum), are peculiarly German and in some sort Continental. The Shakspearian mixture of sense and nonsense, so much in vogue amongst ourselves, does not flourish beyond the Channel. If estimates in this matter were less often based on chance conversations in railway trains, and the gossip of waiters and *laquais de place*, we should hear fewer complaints about the emptiness of English rank and fashion, fewer eulogies of the style of foreign aristocracies. Amongst the kings and queens of English society are some who have taken no mean draughts of the Pierian spring; few to whom the company of men of science and learning is abhorrent; almost none who do not think folly more enjoyable when it comes to them veneered with reason and with wit. This is not all that might be desired for an estimate, but it is more than enough for a comparison. Apart from manners, where the foreigner bears the bell, London has no reason to be ashamed of the Lydias who languish along the banks of the Serpentine, of the frubbles who lounge into the mirrored fitting-room of Poole's.

It has been observed that on the Continent of Europe social gaiety at present tends to collapse rather than to expand. This law has not spared the Austrian capital. When Goethe's Mephistopheles quotes the Prater as the type of jollity, he borrows for that delectable island the adjective traditionally prefixed to Frau Vindobona herself. Vienna is still "the jolly," but only in right of those endless facilities of public amusement in-doors and out, which advantageously take the place of private gatherings. The "Lustige Wien" now offers far fewer attractions of this last

kind than many a city of the third or fourth rank. These "Tedeschi lurchi" are still lovers of plenteous cheer, as they were in the days when Dante named them in his famous simile of the beaver; but the Apician banquets of the Sinzendorff school are extinct; other dinners are rare, and worst where they should be best; soirées, except in official regions, do not abound; even the balls, (which, with the beer, the ballet, and the fiacres, are Vienna's truest glory) are diminishing by degrees, and intimate receptions, on the foot of what the French call a *salon*, not in vogue; so that on measuring the performances in this sort by what is done elsewhere with far humbler means in money and houses, we involuntarily think of the charge of inhospitality which our mellifluous Goldsmith fastened on the Austrian's fellow-citizen and neighbour, "the rude Carinthian boor." The change that has come over Vienna may be partly ascribed to the withdrawal of influences which formerly leavened the whole social lump with vivacity, geniality, wit, and affected not only the quality but also the quantity of Austrian entertainments. Whoever passes from the society of Vienna to that of Pesth, will find in the Magyar capital almost everything that he misses in the centre of the Deutschthum. Although the Hungarians have been cheated out of the high destinies which they seem to deserve, they may boast the possession of mental and personal graces which the most fortunate nations might well envy. In particular, they have the splendid presence, the fascinating manners, the exquisite urbanity of polished courtiers, joined to the open-handed hospitality, the impulsive temperament, the refined culture, the enlightened curiosity, the ambitious ardour of generous and intelligent men. While the ladies, who by right of their matchless beauty seem to belong to a race of queens, not thinking it enough, like Heine's darling, to hang snowy necks with pearls and diamonds, and look love out of beautiful eyes, aspire to be somewhat more than pretty fools; to shine, namely, by the display of elegant knowledge, of liberal and pleasing accomplishment. In years long past, Vienna circles were flavoured with a considerable sprinkling of Hungarian nobility, who are said to have then been even more eminently conspicuous in their exercise of the social arts and virtues than now. The magnificence, the candour, the glitter of Hungary, happily tempered the parsimony, the reserve, the ponderosity of Germany. The efforts of the great Count Szechenyi, who devoted part of the powers of his erratic and persuasive genius to the extension and improvement of the domestic resources of Pesth, began to menace a withdrawal from Vienna of the Hungarian emigration, which result was in the end brought about by the civil war of 1848-9. For the last eighteen years the Hungarian nobility have, almost without exception, withdrawn from intercourse with Vienna, while during the same time no person in the imperial employ, civil or military, has been admitted into society at Pesth. The political rupture, which the imperial cabinet lately seemed bent on widening, may one day be healed, but it will be long before the Hungarian element reasserts itself in Vienna. At present, Pesth is so incomparably superior to Vienna





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The Village on the Cliff.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE TWILIGHT AT LAMBSWOLD.



IT seemed that there were many things of which Fontaine was unconscious. Catherine never dared to trust him with the secret of Dick's engagement to Reine Chrétien. This was too valuable a piece of gossip to be confided to the worthy maire's indiscretion. The country people talked a little; but they were all used to Mademoiselle Chrétien's odd independent ways, and after Dick had been gone some weeks they appeared for a time to trouble their heads no more about him.

But Richard Butler reached home, more than ever determined to make a clean breast of it, as the saying goes. Reine's good-by and last bright look seemed to give him

courage. What would he not do for her sake?

Her knight in ancient times would have gone out valiantly, prepared to conquer dragons, fierce giants, monsters of land and sea. The only fierce dragon in Butler's way was the kind old man at Lambswold; and yet, somehow, he thought he would rather encounter many dragons, poisonous darts, fiery tails and all. But then he thought again of Reine

standing in the sunset glory, in all her sweet nobility, and a gentle look came into Dick's own face. Women who have the rare gift of great beauty may well cherish it, and be grateful to Heaven. With the unconscious breath of a moment, they can utter all that is in them. They have said it at once, for ever, while others are struggling for words, toiling with effort, trying in vain to break the bonds which fetter them so cruelly. What sermon, what text, is like that of a tender heart, speaking silently in its own beauty and purity, and conscious only of the meaning of its own sincerity? What words can speak so eloquently as the clear sweet eyes looking to all good, all love, all trust, encouraging with their tender smile?

Queen's Walk did not look so deserted as the other more fashionable parts of London. The dirty little children had not left town. The barges were sailing by; the garden-door was set wide open. The housekeeper let him in, smiling, in her best cap. Mr. Beamish was away, she told him, in Durham with his father, who was recovering, poor gentleman. There were a great many letters waiting on the 'all-table, she said. Dick pulled a long face at the piles of cheap-looking envelopes directed very low down, with single initial-letters upon the seals. Mrs. Busby had cleaned down and rubbed up the old staircase to shining pitch. The studio, too, looked very clean and cool and comfortable. Everybody was away. Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Butler were at Brighton, and Mr. Charles Butler had not been up in town for some time; Mr. Beamish had desired all his letters to be forwarded to Durham; he was coming back as soon as he could leave his father.

Everybody knows the grateful, restful feeling of coming home after a holiday; crowded hotels, fierce landladies' extortions, excursions, all disappear up the chimney; everything looks clean and comfortable; the confusion of daily life is put to rights for a time, and one seems to start afresh. Mrs. Busby had had the carpets beat, she said, and dinner would be quite ready at six. Dick, who was not sorry to have an excuse to stay where he was and to put off the announcement he had in his mind, wrote a few words to Lambswold, saying that he would come down in a week or two, as soon as he had finished a picture he had brought back with him from Tracy.

For some weeks Dick worked very hard; harder than he had ever done in his life before. "I suppose the figures upon my canvas have come there somehow out of my brain," he wrote to Reine, "but they seem to have an odd distinct life of their own, so that I am sometimes almost frightened at my own performance." The picture he was painting was a melancholy one; a wash of brown transparent sea, a mist of grey sky, and some black-looking figures coming across the shingle, carrying a drowned man. A woman and a child were plodding dully alongside. It was unlike any of the pictures Butler had ever painted before. There was no attempt at detail, everything was vague and undetermined, but the waves came springing in, and it seemed as if there was a sunlight behind the mist. . . .

Sometimes he fell into utter despondency over his work, plodding on at it as he did day after day with no one to speak to, or to encourage him ; but he struggled on, and at last said to himself one day, that with all its faults and incompleteness, there was more true stuff in it than in anything he had yet produced.

One day Dick received a short note in his uncle Charles's careful handwriting :—" When are you coming down here ? " the old man wrote. " I have not been well, or I should have been up to town. I suppose you could paint here as well as in your studio or under Matilda's auspices ? but this place is dismal, and silent, and empty, and has no such attractions as those which, from all accounts, Tracy seems to hold out, so I shall not be surprised if I do not see you. Mundy takes very good care of me. If I really want you I will send for you. Yours,—C. B."

" What has he heard ? " thought Dick, when he read the note. " Who can have told him anything ? Is he vexed or only out of spirits ? " Butler felt he must go of course. It was tiresome, now that he was just getting into the swing, and doing the first piece of work which was worth the canvas upon which it was painted. As for taking his picture there, Dick was more afraid of his uncle's sarcastic little compliments than of any amount of criticism ; and, besides, there was no knowing what might be the result of their meeting. He would go down and pay him a visit, and tell him his story, and then if he were not turned out for ever, it would be time enough to see about transporting the canvas.

Dick took his ticket in a somewhat injured frame of mind. All the way down in the railway carriage, he was rehearsing the scene that was to take place ;—he took a perverse pleasure in going over it again and again. Sometimes he turned himself out of doors, sometimes he conjured up Charles Butler's harsh little sarcastic laugh, sneering and disowning him. Once he saw himself a traitor abandoning Reine for the sake of the bribe : but no, that was impossible ; that was the only thing which could not happen. When he got to the station he had to hire the fly, as he was not expected, and to drive along the lanes. They were damp and rotting with leaves : grey mists came rolling along the furrows ; a few belated birds were singing an autumnal song.

" They say the old gentleman's a-breaking up fast," said the flyman, cheerfully, as he dismounted at the foot of one of the muddy hills. " He's not an old man, by no means yet, but my missis she see him go by last Sunday for'night, and says she to me just so, ' Why,' says she, ' old Mr. Butler ain't half the man he wer' in the spring-time.' "

Dick could not help feeling uncomfortable ; he was not in the best of spirits ; the still, close afternoon, with the rotting vegetation all about, and the clouds bearing heavily down, predisposed him to a gloomy view of things. They drove in at the well-known gates.

" I hope I shall find my uncle better," he said, trying to speak hopefully, as he got down at the hall-door, and ran up the old-fashioned steps. Mundy opened the door.

"Oh, Mr. Richard," he said, "I have just been writing to you. My master is very poorly, I am sorry to say—very poorly indeed."

Old Mr. Butler was alone in the morning-room when his nephew came in. He had had a fire lighted, and he was sitting, wrapped in an old-fashioned palm dressing-gown, in a big chair drawn close up to the fender. The tall windows were unshuttered still, and a great cloud of mist was hanging like a veil over the landscape.

"Well, my dear boy," said a strange, yet familiar voice, "I didn't expect you so soon."

It was like some very old man speaking and holding out an eager trembling hand. As old Butler spoke, he shut up and put into his pocket a little old brown prayer-book in which he had been reading. Dick, who had been picturing imaginary pangs to himself all the way coming down, now found how different a real aching pain is to the visionary emotions we all inflict upon ourselves occasionally. It was with a real foreboding that he saw that some terrible change for the worse had come over the old man. His face was altered, his voice faint and sharp, and his hand was burning.

"Why didn't you send for me, my dear uncle Charles? I never knew . . . I only got your letter this morning. If I had thought for one instant. . . ."

"My note was written last week," said Charles. "I kept it back on purpose. You were hard at work, weren't you?" Dick said nothing. He had got tight hold of the trembling, burning hand. "I'm very bad," said old Charles, looking up at the young fellow. "You won't have long to wait for my old slippers."

"Don't, my dear, dear old boy," cried Dick.

"Pah!" said old Butler, "your own turn will come sooner or later. You won't find it difficult to go. I think you won't," said the old broken man, patting Dick's hand gently.

Dick was so shocked by the suddenness of the blow he was scarcely able to believe it.

"Have you seen any one?" the young man asked.

"I've seen Hickson, and this morning, Dr. de M—— came down to me," Charles Butler answered, as if it was a matter of every-day occurrence. "He says it's serious, so I told Mundy to write to you."

Old Charles seemed quite cheerful and in good spirits; he described his symptoms, and seemed to like talking of what might be—he even made little jokes.

"You ungrateful boy," he said, smiling, "there is many a young man who would be thankful for his good luck, instead of putting on a scared face like yours. Well, what have you been about?"

It was horrible. Dick tried to answer and to speak as usual, but he turned sick once, and bit his lip, and looked away, when his uncle, after a question or two, began telling him about some scheme he wanted carried out upon the estate.

"Won't you send for uncle Hervey," Dick said gravely, "or for my aunt?"

"Time enough, time enough," the other answered. "They make such a talking. I want to put matters straight first. I've got Baxter coming here this afternoon."

Mr. Baxter was the family attorney. Dick had for the minute forgotten all about what he had come intending to say. Now he looked in the fire, and suddenly told himself that if he had to tell his uncle what had been on his mind all these last months, the sooner it was done the better. But now, at such a crisis—it was an impossibility.

So the two sat by the fire in the waning light of the short autumn day. The night was near at hand, Dick thought. There was a ring at the bell, and some one came in from the hall. It was not the lawyer, but Dr. Hickson again, and it seemed like a reprieve to the young man to have a few minutes longer to make up his mind. He followed the doctor out into the hall. His grave face was not reassuring. Dick could see it by the light of the old lattice-window.

"Tell me honestly," he said, "what you think of my uncle's state. I never even heard he was ill till this morning."

"My dear Mr. Richard," said Dr. Hickson, "we must hope for the best. Dr. de M—— agreed with me in considering the case very serious. I cannot take upon myself to disguise this from you. Your uncle himself has but little idea of recovering; his mind is as yet wonderfully clear and collected . . . and there may be little change for weeks, but I should advise you to see that any arrangements . . . Dear me! dear me!"

The little overworked doctor hurried down the steps and rode away, all out of spirits, and leaving scant comfort behind him. He was thinking of all that there was to make life easy and prosperous in that big, well-ordered house, and of his own little struggling home, with his poor Polly and her six babies, who would have scarcely enough to put bread in their mouths if he were to be taken. He was thinking that it was a lonely ending to a lonely life; with only interested people watchers, waiting by the old man's death-bed. Dr. Hickson scarcely did justice to Dick, who had spoken in his usual quiet manner, who had made no professions, but who was pacing up and down the gravel sweep, backwards and forwards and round and round, bareheaded, in the chill dark, not thinking of inheritance or money, but only of the kind, forbearing benefactor to whom he owed so much, and towards whom he felt like a traitor in his heart.

He went back into the morning-room, where Mundy had lighted some candles, and he forced himself to look hopeful, but he nearly broke down when Charles began saying in his faint, cheerful voice, "I've made a most unjust will. Baxter is bringing it for me to sign this evening. I have left almost everything to a scapegrace nephew of mine, who will, I'm afraid, never make a fortune for himself. Shall I throw in the Gainsborough?" he added, nodding at the lady who was smiling as usual

out of her frame. "You will appreciate her some day." There was a moment's silence. Dick flushed up, and the veins of his temples began to throb, and a sort of cloud came before his eyes. He must speak. He could not let his uncle do this, when, if he knew all, he would for certain feel and act so differently. He tried to thank him, but the words were too hard to speak. He would have given much to keep silence, but he could not somehow. Charles wondered at his agitation, and watched him moving uneasily. Suddenly he burst out.

"Uncle Charles," said Dick at last, with a sort of choke for breath, "don't ask why; leave me nothing—except—except the Gainsborough, if you will. I mustn't take your money"

"What the devil do you mean?" said the old man, frightened, and yet trying to laugh. "What have you been doing?"

"I've done no wrong," Dick said, looking up, with the truth in his honest eyes, and speaking very quick. "I don't want to bother you now. I want to do something you might not approve. I had come down to tell you, and I couldn't let you make your will without warning"

The young fellow had turned quite pale, but the horrible moment was past, the temptation to silence was overcome. In all Dick's life this was one of the hardest straits he ever encountered. It was not the money; covetousness was not one of his faults, but he said to himself that he should have sacrificed faith, honour, anything, everything, sooner than have had the cruelty to inflict one pang at such a time. But the next instant something told him he had done right; he saw that a very gentle, tender look had come into the old man's eyes as he leant back in his chair.

"I suppose you are going to get married," Charles said, faintly, "and that is the meaning of all this? Well," he went on, recovering peevishly, "why the deuce don't you go on, sir?"

This little return of the old manner made it easier for the young man to speak. "I've promised to marry a woman; I love her, and that is my secret," he said, still speaking very quickly. "I'm not quite crazy; she is educated and good, and very beautiful, but she is only a farmer's daughter at Tracy. Her mother was a lady, and her name is Reine Chrétien."

Dick, having spoken, sat staring at the fire.

"And—and you mean to establish that—this farmer's daughter here as soon as" Charles, trembling very much, tried to get up from his chair, and sank down again.

"You know I don't," said Dick, with a sad voice, "or I should not have told you."

Then there was another silence.

"I—I can't bear much agitation," Charles said at last, while a faint colour came into his cheeks. "Let us talk of something else. Is the paper come yet? Ring the bell and ask."

The paper had come, and Dick read out column after column, scarcely

attending to the meaning of one word before him. And yet all the strange every-day life rushing into the sick room jarred horribly upon his nerves. Records of speeches and meetings, and crime, and advertisements—all the busy stir and roar of the world seemed stamped upon the great sheet before him. His own love and interest and future seemed part of this unquiet tide of life; while the old man sat waiting in his big chair, away from it all; and the fire burnt quietly, lighting up the room, and outside the white mist was lying upon the trees and the gardens.

At last Dick saw, to his great relief, that his uncle had fallen asleep, and then he gently got up from his chair, and went and looked out at the twilight lawn. He thought of the picnic, and all the figures under the trees; he could not face the present, his mind turned and shifted, as people's minds do in the presence of great realities.

"Dick!" cried the old man, waking anxiously, "are you there? Don't leave me. I shall be more comfortable in bed. Call Mundy and help me up."

They had to carry him almost up the old-fashioned wooden flight.

Richard Butler dined alone in the great dismal dining-room, and while he was at dinner Mundy told him the lawyer had come. "Mr. Butler desired me to open a bottle of his best claret for you, sir," said Mundy; "he wishes to see you again after dinner. Mr. Baxter is with him now."

The lawyer had not left when Dick came into the room. He was tying red tape round long folded slips of paper and parchment. Old Charles was in his old-fashioned four-post bed, with the ancient chintz hangings, upon which wonderful patterns of dragons and phoenix's had been stamped. Dick had often wondered at these awful scrolled figures when he was a child; he used to think they were horrible dreams which had got fixed upon the curtains somehow. Charles was sitting upright in the middle of it all; he had shrunk away and looked very small.

"I'm more comfortable up here," the old man said. "I've been talking to Mr. Baxter about this business of yours, Dick. It's lucky for you, sir, it didn't happen a year ago—isn't it, Baxter?"

"Your uncle shows great trust in you, Mr. Butler," the attorney said. "There are not many like him who . . ."

"You see, Dick, one thing now is very much the same as another to me," interrupted the master of Lambswold. "It seems a risk to run, but that is your look-out, as you say, and I should have known nothing about it if you had not told me. If in another year's time you have not changed your mind . . . Mr. Baxter has provided, as you will find. I have experienced a great many blessings in my life," he said in an altered tone—"a very great many. I don't think I have been as thankful as I might have been for them, and—and—— I should like you, too, to have some one you care for by your bedside when Lambswold changes masters again," Charles Butler said, holding out his kind old hand once more. "I was very fond of your mother, Dick."

Dick's answer was very incoherent, but his uncle understood him.

Only the old man felt a doubt as to the young man's stability of purpose, and once more spoke of the twelve months which he desired should elapse before the marriage was publicly announced; he asked him to say nothing for the present. He owned with a faint smile that he did not want discussion.

Of course Dick promised; and then he wrote to Reine, and told her of the condition and of the kind old uncle's consent.

Twelve months seemed but a very little while to Dick, faithful and busy with a prosperous lifetime opening before him. As days went on his uncle rallied a little; but he knew that this improvement could not continue, and of course he was not able to get away. He often wrote to Reine, and in a few simple words he would tell her of his gratitude to his uncle, and of his happiness in the thought of sharing his future, whatever it might be, with her. "Although heaven knows," he said, "how sincerely I pray that this succession may be put off for years; for you, my Reine, do not care for these things, and will take me, I think, without a farthing."

But a year to Reine was a long weary time of suspense to look forward to. She found the strain very great; the doubts, which returned for all her efforts against them, the terror of what might be in store. She loved Dick as she hated his surroundings, and sometimes she almost feared that her love was not worthy of his, and sometimes the foolish, impatient woman would cry out to herself that it was he who wanted to be set free.

CHAPTER XVI.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

It had required all Fontaine's persuasion, backed by the prestige of his municipal authority, to persuade Justine to open the drawing-room shutters, and to allow Catherine to use that long-abandoned territory. With many mumbles and grumblings and rumblings of furniture, the innovation had been achieved a few days before Madame M  rard's return; Monsieur Fontaine himself assisting in most of the work, or it never would have been accomplished. He was not the man to do things by halves. Catherine wished for a drawing-room and a piano;—poor L  onie's instrument was standing there, it is true, but cracked and jarred, and with a faded front. Soon a piece of bright new red silk replaced the sickly green, the rosewood complexion was polished to a brilliant brown by the indefatigable master of the house; he would have tuned it if he could, but this was beyond his powers, and the organist was mysteriously brought in by a back-door, while Toto was desired to detain Catherine on the terrace until a preconcerted signal should announce that all was ready for her to be brought in, in triumph. Monsieur le Maire was delighted. He led her in with both hands, and then stepped back to contemplate the

result of his labours. "Now we shall make music," he said. "Come, Catherine ! place yourself at the piano. Another day, perhaps I myself" Catherine looked up with her dark grateful eyes, and began to play as she was bid.

Monsieur Fontaine contented himself at first by beating time to his wife's performance, with great spirit and accuracy ; but one evening, somewhat to her dismay, he produced a cornet, which he had disinterred from its green-baize sarcophagus and rubbed up during office hours. He had practised upon it in his early youth, and he now amused himself by accompanying the movements of Catherine's gentle little fingers with sudden sounds, somewhat uncertain perhaps, but often very loud. Justine sulkily called it a "vacarme," as she banged the kitchen door. Passers-by, driving their cows or plodding home with their fish-baskets, stopped outside astonished, to ask what it could be. The old cider-bibbers at Pélottier's could hear the rich notes when the wind blew in that direction. Poor Madame Fontaine herself burst out laughing, and put her hands up to her ears the first time she heard her husband's music ; but Monsieur le Maire instantly stopped short, and looked so pained and disappointed that she begged him to go on and immediately began to play again. Only she took care afterwards to select the calmest and the most pastoral and least impassioned music in her repertory. When she came to passages marked *con espressione* or with *arpeggios*, or when she saw *ff*'s looming appallingly in the distance, she would set her teeth and brace up her courage for the onslaught. By degrees, however, Fontaine's first ardour toned down, or Catherine's nerves grew stronger. Toto thought it great fun, only he wished they would play polkas and waltzes, as he stood leaning against the piano with his round eyes fixed upon Catherine's face. People almost always look their best when they are making music ; how often one sees quite plain and uninteresting faces kindle with sweet sound into an unconscious harmony of expression. Catherine was no great performer, but she played with feeling and precision. There always was a charm about her, which it would be difficult to define, and now especially, with her dark head bent a little forward to where the light fell upon her music-book, she would have made a lovely little study—for Dick Butler, let us say. "A Woman set to Music" it might have been called ; she felt nothing but a harmony of sound at such a time, except, indeed, when the cornet burst in with a wrong note. Monsieur Fontaine, between the intervals of his own performance, liked to look at her proudly and admiringly. Any stranger coming in would have thought it a pretty picture of a happy family group, and carried away the pleasant image.

Justine was not so easily taken in. Having banged her door, she would shrug her shoulders down in her kitchen below ; she could bide her time. Madame Mérard was coming. *She* was not fond of music any more than Justine.

Fontaine felt as if some guilty secret was buried in his bosom, when for the first two nights after the old people's arrival, he tried to make

excuses for remaining downstairs in the dining-room, and was glad that Catherine retired early with a headache. Justine said nothing. She left everybody to make their own discoveries. These would not be long about, she knew; for Madame M  rard's fierce little eyes went poking here and there, with a leisurely yet unceasing scrutiny.

It was Madame M  rard who had educated Justine, placed her in Fontaine's kitchen, and desired her to remain there; and the invaluable servant had accordingly for years past done her best to make his life miserable, his soup and his coffee clear, strong, and well-flavoured. She did many other things—washed, scrubbed, marketed, waited at table, put Toto to bed—no easy matter. She would go about with the air of a sulky martyr, working miracles against her will. Madame de Tracy, with all her household, was not so well served as Fontaine, with this terrible ewe-lamb of his.

Madame M  rard was the only person who ventured to drive this alarming creature; but then, to judge from the old lady's conversation, she seemed gifted with a sort of second sight. She could see through cupboard doors, into the inside of barrels; she could overhear conversations five miles off, or the day after to-morrow. Madame Nicholas must have been nearly demented when she tried to palm off her Tuesday's eggs upon her last Friday. Justine herself never attempted to impose upon this mistress-mind, and would take from her, in plain language, what the maire, with all his official dignity, would never have ventured to hint.

At Madame M  rard's own suggestion and Justine's, a girl from the village had been lately added on to the establishment. A girl? a succession of girls rather. They would come up in their Sunday-clothes, smiling and cheerful, bobbing curtsies, to the M  rards, to Toto, to Monsieur, to Madame, to the all-powerful Justine, anxious for employment and willing to do their best. And then they would immediately begin to perish away, little by little: smiles would fade, the colour go out of their cheeks, and one day at last they would disappear and never be heard of any more. Justine the Terrible had claws, and a long tongue, and a heavy hand: she did not drive them over the cliff, but she sent them home in tears to their mothers. Fontaine used to try to interfere in the behalf of these victims, but it was in vain. Catherine made a desperate sally once into the kitchen; she was routed ignominiously by Madame M  rard, who would be superintending the punishment.

"Why don't you send Justine away?" Catherine said to her husband one morning after one of these scenes.

"My dear, you do not think of what you are saying! It is not from you, my dear Catherine, that I should have expected such a proposition." And Fontaine, who had interrupted his hammering for an instant, shocked at the bold proposal, resumed his occupation.

Madame M  rard had observed one or two motes calling for remark in the last arrival's goggle blue eyes, and she went stumping downstairs early

one morning for a little consultation in the kitchen before breakfast. The old lady, in her morning costume, and short jacket or camisole, and stiff starched cap, and slippers, managed to look quite as formidable as she did later in the day. Her mustachios seemed to curl more fiercely, unrelieved by the contrast of a varied and brilliant toilette ; her little even white teeth, with which she could crack a whole plateful of nuts, seemed to gleam beneath the mustachios. Madame M  rard was surprised to see that the drawing-room door was open as she passed ; still more aghast was she when she looked in and perceived the shutters unclosed, the little bits of rug spread out here and there upon the floor, the furniture standing on its legs, instead of being piled up in a heap, the piano dragged out from its dark recess into a convenient angle for playing. . . . What was the meaning of all this ? What madness did it denote ? Were they going to give an evening party ? Had they given one without her knowledge ? The old lady trotted up to the piano,—her own daughter’s piano,—magnificently done up, with music piled upon the top ! She looked round and saw a window open, a cup with flowers in the window, and a work-basket and writing materials upon the table. . . . The light began to dawn upon her. What ! did they make a common sitting-room of L  onie’s state drawing-room, which was never made use of in her lifetime except on the occasion of Toto’s christening, and once when a ball was given which Madame M  rard herself had opened ? Oh, it could not be ! it was impossible ! But as she was still staring, bewildered, the door opened, and Catherine came in, looking quite at home, bringing some more leaves and berries from her winter-garden, and looking as if she was quite used to the place and sat in it every hour of the day.

“ Good-morning,” said Madame Fontaine, in her gentle, cheerful way, unconscious of the sword hanging over her head. “ I think breakfast is on the table.”

“ Indeed ! ” said Madame M  rard. “ I am looking in surprise, madame. I was not aware of the changes which had taken place during my absence.”

“ Monsieur Fontaine was kind enough to get the piano tuned for me,” said Catherine, “ and I asked him to let me use this room. It has such a pleasant look-out.” And still provokingly unconcerned she put her leaves into the flower-cup, and began putting her writing things together.

“ And you are not afraid, madame, of the damage which may befall this handsome furniture, for which my daughter paid so large a sum ? ” cried the old lady, in a voice of suppressed thunder. “ She took care of it, but you, no doubt, not having contributed anything, can afford”

Catherine looked up frightened, and was shocked by the angry gleam she encountered ; Madame M  rard looked stiff with indignation.

“ You have, without doubt, madame, engaged servants in abundance to attend to your various wants ? ” she went on quivering. “ We quiet people must seem to you very contemptible as you sit in your elegant drawing-room. Pray, do you intend to receive your fine friends here, in

the apartment upon which my poor Léonie bestowed so much care and expense? Ah! there are only English capable of such baseness."

Madame Mérard stopped, much satisfied, for Catherine had turned pale, and then looking round, and seeing Fontaine standing in the doorway, the silly little thing ran up to him and burst out crying.

"Poor child!" he said, very tenderly. "Go, go. I will explain to my good mother; she does not understand; perhaps a little *eau sucrée*. . . . Try it, *mon amie*. We will follow immediately."

This was the first encounter between these very unequal opponents. Fontaine was so humble and affectionate that he presently brought the old lady down to breakfast almost mollified. She was really fond of him, and when he made a personal request and talked of the rest after his mental occupations, the diversion and repose the pursuit of music gave him, she reluctantly consented, with a pinch of snuff, to the innovation. It was not the only one.

At one time Madame Mérard suddenly became quite affectionate in her manners. This was soon after her arrival, when M. le Curé was a great deal at the house. He also treated Catherine with great kindness, and called her *mon enfant*. Old Mérard would dispose himself for sleep during these visits, and Monsieur le Curé and Madame Mérard would enter into long and pointed conversations upon the subject of their common faith. Monsieur le Curé would produce little brown books from his ample pockets, with the pictures of bishops, and fathers and mothers, and agonizing saints upon their narrow pallets; and from one sign and another Madame Fontaine guessed that the time had come when it was considered fitting for her to prepare to go over to the religion of the strangers among whom she lived. She would look at the two sitting in the window, Madame Mérard taking snuff as she listened, the curé with his long brown nose, and all the little buttons down his shabby frock, and his heavy black legs crossed and his thick fingers distended as he talked. The Abbé Verdier was a gentleman, and once Catherine might have been willing to be gently converted by him to a faith which had at all times a great attraction for this little heretic; but now to be dragged over by main force, by the muscular curé, to the religion of Madame Mérard—never, never. Fontaine used to look in sometimes and retire immediately on tip-toe when the curé was there. The maire had promised before his marriage not to interfere with his wife's religious opinions—but all the same he did not wish to disturb the good work by any inopportune creaking noises. When Catherine was younger, before she had gone through a certain experience which comes to most people, her conversion might have been possible, and even likely; but now it was too late. From inner causes working silently, and from outer adverse influence, a change had come over her; she could no longer accept new beliefs and creeds, and vivid emotions which she could not even realize, they seemed so distant. She could only cling with a loving persistence to the things of the past, which were still her own and part of her own old life.

The curé was a clever man, although bigoted, and unlike the abbé in his gentle charity and sympathy even for heretics; after a time he ceased importuning, and only snubbed Madame Fontaine; Madame Mérard scowled afresh; Justine, who had also temporarily suspended hostilities, banged her door in disgust, and took care for many weeks to iron Madame Fontaine's fine things all crooked and on the wrong side. Monsieur le Maire was grievously disappointed, but he said nothing, and only seemed, if possible, more tender, more gentle and anxious to make his wife happy.

It was on this occasion that Madame Mérard was at least relieved from another special grief which she cherished against Catherine. One Protestant impoverished Englishwoman in the family was bad enough; but the contemplated arrival of two more at Christmas, their admission into the chalet built with Léonie's money, furnished with her taste,—oh, it was not to be endured. The very thought had to be chased away with much snuff, and many wavings of the big checked handkerchief. The poor little girls, however, escaped the exorcisings to which they would doubtless have been subject if they had arrived, for Lady Farebrother, taking alarm at some chance expressions in Catherine's letters, wrote in her flowing capitals to tell her that she felt she would not be justified in exposing Rosa and Totty to the insidious and poisoned influences of Jesuitism, and that, acting upon Mr. Bland's suggestion, she had determined to make other arrangements for the children during the holidays. And poor Catherine, her eyes filled up with bitter tears as she read the heart-broken little scrawls enclosed in her aunt's more elaborate epistle. And yet she could scarcely have borne to see *them* unkindly treated. For herself she did not care. She looked upon it as an expiation in some sort. Often and often she felt ashamed and guilty as she caught the maire's kind and admiring glance. So much affection and devotion deserved some better return than the grateful toleration which was all she had to give. A little patience, a few small services,—this was all she could pay towards that vast debt she owed him. As she began to love her husband a little, she found out how little it was. She ought never to have married him. She knew it now, although at the time in her agitation and excitement she had fancied that she could at will forget where she would: love where she should; and that by flinging away a poor faded rose she could cast from her all memory of the time when it was sweet and red. Alas, the wrong was done, and could not be undone. She could only do her best now, and repair as much as it lay in her power, by patient effort, the harm one moment's weakness had brought about.

Catherine's gentleness maddened the old lady, who was afraid her victim would escape her by sheer obedience and sweetness. Why didn't she laugh and make jokes? Why didn't she get angry? Why was she so indifferent? Even when she gained four tricks running the night before, she did not seem to care. The elegant veil Fontaine presented to her might have been imitation for all the pains she took, wearing it out in the garden with no one to see. If Catherine had only scolded and

worried and complained of migraine, and lived with her husband in a way Madame M  rard could understand, she might in time have got to like her, but all this good temper was insupportable.

The time passed on. The people at Petitport heard but little from without. The Tracys were still at Paris—Charles Butler lingered still, although the poison in his system had already attacked some vital organ. It was a long sad watch for Dick. In the beginning of the winter, at Charles Butler's own request, Catherine Butler had been married quite quietly to Beamish. The news of the marriage came across the sea to Catherine Fontaine, but it all seemed very distant and hard to realize.

As the winter went on the people in the cottages lit larger fires in the deep chimneys, and huddled round the blaze. The winds seemed to shake the very foundations of the wooden house, and the maire anxiously inspected his embankment against the expected onslaught of the early spring-tides. Outside the cha  let there was cold, and drift, and storm, and low mists came rolling over the fields and along the edges of the cliffs; inside, fires of wood and charcoal were burning, stew-pots simmering on the hob, and the daily pendulum of life swang on monotonously. Old M  rard's taper burnt with a quiet flicker as he warmed himself in his chimney corner. Madame M  rard's light blazed, and hissed, and spluttered; it was not set under a bushel; nor was Justine's, as she sat below darning away the long winter evenings, while Fontaine busily rapped, tapped, conversed, practised his cornet, settled his accounts, came and went, cheerfully humming little snatches from operas, or with alacrity joined the inevitable *partie*. That horrible greasy pack of cards which was brought out every afternoon inspired poor Catherine with a morbid feeling of disgust that would have been absurd if she had not struggled so hard against it. When they all noisily insisted that she must join them, she would put down her book in silence and come to the table. No one noticed the weary look in her dark eyes, or would have understood it any more than did the knaves of clubs and spades, with the thumb-marks across their legs, staring at her with their goggle eyes. Sometimes thinking of other things as the hours went on, she would forget and hold the cards so loosely that old M  rard, in his odd little piping voice, would cry out, "Take care! take care! What are you about?" and then Catherine would start and blush, and try to be more careful. Little Madame Fontaine's lamp, although she was somewhat dazzled by the light as she tried with a trembling, unaccustomed hand to trim the wick, was burning more brightly now perhaps than it had ever done in all her life before; and yet she might have told you, (only that she found it difficult to speak,) she had never thought so hardly of herself, never felt so ashamed, so sorry for all that she had done amiss. Fontaine must have sometimes had a dim suspicion that his wife was tired, as she drooped over the cards, for he would send her to the piano while he dealt the cards to the elders, and to himself, and the dummy that replaced her, to the sound of Catherine's music. The shabby kings and queens performing

their nightly dance, circled round and round and in and out in the country-dance which mortals call whist, and kept unconscious time to the measure. The lamp would spread its green light, the blue flames of the wood fire would sparkle and crackle, old M  rard, in his velvet cap with the long hanging tassel, would unconsciously whistle a little accompaniment to the music as he pondered over his trumps, and Fontaine would beat time with his foot under the table; as for Madame M  rard, erect and preoccupied, she avoided as much as possible listening to the sounds which distracted her, for the flick of her cards falling upon the table was the music she loved best to hear.

One night Madame Fontaine suddenly ceased playing, and went and looked out through the unshuttered window. Handfuls of stars were scattered in the sky. There was the sound of the distant sea washing against the bastions of the terrace. The moon had not yet risen; the narrow garden-paths glimmered in the darkness; except where two long rays of light from the window lit up every pebble and blade of grass, elsewhere shadows were heaping, and the great cliff rose black purple before the sky. Catherine looking out saw some one coming through the gloom and stop at the gate and open it, and she recognized Reine by the quick movement.

"Knave of trumps," said Madame M  rard, triumphantly, as Madame Fontaine stepped gently out of the room, and went out to meet her friend. The two women stood in the doorway talking in low tones, which seemed to suit the silence; they could scarcely see each other's faces, only Reine's white flaps streamed in the shadow; her voice shook a little as she spoke, and her hand was trembling in Catherine's soft warm fingers. Poor Reine, she had come to Catherine in a sad and troubled mood. She had received a sad hurried word from Dick to tell her all was over at last: that there was confusion and stir now in the house of which he was virtually the master. Mr. Baxter had untied his red tapes and read the will by which it was left to him. Dick was not to take actual possession for a year, during which the income was to be applied to keeping up the estate as usual, and to succession expenses. Only a small sum was apportioned to Dick himself until he came into the property. And for the present their engagement was still to be secret. And poor Reine, in her perplexity, had written back to offer to set him free. "He ought to marry a great lady now," she said. It was not fitting that she should be his wife. His prospect of succession gave her no pleasure; on the contrary it seemed to put them more widely asunder. A great house! she liked her brick-floored room better than any splendid apartment in a palace. Her cotton curtains and quilt with the stamped blue pictures from the life of Joan of Arc were more familiar to her than down and damask and quilting. Better than any carpeted flight to her was the old stone staircase leading to her bedroom, built without shelter against the outside wall of the house; she went up to bed in the rain, sometimes with the roar of the sea booming on the wind

from a distance ; sometimes she sat down on the steps on still nights when the stars were shining over the horizon, and thought of Richard Butler, and looked and wondered and felt at peace. But in the daylight she was unquiet and restless, she came and went, and worked harder than ever before Petitpère remonstrated with her and told her she could afford to spare herself. He did not know how things were going, but he had a shrewd suspicion. Reine said no, she could not spare herself, she must go on working for the present. And now she came half-crying to Catherine. "I hate the secresy," she said : "it is not fair upon me. If I were one of them they would not treat me so."

Only yesterday Madame Pélotier had spoken to her in a way she could not misunderstand about people who set their caps so high that they tumbled off ; some one else had laughed and asked her what she thought of Mr. Butler's great fortune ; Petitpère, too, who so rarely interfered, had rubbed his old chin, and told her that he heard from Barbeau, Monsieur Richard's visits at the farm had been remarked upon. Petitpère warned Reine to be careful if she saw him again,—people might chatter.

"It is my grandfather himself and Père Barbeau who chatter," said Reine. "They do not know what harm they do me. This morning only I met M. de Tracy and his wife. Did you not know they were come back ? Catherine, they looked at me so strangely."

Catherine laughed. "Dear Reine, you fancy things."

"I am ridiculous, and I know it ; ridiculous as well as unhappy. Oh, if he loved me he would not make me so unhappy."

Catherine felt a little frightened when she heard Reine say this. As a little drift upon the darkness, she seemed to see her own story—that poor little humble, hopeless love, flitting before her ; and then she thought of Dick, kind and gay and loyal and unsuspecting : of his fidelity there was no doubt.

"Ah, Reine," she said, almost involuntarily, "he is too kind to do anything willingly to make you unhappy. I sometimes think," she said, speaking quickly, and frightened at her own temerity, "that you scarcely know what a prize you have gained. Mr. Butler makes no professions, but he is true as steel ; he never speaks a harsh word, nor thinks an ungenerous thought." How could he help this promise if his dying uncle asked for it ? "It seems so hard," she went on, with suppressed emotion, "to see those who have for their very own the things others would have once given their whole lives to possess, doubting, unhappy . . ."

She stopped short : there was a sound, a window opening overhead, and Fontaine's voice cried out, "Catherine ! where are you ? imprudent child."

Catherine only answered quickly, "Yes, mon ami, I am coming. . . ." Long afterwards she used to hear the voice calling sometimes, although at the moment she scarcely heeded it. "Reine, you are not angry ?" she said.

"Angry ; no, indeed," said Reine, her soft, pathetic tones thrilling through the darkness. "One other thing I came to tell you. I shall go

into retreat on Wednesday. Will you go up and visit Petitpère one day during my absence?"

"Oh, Reine, are you really going," said Catherine, to whom it seemed a terrible determination.

Reine thought little of it. She had been before with her mother to the convent of the Augustines at Caen. Impatient, sick at heart, vexed with herself, the girl longed for a few days of rest and prayer in a place where the rumours and anxieties of the world would only reach her as if from a far distance. In Reine Chrétien's class the proceeding is not common, but grand ladies not unfrequently escape in this fashion from the toil and penalty of the world. Madame Jean de Tracy herself had once retired for a few days, without much result. The nuns put up a muslin toilet-table in her cell, and made her welcome, but she left sooner than had been expected. The air disagreed with her, she said.

Marthe was now in this very convent commencing her novitiate. She had entered soon after Catherine's marriage. Jean, who had seen her, said she was looking well, and more beautiful than ever. The air did not disagree with her. Before long Madame de Tracy and Madame Mère returned to the château, with Barbe and all the servants in deep mourning: the last sad news had reached them at Paris of Charles Butler's death. Madame de Tracy bustled down to see Catherine in her new home; she was very kind, and cried a good deal when she spoke of her brother, and asked many questions and embraced Catherine very often. She did not pay a long visit, and having fluttered off and on her many wraps, departed, desiring madame to be sure to come constantly to see her. Catherine was glad to go; it made a break in the monotony of her life.

CHAPTER XVII.

M. AND N.

ALL the autumn blaze of dahlias and marguerites in front of the little chalet had been put out by the wintry rains and winds, only the shutters looked as brilliantly green as ever, and the little weathercocks were twirling cheerfully upon the tall iron spikes, when Dick came walking up to the chalet one February morning about twelve o'clock. He rang the bell. Madame Mérard saw him through the dining-room window, and called to Justine to let the gentleman in.

"Monsieur was not at home," Justine said. "Madame Fontaine was on the terrace. Would he like to see Madame Mérard?"

Dick hastily replied that he would try and find Madame Fontaine, and he strode off in the direction Justine indicated.

"You cannot lose your way," she said, as she went back to her kitchen, well pleased to escape so easily, and the dining-room door opened

to invite the gentleman in just as he had disappeared round the corner of the house.

As Dick went walking down the little slopes which led from terrace to terrace, he took in at a glance the look of Catherine's life and the sound of it, the many-voiced sea with its flashing lights, the distant village on the jutting promontory, Petitport close at hand with its cheerful sounds, its market-place and echoes, the hammer of the forge, the dogs barking on the cliff, the distant crow of cocks. The sun was shining in his eyes, so that it was Toto who saw Dick first and came running up hastily from the cabane, calling to his stepmother. Then Catherine appeared with a glow upon her cheeks, for the morning air was fresh and delightful.

The two met very quietly. A gentleman in mourning took off his hat, a lady in a scarlet hood came up and held out her hand. As she did so Catherine thought she was holding out her hand across a great gulf. Heaven had been merciful to her, and she was safe, standing on the other side. Now that she saw him again she knew that she was safe. This was the moment she had secretly dreaded and trembled to contemplate, and it was not very terrible after all.

"I am sorry my husband is out," said Catherine, after she had asked him when he had come, and heard that the Beamishes had crossed with him the day before and wanted to see her again. We all talk a sort of algebra now and then, as Catherine talked just now. The history of the past, the faith of the future, the pain, the hope, the efforts of her poor little life, its tremulous unknown quantities, were all expressed in these few common platitudes—"How do you do? I am glad to see you. My husband is not at home."

To all of which, indeed, Dick paid but little heed, though he returned suitable answers. He was sorry to miss Fontaine, and yet he was glad to find her alone, he said. Something had vexed him, and, like Reine, he had come to Catherine for sympathy and advice. Only before he began upon his own concerns he looked at her. Now that the flush had faded he saw that Madame Fontaine was a little thin and worn; her eyes were bright as ever, but there was a touching tired look under the dropping eyelids which made him fear all was not well. And yet her manner was very sweet, cordial, and placid, like that of a happy woman. She seemed unaffectedly glad to see him, as indeed she was; and it was with an innocent womanly triumph that she felt she could welcome him in her own home for the first time. The time had come, she told herself, when she could hold out her hand and be of help to him, and show him how truly and sincerely she was his friend. It was all she had ever dared to hope for, and the time had come at last. Perhaps if she had been less humble, less single-minded and inexperienced in the ways of the world, she might have been more conscious, more careful, more afraid; but the fresh crisp winter sun was illuminating her world; everything seemed to speak to her of hope, promise, courage, and the dead thorn had ceased to wound.

"I was told to come here to find you," Dick said, after the first few words. "Madame Fontaine, I want you to tell me about Reine. I cannot understand it. I have just come from the farm; they tell me she is gone into a convent, she will not be home for a week. What folly is this?"

Catherine saw he was vexed, and she tried to describe to him the state of depression and anxiety in which Reine had come to her to tell her of her resolution. . . . "She had no idea you were coming," said Madame Fontaine.

"But what else could she expect?" said Dick. "She writes a miserable letter, poor dear. She proposes to give me up; she says I am cruel, and leave her here alone to bear all sorts of injurious suspicion and insult. Of course she must have known that this would bring me, and when I come I find her gone—vanished in this absurd way. Indeed, I wrote and told her to expect me; but I see the letter unopened at the farm." Dick, whose faults were those of over-easiness, was now vexed and almost unreasonable. For one thing, he was angry with Reine for being unhappy. "Why will she always doubt and torture herself in this needless way? Why should she mind the gossip of a few idiots? I want to see her, and hear from her that she does not mean all she says about throwing me over."

"Oh, indeed," said Madame Fontaine, "she does not mean it."

"It is a very little time to wait, and I could not help promising. My good old uncle has done everything for us," Butler went on; "she ought not to have been so over-sensitive when she knew it would all be set right."

Catherine wished he could have seen the girl; one look of her proud sweet eyes would have been more to the purpose than all her own gentle expostulations. They were walking slowly towards the house all this time, when at a turn of the path, and coming from behind a bush, they met a short stumpy figure in a sun-bonnet. "I have not even told my husband your secret," Catherine was saying, and she stopped short, although she remembered afterwards that Madame M  rard spoke no English.

But Madame M  rard's little eyes could see, penetrate, transfix. Oh, it was not easy to blind Madame M  rard; she could see Catherine looking and talking earnestly to this unknown young man; she could see his expression as he replied to her appeal. Secret—surely Madame Fontaine had said secret. Oh! it was horrible. Madame M  rard knew enough English for that. Secret! could she have heard aright?

"I do not know this gentleman," said Madame M  rard, standing in the middle of the pathway on her two feet, and staring blankly.

"Let me present Mr. Butler," said Catherine gently, in French.

"Monsieur Fontaine is not at home," said Madame M  rard, still scowling and sniffing the sea breeze.

"Mr. Butler is coming again to-morrow to see him," said Catherine.

"Indeed," said the old lady.

If Madame M  rard could have had her way Dick would never have entered the cha  let again. What infatuation was it that prompted Madame Fontaine to ask him to dinner—to invite him—to press refreshment on him? Even old M  rard came out with some proposition. *Eau sucr  e*? One would think it flowed ready made from the sea. Happily she herself was there. No doubt her presence would prevent this young man from coming as often as he would otherwise have done. There was a secret flattery in this reflection.

But Dick was hardly out of the house when Madame M  rard began to speak her mind. Perhaps it was an English custom for young women to invite strange gentlemen to dinner in their husbands' absence. Oh, she required no explanation. She could see quite plainly for herself, only she confessed that it was what she herself would not have done; not now at her present age. In her time a wife could devote herself to the domestic hearth. Her husband's approbation was all that she desired. Now it seemed that excitement, dissipation, admiration, were indispensable. "Dinners in town," said the old lady, darkly, "music at home, expeditions, literature, correspondence, visits! . . ."

"Dear Madame M  rard," said Catherine, "I only go to Tracy."

"Hon! and is not that enough?" said Madame M  rard, angrily stirring something in a saucepan (it was the tisane the devoted wife liked to administer to poor Monsieur M  rard, who secretly loathed the decoction. He was now sitting in the office to avoid the fumes). "Tracy! that abode of vanity and frivolity! Where else would you go?"

Tracy, in truth, was the secret mainspring of all Madame M  rard's indignation and jealousy. The ch  teau had never called upon the cha  let in L  onie's reign—never once. Madame M  rard herself was not invited, even now. But now since the family had returned notes and messages were for ever coming for this Englishwoman. Madame de Tracy had caught cold. Catherine must go down to see her in her bedroom. Madame de Tracy had bought a new bonnet, Catherine must give her opinion. Madame de Tracy could not disagree with any member of her household that Madame Fontaine was not sent for to listen to the story. And in truth, Catherine was so discreet, so silent and sympathetic, that she seemed created to play the r  le of confidante. The countess really loved the little woman. Poor Catherine! she sometimes thought that she would be glad to go no more to a place where she was so much made of, and so kindly treated. It seemed hard to come home and to compare the two. One place full of welcoming words of kindness and liberality; the other, narrow, chill, confined. And yet, here she had met with truest kindness,—thought the little creature—remembering all Fontaine's devotion and patient kindness. She was thinking of this now as she met the onslaught of the old lady, who went on with her attack, bombs flying, shells exploding, cannon going off, while the horrible steam of the saucepan seemed to choke and sicken the poor little enemy.

"Yes," cried the furious old lady. "If you loved your husband, I could forgive you all ! But you do not love him, and he knows it, and his life is destroyed. You have come into this peaceful circle with a heart elsewhere. You look upon us with contempt. You scorn our simple ways. Your fine friends come and insult me, and you secretly compare us with them and their powdered lacqueys. Ah ! do you imagine that we do not know it, though you are so silent ? Do you imagine that Charles is not aware of all that passes in your mind ? He knows it, for I have told him. But he is loyal, and good, and tender, and he does not reproach you for having brought sorrow and disturbance into the chalet, formerly so peaceful." And old M  rard banged the lid of the saucepan, and took a great flourish of snuff. Poor Catherine turned as pale as she had done once before, and gave a little cry and ran to the door. Fontaine was not standing there to make things smoother.

It was horrible, and what was most hard to bear was, there was some truth in the angry old woman's reproach. How much truth Madame M  rard herself did not know. Catherine could not bear the house ; it seemed to stifle her, the fumes of that choking stew seemed pursuing her. She pulled a cloak over her shoulders and took up her hood, and went out. Another time she might have been less moved. But, to-day, when she had met Dick again, when all her heart had been softened and stirred by memories of past emotions, these reproaches seemed to her to have a meaning they might not have had another time. Old M  rard nodded, and called to her through the office window, but Catherine shook her head with a gentle little movement and hurried out. This was what the sight of her old love had done for her. She had been glad at the time to see him once more, but now, when she thought of Fontaine, her heart seemed to die within her. Was he unhappy, and by her fault ? What a weary maze the last few years had been ! In and out, and round and about, she had wandered, hoping to go right, and coming out again and again at the same blank passage. And yet she had tried, Heaven knows she had tried, and prayed to be helped, and hoped for peace in time, and this was the end !—a good man's life embittered and destroyed,—had not his mother said so ?—her own life saddened and wasted in hopeless endurance, when elsewhere, perhaps, a worthier fate might have been hers. What had she done, she thought, to be so tortured ? She had got up on the cliff by this time. She was plucking the long stems of the poppies as she went along. She felt as if she, too, had been torn up by some strong hand only to be flung away. She had been mad or she would never have taken this fatal step. And yet she had hoped for a peaceful home, and she had thought that her poor little sisters at least might have found a safe refuge, and now, by her own act, they were parted from her for ever perhaps.

With small strength of her own to bear with wrongs or to assert her rights, she was apt to cling to those about her, to rely on them, to leave her fate in their hands. She wished no harm to any mortal being, she

could not say a hard word, but she could fear, and shrink away, and wince and shriek with pain. The sensitive little frame could thrill with a terror and anguish unconceived by stronger and tougher organizations. It was not of Dick she was thinking, but of Fontaine all this time, and her remorse was all the greater because her heart was so true and so full of gratitude to him. She had left her fate in the hands of others, and this was what had come of it; a poor little heart crushed and half broken, another person dragged by her fault into sorrow and remorse, a deed done which could never, never, be undone. A crime! ah, was it indeed a crime which she had committed that could never be repented of? Was there no atonement possible—no pardon—no relenting of fate.

The colours were all a-glow still, for the sun was scarcely set; the red and blue and striped petticoats, and the white caps of the fish-wives down in Petitport jumbled up into bright, pretty combinations. The creeping greys and shades gave tone and softness to the pretty scene. Indoors the fires were flaring and crackling, and presently the church bell came ringing up the street in very sweet tinkling tones, calling the villagers to the *salut*, or evening service. The peaceful twilight prayers coming at the close of the day's work, seem to sanctify to silence the busy cares of the long noisy hours—to absolve, to tranquillize before the darkness of the night.

The bell tolled on—the curé left his house and walked through his wild overgrown wilderness to the *vestiary*. Poor little Catherine, who had been flitting along the hedge of the great field, heard it too. She had walked till she was weary, then she had rested till her heart grew so sad that she could not sit still, and she jumped up again and walked to Arcy without stopping, and without purpose, and then came back along the cliffs and across into the fields. She was weary of pain, she felt as if she had no strength left to bear or even to suffer or to repent,—she dragged on utterly worn and dispirited, holding one or two poppies in her hand still with the white drapery of her dress. Catherine was a delicate and orderly person, and she held up her dress with unconscious care, even when she was struggling in the Slough of Despond. It was indeed the Slough of Despond for her. A vision of the future came before her so utterly unendurable, with a struggle between right and duty and wrong, for which she felt herself so unfitted that she longed to lie down in the hard brown furrows of the field and die, and own herself vanquished, and give up the fight, and struggle no longer.

I think it was just then the bell began to toll. It seemed like a sudden sympathy and companionship and comfort to the poor thing. It turned her thoughts, it gave her some present object, for she began to walk in the direction of the church. She crossed the brook, along which the figures were coming, with the great glowing west at their backs. She turned up the quiet end of the village, and followed M. le Curé at a distance as he led the way through the back court of the church into

which the vestry opened; and the side-door near the altar of St. Joseph was where the poor little heart-petition was offered up for strength and help and peace.

Catherine saw the people prostrate all about. She knew what passionate prayers some of them were praying. There was poor Thérèse Fournier, whose little girl was dying. There was Joseph Leroux, who had cruel trouble in his home; and then presently Madame Fontaine caught sight of some one kneeling on a low straw chair, and she recognized her husband, although his face was buried in his hands.

It was very quiet and solemn. Very few of us can come in to an evening service untouched or unsoftened. To many it is but the contrast of the daylight and the candles which makes the scene impressive. But some of us must be content to be dazzled by a candle in this world, to measure the sun's light by a taper's flame. In this man's church and that man's, candles are shining at the high altar, which seem bright enough for a time: only when the service is over and the prayers are ended, shall we come out into the open air, and shall our eyes behold the fathomless waves of the mighty light of heaven.

Catherine, who was worn out and exhausted, sank into a chair in her dim corner, grateful for ease after her pain. She was no longer feeling much: a sort of calm had come after the storm. The priest's voice ceased uttering, the choristers were silent, the service was ended, and people rose from their knees, took up their baskets and umbrellas—one old woman slung on her *hotte* again—and they all went away. Catherine mechanically tried to escape by the side-door through which she had entered. Her chief troubles in life had come from the timidity and want of courage and trust in herself. She did not know why she was flying from her husband now; from poor Fontaine, who also had been offering up his petitions. He prayed for his mother's rheumatism; he prayed for a blessing upon his wife and child; for Catherine's conversion and happiness; for a little more calm and repose at home in the *châlet*; for a little gaiety even, if possible. Fontaine did not like to ask for too much at once; and though one smiles at such a simple creed, it does not seem as if a humble petition for a calm and cheerful spirit was the worst means of attaining so good a thing. The maire jumped up quickly from his knees when the service was over, and unconsciously made for the same side-door through which his wife was escaping, and so it happened that the two came face to face.

"At last I find you!" he cried, as they both stepped out almost together on to the worn stone flight which led down by a few steps to the ground. Fontaine was almost inclined to believe in a miracle after all as he looked at his wife. They were a handsome couple, Mère Nanon thought, hobbling away with her great basket on her back. They stood looking at one another in the glow of the gloaming; the breeze came salt and fresh from the sea; the twilight was warm still, with brown and fading golden tints; the silver stars were coming out overhead. "Imagine

my anxiety," said Fontaine. "I have been looking for you everywhere. I went home. Ma mère told me you were gone. You were not at the farm. I did not know what to do or where to search."

"I walked to Arcy," said Catherine, looking up with her dark wistful eyes. "Oh, Charles, I am very unhappy."

"Unhappy, dear?" said Fontaine.

"I am unhappy to think that through me you are unhappy," said the poor little woman. "Indeed and indeed I have tried to do my duty."

"Don't talk like this," said Fontaine. "You are a little angel, my Catherine. What has any one been saying to you?"

Poor little Catherine! Half in sobs, half in words, the explanation came; and with the explanation half her terrors vanished. Fontaine was a little puzzled. She did not love him enough!—Why not? She would gladly love him more? Only now that he was so kind did she know how much he deserved to be loved. She had broken his heart. Madame Mérard said so.—It was a bewildering story. But he began to understand by degrees.

"Dear Catherine," Fontaine said at last, very sensibly, "I am many years older than you. I do not require a romantic affection: I want a good kind little wife to take a little care of me, and to like me a little. I am satisfied, more than satisfied. In my eyes there is no one to compare to you. Madame Mérard is a most excellent person, but impressionable; she does not mean always what she says. Do not be unhappy, my very dear friend; believe I am happy if you are, I ask for nothing else."

But before they reached home Catherine had told him why it was that Madame Mérard's reproaches had stung her so sharply.

"Do you remember one night when you asked me why I threw some dead flowers into the sea?" said Catherine. "I wanted to throw away the memory of my silly girlish fancies. Indeed it is true what I told you then—no one ever loved me but you; I have never spoken to any one of what I am speaking now. You are the only person in all the world who cared enough for me to give me a resting-place."

Fontaine begged her to leave off. He believed her and understood her perfectly. But Catherine could not stop, and as she poured forth her story, in her agitation and emotion poor Dick's secret escaped her somehow. "To-day Mr. Butler came to speak to me of something I have known ever since—ever since the summer. He and Reine are going to marry one another. Sometimes they have come to me to help them. Oh, Charles, I cannot help being glad to be his friend, and to help him when I can, even though I am your wife. But oh, what have I done? I ought not to have told you."

As they walked along many of the villagers wondered what Monsieur Fontaine and his wife were talking of so earnestly. They spoke of it afterwards, and Catherine, too, remembered that walk. They went along the dusky street—the little woman with dark eyes glowing beneath her scarlet hood. Fontaine looked very pale, for he was much affected by her confidence.

"I am profoundly touched," he said, "by the trust you repose in me. You shall see that I have entire confidence in you. The news you give me is surprising, but not utterly unexpected. At this moment I am too much preoccupied to realize its great importance."

Candles were alight in the *châlet*, the dinner-table was laid, and something was simmering on the hob. It was a *tisane-de-thé*, without any milk, which Madame MÉRARD was preparing as a conciliation treat for her daughter-in-law. The old lady had been alarmed by her long absence; she thought she had gone too far, perhaps, and was sincerely glad to see her come in safely with her husband.

"Coffee is good, and so is wine, and a little *eau-de-carmes* occasionally to fortify the stomach," said old MÉRARD, in his little piping voice, after dinner; "but tea is worth nothing at all."

"Englishwomen like to destroy themselves with tea, Monsieur MÉRARD," said his wife, almost graciously for her.

While the little party at the *châlet* discussed the merits of tea and *eau-de-carmes*—while Fontaine, always kind and gentle, seemed to try in a thousand ways to show his wife how happy he was, and how he loved her, and how unfounded her terrors had been—Dick waited impatiently at the *château* for Reine's return. Catherine Beamish smiled and chattered and brightened them all up with her sweet spirits and happiness. She enjoyed everything, insisted upon going everywhere, charmed every one. Ernestine was furious at being made to play a second. The very morning after all this agitation Mrs. Beamish sent a little note by the *maire*, who had been up there, to implore Catherine to join them immediately. They were all going sight-seeing to Bayeux, first to the museum, and then to Caen, to pay Marthe a visit in her convent; would Catherine please come too? She was longing to see her.

"I promised for you," said Fontaine. "I thought it would do you good to be with your friends. Madame de Tracy says you are looking ill," he added, looking anxiously at her.

"How kind you are to me, Charles," cried Catherine, delighted, and looking well on an instant, as she jumped up and upset all her bobbins and reels.

Fortunately for her Monsieur and Madame MÉRARD were not present. When they came in from a short stroll to the fish-market Fontaine and Catherine had started. Toto told them that *maman* was going with the countess, and that she had got on her Indian shawl and her pretty rose-coloured bonnet.

"Grandmama, do you like rose-colour?" asked Toto.

"No, no, no, my child," said Madame MÉRARD, with a shudder.

Mediæval Warfare.

THE most recent and the ablest writer on the operations of war passes over the mediæval period with a few depreciatory expressions ; and these represent but too faithfully the prevailing opinion. To the instructed modern soldier, accustomed to study the results of complex organization and severe discipline, and the application of the rules derived from the experience of two hundred years, the operations of war in the middle ages appear not to deserve that title. But we hope to show that warfare in the middle ages was not so wholly without plan, nor conducted so entirely without regard to the rules of rude tactics and a ruder strategy, as the modern censor would have us believe.

There were great captains before the sixteenth century, nay, even highly disciplined and formidable armies ; and although their actions are obscurely recorded, yet by careful study it will be seen that some of our early soldier-kings were not mere swordsmen, but that they had a considerable knowledge of the higher principles of war ; while the vigour, audacity, and skill with which they applied them are sufficient proofs that they won their victories, like their modern representatives, by vigour of brain as well as vigour of arm. Among the earlier English captains was Richard I., who has never been allotted his true place in military history. Yet Cœur de Lion was the most brilliant and accomplished soldier of his age. His courage and his prowess have been sufficiently celebrated, but his intellectual qualities have been underrated. He has been too much spoken of as a mere gladiator. Macaulay contrasts the great Crusader at Joppa with his great Whig hero at Neerwinden, to show that the strength of the muscles is far inferior in value to the strength of the mind, implying a comparative lack of intellect in Richard. Sismondi describes him as one who was without a rival in battle, as the best soldier of his army, and as accomplished as any other in the business of a general. Comparing him with Philip Augustus, he says, "Richard was the better knight, Philip Augustus was the better king ; the first shone more in tournaments and battle-fields ; the second recovered his superiority not only in the council, but in the conduct of a campaign." Nor is he content with thus showing his contempt for what he must have deemed mere prowess. He accuses Richard of neglecting to capture Jerusalem when it was possible for him to capture it, because his thirst for blood was so great that he would not grant the Saracens the sole condition they demanded,—their lives. The judgments of two historians so eminent, and

yet so unlike in character, may stand as specimens of the kind of injustice done to the memory of Richard.

Although he was not an "asthmatic skeleton," like William of Orange, nor a crafty politician like Philip Augustus, yet he had a knowledge of war, regard being had to the age in which he lived, at least equal to that of William, and superior to that of Philip; while if he was not just and merciful like William, he was magnanimous, and not selfishly cruel like Philip. Sismondi's story about the capture of Jerusalem is simply not true. The great campaigns which Philip is said to have conducted so ably, were all of them carried on against adversaries far inferior to himself, and immeasurably inferior to Richard. Indeed, Sismondi himself admits it when he says that the death of Richard was followed by the greatest change which ever took place in the constitution of feudal France, when the federation of independent feudal princes fell into dissolution and ruin. And why? Because their great pillar, Richard, had been withdrawn. Until Richard died, Philip made little progress in the execution of his masterly plans. His feudal inferior was his real superior. Nor did his superiority lie only in the greater strength of his muscles. It lay in his deeper knowledge of war, and in his broader views. What happened after the death of Richard we all know. What would have happened to Philip had his rival not been slain, we can never know; but assuredly, at the end of his long reign, the historian would not have been able to boast that Philip had acquired provinces which far exceeded in extent the inheritance he received from his father, and that at the death of his son the royal authority was recognized from the sea at Rochelle to the Rhine, and from the straits of Calais to the Mediterranean at Montpellier, if the head of his opponents in France had been Richard and not John. Richard had beaten Philip at Freteval, had driven him headlong into the Epte at Gisors, had recovered, by building Château Gaillard, more than he lost by ceding the Vexin. The death of Richard was a lucky thing for Philip, but fortune put a crown on her gifts when she gave him John for a successor. Surely it is a great injustice to exalt Philip for deeds he was able to accomplish, precisely because death, in a lucky moment for him, snatched away his formidable rival, and the insuperable obstacle to the accomplishment of his designs. So true it is that nothing succeeds like success, and that one of the rarest things in the world is the appreciation of an able man, whose very successes are imperfect, who shows high qualities, but who builds nothing durable.

For Richard failed in the East, and though he easily held his own in France, yet the edifice he supported fell with a crash when he was gone. He failed in the East because he had not supreme power over the Christian host; but, had he lived, he would certainly not have failed to preserve his continental dominions, and then the feudal monarchy would have had to wait for another founder.

Let us see whether Cœur de Lion was a mere fighter. Take first the conquest of Cyprus. The king's fleet, overtaken by a storm, was dispersed,

off Cyprus, and some of the ships were wrecked. Part of the crews got ashore on rafts and spars, and these were taken and cruelly ill-used by the Cypriots. When Richard, after beating about for some days between Rhodes and Cyprus, arrived at Limozin, he found there the bulk of his fleet, and happily the vessel on board which were the Queens, Berengaria, his wife, and Joan, the Queen Dowager of Sicily, his sister. These two ladies, fearing the treachery of Isaac, "Emperor" of Cyprus, had refrained from landing, although invited to do so. Richard, as soon as he heard of the cruel treatment accorded to the shipwrecked pilgrims, demanded satisfaction and restitution, which Isaac not only refused, but refused with contumely. Richard determined to punish a sovereign who was the enemy of the common cause, who maltreated pilgrims and withheld supplies from the besiegers of Acre. He saw, at a glance, the value of the island as a base of operations against the Holy Land, and he instantly seized this opportunity to put it in the possession of the Christians. It was a bold conception boldly executed. Seizing a number of small open boats and manning them with soldiers, he led the way in his barge to an attack on Limasol. The Cypriots had barricaded the landing-place and drawn up their army behind the rude works. Close to the beach they had placed several galleys well filled with archers and slingers, whose missiles galled the approaching invaders. Pulling steadily on under a thick sleet of arrows and stones, Richard directed his men first to dislodge the enemy in the galleys, which was soon accomplished by his archers and cross-bowmen. Then the boats were run ashore, and the missiles of the assailants were levelled at the Cypriot army. This contest was continued for some time, and the hesitation which seemed to fall upon the pilgrim-warriors would have been fatal in our time. But then, as the Cypriots could not, and the pilgrims did not, close, they were able to keep up the combat with their bows and engines. Seeing that his men hesitated, Richard leaped from his barge into the water, and led the way, dashing in among the Cypriots with his wonted impetuosity. After him streamed his followers, and, thus led, the pilgrims were quickly masters of the port and city. The Cypriots fled into the fields. Then "the king, pushing on in pursuit, found a common horse, upon which he speedily vaulted by the aid of a lance, placed behind the saddle, and rode on with cords for stirrups." Unable to overtake Isaac, Richard returned, established himself in Limasol, and during the night brought ashore his horses and tents, and what was needed for the army.

The next day, hearing that Isaac was still near the city, he sallied forth with a few men, and found him and his host, and fell upon them swiftly, without counting the odds, routing them with great slaughter. Richard unhorsed Isaac, but did not take or kill him. The result of this action was the flight of the emperor, and the capture of a vast booty. Two days afterwards he was joined by Guy de Lusignan from Acre, and the next day he celebrated his marriage with Berengaria. Happily, at this moment, the remainder of the royal galleys arrived, and, with those

captured from the enemy, the king now had forty armed galleys and sixty other ships. All this time he had stood on his guard, with due watches set, and he now proposed to march against the emperor wherever he was. But emissaries from Philip Augustus induced him to negotiate, and a treaty was agreed upon whereby Isaac promised to help in the Holy War, and to give material security for the full performance of the stipulations. It now seemed that Richard had gained what he wanted without further warfare. But in the night Isaac fled away to Famagusta. Richard, giving his army to Guy, went by sea himself, and when each had arrived they found that the enemy had marched away, shutting himself up in Nicosia. The king, making his men carry their own provisions, marched upon Nicosia, defeated an energetic attempt to destroy his troops on the march, and received the submission of Nicosia, from which Isaac had fled; then, giving his opponent no rest, Richard took from him fort after fort, in one of which was Isaac's daughter, and finally, in fifteen days, found himself master of the island and of the emperor, who at last surrendered in despair. No mere swordsman could have done so much in so short a time. One cannot but admire the rapidity and directness of his strokes, and his clear perception of the fact that in this case, to put what must have been his thought into modern language, there was but one strategic point in Cyprus, and that was Isaac himself. This conquest gave Richard possession of vast military means, not the least of which was a store of treasure, a treasure which he subsequently expended without stint in the Holy Land. Nor did he perform this exploit for the mere sake of fighting. He saw the military importance of Cyprus. He saw that it would be invaluable to the Crusaders as a sure depôt of supplies. When the messengers of Philip remonstrated with him, he answered abruptly and continued his work, "as it appeared to be of the greatest consequence to subdue an island so necessary to the land of Jerusalem." And when he quitted the island he left behind him "brave and diligent men to secure a supply of necessary provisions" for future use, to wit, "wheat, corn, and barley; meat, and live stock of various kinds, which," says Vinsauf, "abound in that island." This is what was done by the monarch who figures in history as a brave but headstrong and thoughtless warrior. Yet not a single Crusader of his time, except himself, had seen the military importance of securing Cyprus as a base of operations for an army before Acre, or an army operating from any part of the coast against Jerusalem. Cyprus is still the key of that coast to any invaders from the West.

On his way to Acre he gave proof of his aptitude for war on the sea as well as on the land. Off Beyrout he came up with a three-masted Saracenic vessel, the lofty sides of which were painted in streaks of red and yellow. The light galleys of Richard's war-navy scudded round, and rather shirked an encounter with this huge antagonist, but, stimulated by the king, they strove to carry her by boarding. The Saracens, chiefly choice soldiers, repelled the boarders, and beat off their ships; whereupon Richard hit upon a novel method of attack. As Admiral Farragut,

in Mobile Bay, during the late American war, found the Confederate iron-clad *Tennessee* too strong for his guns, and ordered his wooden ships to run her down (which they did), so Richard, unable to master this large Saracenic ship by boarding, directed his galleys to withdraw a space, and then, rowing altogether with a will, to drive their iron prows into the steep broadside of the enemy. They did so, breaking her timbers, so that she filled and sank; and, as we learn from Oriental writers, her loss was keenly felt in the camp of Saladin, for she was bound to Acre with greatly-needed supplies of men and munitions.

Richard had now fairly entered the great school of warfare in which the soldiers of England and France were taught many lessons. "Les croisades," writes Sismondi, "firent faire des progrès à la stratégie et à l'art de la guerre." The great hosts which traversed Eastern Europe and Asia Minor in the earlier crusades, were forced to adopt some organization and to pay some attention to the feeding of the troops. They were to all intents and purposes what are now called "moveable columns." As soon as they were in an enemy's country, surrounded by eager foes, some sort of order became essential to safety.

It is worthy of note that of the three armies which tried to reach Palestine through the heart of Asia Minor, only one can be fairly said to have succeeded. Godfrey and his Paladins, sustained by warlike ardour and religious fanaticism, not only reached and took Antioch, but made a point upon Edessa, and founded a kingdom there, and finally wrested Jerusalem from the Moslems; and, however accomplished, this will always remain a very striking military achievement, and one which shows that Godfrey was a statesman, as well as a formidable knight and dexterous swordsman.

The Emperor Conrad and Louis VII. were beaten in detail and forced to retreat; and it is recorded of King Louis that he did not deem it shameful in a knight and base in a king to embark with his nobles at Satalia, and to leave his "plebeian infantry to perish at the foot of the Pamphylian hills." Frederick Barbarossa, who defeated the Turks in the field, perished long before he came in sight of the Holy Land, and his son, who survived, only led a handful of horsemen into the camp of the besiegers of Acre. The truth is, that with the knowledge of warfare then prevailing, those attempts to reach Jerusalem by land were in the highest degree impolitic. Compare their proceedings with those of Alexander, when he grappled with the Eastern question of his day. He did, indeed, march from Europe through Asia Minor to Syria; but Alexander understood war; he had under his command a body of infantry unmatched for valour and discipline; and he made good his hold on the countries he passed through. His army was not a nomadic host, merely intent on reaching a goal. He directed soldiers towards military ends by military means; he did not head troops of pilgrims. By fortune and valour Godfrey and Frederick hewed a way through Asia Minor. Alexander subdued it, and made it a base for more gigantic operations. The con-

trast is further instructive when it is remembered that Alexander relied upon infantry in the shock of battle, while the leaders of the pilgrim warriors of the Cross reposed their confidence in what they deemed the superior efficiency of cavalry. Their confidence was misplaced. The body of knights who accompanied Frederick soon lost their horses. The animals died from lack of water and forage; many were killed and *eaten*. In the battle before Iconium there were only six hundred horsemen, the survivors of, it is said, one hundred thousand. Now, ordinary cavalry dismounted, are poor substitutes for regular infantry. But the German knights were in worse case than dismounted cavalry, for they were clad in heavy armour. Imagine men, so laden, toiling painfully through desert lands and climbing rugged mountain defiles under a burning sun! It is amazing how they could fight as they did on the day of battle, but it is not amazing that they died of fatigue on the road, or were captured in a state of exhaustion, and that hundreds were reduced to slavery. These were the inevitable consequences of trying to cross Asia Minor with heavy armed horsemen. It required nearly two centuries of desultory warfare to implant in the minds of the military leaders of Europe the mere germ of the truth that the nerve and pith of an army is to be found in a body of brave, well-trained, and hardy infantry.

After the failure of Frederick, no other European army attempted to invade Syria by a march through Asia Minor. Thenceforth, and, indeed, contemporaneously with that attempt, expeditions to Palestine went by sea. This line was adopted probably less from a perception of its soundness in a military point of view than from its obvious convenience. Genoa, Venice, Pisa, had become considerable maritime powers. England, the Netherlands, the cities on the Elbe, Normandy, Guienne and Gascony, and Provence, possessed abundant vessels both for war and commerce; sufficient, probably, had they been organized, to have carried to the Holy Land the whole effective force which Frederick led across the Dardanelles. Richard of England and Philip Augustus resolved to descend on Palestine from the sea. That route had now become familiar to the pilgrims, to the merchants, and to the knights of the military orders, who received reinforcements from the posts of the Mediterranean. Had one of the generals conceived the plan, and created the means, he would have been entitled to great credit; but in this case, as in so many others, there was no invention; the adoption of the comparatively short and secure line to Palestine by sea suggested itself, and the plan of a naval descent was resolved on because the means of effecting it were at hand.

Saladin, having made himself master of Egypt and Syria, swept in upon the Christian possessions, and, triumphant in the bloody battle of Tiberias, he descended from the mountains, and rapidly making himself master of the coast as far as Gaza, finally took Jerusalem, so that of the Christian possessions nothing remained but Tyre, Tripoli, and Antioch; and Tyre was saved solely by the happy chance which brought Conrad of Montferrat into her midst.

And now the new method of reaching Palestine comes fully into play. The calamitous news from the East smote upon the Western world, filling men with horror and rage, and calling forth a fresh outburst of religious enthusiasm in every realm and every city. Nearly all had been lost, and it was needful, to win it back, that the movements of the Christian hosts should be speedy and sure. How could they be so unless they took ship and went by sea? The Pisans and the Normans of Sicily were the first to set sail, and they arrived in time to succour Tripoli, and swell the handful collected by King Guy, who had been released on taking an oath which the clergy at once declared to be null and void. The Danes and Frisians, "having three things good in war: large limbs, invincible minds, and devout fervour for the faith,"—sailed to Palestine, in fifty ships, containing 12,000 men. To King Guy, who with the wreck of the garrisons of Jerusalem, the fugitives from Tiberias, the Pisans from Tyre, and such men as Tripoli could spare, had begun the famous siege of Acre, these Northern fighters were a most welcome reinforcement. After them the zealots and adventurers of the West came by sea in shoals—the Flemings and the English being the next in succession. The true road to Palestine had been found, and if Frederick's fine army had taken the sea-route, instead of trying to march by land, this crusade must have been successful.

This siege of Acre was the greatest military undertaking of that period. In many respects it reminds one of the siege of Sebastopol. For a long time, in spite of the daily increasing naval force of the Christians, the port was not closed to the enemy, and Saladin with a large army kept up an almost uninterrupted communication with the garrison. Like the allied army in the Crimea, the Crusaders before Acre suffered terrible miseries from a defective commissariat, being dependent for supplies to their markets and bazaars upon Tyre and Tripoli, and the distant ports of Europe. Nevertheless, these warriors of the Cross, like the British and French in 1854-5, would not abandon the work they had begun, but clung obstinately to the fortress they had resolved to subdue; yielding neither to famine which raged within their camp, nor to force which threatened, and often struck at them, from without. And when brighter days and fuller markets and a larger host and mightier leaders having arrived, the city was invested by land and sea, Saladin still held the hills and kept up incessant attacks upon the camp of the besiegers. The spade and the mattock played almost as great a part in Syria as they did in the Crimea; the artillery was relatively as powerful as that employed by the allies; if there were no 13-inch shells, there were cases of Greek fire; if the Christians had not an Enfield rifle, they had the deadly arblast, which Richard himself did not disdain to use; if they had no scientifically wrought sap, they had the moving tower and the encroaching mound; although they did not carry the walls by assault, they suffered several bloody repulses, and resisted many dashing onsets made by the army of Saladin; and they failed to storm the city because they did not do what

the allies ultimately did, concentrate overwhelming means and overwhelming force upon the key of the place. Having more knowledge of siege operations than they had of any other branch of warfare, it is surprising that they showed here so little skill. As the most accomplished soldiers of Europe were before the city, this must be imputed to divided councils; and it affords in that respect another point of comparison with the siege of Sebastopol. Had Richard held supreme command, he would probably have mastered the obstinate defence in a few months, for he was one of the best engineers, and one of the most skilful artillerists of his age; and he would have known how to maintain his line of contravallation against the army of Saladin, and direct his artillery and his mines to win such a commanding point of the works as would have given him possession of the city. But councils of war, distracted by jealousy, led to desultory siege operations; and time, not skill or valour, gave Acre to the Christians. Besieged for two years, the heroic garrison at last surrendered, and the capture of Acre was the signal for the breaking up of an army which might have been proof against the temptations of success, but which could not resist the dissolving force of hatred and jealousy among its chiefs.

The adoption of the sea-route to Palestine brought with it as a consequence more dependence upon infantry. The pilgrim-soldiers were not only volunteers, animated by religious ardour and love of adventure, they were most of them too poor to afford horses; and, besides, it would have been impossible to convey a sufficient number of horses to mount the whole army. Moreover, mounted men were of little use in a siege, since they could neither defend the entrenchments covering the besiegers' camp, nor assault the works of the town. The very knights, and the cavaliers of the military orders, were obliged to fight on foot. Hence there was a greater development of infantry. Richard, indeed, took with him numbers of foot soldiers, slingers, archers, spearmen, cross-bowmen; and of the hosts who went under other leaders, thousands were variously armed for fighting on foot; but they were regarded as mere auxiliaries; the main battle, the strength of the army, was still supposed to be the mounted arm.

The tactics were very simple. In an attack the foot were thrown forward in long lines of what we should call skirmishers. With arrows, bolts, stones, darts, they engaged the enemy, protecting the horsemen drawn up in columns behind them. If the foot were worsted, the horse charged to sustain them; if the foot put the foe to rout, the horse poured in among the fugitives; if the enemy showed a rival force of horse, then the knights readily encountered them. The foot soldiers of that day performed the functions of light infantry only; they shielded the knights, and what was of equal importance, the horses of the knights, from the effects of the far-reaching Turkish bow and shorter ranging javelin; and the work of heavy infantry, as well as cavalry proper, was done by the horse. No doubt the weight of the armour worn at the time contributed to blind the eyes of the feudal chivalry to the value of infantry. They did not

believe in the valour of the common folk. Without horses they could not move far themselves; thus horses became essential, and as a consequence horse-armour; thereby increasing the cumbrous character of the whole military machine.

Nevertheless, every day teemed with examples of the absolute necessity of foot soldiers for solid operations. In the famous march of the Crusaders under Richard from Acre, along the sea-coast, and through the difficult country between the mountains and the sea, where horse and foot had to push across dense undergrowth and rank vegetation, and over the rocky spurs of the hills, even such foot as they had were found to be invaluable. Moving in a long and at first disjointed column of march, the Crusaders were in a situation not unlike that of the allies in the Crimea, when they marched from Kamishli to the Alma. They had a fleet which kept pace with them along the coast. The friendly sea protected their right flank, while their left flank was exposed to the enemy. But here all resemblance ceases. Not only was the country rugged and unfavourable to the compact order required for the successful progress of a moveable column, but there was a powerful enemy in full force on the exposed flank—an enemy who was not satisfied with merely hovering on the hills, but also harassed the Crusaders from the moment they entered the defiles of Mount Carmel until they reached the banks of the Arsouf. In a situation like this the horsemen were often as much an incumbrance as the long lines of baggage-waggons laden with tents, pavilions, household stuff, armourers' tools, and provisions. For the knights could not fight unless the country was practicable for horses, and where the infantry failed to cover the flank, or where no attempt to cover it had been made, the cavalry were forced to defile before a foe securely posted, and under a storm of missiles. It is plain that Richard did his utmost to cover the march of the column, for it is expressly stated by Vinsauf that a body of archers, cross-bowmen, and other foot soldiers, marched on the slope of the hills, that is, on the exposed flank. Bohaeddin, an eye-witness on the side of the enemy, has described the order of march far better than the English chronicler. He says that the army was divided into three corps, each again subdivided into two. But according to Vinsauf, the army at least, after it issued from the forest of Arsouf, was divided into five corps. The difference is of little moment, and the Arab, if wrong, may be excused for thinking that the usual formation of those days was followed. His precise statement, that each body was divided into two parts, is probably correct. One, he writes, marching on the exposed flank, faced the Moslem, and repelled their onsets, while the other moved along the coast in security. Those who marched by the seaside, he states, carried the baggage and tents on their backs; but this was only at first, as Vinsauf distinctly asserts that at Caiffa the foot dispensed with everything but necessities, and he expressly mentions packhorses and waggons as being employed for the heavier baggage, while the depôts of provisions were on board the ships. Marching in this

order, the Standard in the centre, guarded by English and Normans, the column, although assailed in front and rear, and on its left flank, retained its compact formation, the foot completely protecting the horsemen, "like a wall." Boha-eddin is filled with admiration at the spectacle of enemies, who, exposed to constant attacks in column of march, strode along in close order, unbroken, and dealing death by the terrible arblast among the Moslem horse. "The bolt of the cross-bow," says the Arab chronicler, "slew at once the warrior and his steed. When the Christians were encamped, then the only safety of the enemy lay in retreat."

This is a flattering picture. We know from Vinsauf that although Richard kept a keen eye upon the march of his army, yet that the infantry were sometimes driven in upon the horse; that these, having little room to work in, were forced to rely solely upon their armour for protection; that they were sometimes stuck all over with arrows without being wounded, and that Richard had now and again to dash into the fray and drive off a foe who clung to the army like a swarm of wasps. If Boha-eddin testifies to the fortitude, discipline, and stately valour of the Christians, Vinsauf is not less prodigal of eulogiums on the dashing bravery and constancy of the Saracens. The really astonishing thing in this flank march is that it was made in safety. When the defensible character of the country, the numbers and the courage of the enemy, and the marked ability of Saladin are duly weighed, the success of that march can only be ascribed to the tactics of Richard, and the discipline which, for the time, he had been able to exact from his soldiers.

Yet that discipline did not hold out to the end; and this time it was not the foot who yielded to temptation, it was the trained knights of a military order. The battle of Arsouf might have been made decisive of the war, had Richard's plan not been frustrated by the Hospitallers. His plan, as seen dimly through the misty verbiage of the chroniclers, was not to assume the offensive until the enemy had been fairly drawn into the plains, where the mailed horsemen could use their swords and lances with the greatest effect. Saladin, on the other hand, desired to provoke a combat upon ground unfavourable to the cavalry; and in this he partially succeeded.

Contrary to their apprehensions the Christians were allowed to cross in safety the forest of Arsouf; they had closed their ranks on the comparatively open ground beyond, being aware of the vicinity of the enemy, and their leading troops had already reached the pleasant gardens of Arsouf, when Saladin flung his soldiers on the left flank and rear. This onset, made by Turks, Nubians, and Arabs, was so impetuous that many of the Christian foot were at once broken, while others fell back upon the horse, fighting steadily and using their cross-bows with that deadly accuracy of aim which Boha-eddin has recorded. The ranks of the foot were joined by the cavaliers whose horses had been killed by the arrows of the enemy. Some were cut off, and fought in small squads; and the whole line of infantry covering the horse was more or less broken. It is plain that in

some quarters the foot were wholly swept aside, for it is recorded that the Saracens reached the men-at-arms, and sought to slay them with maces, swords, and spears. Vinsauf records that the strokes of the foe resounded on the armour of the cavaliers as if they had been struck upon an anvil, and that the Hospitallers were so packed together that they could scarcely breathe for the pressure. Irritated by being struck without returning a blow, the religious knights, through their leader, besought Richard to permit them to charge; but he still persisted in his original orders that they should withstand the attack and continue their march. He evidently desired to get on ground favourable to a general onset along his whole line, and to suffer the enemy to exhaust his fresh vigour. Vinsauf distinctly states that Richard had decided on a signal for a charge. But the Hospitallers could not control their passions. They counted it shameful to fall back when assailed. The chivalric idea of honour, not the soldierly idea of discipline, governed their conduct,—the principles of the duello, not the principles of war. This marks a great difference in mediæval and modern fighting. These horsemen, then, carried away by fear of shame, faced about and charged the foe. At this moment they must have had foot in front of them, for Boha-eddin says, "I saw the ranked horsemen in the midst of the infantry, lance in rest, shouting like one man. I saw the infantry open their ranks, and the cavalry dash through. On the right, centre, and left, in a moment our men were routed." Vinsauf, however, tells us that the cavalry attack was made by bodies of horse in succession, those alone who had charge of the standard holding back. The enemy were taken at a disadvantage, for they had dismounted, in order that they might take surer aim, and this accounts for the little resistance they made. The air became black with dust, so dense that friend could scarcely be distinguished from foe. Richard learning what had happened, at once, according to his wont, dashed into the heat of the fight, but that in this or any other charge he encountered Saladin is at best very doubtful.

This first offensive movement of the Christian chivalry swept back the whole line of the enemy. Boha-eddin states that he visited each part of the line, and finding all in disorder he rode to the Sultan's pavilion, the rallying post, and found Saladin with only seventeen followers. But as the Christians, restrained from a disorderly pursuit, were falling back to the standard, Saladin rallied his men, and hurled a fresh column on his retiring foes. These faced about and repelled the onset; but no sooner had they begun to retire again than the Saracens, led by the body-guard of the Sultan, struck once more for victory. This time their charge was well delivered; the combat was hand to hand; and, according to Vinsauf, a host of Crusaders were cut off from the reserve. This was the critical moment of the battle, now mainly a cavalry action. It was decided in favour of the Christians by the fierce charges of Richard and William de Barres. Boha-eddin admits that the forest of Arsouf alone saved the Moslem army from destruction, since without its protecting shelter they would have been pursued and dispersed. As it was, Richard

advanced to Arsouf and next to Joppa ; while Saladin, with his army injured but not destroyed, moved rapidly through the mountains to Ramla, and again interposed between the Crusaders and Jerusalem.

The march from Acre and the battle of Arsouf, which was the climax of a series of attacks on the vulnerable parts of a movable column, show that the main offensive force of the army was the horse, and that the infantry were used as outposts and skirmishers and protectors of the cavalry, but that they were no proper part of a line of battle, and were neither armed nor organized to sustain or make an attack independently. They were able, with their arrows and the deadly bolts of the arblast, to check an advance, and keep light-armed footmen in small bodies at a distance ; but if a close attack were made they had to retire upon or behind the horse. When these charged, the foot went forward with them, and in the *mêlée* slew the wounded or aided the cavaliers. Nor did the horse depend so much upon their compact formation and solid charge, though these were effective, as on their individual valour. Though it is not strictly true that all battles of the middle ages were tournaments à l'outrance, yet it is undeniable that they had this character in a greater degree than the battles of any subsequent period.

Richard, however, showed that he could appreciate the value of infantry. In 1192, a year after the battle of Arsouf, Saladin, taking advantage of the dissensions of the Franks, suddenly appeared before Joppa. Richard was at Acre when a messenger brought this news. He sent a body of horse along the coast, under Count Henry of Champagne, and himself, with a few galleys, steered for Joppa. He arrived to find the flag of the Sultan floating on the walls, and doubted whether he had not come too late. But the garrison in the citadel had spied the royal galley, with her red hull and red sails, and one of them, a priest, swimming off to the fleet, prayed Richard to save his comrades. He did not hesitate a moment, but beaching his ships, plunged into the sea, plying his arblast as he strode toward the land, and flinging it away to wield his dreaded sword as soon as he came to close quarters. The Saracens fled before him and his gallant followers, and being joined by the garrison he speedily swept the enemy out of Joppa. Saladin sharing the panic, it is an Arab historian who says so, withdrew, and his own camp was immediately occupied by the Christians. Saladin, then, always prudent, sent a force to occupy the defiles on the road to Cesaræa, and thus prevent reinforcements from reaching Joppa overland. Getting false news that Richard had weakened himself to strengthen Count Henry, Saladin suddenly marched upon Joppa. The fact was, Count Henry, unable to march by land, had taken ship, and had reinforced Richard with a few good soldiers. But the whole force of the king does not appear to have been more than three thousand men, of whom fifty-five were knights, having among them only ten serviceable horses.

There can be no doubt from all the accounts that Richard was surprised. Vinsauf, indeed, describes the king and his followers as arming in such

haste that many were obliged to leave behind their leg armour, and some even their breeches. But although he was surprised, he had time to make the most of his handful of men, and to dispose them in a soldier-like way. He placed his dismounted knights and heavily-armed soldiers on the flank most exposed, and he filled the gardens with the ordinary infantry. But it is the arrangement of these which is the striking fact of this action. The infantry knelt, like modern infantry, on the right knee. The right hand held a lance, butt fixed in the ground, and point directed outwards, while the left arm bearing the shield was clasped round the left knee. "Between every two men," says Vinsauf, "who were thus covered with their shields, the king placed a cross-bow man and another behind him to stretch the bow as rapidly as possible, so that one might discharge his piece while the other made ready." It is not wonderful that the successive waves of Saracenic horse recoiled from troops in this formation, and that Richard and his knights found many an opportunity for a deadly charge. Indeed, he is said to have ridden through and through the Saracenic line, while Boha-eddin reports on hearsay that the King of England rode along the whole length of the Moslem host, and found no one who dared to encounter him. "Am I," says Gibbon, referring to this, "am I writing the history of Orlando or Amadis?" But it is not to laud the personal prowess and daring of the knight that I have referred to this action at Joppa. It is to point out the skill of the captain.

Let us for a moment turn to another famous field, and see how, in that age even, excellent foot soldiers could be misused in a pitched battle.

Bouvines is the name of an engagement famous in all French histories. It was fought in 1214, twenty-two years after Richard's combat at Joppa, and during one of those invasions of Flanders which throw a deeper shadow over the darkened reputation of Philip Augustus. Richard lay in his grave at Fontevrault, John was King of England, and Philip knew, and took full advantage of, the difference between the two men. Richard would have defended himself and protected his allies, but John was no match for any one either in the cabinet or the field. It is not too much to say that the single sword of Cœur de Lion would have turned the fortunes of the day at Bouvines, and he, besides, would have known how to use the mercenary infantry whose bearing and fate is, for us, the most striking incident in that memorable field.

Philip invaded Flanders at the head of between 15,000 and 20,000 men. For a month he had ravaged the country "right royally," which means like a Vandal, and had advanced to Tournai. Opposed to him was an army under the Emperor Otho, composed mainly of inhabitants of the Low Countries, but including some English and Germans, several powerful frontier barons, and a body of seven hundred Brabançons, as the trained mercenaries had been called for more than half a century, whether they came from Brabant or not; the total being probably under 20,000 men. The army of Philip consisted, according to Sismondi, of 800 knights, about

1,500 squires, 2,000 mercenaries on foot, and 10,000 or 12,000 militia, supplied by fifteen communes—an early appearance of a force of trained national infantry. The chiefs on both sides, however, relied on their horsemen, and did not know how to employ their foot with effect.

Philip was supposed to be, and was, retreating upon Lille ; and Otho resolved to assail him at a moment when half his force should have crossed the bridge of Bouvines. The French king, warned in time, and quite willing to fight, faced about, and drew up his horse, and such of his foot as were with him, sending the communal militia orders to join him. He occupied a front of a thousand and forty paces, which, allowing for intervals, is little less than the space which would be filled by 800 heavily armed horsemen. Hence it follows that the squires must have been in the second line, two or three deep, but after the action began this regular formation was broken, and there were intervals wide enough to admit the battalions of communal militia, who gallantly took post in the front line, as they marched on to the field. Otho, seeing his enemy getting into line of battle, formed opposite, by the simple process of extending to the right from the head of his column of march. Two points in his dispositions are noticeable. His horsemen, of course, were in front, but in the centre he placed his 700 Brabançons in column, and if they did nothing more, they served as a strong support to the changing line of cavaliers. The other point is that Renaud, Count of Boulogne, ranged a number of men-at-arms in a circle, lances outwards ; and treated this circle as a living field-work, into which he retreated when fatigued, and out of which when refreshed he dashed to join the *mêlée*.

As to the battle, it was in reality a tournament à l'outrance on a very large scale. The squires on the right, thrust forward by a warlike bishop, began the fray by a preliminary skirmish, in which they were worsted ; and then the knights rode at each other just as they would have done in the lists, or rode down and slew the foot soldiers, who wore little defensive armour of any kind. When the French militia posted themselves in the gaps of the front line, the enemy charged and overthrew them, their infantry followed, and surrounding Philip, dragged him from his horse with hooks, and nearly succeeded in slaying or taking him. But a charge of horse saved his life and liberty. Otho ran a similar risk. William de Barres twice seized him by the throat, and twice was compelled to release his grasp. Pierre de Mauvoisin grasped the bridle of his horse, but as he could not snatch him out of the press, Gerard Scropha struck at him with a knife. The weapon did not penetrate the armour of the emperor, but just as Scropha was striking again, Otho's horse reared and the knife ran into one of his eyes. Wheeling about, the charger galloped off with the emperor, who was seen no more on the field. Yet the combat continued to rage for some time. At length the only enemies of Philip left on the field, were the gallant mercenaries. There they stood, in a serried mass, when all their comrades had fled ; and it was not until they were assailed on all sides by fifty knights and 2,000

foot soldiers, that they were made to yield, not the ground they stood upon, but their lives. These must have been most valiant infantry; and from what he did at Joppa, we can easily imagine what Richard might have done at Bouvines with such men, had he been there. Nevertheless, these two instances show that the men of iron were beginning to feel the want of good infantry, while the presence of the French militia, as Sismondi justly remarks, is some evidence that the "new order of the people had made some progress towards its enfranchisement."

But that hard historian is very severe on the grand seigneurs. "They," he says, "were the men who killed, and were not killed, while they used their followers on foot as living ramparts. One might," he says, "measure the valour of the knights, as between each other, according to their rank and wealth, for the fineness of the arms of a count or grand seigneur, the temper of his sword and the vigour of his horse, gave him an immense advantage over the poor knights. En effet," he goes on, "dans toutes les guerres du moyen âge on aurait pu dire que ce qu'on nommait bravoure était en raison inverse du vrai courage; celui qui par ses armes était le plus redoutable était aussi celui qui risquait le moins." In this there is a good deal of truth, but it is not wholly just; for in this very action Philip and Otho, king and emperor, nearly lost their lives, although they must have been as well armed and horsed as any knights there. Richard I. frequently fought imperfectly armed, and he lost his life in spite of his armour; and no reasonable being can suppose that his courage lay in his coat of mail.

We have seen that, at Bouvines, the tactics on the field were far inferior to those employed at Joppa; if, indeed, the word can be applied to the conduct of these actions. And it is quite as difficult to estimate the knowledge of strategy as of tactics possessed at this period. That Saladin was somewhat of a strategist is shown by his perception of the value of strategical points. The promptitude of his decision, after his defeat at Arsouf, to destroy every fortress south of Joppa, except Darum, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of Richard, is proof of his sagacity. It is true he would have held Ascalon, could he have induced one of his chiefs to shut himself up therein with an effective garrison. But the fate of the garrison of Acre had filled the Saracens with a mortal dread of being besieged, and as he could not hold Ascalon, he took the next best course and destroyed it. Humanly speaking, that energetic action frustrated the plans of Richard, for he was obliged to spend precious time in rebuilding the fortifications both of Joppa and Ascalon, in order to secure a base of supplies near to Jerusalem. As the Crusaders, when before Acre, depended for supplies on Tripoli and Tyre—supplies brought by sea—so, when they advanced on Jerusalem, they depended for supplies upon provisions brought from Acre to Joppa and Ascalon, also by sea, and thence by transport trains on the road to Jerusalem. The occupation of these points on the coast, for which Richard has been severely censured, seems to have been rendered necessary

by the very exigencies of the enterprise ; since no army, at that time, could have depended wholly upon land transport from Acre. It was wise also to capture Darum, because the fall of that castle interrupted the communications of Saladin with Egypt ; and had Richard's authority over the Crusaders been absolute, there can be no doubt he would have managed to keep open his communications and take Jerusalem.

One of the best illustrations of Richard's merits as a captain, is the selection and fortification of a position on the Seine covering the Norman frontier. "Richard," says M. Viollett le Duc, "was to the men of his time a hero who shone conspicuous in a valiant age. But he was also an able captain, an *engineer*, full of resources, experienced, a master of the practice of his art, capable of things in advance of his age, and [one] who never allowed himself to be the slave of routine." By the treaty of Issoudun he had ceded to Philip Augustus the Vexin and Gisors, a strong place on the Epte. "The right bank of the Seine being then in the possession of Philip Augustus as far as the Andeleys, a French army could in a single day be conveyed into the very heart of Normandy, and menace Rouen." Aware, too late, of this danger, Richard was anxious to place his continental province beyond its reach. With the sure *coup-d'œil* which belongs to men of military genius, he chose the site of the fortress intended to cover the Norman capital, and having once decided upon his plans, he followed out their execution with a tenacity and force of will which bore down every obstacle opposed to his undertaking ; so that, in one year, not only was the fortress built, but a complete system likewise of defensive works was thrown up, with rare talent, along the banks of the Seine, to the point at which that river covers Rouen. It is rare to find at this period the breadth of view in military dispositions which marks the great soldier ; and here it is not merely the isolated defence of a detached post that is in question, but that of the frontiers of a great province. From Bonnières to Gaillon the Seine flows in almost a straight line towards the north north-west. Near to Gaillon it makes a sudden bend towards the north-east, as far as Les Andeleys ; there turns back upon itself, and forms a peninsula, which, at its neck, is no more than two thousand six hundred yards (about one and three-fifth miles) across. The French, by the treaty which followed the conference at Issoudun, possessed on the left bank, Vernon, Gaillon, Pacy-sur-Eure ; and on the right, Gisors, which was one of the strongholds of this part of France. An army composed of corps collected at Evreux, Vernon, Gisors, and thence simultaneously marched upon Rouen, while a flotilla followed in their rear, would be able in two days to invest the place, and have everything they required brought down by the river. By placing a fortress so as to span the river between these two places, Vernon and Gisors, and in such a way as to command the navigation, he prevented the junction of the two corps of invasion, rendered their communication with Paris impossible, and placed them in the awkward predicament of being separately defeated under the walls of Rouen. The position, therefore, was perfectly well

chosen. The peninsula, which was opposite Les Andéleys, easily defended across the neck, supported by a fortified place of great strength on the other side of the river, offered every facility for the establishment of a camp, which it would be in vain to think of forcing. The city of Rouen was covered; nor could the French armies advance against the place without feeling very serious apprehensions respecting the military position they were placing between themselves and France. This short description will serve to show that Richard was something more and better than a captain full of headlong courage. Any one who will take the trouble to go into the details of the defences of the famous "Château Gaillard," as Richard playfully named his work—will see that this appreciation is just. M. Viollet le Duc remarks further, that the Norman fortifications of the age had nothing in common with the forms adopted in the construction of this strong place; and he concludes that Richard himself planned and marked out certain arrangements of defence, which he does not hesitate to affirm denote "a profound experience of the military art." Philip Augustus took it, after a siege of seven months, ending March 6, 1204, and soon after became master of all Normandy. But Richard had then been dead five years, and, instead of having the strength of his arm and his military skill to contend with, Philip could count upon the imbecility of John Lackland as a point in his favour.

The men of that period were far more skilful in engineering than in any other department of warfare. Perhaps this may be traced partly to some slight acquaintance with the military literature of the Romans—it is said, for instance, that Geoffrey Plantagenet studied Vegetius—and partly to the fact that the feudal system filled every land with strong places. In all petty wars the siege of an enemy's castle was the chief work to be done, and hence there was naturally a great attention paid to attack and defence. In the history of sieges in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries we find more variety of means employed than in our own time. But the principles were the same. There were breaching batteries and counter batteries; there was a rude and cumbrous form of sap, carried forward by means of moveable sheds called by a variety of names; when the walls were reached they were mined, underpinned with wooden props, which were fired to bring down the defences; the ditch was filled up, and larger moveable towers were propelled across it by the use of levers, and from it, if they could, the stormers, under cover of a sharp discharge of arrows, dashed into the place. Each party sought to disable the artillery of the enemy; while the besiegers sought to batter in breach, the besieged did their utmost by sallies, or by fire-balls, to destroy the moveable towers. Nay, there are instances of retrenchments behind the breach, and plenty of instances of counter-mining, mainly directed towards the overthrow of the towers by removing the earth from beneath them. Care was taken to provide stones for the different stone-hurling machines, and Richard, ever provident, actually took with him to Acre a cargo of smooth hard stones from Messina, which "either scattered in pieces the object they struck, or

ground it to powder." Fire and highly-combustible compounds were freely used in the Oriental sieges. But on the whole the system of attack was rude, and deficient in the application of the great principle of concentrating on one point means of offence greater than the means of defence at the disposal of the besieged.

Although we have no special accounts of the mode of feeding armies adopted at this period, yet there is some evidence of the existence both of an organization and of rude commissariat arrangements. Garrisons and camps, and even troops on the march, were supplied, occasionally at least, from fixed dépôts or bases. In general, however, the rude bodies of armed men collected together to form an army, lived on the country they passed through ; and the habit of devastating the countries invaded, the practice of destroying their very means of existence, accounts sufficiently for many a fruitless campaign and for many a prompt and painful retreat. That military as well as political science was as low as it could well be, is proved by this inveterate custom. It is easy to understand why the Scotch should make a desert on the border, and why the Welsh should quit their mountains and lay waste the marches, overthrow the castles, and hurry back to their rugged land. The Scotch and the Welsh, by covering a strip of the country side with ashes and ruins, created an obstacle between themselves and their enemies. But it is not easy to understand why a monarch, even when engaged in bringing a feudatory to reason, or when intent on extorting an advantageous peace from a foreign foe, should have burnt and wasted the supplies the country afforded, instead of preserving them jealously for his use, as a means of prolonging the war until the end was gained. The kings and chiefs of that age, however, were totally ignorant even of that principle of military economy which, while it admits of the appropriation of an enemy's property to his hurt, condemns the abuse and waste of that property to your own hurt. They never or rarely took possession of a district, and drew supplies from it with a view to further enterprises and solid progress. They passed through it like a swarm of locusts, and then the least check which brought them to a halt, sufficed often to make them retreat for want of food. Great care was taken to fill the storehouses of the castles and to keep them full, but, accustomed to private war within easy reach of these strongholds, they did not see the necessity of acting with the same forethought when on a campaign.

Nevertheless, there are some indications in the accounts of the Crusades that the armies opposed to Saladin were fed in the usual way ; that is, partly from dépôts of provisions collected beforehand by the leaders, and partly from the supplies provided by private enterprise. At the siege of Acre the Crusaders depended on the stores of Tyre and Tripoli, and afterwards upon those of Cyprus, and also on the provisions brought by the Italian merchants. When the Marquis of Montferrat refused supplies from Tyre there was famine in the camp, and forage for the horses was always obtained with difficulty. At a later period there

appears to have been such a large number of ships on the coast of Syria, and such abundant means to purchase supplies, that the Crusaders before Acre, and in their subsequent marches along the coast, rarely wanted food. Regular markets were opened, and the ships went to and fro to keep them supplied. But the moment the Crusaders attempted to penetrate into the interior, and had to depend on convoys, then their sufferings began. They established posts between Joppa and the camp on the road to Jerusalem, but they could not secure a steady flow of provisions into their quarters. This was a weak point in the management of the expedition. The foot soldiers, it is true, carried with them provisions for several days, and when they were moving along the coast their burdens were easily replenished. Also when an army swept through a fertile country, the troops found sustenance and the animals forage. But when halted for the siege of an inland place, like Jerusalem, they had to rely upon transport trains, and scarcity soon prevailed.

Saladin in this respect was in advance of his foes. From a description of his camp before Acre, at the time he was vainly trying to raise the siege, it is plain that far greater order and system prevailed in his army than in that of his enemies. The writer is one Abd-Allatif, a physician of Bagdad, who was attached to the head-quarters of the Sultan. "In the midst of the camp," he writes, "was a large square containing a hundred and forty farriers' shops. In a single kitchen were twenty-eight coppers, each one capable of holding a sheep entire. I, myself, counted the shops registered on the books of the inspector of the market, and I counted as far as seven thousand. Nor were these shops like those in our towns. One of these camp-shops would have made a hundred of ours, and all were well supplied. I have been told that when Saladin retired to Karouba, although the distance was so short, a vendor of butter had to pay twenty pieces of gold for the transporting of his magazine. As to the clothes-market, that exceeded all the efforts of the imagination to conceive. There were in the camp more than a thousand baths, the greater part belonging to the Africans. Water was found at from one to two cubits deep; the walls of the baths were of clay, and in order to screen the bathers from the public, they were surrounded by matting hung on wooden palisades stolen from the neighbouring gardens. You could bathe at the cost of a piece of silver." It must be admitted that nothing like this is to be found in the camps of the Crusaders. The description implies great order, abundant supplies, and not less abundant transport. It is true that this was a fixed camp, but the spirit of organization it exhibits must have exercised a proportionate influence upon the management of the army in its rapid movements from place to place. In an active campaign the bulk of the impedimenta described by Abd-Allatif must have been left behind, yet we may be sure means were found to transport with the troops a large proportion of those indispensable forges, and that, although the shops were fewer, there was still a bazaar with its inspector.

It must be admitted that, in spite of his fine conduct and matchless valour, the campaigns he fought in the Holy Land are not worthy of the great abilities of Richard. Nor is the cause far to seek. Although, after the departure of Philip Augustus, there was no one, save perhaps Conrad of Montferrat, with the least pretension to be his rival, yet it must not be supposed that he held anything approaching to an absolute command over his heterogeneous army. Conrad himself and the Duke of Burgundy were ever active in thwarting his projects, and sowing dissension in the camp. His masterly flank march from Acre to Joppa would have been followed by a prompt advance on Ascalon and its capture before Saladin had had time to destroy it, if the minor Christian leaders had been amenable either to commands or to reason. Historians have blamed Richard for not pursuing Saladin after the combat at Arsouf, but they seem to forget that no general who had not well-secured bases of supply could safely pursue an enemy in a country like Palestine, still less an enemy so able as Saladin. Had Richard rapidly possessed himself of Ascalon, as he might have done, then holding that town and Joppa, and being undisputed master of the sea, he might have made a resolute march on Jerusalem, when Saladin must either have fought a battle or have shut himself up in the Holy City. In either case Richard would, in all likelihood, have gained the object so dear to the Crusaders. But there was no discipline in the so-called army, consequently there could be no sustained effort to execute a well-planned campaign. It is to this cause must be attributed that series of brilliant operations which served to enhance the renown of Richard as a valiant knight and skilful leader in actual collision with the enemy—a renown so dazzling that it has blinded men to his higher qualities and to the causes which rendered them of so little avail. He made two marches on Jerusalem, and each time he was thwarted by the same thing—discord in the camp. The policy adopted by Saladin—the destruction of the coast-fortresses and the devastation of the seaboard country—exactly fitted in with the conduct of the lesser Crusaders, for delay brought out the full effect of the Sultan's plans. In his second movement Richard's chances of success were the greater. Once more there was apparent union. The dagger of an assassin had removed the intriguing Conrad; Henry of Champagne had become titular King of Jerusalem, even the litigious Duke of Burgundy had been apparently pacified; Richard had taken Darum, and was master of all the coast to the borders of the desert. Joppa and Ascalon had been rebuilt, and garrisoned. Tyre was at peace within itself, and Acre was a great port crowded with merchandise. The leading Crusaders had sworn an oath that they would not desist from their enterprise even if Richard were to return to Europe. He eagerly seized the hopeful opportunity to strike a last blow. But he knew that John, his brother, and Philip Augustus were despoiling him of his lands, and he was torn with a desire to finish his work, and plunged in anxiety for his European realm. Nevertheless, he advanced to within twenty

miles of Jerusalem, and then the old enemy reappeared. Discord broke out afresh, and he had to return to the sea. Now Richard was the best soldier in Palestine. He deliberately considered the task before him, and the means of accomplishing it. He was no coward, and if *he* did not think it feasible to besiege Jerusalem with those means, may we not rightly infer that it could not be done? Those who like to probe his reasons will see how troubled he was—how his warlike passions drew him towards Jerusalem, how his reason held him back. As a private soldier—and such he offered to be—he was ready to go on ; as a general he saw it would be vain to make an attempt which could only end in defeat, and, by good fortune only, not in disgrace. .

Perhaps a higher and purer character might have been able to overawe the turbulent, to enforce obedience from the refractory, to stimulate the sluggards, and to fuse the whole mass by the magic of personal influence. Richard was not a man of that exalted stamp. All I claim for him is, that he was gifted with a knowledge of war considerably in advance of his age, that he had a powerful intellect but an uncertain will, that he was fertile in resources, that he had real insight, and that beneath the splendid surface—so splendid that its lustre is still visible athwart the dark of six centuries—there were solid qualities which, though not sufficing to raise him to the rank of a great captain, lift him above that of the brainless knights-errant of romance, and far above the ruck of kings.

The Devil and Dr. Faustus.

BEFORE drama and opera had rendered the public at large familiar with the loves of Faust and Margaret,—before even Goethe's grand poem had fixed in the memory of reading people the associated images of the philosophizing seducer and the mocking fiend—all the world had heard of the Devil and Dr. Faustus. But at that time, perhaps, not one person in a thousand could have told whence he had gained any acquaintance he might possess with these personages, or where even any book upon the subject could be found; for most libraries might be searched in vain for anything of the kind. Yet a knowledge so widespread, however superficial, betokens that there must have been at one time some easily accessible common source whence the general information was derived. And this was, indeed, the case. There was a period when the Faust legends were to the people of the North what the stories of the *Arabian Nights* were to the Orientals—and, perhaps, more: for the former not only furnished amusement and gratified the love of the marvellous, but appealed likewise to deeper feelings. Fifty years ago, before books for the million were scattered broadcast by a cheap press, some such place may have been occupied in “the cottage homes of England” by Bunyan's great work: indeed, the history of Dr. Faustus might be not inaptly described as the mediæval *Pilgrim's Progress*. As compared with Bunyan's book, however, the fact of the hero being a real instead of an allegorical personage, or at least the embodiment of general beliefs rather than the creation of an individual mind, gave the story of Faustus a wider range of interest: since few could be indifferent to professedly accurate information on a subject about which every one had already heard something. Again, the reversed plan of the narrative, delineating a retrograde movement from God instead of an onward course in holiness, awakened a more universal sympathy. The introduction, too, of a proportion of the comic element, mingled with its graver matter, gained ready acceptance for it, where a story wholly serious might have moved but slowly. It is related, indeed, that at one time the whole library of one of the little islands in our Northern seas consisted of a single book—the said volume being the *History of the Devil and Dr. Faustus*. When, as a consequence of circulating continually from one reading household to another, it at last fell to pieces, it was resolved, at a general meeting of the inhabitants, that one of their number should be despatched to the mainland, to provide a new supply of reading for the community. The question next arose—What work should be selected? After a long discussion on the merits of the various books they had ever seen or heard of, the good people at last

decided that they would send for another *Dr. Faustus*! This anecdote may possibly be apocryphal, but at any rate it is no incorrect illustration of the popular favour which for a very long period attended this remarkable work.

It was undoubtedly when they had assumed the form of a book that the Faust legends attained their greatest celebrity; but before printing had even been invented they were already widely known, the exact time and form of their origin being lost in the obscurity of remote ages. The growth of the story may, however, in some measure be traced. The principal characters, as every one knows, stand in the relation of vendor and purchaser, the soul of the mortal being the object of traffic; and the foundation of the story may, therefore, fairly be sought in the earliest account of the sale of a soul to the powers of darkness. The first story of the kind upon record is believed to be that of the Greek priest Theophilus, legends of whose apostasy and re-conversion, says Mr. Dasent (in the preface to his polyglot version of the tradition), once rang throughout Christendom from Spain to Iceland. It appears that in the time of the Emperor Justinian, about A.D. 538, this Theophilus was vice-dominus, a rank next to that of bishop, in Ada, a city of Cilicia. Having, as the story says, declined a presentation to the vacant bishopric, he naturally felt surprised and aggrieved when the prelate who accepted the appointment sought to depose him from his subordinate position. Hurt and angry, he applied for aid or advice to a Jew necromancer, who appointed him to come the next night to a place near the city, where he need not fear anything that he should see, but must carefully abstain from making the sign of the cross. On reaching the spot he found it illuminated with numerous lights and crowded with figures in white garments, surrounding one who seemed to be their prince, to whom the Jew introduced him. This personage, who was no other than Satan himself, promised that if he would be his servant, he would render him any assistance he needed; but he must first renounce Christ, and his mother Mary, signing a document to that effect with his own blood: whereupon Theophilus kissed his feet, and complied with all the required conditions. The next day, he was received with much honour and favour by the new bishop. But the compact he had made weighed heavily on his conscience; and soon repenting his rash and sinful engagement, he repaired to a church dedicated to the Virgin, and there remained fasting and praying for forty days. At length, Mary appeared to him twice, promising to help him. Anxious for an assurance of his sin being cancelled, he then begged her to recover for him the deed he had signed, when, after three more days of prayer and abstinence, she came to him once more, and, while he was asleep, laid the bond upon his breast. On the next Sunday, he went to church, and told the whole story to the bishop, who bade him throw the deed into a fire before all the congregation: on doing which his face was seen to shine like the sun. For yet another three days he lay prostrate, absorbed in thanksgiving, upon the spot where the Virgin had appeared to him; and

then, probably worn out by these excessive vigils, died in all holiness and peace.

First narrated in Greek by Eutyclus, the disciple of Theophilus, who declared that he had heard the account from his master's own lips, this tale was translated into Latin, and then into French, Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, &c., spreading over nearly the whole of Europe, and thus familiarized the popular mind with the idea of a human being entering into treaty with the Evil Spirit. The same idea was thenceforth reproduced in many other stories told of various personages, and in different countries, the display of any extraordinary knowledge or of extraordinary luxury being commonly traced to some source of this kind, until at length it was embodied in the *History of Dr. Faustus*.

That the story or collection of stories bearing this title, had been known long before they were committed to print, or even, perhaps, to writing, is sufficiently manifest from the preface to the very earliest version, wherein the publisher sets forth his having often wondered "that no one arranged the narrative in order, and had it printed and spread abroad as a warning to all people;" but after making many inquiries, he could not hear that it had been undertaken, until the MS. of the present work had been recently sent to him by "a certain good friend, named Von Speier," with the desire that he would give it to the world. This original version, printed and published by Johann Spies, at Frankfort, in 1587, was destined eventually to be so entirely superseded by later and differing ones, that in after-years its very existence was long disputed, until, in 1846, a copy was discovered by Herr Scheible in the State Library of Ulm; another copy is now known to be still preserved.

That the intention of this volume was to satisfy curiosity or amuse the idle, was an idea utterly repudiated by those who gave it to the world; and its Introduction accordingly sets forth that, some sins being worse than others, sorcery and magic are incontrovertibly the worst of all sins, and that the grand aim, therefore, of the story is to warn the world from this dire iniquity. It is very judiciously added that lest any perverse-minded individual should after all be tempted to imitate, instead of avoiding, the wickedness of the hero, all forms of conjuration, &c. have been carefully omitted, and only such matter recorded as might furnish instruction and warning. Thus solemnly introduced, the narrative begins by informing us that Johann Faust was born at Rod, near Weimar, of God-fearing peasant parents, and adopted early by a rich childless uncle at Wittenberg, who sent him to school, and then to the university to study theology. Soon wearying of this, he devoted himself, instead, to medicine and science; and though he took to bad company and fell into sin, yet, possessing a good capacity, he eventually passed a very creditable examination, gaining his degree as doctor. He now gave his nights and days to the study of curious signs and characters, and to the acquisition of the Greek, Persian, Arabic, and Chaldee languages; so that besides the reputation he gained as a physician by healing many patients, he also

became known as a famous astrologer. We are next told rather abruptly, that, having taken to the practice of black magic (that with which he began having probably been only such as was termed *white* in the nomenclature of the period), he went one evening to a spot in a neighbouring wood where four roads met, and drawing three concentric circles, stood within them invoking the Evil Spirit. A terrible tempest began; then sweet music was heard; anon strange shapes flitted before him; and as he uttered spells of greater and greater power, at last the Devil appeared as a fiery man. Soon, however, he assumed the more approachable form of a grey friar: a guise which seems to indicate a Protestant origin for at least this version of the story. Fatigued with excitement, Faust avails himself no further of this interview than to extract from the spirit a promise to visit him next morning at his own house, whither accordingly he comes; and the doctor then demands that he shall obey him in all things, and answer truly whatever questions he may at any time propound. The spirit replies that he cannot make any such contract without first asking permission, being himself only a subordinate demon owing allegiance to Lucifer; but on his re-appearance in the evening, he avows his readiness to agree to the doctor's terms, and to be always near him, though invisible to every other eye, on condition that the latter, in return, will sign with his own blood a document promising not only to be entirely his at death, but that during his life he will renounce God and all things holy, and be an enemy to the Christian faith. Faust consents, thinking that, as he has certainly found the Devil not to be so black as he is painted, it is probable that hell may not be so hot as it has been described; and accordingly the next day the spirit comes again to witness the signature. The doctor pierces a vein in his left hand; when, as a last appeal from Heaven, the blood miraculously forms itself into the words, "O homo, fuge!" Undeterred even by this portent he signs the fatal deed, here given at length, as found in his house after his death, and which duly sets forth that, desiring deeper knowledge than he could learn from other men, or acquire by the faculties with which God had endowed him, he had entered into this contract, consenting that, if the Devil will only teach him all he desires to know during a period of twenty-four years, he will at its expiration resign himself to him for all eternity.

The infernal visitant, who announces his name to be "Mephostophiles" (so the name is here spelled), now bestirs himself actively in the service of his new master, who resides in the house left him by his deceased uncle; arranging that no domestic shall be retained except one Christopher Wagner, whom Faust had taken from the streets as a boy of so bad a character that no one else would employ him. The spirit himself undertakes to be major-domo of the establishment. The cellars of the Elector Palatine and of various bishops are laid under contribution for wines of all kinds; ready-dressed viands are transported from palatial kitchens; while ample supplies for the wardrobe are obtained by supernatural raids on the tailors and other tradesmen of the city. Living thus sumptuously,

Faust, we are told, soon becomes so thoroughly sensualized that he no longer believes in either God or Devil ; though his scepticism as to the latter appears certainly rather extraordinary, considering who is in attendance upon him. Waking up suddenly to the disadvantage of his richly-spread table having yet no "lady at the head," he informs Mephistopheles that he wishes to marry. The latter, however, forbids the banns—not only painting very vividly the various discomforts and inconveniences attendant on the married state, but further reminding him that, as he had promised to abjure all holy things, marriage was of course included ; and that it would be impossible for him to serve two masters, the Devil and a wife. The appeal winds up with the very forcible argument, that if Faust persists in such a design the demons will "tear him into little pieces." The doctor, grown arrogant, replies that, happen what will, he does intend to adhere to his plan. Upon this Mephistopheles vanishes, and a violent blast flings Faust upon the floor, where he lies in torture, unable to move hand or foot. He cries vehemently to Mephistopheles to come to his aid. The Devil himself appears instead, in terrible form, asking mockingly in what mind he now is ; whereupon the humbled doctor confesses that he has broken his compact and craves forgiveness. In token that it is granted, the Devil disappears, the doctor's pains cease, and Mephistopheles returns, soothingly promising him that though he cannot suffer him to have a wife, yet he will not object to bring him, every day, if he should wish it, some fresh beauty : a prospect which entirely reconciles Faustus to his enforced celibacy.

Not until every possible provision has been made for his comfort and enjoyment, does Faust seem to bethink himself of the main purpose for which he had invited the spirit's aid ; but he now begins to put Mephistopheles through a course of interrogatories, with a view to enlarge his knowledge of things mostly beyond mortal ken. The first subject on which he claims enlightenment is the dominion of the Devil and the extent of his power. A mediæval and orthodox description of hell, in which there is a good deal of brimstone, is served up for his information. Further questioning draws forth minuter details of its division into Gehenna, Erebus, Tartarus, &c., with an account of its various rulers, the spirit who incited Cain to murder, the one who led Solomon into licentiousness, and numerous others, including Lucifer, the king and lord of them all. At the end of each conversation, Faust, who has already begun bitterly to repent his bargain, bemoans his fate, in having put himself into the power of these ruthless beings, whose whole occupation is to mislead and ruin men. At last he asks if there will not be at last an end to hell, or if there be no chance left for himself to escape it. He is told that it will certainly endure for ever, and that he has sinned too deeply to be saved : his informant further advising him to ask and think no more upon the subject, since it can be no pleasant one to either of them. It has, however, a fascination beyond any other for Faust. The moment he is alone his mind reverts to it, and he thinks earnestly of

trying to revoke his fatal bond; but Mephistopheles raises the form of some fair woman whenever he retires to reflect, and her blandishments win him from all serious thought, while the demon himself flatly refuses to answer any more questions upon the subject.

The discussion of infernal matters being thus no longer possible, Faust turns to other quarters of the universe, and subjects his "Guide to Knowledge" to inquiries as varied in import as those since propounded to hapless little ones by the renowned Mangnall; though he is very properly rebuked on descending to the triviality of asking the cause of summer and winter, with the remark that a "doctor" ought to have known so simple a matter. A question concerning creation calls forth a reply throwing as much discredit upon Genesis as a Zulu could conceive or a Colenso utter; while the answers to queries upon less recondite matters, such as the elements, the planets, &c., accord very little with the theories of modern science. The information, nevertheless, proves of so much practical value, that by its aid Faust constructs almanacs which attain great popularity; for they combined predictions concerning political events with weather prophecies, and, as we are assured, "all truly foretold."

The nether world has still, however, a greater attraction for Faust than aught above; and since he may no longer indulge in discourse upon it, he induces Mephistopheles to grant him a sight of the realm of darkness. Transported thither, either bodily or in a vision, he is shown all that had been previously described. He then desires a nearer inspection of the stars, an account of his journey to which is given from an autograph record of it sent at the time to his friend Dr. John Victory at Leipsic. In this narrative he states that he reached a height whence the earth appeared no greater than the dot of an *i*; found the atmosphere very bright and hot; the firmament solid as a wall, moving from east to west, and taking sun, moon, and stars in its course; while the sun was larger than this whole world, indeed so large that he could see no end to it. Not till things above and below have been thus exhausted, does the daring explorer stoop to a desire to inspect the world about him. At last, however, he sets forth on a terrestrial tour, the record of which embodies a short description of many famous places, enlivened by details of adventures at the court of Constantinople, where he assumes the form of the prophet Mahomet.

With the commencement of the third part, the history takes quite a new turn. The philosopher suddenly becomes harlequin, the comic capabilities of Satanic power are brought into view, and for a time all is merriment and fun. Faust, whose name has become renowned through the marvellous cures he has wrought, happening to arrive at Innsprück while Charles V. is staying there, the emperor asks him, as a proof of his skill in the black art, to procure him an interview with Alexander the Great and his queen; promising that no harm shall result to him from his compliance. Stipulating for strict silence, the sorcerer opens a door and the Macedonian

comes forth clothed in armour; while his royal partner, with a sovereign contempt for the chronology of costume, appears in embroidered velvet. After bowing to the emperor and empress, the phantoms vanish. Another day the doctor, finding a certain knight asleep, fixes a pair of stag's horns on his head, which he does not remove until the hapless victim has furnished much amusement to the emperor and all his court. He next meets a waggon of hay, the driver of which bids him move aside to let it pass. Faust replies that a man should not yield place to hay, and that unless he himself moves aside, he will eat both the waggon and its load. This he appears to do; but when the affrighted boor fetches the burgo-master to the spot, his property is found intact. On another occasion Faust exerts his devouring powers on a waiter, whom he punishes for rudeness by swallowing him whole, disgorging him soon after unhurt. He provides more nicely for others; seeing the Princess of Anhalt in delicate health, and hearing that her appetite might be tempted by some grapes were it only autumn instead of midwinter, he puts a dish out of window, and on taking it in again in half-an-hour presents it to her filled with fine clusters: he explains that his spirits had fetched them from the antipodes, where it was then summer. As a further return for the prince's hospitality, he invites him and his court to a banquet in a magnificent castle, improvised for the occasion in a neighbouring field; it rises during the night and disappears the next day, its gardens blooming with fairest flowers and fruitage amid surrounding snow.

The doctor proved himself too, at times, a very efficient special constable; for we are told that when some students once made a riot before his house, he soon stopped the strife by suddenly blinding them; though, when led home, their sight was perfectly restored. And again, when some noisy peasants at an inn refused to keep order, he rendered them speechless until they left the house, when the spell at once broke. Another time, being sent for to prescribe for a sick man, he asks a peasant for a seat in his empty waggon, and on his rough refusal makes the wheels fly off and the horses stand immovable; but when the offender humbly begs forgiveness, the doctor, with an exhortation to him to show better manners to strangers in future, sets all right again with a word. However he might thus test good-will, that he did not depend on any one for means of locomotion is shown in the account of three students applying to him to gain them a sight of the Prince of Bavaria's wedding. Spreading his cloak on the ground, he bade them stand upon it close to him, and all were then taken up by the wind and deposited at the Bavarian palace. He treats another party similarly at carnival time, providing for them also many other entertainments befitting the festive season, such as dishes spontaneously filled with meat, men's heads changed temporarily to asses', &c. &c.; and on one guest's expressing a very fervent desire to see Helen of Greece, he calls up the fair phantom, to the fascination of all beholders—including, as it afterwards appears, the evoker

himself. But though thus generally intent only on imparting pleasure, Faust was not incapable of the feeling proverbially said to exist between "two of a trade;" for, encountering at one time a party of conjurors, who amuse their audiences by cutting off and putting on again each other's heads, their vitality being transferred to some growing lilies while the decapitation lasts, he, knowing their secret, cuts the flower-stem while their leader is lying headless, thus rendering vain all their efforts to restore him.

Being endowed with such mighty powers, it seems not unreasonable that Faust, on applying to Mephistopheles for money, should be told that he is quite able to procure it for himself, without troubling him. Thereupon he resorts to various expedients for replenishing his exchequer, at one time selling a horse of his own making; at another, taking to market some swine similarly produced, the animals on each occasion changing into wisps of straw as soon as they reach a stream, to the purchasers' great dismay, although the seller had honestly warned them that his beasts must on no account be taken near water. He also borrows from a Jew a large sum on the security of his own leg, duly severed and carried off; but the German Shylock, finding the care of such a pledge rather disagreeable, and thinking the owner will never care to redeem what he could not reunite, throws it into the river; an offer of settling the account being made soon after, he has not only to forgive the debt, but to pay a large additional sum in compensation for the lost pledge, while Faust, really unhurt, renews his limb as readily as crabs renew theirs.

The only check Faust seems to have received in his downward career was from an old man at Wittenberg, who, setting his mind on converting the sorcerer, very judiciously asks him to dinner, and when his guest's heart has been opened by his hospitality, seriously remonstrates with him on the life he is leading, and urges him to repent. Roused to reflection, Faust almost resolves to do so; but his demon-attendant tells him that it is now too late, that he must dismiss the idea, or he will be forthwith torn in pieces; and so induces him, instead, to sign a new bond confirming the former contract. Faust's next adventure after this damnatory act, is of a peculiarly kind and beneficent character. Hearing of a young nobleman who has fallen so desperately in love with a beautiful girl that her indifference has rendered him dangerously ill, Faust pays him a visit, and presents him with a magic ring, which, on his slipping it upon the lady's finger during a dance, causes her ardently to return his passion. They are soon after married, the amiable author of their felicity being an honoured guest at the wedding. It was, perhaps, "a fellow-feeling" that made him thus "kind;" for as the end of his earthly happiness approaches, he asks Mephistopheles to bestow upon him permanently the phantom of the Grecian Helen, which he had once raised to please his visitor. His wish being gratified, he becomes so enamoured of his bride that he never cares to quit her side,—the bond being additionally strengthened by her bearing him a son, whom he always regards with the tenderest

affection. But he is not destined long to enjoy the domestic bliss he seems so well to appreciate, for the end of his term is now near. The fourth and last part of the story introduces us to the doctor making his will, wherein, knowing that his family would need no provision, he leaves all he possesses to his servant Wagner, with an injunction to study diligently his master's books, and write a biography of him—a work in which he is to be assisted by a spirit attending him in the form of an ape. But one month now remains of the twenty-four years, and the poor sorcerer, dismayed at the prospect before him, shuns the very sight of his familiar, and can do nothing but weep and mourn. Several chapters are devoted to a transcript of his lamentations, pathetic with the wailings of the lost soul's remorse. In bitter contrast, the next chapter recounts the gibes with which triumphant Mephistopheles mocks and taunts his prey—not with the grandeur of a fallen angel, but rather with the petty exultation of a spiteful imp glorying in successful mischief, vented in flinging proverbs at his victim as fluently as though "Poor Richard" had been his daily study. In offering the ironic consolation that Faust will not be alone in his misery, we may notice that "all Jews and Turks" are summarily included among those who shall, as a matter of course, be his companions in torment.

At the beginning of the last week Faust is served with a regular citation from the demoniacal court, intimating that when the end comes he will be "fetched" at night; whereupon, with forced cheerfulness, he invites a party of professors and students, his most intimate friends, to breakfast with him on the last day. After the meal he requests them to remain with him until the next morning, telling them his whole history, and announcing the catastrophe which is impending. At the same time, with a meek humility which might have graced a saint about to ascend to glory, he begs them to pardon him if, even in jest, he ever in any way injured them; and exhorts them fervently to take warning by his terrible doom, and make God and salvation the first object of their lives. Greatly shocked at the disclosure, they lament that it was not made sooner, so that they might have sought to save him through the prayers and efforts of holy men. He assures them any such attempts would have been vain; and then, with mutual tears, they take an affectionate farewell—he retiring to his bedroom, and they to theirs, to await in sleepless anxiety the events of the night. Soon after midnight a fearful tempest shakes the house, a hissing sound, as of myriad snakes, is heard, then a stifled cry, and their friend's voice is recognized, vainly shrieking for pity or for help. None dare to stir, and soon all again is hushed in utter silence, while the tremblers cower in terror on their beds till the light of morning emboldens them to repair to the fatal room. An awful spectacle awaits them. The walls are sprinkled with blood, only the dislodged eyes of their friend and a few of his teeth are to be found; but after diligent search, the mangled corpse of the unhappy Faust is discovered, flung upon a dunghill in the yard.

After having these sad relics sewn up in linen and buried, the party returned to Wittenberg, where, repairing to Faust's house, they find Wagner mourning for his master, and the biography already written, all but the concluding chapter, which is thereupon added at once by these witnesses of the events it records. Helen and her son had already vanished, and from that hour were never more seen; but the unquiet spirit of Faust haunted continually the house where he had lived; and though, henceforth, no one would risk a nearer encounter by venturing to reside in it, yet passers-by frequently saw the spectre of the sorcerer looking out at one or other of the windows.

The history of Faust's sowing and his reaping being thus brought to an end, the book concludes with a pious wish that all its readers may "avoid his fate and serve God alone, 'since your adversary the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.'" Its piety, however, seems not to have sufficed to protect it, for it is said that both the author and the publisher were punished for their work, and the books perhaps intentionally destroyed; which would account for their disappearance. But, however this may have been, the history was so well received by the public, that in the course of the next year some students of Tübingen threw it into rhyme, yet still keeping very closely to the original. In the same year that Spies' work was issued, *A Ballad of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus the Great Congeror* appeared in London; in 1589 the tale was printed in French; and in 1592 in Dutch. It was not till 1599 that George Rudolf Widman published at Hamburg an edition which has often been erroneously looked upon as the first printed, those issued earlier having been almost entirely displaced by it. In this much more pretentious version, wherein usually a longer and certainly a duller chapter of "Reflections" follows each short chapter of the narrative, Widman, who professes to ground his work on an autograph history of Faust, found in the library of an old physician at Leipsic, speaks with some contempt of the simple original by Spies; which yet he mainly follows, in some parts even transcribing from it word for word. It is he, however, who first introduces the dog—now as inseparable from Faust as "Toby" from the venerable Punch*—representing it to be a spirit named Prestigiar, who, in canine form, sometimes takes the place of Mephistopheles in instructing the doctor or fulfilling his behests. He, too, first brings forward in print the adventure of riding a cask of wine out of a vintner's cellar, an exploit the memory of which has been pictorially preserved for upwards of three centuries at the spot where it is said to have taken place, viz. at Auer-

* The constant attendance of this canine associate, taken in conjunction with the dire final catastrophe of the "Punch" tragedy, gives occasion for surmise as to the possible connection of our familiar street-friend with the great mediæval sorcerer, especially as Faust is known to have been very early a favourite subject for marionette or puppet plays. A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, no longer ago than in 1815, speaks of the doctor and his alliance with the Devil as having been, "in the time of our parents, a conspicuous feature of almost every puppet-show."

bach's cellar in Leipsic, where it is represented in one of a pair of pictures on the wall, bearing date 1525; a doggerel rhyme beneath asserting that this fact was "seen by many a mother's son." The other picture shows Faust drinking with his friends, and in each the dog appears.

In 1604 was published Marlowe's tragedy, in which the subject of Dr. Faustus is treated in language often of very great poetic beauty, but with very little deviation from the original story, except that the hero enters into his compact prompted as much by licentious desires as by a thirst for knowledge, and that a good angel is introduced attempting to dissuade him from it, or to win him to repentance. Other additions and variations were made in the course of time, and at length a further idea was introduced, and Faust was represented as attempting to outwit the fiend. One of the later legends sets forth his asking Mephistopheles to paint him a picture of the Crucifixion; the demon, not daring to do so, Faust then tells him that if his commands are not obeyed, the contract is at an end; when his cunning foe, seizing a brush, paints a Venus so exquisitely that the fascinated doctor at once accepts it instead of the subject he had demanded, and Satan remains triumphant. The present writer remembers having often, when a child, been entertained by an old German with Faust stories, in which like attempts were made, but with different result, the mortal always coming off victorious. Thus the contract having stipulated that the Devil should do whatever the doctor should bid him, the latter desires him to fill a certain bag to the brim with money, having first slit the bottom and stretched it over a chimney pot. The coins run through till the house is nearly full, and the task, arduous as it had appeared, seems nearly complete, when the doctor, unfastening the doors and windows, opens for the tide of wealth a channel into the street. Finding no end to his labour, the demon confesses that he cannot fulfil his part of the bond, and therefore cannot claim fulfilment from the other party. The result is similar when Faust enjoins him to twist a rope of sea-sand along a part of the coast just above low-water mark, where, though he actually does contrive to twine the unlikely material, the waves, of course, destroy the coil as soon as it is wrought. Whether so much subtlety was at last frustrated, or a happy *dénoûment* was substituted for the original final "fetch," either the narrator did not tell, or the listener has forgotten. The latter is at least the case in the modern and now most widely known version of the tale, for Goethe's choice of this theme for his poem, published in 1818, gained it henceforth an enduring place among classical literature. His introduction of the character of Margaret gave an entirely new turn to the story, the interest aroused by her soon diverting attention from the heretofore principal personage; but in his less known "Second Part," or continuation of the poem, Faust resumes his prominent position, goes through various adventures resembling some of those narrated by Spies, including an intrigue with Helen of Greece, and is finally redeemed and taken to heaven, where Margaret longingly awaits him.

Though received as a narrative of actual facts when they were first circulated, it has sometimes been doubted in later days whether even the hero of the Faust legends were indeed a real personage. Some have suggested that the monks might have propagated fables in that name, out of hatred to the printer who had destroyed their trade in MSS.; but, in fact, the printer Fust, who is believed to have died of the plague in 1466, flourished half a century before the time when, as there is ample proof, a Dr. Johann Faust, who bore the reputation of being a great magician, really lived, his death having occurred towards the end of the fifteenth century. Still the existence of this person being proved does not suffice to establish his connection with the tales told in his name; and one German writer, T. Görres, after saying that "Faust is rather a book than a person," asserts that every age has had its Faust, adducing numerous instances, ancient as well as mediæval. Thus Zoroaster, Democritus, Empedocles, and Apollonius were all reputed sorcerers, the former especially having, it is said, ruled over kings by means of magic, and been at last carried away by evil spirits. Robert (surnamed "the Devil"), Duke of Normandy, in the year 768, changed himself at will into various shapes, and called up the shade of Charlemagne, as Faust did that of Alexander. He repented afterwards of his sorceries, and even passed three years in penance; yet at last was taken off to the infernal regions. Pope Sylvester II. made a pact with the Devil, and was finally "fetched," even from the church where he had taken refuge. Like tales have been told also of Paul II., and other Popes. All, too, that has been said of Faust had been related of others centuries before. Thus Albertus Magnus, in 1248, showed his friends a blooming garden with nightingales singing among the flowers, when all without lay frozen in the snows of Christmas. An aerial journey on a mantle is a common incident in the stories of the *Arabian Nights*, and has also been related of Simon Magus and others; while a parallel for Faust's feats of supernatural voracity is found in the tale of the Abbot Erloftus eating all the provisions that could be furnished at an inn, concluding with the hostess herself; who, however, presently took her place again in the kitchen, while the food was soon after discovered, apparently untouched. On these grounds, Dr. K. Rosencranz, in his *History of German Mediæval Poetry*, does not hesitate to characterize the *History of Dr. Faustus* as merely "a collection of many traditions, all turning on the point of a man making a pact with the Devil in order to gain power over the spiritual and natural world."

The number of places which have disputed the credit of having been the scene of Faust's history, or, at least, of his end, has no doubt tended to throw discredit on the reality of his existence; for, while the original story asserts that his death occurred at Rimlich, a village near Wittenberg, yet, at Maulbronn, a blood-stained place is shown as the spot where it took place, and at Cologne a window through which the Devil is said to have flown away with him. Another window at the castle of Waerden-

berg makes the same claim, some irremovable blood-stains being pointed out as indisputable proofs of its justness; while similar marks at Pratau, near Wittenberg, are held by the natives to demonstrate that as having been the locality so distinguished. Yet, however conflicting may be the evidence as to the details of Faust's life or death, there seems no reason to doubt that a person of that name did play some such part as that described in the story. As the *Conversations Lexicon* remarks, "some Cagliostro of the fifteenth or sixteenth century was probably the germ out of which the tale of Dr. Faustus grew." The earliest mention of the name of Faust as a magician occurs in a letter from the Abbot Trithemius to a mathematician named Wirdung, in which the writer recounts that, when travelling in 1506 (eighty years before Spies' History was printed), he had come to a place where a certain George Sabellius, whom he characterizes as an impostor more fool than magician, had been performing many wonders, and had left behind him a card on which he described himself as "Georgius Sabellius, Faustus-junior, necromancer, &c. &c." The insertion of the word "junior" shows evidently that even at this early period the name of Faust was already well known in connection with magical associations. Again, J. Gask, a Protestant theologian, in 1548 affirmed that he himself had dined with the sorcerer Faust at Basle, and was entertained with a banquet of strange birds, unknown to him and quite foreign there. He mentions, too, his having a dog and a horse, both of which were thought to be demons, and that he had been told that the dog appeared at times in the form of a servant, supplying food to his master. He concludes, "The wretched man came to a fearful end, for the Devil strangled him; his body would lie upon the bier on its face, though it had been turned five times." But the witness who is considered to be the most credible of all is Johann Memel or Manlius, a pupil of Melancthon, who, in a collection bearing date 1560, gives, as from the mouth of his master, an account of the famous magician Faust, as of one with whom the latter had been personally acquainted. He, too, asserts that he was found one morning lying on his face, having been killed by the Devil at midnight. A portrait of him is also extant, marked with the words, "Het portrait van Doctor Faustus," and which represents him with a face almost boyish in its plumpness, with high rounded forehead, far back on which appears a crop of short, slightly curled, unparted hair; the eye-brows are arched and well defined, the nose thick, the chin large, and adorned with a little "imperial" tuft just under the lower lip, while the upper displays a smooth, neatly-curved moustache. The figure is simply attired in a round cloak, with a gathered frill-like collar.

A story which once excited such universal interest, and was read or listened to in almost every German household, from the baron's castle to the boor's hut, may still be of some value in furnishing some conclusions as to the state of the people in the age wherein it found such acceptance. Originating, as it did, in Germany, it is no mean testimony to Teutonic

purity that the original tale is strictly modest. We are told, indeed, that Faust "led a sensual life," but it is only in the most general terms that this is indicated; no scenes of vice are depicted, no licentious language indulged, scarcely a word occurring throughout the work which the demurest would shrink from; for even where a coarse expression is characteristically put into the mouth of a boor, it is still rather rudeness than immorality. Widman's version, notwithstanding the superior assumptions indicated by its prolix "reflections," merits less praise on this score, yet even this might well stand comparison, as regards refinement, with much that is to be found in contemporary English literature. Nor does the narrative pander to depraved taste, by tracing a course of crime of any kind; indeed, many a hero who is left "married and happy" at the end of a modern novel's third volume, has led the readers of his career through much more of sin and shame than does this poor hell-doomed Faust. Had it been received merely as an entertaining fiction, these considerations might have sufficed to place it beyond censure, while it might have claimed, too, the further recommendation of interweaving with what was purely imaginative some information as to the facts ascertained or the theories then prevalent in respect to geography, astronomy, &c., thus at least enlarging the conceptions and stimulating the healthy curiosity of its readers. When, however, we regard its claim to be a narration of facts and an exponent of spiritual truths challenging devout belief, we can hardly conclude that its influence could have been very wholesome. That ancient error which for so many years has been an obstacle to human progress viz.—that to be ignorant is the only condition of being innocent, and that knowledge is so nearly allied to evil that any intensity of desire for it must be dreaded as a dangerous impulse—lies at the foundation of the story. Since aspirations after a deeper insight into nature could scarcely have been so common as to invite universal warning that they were likely to imperil the soul, it seems likely that the real feeling of those who circulated such stories must have been a desire, prompted by mingled jealousy and fear, to deter the multitude from any approach to what was represented as so dangerous, and not only to throw suspicion upon superior knowledge wherever it existed, but to repress in the uninformed the first rising of any desire for enlightenment. The example chosen, therefore, to instruct mankind as to the surest road to ruin is that of a man whose chief desire is, in fact, simply a thirst to know more of the works of his Creator; for the motive assigned for Faust's entering into his terrible compact is neither ambition nor revenge, avarice, sensuality, or any other corrupt passion, but is strictly defined to have been nothing else than a thirst for knowledge—knowledge of the secrets of nature. His demand for physical enjoyments, as soon as he earned the power to command them, seems rather an afterthought, on the commercial principle of making all he can by his bargain; while his subsequent sensuality is the result of separate direct temptations assiduously set before him by the evil being in whose power he has placed himself. Even then his errors are comparatively venial, for

he is never described as seducing innocence—only the later legends furnishing even the faintest type of Goethe's Margaret. Nor yet, with the power of hell at his command, and a fiend always beside him, is he ever seen indulging in hatred, malice, or uncharitableness towards his fellow-creatures, except in the one instance of his preventing the resuscitation of the decapitated conjuror, which has the excuse of being a sort of trial of strength with a rival. With this exception, the mischievous pranks he occasionally plays never do any serious injury to their objects, and seem rather ebullitions of fun than promptings of ill-nature; while we continually find him exerting his extraordinary endowments, to afford pleasure or benefit to others. That all this was of no avail, has a certain tendency to throw contempt on morality. Faust is throughout the story an object of anything but detestation. We can but admire the skilful doctor, the kindly, genial companion, and the loving husband and father, though but of a shadowy bride and child; while our deepest pity is moved by the helpless victim of a single error, bitterly repenting a sin which, after all, had been prompted by actually laudable motives, yet sighing in vain for heavenly help or pardon. His final doom is therefore in the highest degree unsatisfactory; especially as we find that, while the powers of hell are ever on the alert to preclude any withdrawal from the pact of which he almost immediately begins to repent, no corresponding effort is made by any power of heaven to afford him a chance of escape; all supernatural interference (with the one slight exception of his blood flowing into the form of words of warning) being thus restricted to infernal agents, as though the Devil were the only spiritual being who was active in the world, and God a mere passive spectator from afar of His creatures' vain struggles with their mighty and crafty and relentless foe.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HARRY CLAVERING'S CONFESSION.



HARRY Claving, when he went away from Onslow Crescent, after his interview with Cecilia Burton, was a wretched, pitiable man. He had told the truth of himself, as far as he was able to tell it, to a woman whom he thoroughly esteemed, and having done so was convinced that she could no longer entertain any respect for him. He had laid bare to her all his weakness, and for a moment she had spurned him. It was true that she had again reconciled herself to him, struggling to save both him and her sister from future misery,—that she had even condescended to implore him to be gracious to Florence, taking that which to her mind seemed then to be

the surest path to her object: but not the less did he feel that she must despise him. Having promised his hand to one woman,—to a woman whom he still professed that he loved dearly,—he had allowed himself to be cheated into offering it to another. And he knew that the cheating had been his own. It was he who had done the evil. Julia, in showing her affection for him, had tendered her love to a man whom she believed to be free. He had intended to walk straight. He had not allowed himself to be enamoured of the wealth possessed by this woman who had thrown herself at his feet. But he had been so weak that he had fallen in his own despite.

There is, I suppose, no young man possessed of average talents and average education, who does not early in life lay out for himself some career with more or less precision,—some career which is high in its tendencies and noble in its aspirations, and to which he is afterwards com-



FLORENCE BURTON MAKES UP A PACKET.

pelled to compare the circumstances of the life which he shapes for himself. In doing this he may not attempt, perhaps, to lay down for himself any prescribed amount of success which he will endeavour to reach, or even the very pathway by which he will strive to be successful; but he will tell himself what are the vices which he will avoid, and what the virtues which he will strive to attain. Few young men ever did this with more precision than it had been done by Harry Clavering, and few with more self-confidence. Very early in life he had been successful,—so successful as to enable him to emancipate himself not only from his father's absolute control, but almost also from any interference on his father's part. It had seemed to be admitted that he was a better man than his father, better than the other Claverings,—the jewel of the race, the Clavering to whom the family would in future years look up, not as their actual head, but as their strongest prop and most assured support. He had said to himself that he would be an honest, truthful, hard-working man, not covetous after money, though conscious that a labourer was worthy of his hire, and conscious also that the better the work done the better should be his wages. Then he had encountered a blow,—a heavy blow from a false woman,—and he had boasted to himself that he had borne it well, as a man should bear all blows. And now, after all these resolves and all these boastings, he found himself brought by his own weakness to such a pass that he hardly dared to look in the face any of his dearest and most intimate friends.

He was not remiss in telling himself all this. He did draw the comparison ruthlessly between the character which he had intended to make his own and that which he now had justly earned. He did not excuse himself. We are told to love others as ourselves, and it is hard to do so. But I think that we never hate others, never despise others, as we are sometimes compelled by our own convictions and self-judgment to hate and to despise ourselves. Harry, as he walked home on this evening, was lost in disgust at his own conduct. He could almost have hit his head against the walls, or thrown himself beneath the waggons as he passed them, so thoroughly was he ashamed of his own life. Even now, on this evening, he had escaped from Onslow Crescent,—basely escaped,—without having declared any purpose. Twice on this day he had escaped, almost by subterfuges; once from Burton's office, and now again from Cecilia's presence. How long was this to go on, or how could life be endurable to him under such circumstances?

In parting from Cecilia, and promising to write at once, and promising to come again in a few days, he had had some idea in his head that he would submit his fate to the arbitrament of Lady Ongar. At any rate he must, he thought, see her, and finally arrange with her what the fate of both of them should be, before he could make any definite statement of his purpose in Onslow Crescent. The last tender of his hand had been made to Julia, and he could not renew his former promises on Florence's behalf, till he had been absolved by Julia.

This may at any rate be pleaded on his behalf,—that in all the workings of his mind at this time there was very little of personal vanity. Very personally vain he had been when Julia Brabazon,—the beautiful and noble-born Julia,—had first confessed at Clavering that she loved him; but that vanity had been speedily knocked on the head by her conduct to him. Men when they are jilted can hardly be vain of the conquest which has led to such a result. Since that there had been no vanity of that sort. His love to Florence had been open, honest, and satisfactory, but he had not considered himself to have achieved a wonderful triumph at Stratton. And when he found that Lord Ongar's widow still loved him,—that he was still regarded with affection by the woman who had formerly wounded him,—there was too much of pain, almost of tragedy, in his position, to admit of vanity. He would say to himself that, as far as he knew his own heart, he thought he loved Julia the best; but, nevertheless, he thoroughly wished that she had not returned from Italy, or that he had not seen her when she had so returned.

He had promised to write, and that he would do this very night. He had failed to make Cecilia Burton understand what he intended to do, having, indeed, hardly himself resolved; but before he went to bed he would both resolve and explain to her his resolution. Immediately, therefore, on his return home he sat down at his desk with the pen in his hand and the paper before him.

At last the words came. I can hardly say that they were the product of any fixed resolve made before he commenced the writing. I think that his mind worked more fully when the pen was in his hands than it had done during the hour through which he sat listless, doing nothing, struggling to have a will of his own, but failing. The letter when it was written was as follows :—

Bloomsbury Square, May, 186—.

DEAREST MRS. BURTON,—I said that I would write to-morrow, but I am writing now, immediately on my return home. Whatever else you may think of me, pray be sure of this, that I am most anxious to make you know and understand my own position at any rate as well as I do myself. I tried to explain it to you when I was with you this evening, but I fear that I failed; and when Mr. Burton came in I could not say anything farther.

I know that I have behaved very badly to your sister,—very badly, even though she should never become aware that I have done so. Not that that is possible, for if she were to be my wife to-morrow I should tell her everything. But badly as you must think of me, I have never for a moment had a premeditated intention to deceive her. I believe you do know on what terms I had stood with Miss Brabazon before her marriage, and that when she married, whatever my feelings might be, there was no self-accusation. And after that you know all that took place between me and Florence till the return of Lord Ongar's widow. Up to that time everything had been fair between us. I had told Florence of my former attachment, and she probably thought but little of it. Such things are so common with men! Some change happens as had happened with me, and a man's second love is often stronger and more worthy of a woman's acceptance than the first. At any rate, she knew it, and there was, so far, an end of it. And you understood, also, how very anxious I was to avoid delay in our marriage. No one knows that better than you,—not even Florence,—for I have talked it over with you so often; and you will remember how I have begged you to assist me. I don't

blame my darling Florence. She was doing what she deemed best ; but oh, if she had only been guided by what you once said to her !

Then Lord Ongar's widow returned ; and dear Mrs. Burton, though I fear you think ill of her, you must remember that as far as you know, or I, she has done nothing wrong, has been in no respect false, since her marriage. As to her early conduct to me, she did what many women have done, but what no woman should do. But how can I blame her, knowing how terrible has been my own weakness ! But as to her conduct since her marriage, I implore you to believe with me that she has been sinned against grievously, and has not sinned. Well ; as you know, I met her. It was hardly unnatural that I should do so, as we are connected. But whether natural or unnatural, foolish or wise, I went to her often. I thought at first that she must know of my engagement as her sister knew it well, and had met Florence. But she did not know it ; and so, having none near her that she could love, hardly a friend but myself, grievously wronged by the world and her own relatives, thinking that with her wealth she could make some amend to me for her former injury, she——. Dear Mrs. Burton, I think you will understand it now, and will see that she at least is free from blame.

I am not defending myself ; of course all this should have been without effect on me. But I had loved her so dearly ! I do love her still so dearly ! Love like that does not die. When she left me it was natural that I should seek some one else to love. When she returned to me,—when I found that in spite of her faults she had loved me through it all, I—I yielded and became false and a traitor.

I say that I love her still ; but I know well that Florence is far the nobler woman of the two. Florence never could have done what she did. In nature, in mind, in acquirement, in heart, Florence is the better. The man who marries Florence must be happy if any woman can make a man happy. Of her of whom I am now speaking, I know well that I cannot say that. How then, you will ask, can I be fool enough, having had such a choice, to doubt between the two ! How is it that man doubts between vice and virtue, between honour and dishonour, between heaven and hell ?

But all this is nothing to you. I do not know whether Florence would take me now. I am well aware that I have no right to expect that she should. But if I understood you aright this evening, she, as yet, has heard nothing of all this. What must she think of me for not writing to her ! But I could not bring myself to write in a false spirit ; and how could I tell her all that I have now told to you ?

I know that you wish that our engagement should go on. Dear Mrs. Burton, I love you so dearly for wishing it ! Mr. Burton, when he shall have heard everything, will, I fear, think differently. For me, I feel that I must see Lady Ongar before I can again go to your house, and I write now chiefly to tell you that this is what I have determined to do. I believe she is now away, in the Isle of Wight, but I will see her as soon as she returns. After that I will either come to Onslow Crescent or send. Florence will be with you then. She of course must know everything, and you have my permission to show this letter to her if you think well to do so.—Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

HARRY CLAVERING.

This he delivered himself the next morning at the door in Onslow Crescent, taking care not to be there till after Theodore Burton should have gone from home. He left a card also, so that it might be known, not only that he had brought it himself, but that he had intended Mrs. Burton to be aware of that fact. Then he went and wandered about, and passed his day in misery, as such men do when they are thoroughly discontented with their own conduct. This was the Saturday on which Lady Ongar returned with her Sophie from the Isle of Wight ; but of that premature return Harry knew nothing, and therefore allowed

the Sunday to pass by without going to Bolton Street. On the Monday morning he received a letter from home which made it necessary,—or induced him to suppose it to be necessary, that he should go home to Clavering, at any rate for one day. This he did on the Monday, sending a line to Mrs. Burton to say whither he was gone, and that he should be back by Wednesday night or Thursday morning,—and imploring her to give his love to Florence, if she would venture to do so. Mrs. Burton would know what must be his first business in London on his return, and she might be sure he would come or send to Onslow Crescent as soon as that was over.

Harry's letter,—the former and longer letter, Cecilia had read over, till she nearly knew it by heart, before her husband's return. She well understood that he would be very hard upon Harry. He had been inclined to forgive Clavering for what had been remiss,—to forgive the silence, the absence from the office, and the want of courtesy to his wife, till Harry had confessed his sin;—but he could not endure that his sister should seek the hand of a man who had declared himself to be in doubt whether he would take it, or that any one should seek it for her, in her ignorance of all the truth. His wife, on the other hand, simply looked to Florence's comfort and happiness. That Florence should not suffer the pang of having been deceived and rejected was all in all to Cecilia. "Of course she must know it some day," the wife had pleaded to her husband. "He is not the man to keep anything secret. But if she is told when he has returned to her, and is good to her, the happiness of the return will cure the other misery." But Burton would not submit to this. "To be comfortable at present is not everything," he said. "If the man be so miserably weak that he does not even now know his own mind, Florence had better take her punishment, and be quit of him."

Cecilia had narrated to him with passable fidelity what had occurred upstairs, while he was sitting alone in the dining-room. That she, in her anger, had at one moment spurned Harry Clavering, and that in the next she had knelt to him, imploring him to come back to Florence,—those two little incidents she did not tell to her husband. Harry's adventures with Lady Ongar, as far as she knew them, she described accurately. "I can't make any apology for him; upon my life I can't," said Burton. "If I know what it is for a man to behave ill, falsely, like a knave in such matters, he is so behaving." So Theodore Burton spoke as he took his candle to go away to his work; but his wife had induced him to promise that he would not write to Stratton or take any other step in the matter till they had waited twenty-four hours for Harry's promised letter.

The letter came before the twenty-four hours were expired, and Burton, on his return home on the Saturday, found himself called upon to read and pass judgment upon Harry's confession. "What right has he to speak of her as his darling Florence," he exclaimed, "while he is confessing his own knavery?"

"But if she is his darling——?" pleaded his wife.

"Trash! But the word from him in such a letter is simply an additional insult. And what does he know about this woman who has come back? He vouches for her, but what can he know of her? Just what she tells him. He is simply a fool."

"But you cannot dislike him for believing her word."

"Cecilia," said he, holding down the letter as he spoke,—“you are so carried away by your love for Florence, and your fear lest a marriage which has been once talked of should not take place, that you shut your eyes to this man's true character. Can you believe any good of a man who tells you to your face that he is engaged to two women at once?"

"I think I can," said Cecilia, hardly venturing to express so dangerous an opinion above her breath.

"And what would you think of a woman who did so?"

"Ah, that is so different! I cannot explain it, but you know that it is different."

"I know that you would forgive a man anything, and a woman nothing." To this she submitted in silence, having probably heard the reproof before, and he went on to finish the letter. "Not defending himself!" he exclaimed,—“then why does he not defend himself? When a man tells me that he does not, or cannot defend himself, I know that he is a sorry fellow, without a spark of spirit."

"I don't think that of Harry. Surely that letter shows a spirit."

"Such a one as I should be ashamed to see in a dog. No man should ever be in a position in which he cannot defend himself. No man, at any rate, should admit himself to be so placed. Wish that he should go on with his engagement! I do not wish it at all. I am sorry for Florence. She will suffer terribly. But the loss of such a lover as that is infinitely a lesser loss than would be the gain of such a husband. You had better write to Florence, and tell her not to come."

"Oh, Theodore!"

"That is my advice."

"But there is no post between this and Monday," said Cecilia temporizing.

"Send her a message by the wires."

"You cannot explain this by a telegram, Theodore. Besides, why should she not come? Her coming can do no harm. If you were to tell your mother now of all this, it would prevent the possibility of things ever being right."

"Things,—that is, this thing, never will be right," said he.

"But let us see. She will be here on Monday, and if you think it best you can tell her everything. Indeed, she must be told when she is here, for I could not keep it from her. I could not smile and talk to her about him and make her think that it is all right."

"Not you! I should be very sorry if you could."

"But I think I could make her understand that she should not decide upon breaking with him altogether."

"And I think I could make her understand that she ought to do so."

"But you wouldn't do that, Theodore?"

"I would if I thought it my duty."

"But at any rate, she must come, and we can talk of that to-morrow."

As to Florence's coming, Burton had given way, beaten, apparently, by that argument about the post. On the Sunday very little was said about Harry Clavering. Cecilia studiously avoided the subject, and Burton had not so far decided on dropping Harry altogether, as to make him anxious to express any such decision. After all, such dropping or not dropping must be the work of Florence herself. On the Monday morning Cecilia had a further triumph. On that day her husband was very fully engaged, —having to meet a synod of contractors, surveyors, and engineers, to discuss which of the remaining thoroughfares of London should not be knocked down by the coming railways,—and he could not absent himself from the Adelphi. It was, therefore, arranged that Mrs. Burton should go to the Paddington Station to meet her sister-in-law. She therefore would have the first word with Florence, and the earliest opportunity of impressing the new-comer with her own ideas. "Of course, you must say something to her of this man," said her husband, "but the less you say the better. After all she must be left to judge for herself." In all matters such as this,—in all affairs of tact, of social intercourse, and of conduct between man and man, or man and woman, Mr. Burton was apt to be eloquent in his domestic discussion, and sometimes almost severe;—but the final arrangement of them was generally left to his wife. He enunciated principles of strategy,—much, no doubt, to her benefit; but she actually fought the battles.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FLORENCE BURTON PACKS UP A PACKET.

THOUGH nobody had expressed to Florence at Stratton any fear of Harry Clavering's perfidy, that young lady was not altogether easy in her mind. Weeks and weeks had passed, and she had not heard from him. Her mother was manifestly uneasy, and had announced some days before Florence's departure, her surprise and annoyance in not having heard from her eldest son. When Florence inquired as to the subject of the expected letter, her mother put the question aside, saying, with a little assumed irritability, that of course she liked to get an answer to her letters when she took the trouble to write them. And when the day for Florence's journey drew nigh, the old lady became more and more uneasy,—showing plainly that she wished her daughter was not going to London. But Florence, as she was quite determined to go, said nothing to all this. Her father also was uneasy, and neither of them had for some days named her

lover in her hearing. She knew that there was something wrong, and felt that it was better that she should go to London and learn the truth.

No female heart was ever less prone to suspicion than the heart of Florence Burton. Among those with whom she had been most intimate nothing had occurred to teach her that men could be false, or women either. When she had heard from Harry Clavering the story of Julia Brabazon, she had, not making much accusation against the sinner in speech, put Julia down in the books of her mind as a bold, bad woman who could forget her sex, and sell her beauty and her womanhood for money. There might be such a woman here and there, or such a man. There were murderers in the world,—but the bulk of mankind is not made subject to murderers. Florence had never considered the possibility that she herself could become liable to such a misfortune. And then, when the day came that she was engaged, her confidence in the man chosen by her was unlimited. Such love as hers rarely suspects. He with whom she had to do was Harry Clavering, and therefore she could not be deceived. Moreover she was supported by a self-respect and a self-confidence which did not at first allow her to dream that a man who had once loved her would ever wish to leave her. It was to her as though a sacrament as holy as that of the church had passed between them, and she could not easily bring herself to think that that sacrament had been as nothing to Harry Clavering. But nevertheless there was something wrong, and when she left her father's house at Stratton, she was well aware that she must prepare herself for tidings that might be evil. She could bear anything, she thought, without disgracing herself; but there were tidings which might send her back to Stratton a broken woman, fit perhaps to comfort the declining years of her father and mother, but fit for nothing else.

Her mother watched her closely as she sat at her breakfast that morning, but much could not be gained by watching Florence Burton when Florence wished to conceal her thoughts. Many messages were sent to Theodore, to Cecilia, and to the children, messages to others of the Burton clan who were in town, but not a word was said of Harry Clavering. The very absence of his name was enough to make them all wretched, but Florence bore it as the Spartan boy bore the fox beneath his tunic. Mrs. Burton could hardly keep herself from a burst of indignation; but she had been strongly warned by her husband, and restrained herself till Florence was gone. "If he is playing her false," said she, as soon as she was alone with her old husband, "he shall suffer for it, though I have to tear his face with my own fingers."

"Nonsense, my dear; nonsense."

"It is not nonsense, Mr. Burton. A gentleman, indeed! He is to be allowed to be dishonest to my girl because he is a gentleman! I wish there was no such thing as a gentleman;—so I do. Perhaps there would be more honest men then." It was unendurable to her that a girl of hers should be so treated.

Immediately on the arrival of the train at the London platform, Florence espied Cecilia, and in a minute was in her arms. There was a special tenderness in her sister-in-law's caress, which at once told Florence that her fears had not been without cause. Who has not felt the evil tidings conveyed by the exaggerated tenderness of a special kiss? But while on the platform and among the porters she said nothing of herself. She asked after Theodore and heard of the railway confederacy with a shew of delight. "He'd like to make a line from Hyde Park Corner to the Tower of London," said Florence, with a smile. Then she asked after the children, and specially for the baby; but as yet she spoke no word of Harry Clavering. The trunk and the bag were at last found; and the two ladies were packed into a cab, and had started. Cecilia, when they were seated, got hold of Florence's hand, and pressed it warmly. "Dearest," she said, "I am so glad to have you with us once again." "And now," said Florence, speaking with a calmness that was almost unnatural, "tell me all the truth."

All the truth! What a demand it was. And yet Cecilia had expected that none less would be made upon her. Of course Florence must have known that there was something wrong. Of course she would ask as to her lover immediately upon her arrival. "And now tell me all the truth."

"Oh, Florence!"

"The truth, then, is very bad?" said Florence, gently. "Tell me first of all whether you have seen him. Is he ill?"

"He was with us on Friday. He is not ill."

"Thank God for that. Has anything happened to him? Has he lost money?"

"No; I have heard nothing about money."

"Then he is tired of me. Tell me at once, my own one. You know me so well. You know I can bear it. Don't treat me as though I were a coward."

"No; it is not that. It is not that he is tired of you. If you had heard him speak of you on Friday,—that you were the noblest, purest, dearest, best of women——" This was imprudent on her part; but what loving woman could at such a moment have endured to be prudent.

"Then what is it?" asked Florence, almost sternly. "Look here, Cecilia; if it be anything touching himself or his own character, I will put up with it, in spite of anything my brother may say. Though he had been a murderer, if that were possible, I would not leave him. I will never leave him unless he leaves me. Where is he now, at this moment?"

"He is in town." Mrs. Burton had not received Harry's note, telling her of his journey to Clavering, before she had left home. Now at this moment it was waiting for her in Onslow Crescent.

"And am I to see him? Cecilia, why cannot you tell me how it is? In such a case I should tell you,—should tell you everything at

once; because I know that you are not a coward. Why cannot you do so to me?"

"You have heard of Lady Ongar?"

"Heard of her;—yes. She treated Harry very badly before her marriage."

"She has come back to London, a widow."

"I know she has. And Harry has gone back to her! Is that it? Do you mean to tell me that Harry and Lady Ongar are to be married."

"No; I cannot say that. I hope it is not so. Indeed, I do not think it."

"Then what have I to fear? Does she object to his marrying me? What has she to do between us?"

"She wishes that Harry should come back to her, and Harry has been unsteady. He has been with her often, and he has been very weak. It may be all right yet, Flo; it may indeed,—if you can forgive his weakness."

Something of the truth had now come home to Florence, and she sat thinking of it long before she spoke again. This widow, she knew, was very wealthy, and Harry had loved her before he had come to Stratton. Harry's first love had come back free,—free to wed again, and able to make the fortune of the man she might love and marry. What had Florence to give to any man that could be weighed with this? Lady Ongar was very rich. Florence had already heard all this from Harry,—was very rich, was clever, and was beautiful; and moreover she had been Harry's first love. Was it reasonable that she with her little claims, her puny attractions, should stand in Harry's way when such a prize as that came across him! And as for his weakness;—might it not be strength, rather than weakness;—the strength of an old love which he could not quell, now that the woman was free to take him? For herself,—had she not known that she had only come second? As she thought of him with his noble bride and that bride's great fortune, and of her own insignificance, her low birth, her doubtful prettiness,—prettiness that had ever been doubtful to herself, of her few advantages, she told herself that she had no right to stand upon her claims. "I wish I had known it sooner," she said, in a voice so soft that Cecilia strained her ears to catch the words. "I wish I had known it sooner. I would not have come up to be in his way."

"But you will be in no one's way, Flo, unless it be in hers."

"And I will not be in hers," said Florence, speaking somewhat louder, and raising her head in pride as she spoke. "I will be neither in hers nor in his. I think I will go back at once."

Cecilia upon this ventured to look round at her, and saw that she was very pale, but that her eyes were dry and her lips pressed close together. It had not occurred to Mrs. Burton that her sister-in-law would take it in this way,—that she would express herself as being willing to give way, and that she would at once surrender her lover to her rival. The married

woman, she who was already happy with a husband, having enlisted all her sympathies on the side of a marriage between Florence and Harry Clavering, could by no means bring herself to agree to this view. No one liked success better than Cecilia Burton, and to her success would consist in rescuing Harry from Lady Ongar and securing him for Florence. In fighting this battle she had found that she would have against her Lady Ongar—of course, and then her husband, and Harry himself too, as she feared; and now also she must reckon Florence also among her opponents. But she could not endure the idea of failing in such a cause. "Oh, Florence, I think you are so wrong," she said.

"You would feel as I do, if you were in my place."

"But people cannot always judge best when they feel the most. What you should think of is his happiness."

"So I do;—and of his future career."

"Career! I hate to hear of careers." Men do not want careers, or should not want them. Could it be good for him to marry a woman who has been false—who has done as she has, simply because she has made herself rich by her wickedness? Do you believe so much in riches yourself?"

"If he loves her best, I will not blame him," said Florence. "He knew her before he had seen me. He was quite honest and told me all the story. It is not his fault if he still likes her the best."

When they reached Onslow Crescent, the first half-hour was spent with the children, as to whom Florence could not but observe that even from their mouths the name of Harry Clavering was banished. But she played with Cissy and Sophie, giving them their little presents from Stratton; and sat with the baby in her lap, kissing his pink feet and making little soft noises for his behoof, sweetly as she might have done if no terrible crisis in her own life had now come upon her. Not a tear as yet had moistened her eyes, and Cecilia was partly aware that Florence's weeping would be done in secret. "Come up with me into my own room;—I have something to show you," she said, as the nurse took the baby at last; and Cissy and Sophie were at the same time sent away with their brother. "As I came in I got a note from Harry, but, before you see that, I must show you the letter which he wrote to me on Friday. He has gone down to Clavering,—on some business,—for one day." Mrs. Burton, in her heart, could hardly acquit him of having run out of town at the moment to avoid the arrival of Florence.

They went upstairs, and the note was, in fact, read before the letter. "I hope there is nothing wrong at the parsonage," said Florence.

"You see he says he will be back after one day."

"Perhaps he has gone to tell them,—of this change in his prospects."

"No, dear, no; you do not yet understand his feelings. Read his letter, and you will know more. If there is to be a change, he is at any rate too much ashamed of it to speak of it. He does not wish it himself. It is simply this,—that she has thrown herself in his way, and he has not known how to avoid her."

Then Florence read the letter very slowly, going over most of the sentences more than once, and struggling to learn from them what were really the wishes of the writer. When she came to Harry's exculpation of Lady Ongar, she believed it thoroughly, and said so,—meeting, however, a direct contradiction on that point from her sister-in-law. When she had finished it, she folded it up and gave it back. "Cissy," she said, "I know that I ought to go back. I do not want to see him, and I am glad that he has gone away."

"But you do not mean to give him up?"

"Yes, dearest."

"But you said you would never leave him, unless he left you."

"He has left me."

"No, Florence; not so. Do you not see what he says;—that he knows you are the only woman that can make him happy?"

"He has not said that; but if he had, it would make no matter. He understands well how it is. He says that I could not take him now,—even if he came to me; and I cannot. How could I? What! wish to marry a man who does not love me, who loves another, when I know that I am regarded simply as a barrier between them; when by doing so I should mar his fortunes? Cissy, dear, when you think of it, you will not wish it."

"Mar his fortunes! It would make them. I do wish it,—and he wishes it too. I tell you that I had him here, and I know it. Why should you be sacrificed?"

"What is the meaning of self-denial, if no one can bear to suffer?"

"But he will suffer too,—and all for her caprices! You cannot really think that her money would do him any good. Who would ever speak to him again, or even see him? What would the world say of him? Why, his own father and mother and sisters would disown him, if they are such as you say they are."

Florence would not argue it further, but went to her room, and remained there alone till Cecilia came to tell her that her brother had returned. What weeping there may have been there, need not be told. Indeed, as I think, there was not much, for Florence was a girl whose education had not brought her into the way of hysterical sensations. The Burtons were an active, energetic people who sympathized with each other in labour and success,—and in endurance also; but who had little sympathy to express for the weaknesses of grief. When her children had stumbled in their play, bruising their little noses, and barking their little shins, Mrs. Burton, the elder, had been wont to bid them rise, asking them what their legs were for, if they could not stand. So they had dried their own little eyes with their own little fists, and had learned to understand that the rubs of the world were to be borne in silence. This rub that had come to Florence was of grave import, and had gone deeper than the outward skin; but still the old lesson had its effect.

Florence rose from the bed on which she was lying, and prepared to

come down. "Do not commit yourself to him, as to anything," said Cecilia.

"I understand what that means," Florence answered. "He thinks as I do. But never mind. He will not say much, and I shall say less. It is bad to talk of this to any man,—even to a brother."

Burton also received his sister with that exceptional affection which declares pity for some overwhelming misfortune. He kissed her lips, which was rare with him, for he would generally but just touch her forehead, and he put his hand behind her waist and partly embraced her. "Did Cissy manage to find you at the station?"

"Oh, yes;—easily."

"Theodore thinks that a woman is no good for any such purpose as that," said Cecilia. "It is a wonder to him, no doubt, that we are not now wandering about London in search of each other,—and of him."

"I think she would have got home quicker if I could have been there," said Burton.

"We were in a cab in one minute;—weren't we, Florence? The difference would have been that you would have given a porter sixpence,—and I gave him a shilling, having bespoken him before."

"And Theodore's time was worth the sixpence, I suppose," said Florence.

"That depends," said Cecilia. "How did the synod go on?"

"The synod made an ass of itself;—as synods always do. It is necessary to get a lot of men together, for the show of the thing,—otherwise the world will not believe. That is the meaning of committees. But the real work must always be done by one or two men. Come;—I'll go and get ready for dinner."

The subject,—the one real subject, had thus been altogether avoided at this first meeting with the man of the house, and the evening passed without any allusion to it. Much was made of the children, and much was said of the old people at home; but still there was a consciousness over them all that the one matter of importance was being kept in the background. They were all thinking of Harry Clavering, but no one mentioned his name. They all knew that they were unhappy and heavy-hearted through his fault, but no one blamed him. He had been received in that house with open arms, had been warmed in their bosom, and had stung them; but though they were all smarting from the sting, they uttered no complaint. Burton had made up his mind that it would be better to pass over the matter thus in silence,—to say nothing further of Harry Clavering. A misfortune had come upon them. They must bear it, and go on as before. Harry had been admitted into the London office on the footing of a paid clerk,—on the same footing, indeed, as Burton himself, though with a much smaller salary and inferior work. This position had been accorded to him of course through the Burton interest, and it was understood that if he chose to make himself useful, he could rise in the business as Theodore had risen. But he could only do so as one of the

Burtons. For the last three months he had declined to take his salary, alleging that private affairs had kept him away from the office. It was to the hands of Theodore Burton himself that such matters came for management, and therefore there had been no necessity for further explanation. Harry Clavering would of course leave the house, and there would be an end of him in the records of the Burton family. He would have come and made his mark,—a terrible mark, and would have passed on. Those whom he had bruised by his cruelty, and knocked over by his treachery, must get to their feet again as best they could, and say as little as might be of their fall. There are knaves in this world, and no one can suppose that he has a special right to be exempted from their knavery because he himself is honest. It is on the honest that the knaves prey. That was Burton's theory in this matter. He would learn from Cecilia how Florence was bearing herself; but to Florence herself he would say little or nothing if she bore with patience and dignity, as he believed she would, the calamity which had befallen her.

But he must write to his mother. The old people at Stratton must not be left in the dark as to what was going on. He must write to his mother, unless he could learn from his wife that Florence herself had communicated to them at home the fact of Harry's iniquity. But he asked no question as to this on the first night, and on the following morning he went off, having simply been told that Florence had seen Harry's letter, that she knew all, and that she was carrying herself like an angel.

"Not like an angel that hopes?" said Theodore.

"Let her alone for a day or two," said Cecilia. "Of course she must have a few days to think of it. I need hardly tell you that you will never have to be ashamed of your sister."

The Tuesday and the Wednesday passed by, and though Cecilia and Florence when together discussed the matter, no change was made in the wishes or thoughts of either of them. Florence, now that she was in town, had consented to remain till after Harry should return, on the understanding that she should not be called upon to see him. He was to be told that she forgave him altogether,—that his troth was returned to him and that he was free, but that in such circumstances a meeting between them could be of no avail. And then a little packet was made up, which was to be given to him. How was it that Florence had brought with her all his presents and all his letters? But there they were in her box upstairs, and sitting by herself, with weary fingers, she packed them, and left them packed under lock and key, addressed by herself to Harry Clavering, Esq. Oh, the misery of packing such a parcel! The feeling with which a woman does it is never encountered by a man. He chucks the things together in wrath,—the lock of hair, the letters in the pretty Italian hand that have taken so much happy care in the writing, the jewelled shirt-studs, which were first put in by the fingers that gave them. They are thrown together, and given to some other woman to deliver. But the girl lingers over her torture. She reads the letters

again. She thinks of the moments of bliss which each little toy has given. She is loth to part with everything. She would fain keep some one thing,—the smallest of them all. She doubts,—till a feeling of maidenly reserve constrains her at last, and the coveted trifle, with careful, painstaking fingers, is put with the rest, and the parcel is made complete, and the address is written with precision.

“Of course I cannot see him,” said Florence. “You will hand to him what I have to send to him; and you must ask him, if he has kept any of my letters, to return them.” She said nothing of the shirt-studs, but he would understand that. As for the lock of hair,—doubtless it had been burned.

Cecilia said but little in answer to this. She would not as yet look upon the matter as Florence looked at it, and as Theodore did also. Harry was to be back in town on Thursday morning. He could not, probably, be seen or heard of on that day, because of his visit to Lady Ongar. It was absolutely necessary that he should see Lady Ongar before he could come to Onslow Terrace, with possibility of becoming once more the old Harry Clavering whom they were all to love. But Mrs. Burton would by no means give up all hope. It was useless to say anything to Florence, but she still hoped that good might come.

And then, as she thought of it all, a project came into her head. Alas, and alas! Was she not too late with her project? Why had she not thought of it on the Tuesday or early on the Wednesday, when it might possibly have been executed? But it was a project which she must have kept secret from her husband, of which he would by no means have approved; and as she remembered this, she told herself that perhaps it was as well that things should take their own course without such interference as she had contemplated.

On the Thursday morning there came to her a letter in a strange hand. It was from Clavering,—from Harry's mother. Mrs. Clavering wrote, as she said, at her son's request, to say that he was confined to his bed, and could not be in London as soon as he expected. Mrs. Burton was not to suppose that he was really ill, and none of the family were to be frightened. From this Mrs. Burton learned that Mrs. Clavering knew nothing of Harry's apostasy. The letter went on to say that Harry would write as soon as he himself was able, and would probably be in London early next week,—at any rate before the end of it. He was a little feverish, but there was no cause for alarm. Florence, of course, could only listen and turn pale. Now at any rate she must remain in London.

Mrs. Burton's project might, after all, be feasible; but then what if her husband should really be angry with her? That was a misfortune which never yet had come upon her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SHOWING WHY HARRY CLAVERING WAS WANTED AT THE RECTORY.

THE letter which had summoned Harry to the parsonage had been from his mother, and had begged him to come to Clavering at once, as trouble had come upon them from an unexpected source. His father had quarrelled with Mr. Saul. The rector and the curate had had an interview, in which there had been high words, and Mr. Clavering had refused to see Mr. Saul again. Fanny also was in great trouble,—and the parish was, as it were, in hot water. Mrs. Clavering thought that Harry had better run down to Clavering, and see Mr. Saul. Harry, not unwillingly, acceded to his mother's request, much wondering at the source of this new misfortune. As to Fanny, she, as he believed, had held out no encouragement to Mr. Saul's overtures. When Mr. Saul had proposed to her,—making that first offer of which Harry had been aware,—nothing could have been more steadfast than her rejection of the gentleman's hand. Harry had regarded Mr. Saul as little less than mad to think of such a thing, but, thinking of him as a man very different in his ways and feelings from other men, had believed that he might go on at Clavering comfortably as curate in spite of that little accident. It appeared, however, that he was not going on comfortably; but Harry, when he left London, could not quite imagine how such violent discomfort should have arisen that the rector and the curate should be unable to meet each other. If the reader will allow me, I will go back a little and explain this.

The reader already knows what Fanny's brother did not know,—namely, that Mr. Saul had pressed his suit again, and had pressed it very strongly; and he also knows that Fanny's reception of the second offer was very different from her reception of the first. She had begun to doubt;—to doubt whether her first judgment as to Mr. Saul's character had not been unjust,—to doubt whether, in addressing her, he was not right, seeing that his love for her was so strong,—to doubt whether she did not like him better than she had thought she did,—to doubt whether an engagement with a penniless curate was in truth a position utterly to be reprehended and avoided. Young penniless curates must love somebody as well as young beneficed vicars and rectors. And then Mr. Saul pleaded his cause so well!

She did not at once speak to her mother on the matter, and the fact that she had a secret made her very wretched. She had left Mr. Saul in doubt, giving him no answer, and he had said that he would ask her again in a few days what was to be his fate. She hardly knew how to tell her mother of this till she had told herself what were her own wishes. She thoroughly desired to have her mother in her confidence, and promised herself that it should be so before Mr. Saul renewed his suit. He was a man who was never hurried or impatient in his doings. But Fanny put

off the interview with her mother,—put off her own final resolution, till it was too late, and Mr. Saul came upon her again, when she was but ill-prepared for him.

A woman, when she doubts whether she loves or does not love, is inclined five parts out of six towards the man of whom she is thinking. When a woman doubts she is lost, the cynics say. I simply assert, being no cynic, that when a woman doubts she is won. The more Fanny thought of Mr. Saul, the more she felt that he was not the man for which she had first taken him,—that he was of larger dimensions as regarded spirit, manhood, and heart, and better entitled to a woman's love. She would not tell herself that she was attached to him; but in all her arguments with herself against him, she rested her objection mainly on the fact, that he had but seventy pounds a year. And then the threatened attack, the attack that was to be final, came upon her before she was prepared for it!

They had been together as usual during the intervening time. It was, indeed, impossible that they should not be together. Since she had first begun to doubt about Mr. Saul, she had been more diligent than heretofore in visiting the poor and in attending to her school, as though she were recognizing the duty which would specially be hers if she were to marry such a one as he. And thus they had been brought together more than ever. All this her mother had seen, and seeing, had trembled; but she had not thought it wise to say anything till Fanny should speak. Fanny was very good and very prudent. It could not be but that Fanny should know how impossible must be such a marriage. As to the rector he had no suspicions on the matter. Saul had made himself an ass on one occasion, and there had been an end of it. As a curate Saul was invaluable, and therefore the fact of his having made himself an ass had been forgiven him. It was thus that the rector looked at it.

It was hardly more than ten days since the last walk in Cumberly Lane when Mr. Saul renewed the attack. He did it again on the same spot, and at the same hour of the day. Twice a week, always on the same days, he was in the chapel up at this end of the parish, and on these days he could always find Fanny on her way home. When he put his head in at the little school door and asked for her, her mind misgave her. He had not walked home with her since, and though he had been in the school with her often, had always left her there, going about his own business, as though he were by no means desirous of her company. Now the time had come, and Fanny felt that she was not prepared. But she took up her hat, and went out to him, knowing that there was no escape.

"Miss Clavering," said he, "have you thought of what I was saying to you?" To this she made no answer, but merely played with the point of the parasol which she held in her hand. "You cannot but have thought of it," he continued. "You could not dismiss it altogether from your thoughts."

"I have thought about it, of course," she said.

"And what does your mind say? Or rather what does your heart say? Both should speak, but I would sooner hear the heart first."

"I am sure, Mr. Saul, that it is quite impossible."

"In what way impossible?"

"Papa would not allow it."

"Have you asked him?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Or Mrs. Clavering?"

Fanny blushed as she remembered how she had permitted the days to go by without asking her mother's counsel. "No; I have spoken to no one. Why should I, when I knew that it is impossible?"

"May I speak to Mr. Clavering?" To this Fanny made no immediate answer, and then Mr. Saul urged the question again. "May I speak to your father?"

Fanny felt that she was assenting, even in that she did not answer such a question by an immediate refusal of her permission; and yet she did not mean to assent. "Miss Clavering," he said, "if you regard me with affection, you have no right to refuse me this request. I tell you so boldly. If you feel for me that love which would enable you to accept me as your husband, it is your duty to tell me so,—your duty to me, to yourself, and to your God."

Fanny did not quite see the thing in this light, and yet she did not wish to contradict him. At this moment she forgot that in order to put herself on perfectly firm ground, she should have gone back to the first hypothesis, and assured him that she did not feel any such regard for him. Mr. Saul, whose intellect was more acute, took advantage of her here, and chose to believe that that matter of her affection was now conceded to him. He knew what he was doing well, and is open to a charge of some jesuitry. "Mr. Saul," said Fanny, with grave prudence, "it cannot be right for people to marry when they have nothing to live upon." When she had shown him so plainly that she had no other piece left on the board to play than this, the game may be said to have been won on his side.

"If that be your sole objection," said he, "you cannot but think it right that I and your father should discuss it." To this she made no reply whatever, and they walked along the lane for a considerable way in silence. Mr. Saul would have been glad to have had the interview over now, feeling that at any future meeting he would have stronger power of assuming the position of an accepted lover than he would do now. Another man would have desired to get from her lips a decided word of love,—to take her hand, perhaps, and to feel some response from it,—to go further than this, as is not unlikely, and plead for the happy indulgences of an accepted lover. But Mr. Saul abstained, and was wise in abstaining. She had not so far committed herself, but that she might even now have drawn back, had he pressed her too hard. For hand-pressing, and the titillations of love-making, Mr. Saul was not adapted; but he was a man, who having once loved, would love on to the end.

The way, however, was too long to be completed without further speech. Fanny, as she walked, was struggling to find some words by which she might still hold her ground, but the words were not forthcoming. It seemed to herself that she was being carried away by this man, because she had suddenly lost her remembrance of all negatives. The more she struggled the more she failed, and at last gave it up in despair. Let Mr. Saul say what he would, it was impossible that they should be married. All his arguments about duty were nonsense. It could not be her duty to marry a man who would have to starve in his attempt to keep her. She wished she had told him at first that she did not love him, but that seemed to be too late now. The moment that she was in the house she would go to her mother and tell her everything.

"Miss Clavering," said he, "I shall see your father to-morrow."

"No, no," she ejaculated.

"I shall certainly do so in any event. I shall either tell him that I must leave the parish,—explaining to him why I must go; or I shall ask him to let me remain here in the hope that I may become his son-in-law. You will not now tell me that I am to go?" Fanny was again silent, her memory failing her as to either negative or affirmative that would be of service. "To stay here hopeless would be impossible to me. Now I am not hopeless. Now I am full of hope. I think I could be happy, though I had to wait as Jacob waited."

"And perhaps have Jacob's consolation," said Fanny. She was lost by the joke and he knew it. A grim smile of satisfaction crossed his thin face as he heard it, and there was a feeling of triumph at his heart. "I am hardly fitted to be a patriarch, as the patriarchs were of old," he said. "Though the seven years should be prolonged to fourteen I do not think I should seek any Leah."

They were soon at the gate, and his work for that evening was done. He would go home to his solitary room at a neighbouring farm-house, and sit in triumph as he eat his morsel of cold mutton by himself. He, without any advantage of a person to back him, poor, friendless, hitherto conscious that he was unfitted to mix even in ordinary social life—he had won the heart of the fairest woman he had ever seen. "You will give me your hand at parting," he said, whereupon she tendered it to him with her eyes fixed upon the ground. "I hope we understand each other," he continued. "You may at any rate understand this, that I love you with all my heart and all my strength. If things prosper with me, all my prosperity shall be for you. If there be no prosperity for me, you shall be my only consolation in this world. You are my Alpha and my Omega, my first and last, my beginning and end,—my everything, my all." Then he turned away and left her, and there had come no negative from her lips. As far as her lips were concerned no negative was any longer possible to her.

She went into the house knowing that she must at once seek her mother; but she allowed herself first to remain for some half-hour in

her own bedroom, preparing the words that she would use. The interview she knew would be difficult,—much more difficult than it would have been before her last walk with Mr. Saul; and the worst of it was that she could not quite make up her mind as to what it was that she wished to say. She waited till she should hear her mother's step on the stairs. At last Mrs. Clavering came up to dress, and then Fanny following her quickly into her bedroom, abruptly began.

"Mamma," she said, "I want to speak to you very much."

"Well, my dear?"

"But you mustn't be in a hurry, mamma." Mrs. Clavering looked at her watch, and declaring that it still wanted three-quarters of an hour to dinner, promised that she would not be very much in a hurry.

"Mamma, Mr. Saul has been speaking to me again."

"Has he, my dear? You cannot, of course, help it if he chooses to speak to you, but he ought to know that it is very foolish. It must end in his having to leave us."

"That is what he says, mamma. He says he must go away, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I will consent that he shall remain here as——"

"As your accepted lover. Is that it, Fanny?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then he must go, I suppose. What else can any of us say? I shall be sorry both for his sake and for your papa's." Mrs. Clavering as she said this looked at her daughter, and saw at once that this edict on her part did not settle the difficulty. There was that in Fanny's face which showed trouble and the necessity of further explanation. "Is not that what you think yourself, my dear?" Mrs. Clavering asked.

"I should be very sorry if he had to leave the parish on my account."

"We all shall feel that, dearest; but what can we do? I presume you don't wish him to remain as your lover?"

"I don't know, mamma," said Fanny.

It was then as Mrs. Clavering had feared. Indeed from the first word that Fanny had spoken on the present occasion, she had almost been sure of the facts, as they now were. To her father it would appear wonderful that his daughter should have come to love such a man as Mr. Saul, but Mrs. Clavering knew better than he how far perseverance will go with women,—perseverance joined with high mental capacity, and with high spirit to back it. She was grieved but not surprised, and would at once have accepted the idea of Mr. Saul becoming her son-in-law, had not the poverty of the man been so much against him. "Do you mean, my dear, that you wish him to remain here after what he has said to you? That would be tantamount to accepting him. You understand that, Fanny;—oh, dear?"

"I suppose it would, mamma."

"And is that what you mean? Come, dearest, tell me the whole of

it. What have you said to him yourself? What has he been led to think from the answer you have given him to-day?"

"He says that he means to see papa to-morrow."

"But is he to see him with your consent?" Fanny had hitherto placed herself in the nook of a bow-window which looked out into the garden, and there, though she was near to the dressing-table at which her mother was sitting, she could so far screen herself as almost to hide her face when she was speaking. From this retreat her mother found it necessary to withdraw her; so she rose, and going to a sofa in the room, bade her daughter come and sit beside her. "A doctor, my dear, can never do any good," she said, "unless the patient will tell him everything. Have you told Mr. Saul that he may see papa,—as coming from you, you know?"

"No, mamma;—I did not tell him that. I told him that it would be altogether impossible, because we should be so poor."

"He ought to have known that himself."

"But I don't think he ever thinks of such things as that, mamma. I can't tell you quite what he said, but it went to show that he didn't regard money at all."

"But that is nonsense; is it not, Fanny?"

"What he means is, not that people if they are fond of each other ought to marry at once when they have got nothing to live upon, but that they ought to tell each other so and then be content to wait. I suppose he thinks that some day he may have a living."

"But, Fanny, are you fond of him;—and have you ever told him so?"

"I have never told him so, mamma."

"But you are fond of him?" To this question Fanny made no answer; and now Mrs. Clavering knew it all. She felt no inclination to scold her daughter, or even to point out in very strong language how foolish Fanny had been in allowing a man to engage her affections merely by asking for them. The thing was a misfortune, and should have been avoided by the departure of Mr. Saul from the parish after his first declaration of love. He had been allowed to remain for the sake of the rector's comfort, and the best must now be made of it. That Mr. Saul must now go was certain, and Fanny must endure the weariness of an attachment with an absent lover to which her father would not consent. It was very bad, but Mrs. Clavering did not think that she could make it better by attempting to scold her daughter into renouncing the man.

"I suppose you would like me to tell papa all this before Mr. Saul comes to-morrow?"

"If you think it best, mamma."

"And you mean, dear, that you would wish to accept him, only that he has no income?"

"I think so, mamma."

"Have you told him so?"

"I did not tell him so, but he understands it."

"If you did not tell him so, you might still think of it again."

But Fanny had surrendered herself now, and was determined to make no further attempt at sending the garrison up to the wall. "I am sure, mamma, that if he were well off, like Edward, I should accept him. It is only because he has no income."

"But you have not told him that?"

"I would not tell him anything without your consent and papa's. He said he should go to papa to-morrow, and I could not prevent that. I did say that I knew it was quite impossible."

The mischief was done and there was no help for it. Mrs. Clavering told her daughter that she would talk it all over with the rector that night, so that Fanny was able to come down to dinner without fearing any further scene on that evening. But on the following morning she did not appear at prayers, nor was she present at the breakfast table. Her mother went to her early, and she immediately asked if it was considered necessary that she should see her father before Mr. Saul came. But this was not required of her. "Papa says that it is out of the question," said Mrs. Clavering. "I told him so myself," said Fanny, beginning to whimper. "And there must be no engagements," said Mrs. Clavering. "No, mamma. I haven't engaged myself. I told him it was impossible." "And papa thinks that Mr. Saul must leave him," continued Mrs. Clavering. "I knew papa would say that;—but, mamma, I shall not forget him for that reason." To this Mrs. Clavering made no reply, and Fanny was allowed to remain upstairs till Mr. Saul had come and gone.

Very soon after breakfast Mr. Saul did come. His presence at the rectory was so common that the servants were not generally summoned to announce his arrivals, but his visits were made to Mrs. Clavering and Fanny more often than to the rector. On this occasion he rang the bell, and asked for Mr. Clavering, and was shown into the rector's so-called study, in a way that the maid-servant felt to be unusual. And the rector was sitting uncomfortably prepared for the visit, not having had his after-breakfast cigar. He had been induced to declare that he was not, and would not be, angry with Fanny; but Mr. Saul was left to such indignation as he thought it incumbent on himself to express. In his opinion, the marriage was impossible, not only because there was no money, but because Mr. Saul was Mr. Saul, and because Fanny Clavering was Fanny Clavering. Mr. Saul was a gentleman; but that was all that could be said of him. There is a class of country clergymen in England, of whom Mr. Clavering was one, and his son-in-law, Mr. Fielding, another, which is so closely allied to the squirearchy, as to possess a double identity. Such clergymen are not only clergymen, but they are country gentlemen also. Mr. Clavering regarded clergymen of his class,—of the country gentlemen class, as being quite distinct from all others,—and as being, I may say, very much higher than all others, without reference

to any money question. When meeting his brother rectors and vicars, he had quite a different tone in addressing them,—as they might belong to his class, or to another. There was no offence in this. The clerical country-gentlemen understood it all as though there were some secret sign or shibboleth between them; but the outsiders had no complaint to make of arrogance, and did not feel themselves aggrieved. They hardly knew that there was an inner clerical familiarity to which they were not admitted. But now that there was a young curate from the outer circle demanding Mr. Clavering's daughter in marriage, and that without a shilling in his pocket, Mr. Clavering felt that the eyes of the offender must be opened. The nuisance to him was very great, but this opening of Mr. Saul's eyes was a duty from which he could not shrink.

He got up when the curate entered, and greeted his curate, as though he were unaware of the purpose of the present visit. The whole burden of the story was to be thrown upon Mr. Saul. But that gentleman was not long in casting the burden from his shoulders. "Mr. Clavering," he said, "I have come to ask your permission to be a suitor for your daughter's hand."

The rector was almost taken aback by the abruptness of the request. "Quite impossible, Mr. Saul," he said—"quite impossible. I am told by Mrs. Clavering that you were speaking to Fanny again about this yesterday, and I must say, that I think you have been behaving very badly."

"In what way have I behaved badly?"

"In endeavouring to gain her affections behind my back."

"But, Mr. Clavering, how otherwise could I gain them? How otherwise does any man gain any woman's love. If you mean——"

"Look here, Mr. Saul. I don't think that there is any necessity for an argument between you and me on this point. That you cannot marry Miss Clavering is so self-evident that it does not require to be discussed. If there were nothing else against it, neither of you have got a penny. I have not seen my daughter since I heard of this madness,—hear me out if you please, sir,—since I heard of this madness, but her mother tells me that she is quite aware of that fact. Your coming to me with such a proposition is an absurdity if it is nothing worse. Now you must do one of two things, Mr. Saul. You must either promise me that this shall be at an end altogether, or you must leave the parish."

"I certainly shall not promise you that my hopes as they regard your daughter will be at an end."

"Then, Mr. Saul, the sooner you go the better."

A dark cloud came across Mr. Saul's brow as he heard these last words. "That is the way in which you would send away your groom, if he had offended you," he said.

"I do not wish to be unnecessarily harsh," said Mr. Clavering, "and what I say to you now I say to you not as my curate, but as to a most unwarranted suitor for my daughter's hand. Of course I cannot turn you out of the parish at a day's notice. I know that well enough. But

your feelings as a gentleman ought to make you aware that you should go at once."

"And that is to be my only answer?"

"What answer did you expect?"

"I have been thinking so much lately of the answers I might get from your daughter, that I have not made other calculations. Perhaps I had no right to expect any other than that you have now given me."

"Of course you had not. And now I ask you again to give her up."

"I shall not do that certainly."

"Then, Mr. Saul, you must go; and, inconvenient as it will be to myself,—terribly inconvenient, I must ask you to go at once. Of course I cannot allow you to meet my daughter any more. As long as you remain she will be debarred from going to her school, and you will be debarred from coming here."

"If I say that I will not seek her at the school?"

"I will not have it. It is out of the question that you should remain in the parish. You ought to feel it."

"Mr. Clavering, my going,—I mean my instant going,—is a matter of which I have not yet thought. I must consider it before I give you an answer."

"It ought to require no consideration," said Mr. Clavering, rising from his chair,—“none at all; not a moment's. Heavens and earth! Why, what did you suppose you were to live upon? But I won't discuss it. I will not say one more word upon a subject which is so distasteful to me. You must excuse me if I leave you."

Mr. Saul then departed, and from this interview had arisen that state of things in the parish which had induced Mrs. Clavering to call Harry to their assistance. The rector had become more energetic on the subject than any of them had expected. He did not actually forbid his wife to see Mr. Saul, but he did say that Mr. Saul should not come to the rectory. Then there arose a question as to the Sunday services, and yet Mr. Clavering would have no intercourse with his curate. He would have no intercourse with him unless he would fix an immediate day for going, or else promise that he would think no more of Fanny. Hitherto he had done neither, and therefore Mrs. Clavering had sent for her son.

Two Dramatists of the Last Century.

THERE are few contrasts more striking than that which is presented by the memoirs of Goldoni and Alfieri. Both of these men bore names highly distinguished in the history of Italian literature. Both of them were framed by nature with strongly marked characters, and fitted to perform a special work in the world. Both have left behind them records of their lives and literary labours, singularly illustrative of their peculiar differences. There is no instance in which we see more clearly the philosophical value of autobiographies, than in these vivid pictures which the great Italian tragedian and comic author have delineated. Some of the most interesting works of Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione, Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Andrea del Sarto, are their portraits painted by themselves. These pictures exhibit not only the lineaments of the masters, but also their Art. The hand which drew them was the hand which drew the "Last Supper," or the "Madonna of the Tribune:" colour, method, chiaroscuro, all that makes up manner in painting, may be studied on the same canvas as that which faithfully represents the features of the man whose genius gave his style its special character. We seem to understand the clear calm majesty of Leonardo's manner, the silver-gray harmonies and smooth facility of Andrea's Madonnas, the better for looking at their faces drawn by their own hands at Florence. And if this be the case with a dumb picture, how far higher must be the interest and importance of the written life of a known author. Not only do we recognize in its composition the style and temper and habits of thought which are familiar to us in his other writings; but we also hear from his own lips how these were formed, how his tastes took their peculiar direction, what circumstances acted on his character, what hopes he had, and where he failed. Even should his autobiography not bear the marks of uniform candour, it probably reveals more of the actual truth, more of the man's real nature in its height and depth, than any memoir written by friend or foe. Its unconscious admissions, its general spirit, and the inferences which we draw from its perusal, are far more valuable than any mere statement of facts or external analysis, however scientific. When we become acquainted with the series of events which led to the conception or attended the production of some masterpiece of literature, a new light is thrown upon its beauties, fresh life bursts forth from every chapter, and we seem to have a nearer and more personal interest in its success. What a powerful sensation, for instance, is that which we experience when, after studying the *Decline and Fall of the Roman*

Empire, Gibbon tells us how the thought of writing it came to him upon the Capitol, among the ruins of dead Rome, and within hearing of the mutter of the monks of the Ara Cœli, and how he finished it one night by Lake Geneva, and laid his pen down and walked forth and saw the stars above his terrace at Lausanne.

The memoirs of Alfieri and Goldoni are not deficient in any of the characteristics of good autobiography. They seem to bear upon their face the stamp of truthfulness, they illustrate their authors' lives with marvellous lucidity, and they are full of interest as stories. But it is to the contrast which they present that our attention should be chiefly drawn. Other biographies may be as interesting and amusing. None show in a more marked manner two distinct natures endowed with genius for one art, and yet designed in every possible particular for different branches of that art. Alfieri embodies Tragedy: Goldoni is the spirit of Comedy. They are both Italians: their tragedies and comedies are by no means cosmopolitan; but this national identity of character only renders more remarkable the individual divergences by which they were impelled into their different paths. Thalia seems to have made the one, body, soul and spirit; and Melpomene the other; each goddess launched her favourite into circumstances suited to the evolution of his genius, and presided over his development, so that at his death she might exclaim,—Behold the living model of my Art!

Goldoni was born at Venice in the year 1707; he had already reached celebrity when Alfieri saw the light for the first time in 1749, at Asti. Goldoni's grandfather was a native of Modena, who had settled in Venice, and there lived with the prodigality of a rich and ostentatious *bourgeois*. "Amid riot and luxury did I enter the world," says the poet, after enumerating the banquets and theatrical displays with which the old Goldoni entertained his guests in his Venetian palace and country-house. Venice at that date was certainly the proper birthplace for a comic poet. The splendour of the Renaissance had thoroughly habituated her nobles to pleasures of the sense, and had enervated their proud, maritime character, while the great name of the republic robbed them of the caution for which they used to be conspicuous. Yet the real strength of Venice was almost spent, and nothing remained but outward splendour and prestige. Everything was gay about Goldoni in his earliest childhood. Puppet-shows were built to amuse him by his grandfather. "My mother," he says, "took charge of my education, and my father of my amusements."

Let us turn to the opening scene in Alfieri's life and mark the difference. A father above sixty, "noble, wealthy, and respectable," who died before his son had reached the age of one year old. A mother devoted to religion, the widow of one marquis, and after the death of a second husband, Alfieri's father, married for the third time to a nobleman of ancient birth. These were Alfieri's parents. He was born in a solemn palazzo in the country town of Asti, and at the age of five already longed for death as an escape

from disease and other earthly troubles. So noble and so wealthy was the youthful poet that an abbé was engaged to carry on his education, but not to teach him more than a count should know. Except this worthy man he had no companions whatever. Strange ideas possessed the boy. He ruminated on his melancholy, and when eight years old attempted suicide. At this age he was sent to the academy at Turin, attended, as befitted a lad of his rank, by a manservant, who was to remain and wait on him at school. Alfieri stayed here several years without revisiting his home, tyrannized over by the valet who added to his grandeur, constantly subject to sickness, and kept in almost total ignorance by his incompetent preceptors. The gloom and pride and stoicism of his temperament were augmented by this austere discipline. His spirit did not break, but took a haughtier and more disdainful tone. He became familiar with misfortunes. He learned to brood over and intensify his passions. Every circumstance of his life seemed strung up to a tragic pitch. This at least is the impression which remains upon our mind after reading in his memoirs the narrative of what must in its details have been a common schoolboy's life at that time. Meanwhile, what had become of young Goldoni? His boyhood was as thoroughly plebeian, various, and comic, as Alfieri's had been patrician, monotonous, and tragical. Instead of one place of residence, we read of twenty. Scrape succeeds to scrape, adventure to adventure. Knowledge of the world, and some book learning also, flow in upon the boy, and are eagerly caught up by him and heterogeneously amalgamated in his mind. Alfieri learned nothing, wrote nothing, in his youth, and heard his parents say—"A nobleman need never strive to be a doctor of the faculties." Goldoni had a little medicine and much law thrust upon him. At eight he wrote a comedy, and ere long began to read the plays of Plautus, Terence, Aristophanes, and Machiavelli. Between the nature of the two poets there was a marked and characteristic difference as to their mode of labour and of acquiring knowledge. Both of them loved fame, and wrought for it; but Alfieri did so from a sense of pride and a determination to excel; while Goldoni loved the approbation of his fellows, sought their compliments, and basked in the sunshine of smiles. Alfieri wrote with labour. Each tragedy he composed went through a triple process of composition, and received frequent polishing when finished. Goldoni dashed off his pieces with the greatest ease on every possible subject. He once produced sixteen comedies in one theatrical season. Alfieri's were like lion's whelps—brought forth with difficulty, and at long intervals; Goldoni's, like the brood of a hare—many, frequent, and as agile as their parent. Alfieri amassed knowledge scrupulously, but with infinite toil. He mastered Greek and Hebrew when he was past forty. Goldoni never gave himself the least trouble to learn anything, but trusted to the ready wit, good memory, and natural powers, which helped him in a hundred strange emergencies. Power of will and pride sustained the one; facility and a good-humoured vanity the other. This contrast was apparent at a very

early age. We have seen how Alfieri passed his time at Turin, in a kind of aristocratic prison of educational ignorance. Goldoni's grandfather died when he was five years old, and left his family in great embarrassment. The poet's father went off to practise medicine at Perugia. His son followed him, acquired the rudiments of knowledge in that town, and then proceeded to study philosophy alone at Rimini. There was no manservant or academy in his case. He was far too plebeian and too free. The boy lodged with a merchant, and got some smattering of Thomas Aquinas and the Peripatetics into his small brain, while he contrived to form a friendship with an acting company. They were on the wing for Venice in a coasting boat, which would touch at Chiozza, where Goldoni's mother then resided. The boy pleased them. Would he like the voyage? This offer seemed too tempting, and away he rushed, concealed himself on board, and made one of a merry motley shipload. "Twelve persons, actors as well as actresses, a prompter, a machinist, a storekeeper, eight domestics, four chambermaids, two nurses, children of every age, cats, dogs, monkeys, parrots, birds, pigeons, and a lamb; it was another Noah's ark." The young poet felt at home; how could a comic poet feel otherwise? They laughed, they sang, they danced; they ate and drank, and played at cards. "Macaroni! Every one fell on it, and three dishes were devoured. We had also alamode beef, cold fowl, a loin of veal, a dessert, and excellent wine. What a charming dinner! No cheer like a good appetite." Their harmony, however, is disturbed. The *première amoureuse*, who, in spite of her rank and title, was ugly and cross, and required to be coaxed with cups of chocolate, lost her cat. She tried to kill the whole boat-load of beasts—cats, dogs, monkeys, parrots, pigeons, even the lamb stood in danger of her wrath. A regular quarrel ensued, was somehow set at peace, and all began to laugh again. This is a sample of Goldoni's youth. Comic pleasures, comic dangers; nothing deep or lasting, but light and shadow cheerfully distributed, clouds lowering with storm, a distant growl of thunder, then a gleam of light and sunshine breaking overhead. He gets articled to an attorney at Venice, then goes to study law at Pavia; studies society instead, and flirts, and finally is expelled for writing satires. Then he takes a turn at medicine with his father in Friuli, and acts as clerk to the criminal chancellor at Chiozza.

Every employment seems easy to him, but he really cares for none but literature. He spends all his spare time in reading and in amusements, and begins to write a tragic opera. This proves, however, eminently unsuccessful and he burns it in a comic fit of anger. One laughable love-affair in which he engaged at Udine exhibits his adventures in their truly comic aspect. It reminds us of the scene in *Don Giovanni*, where Leporello personates the Don and deceives Donna Elvira. Goldoni had often noticed a beautiful young lady at church and on the public drives: she was attended by a waiting-maid, who soon perceived that her mistress had excited the young man's admiration, and who promised to befriend him in his suit. Goldoni was told to repair at night

to the palace of his mistress, and to pour his passion forth beneath her window. Impatiently he waited for the trysting hour, conned his love-sentences, and gloried in the romance of the adventure. When night came, he found the window, and a veiled figure of a lady in the moonlight, whom he supposed at once to be his mistress. Her he eloquently addressed in the true style of Romeo's rapture, and she answered him. Night after night this happened, but sometimes he was a little troubled by a sound of ill-suppressed laughter interrupting the *tête-à-tête*. Meanwhile Teresa, the waiting-maid, received from his hands costly presents for her mistress, and made him promises on her part in exchange. As she proved unable to fulfil them, Goldoni grew suspicious, and at last discovered that the veiled figure to whom he had poured out his tale of love was none other than Teresa, and that the laughter had proceeded from her mistress, whom the faithless waiting-maid regaled at her lover's expense. Thus ended this ridiculous matter. Goldoni was not, however, cured by his experience. One other love-affair rendered Udine too hot to hold him, and in consequence of a third he had to fly from Venice and leave his prospects, which were just about to flourish. At length he married comfortably and suitably, settling down into a quiet life with a woman whom, if he did not love her with passion, he at least respected and admired. Goldoni, in fact, had no real passion in his nature. Alfieri, on the other hand, seemed the sport of volcanic ebullitions of the most ungovernable hate and love, and joy and sorrow. The chains of love which Goldoni courted so willingly, Alfieri regarded with the greatest shyness. But while Goldoni healed his heart of all its bruises in a week or so, the tragic poet bore about him wounds that would not close. He enumerates three serious passions which possessed his whole nature, and at times deprived him almost of his reason. A Dutch lady first won his heart, and when he had to leave her Alfieri suffered so intensely that he never opened his lips during the course of a long journey through Germany, Switzerland, and Piedmont. Fevers, and suicides attempted but interrupted, marked the termination of this tragic amour. His second passion had for its object an English lady, with whose injured husband he fought a duel, although his collar-bone was broken at the time. The lady proved unworthy of Alfieri as well as of her husband, and the poet left her in a most deplorable state of hopelessness and intellectual prostration. At last he formed a permanent affection for the wife of Prince Charles Edward, the Countess of Albany, in close friendship with whom he lived after her husband's death. The society of this lady gave him perfect happiness; but it was founded on her lofty beauty, the pathos of her situation, and her intellectual qualities. Melpomene presided at this union, while Thalia blessed the nuptials of Goldoni. How characteristic also were the adventures which this pair of lovers encountered! Goldoni once carried his wife upon his back across two rivers in their flight from the Spanish to the Austrian camp at Rimini, laughing and groaning, and perceiving the humour of his situation all the time. Alfieri, on an occa-

sion of even greater difficulty, was stopped with his illustrious friend at the gates of Paris in 1792. They were flying in post-chaises, with their servants and their baggage, from the devoted city, when a troop of *sansculottes* rushed on them, surged around the carriage, called them aristocrats, and tried to drag them off to prison. Alfieri with his tall gaunt figure, pallid face, and red voluminous hair, stormed, raged, and raised his deep bass voice above the tumult. For half-an-hour he fought with them, then made his coachmen gallop through the gates, and scarcely halted till they got to Gravelines. By this prompt movement they escaped arrest and death at Paris. These two scenes would make agreeable companion pictures: Goldoni staggering beneath his wife across the muddy bed of an Italian stream—the smiling writer of agreeable plays, with his half-tearful helpmate ludicrous in her disasters; Alfieri mad with rage among Parisian Mænads, his princess quaking in her carriage, the air hoarse with cries, and death and safety trembling in the balance. It is no wonder that the one man wrote *La Donna di Garbo* and the *Cortese Veneziano*, while the other was inditing essays on Tyranny and dramas of *Antigone*, *Timoleon*, and *Brutus*.

The difference between the men is seen no less remarkably in regard to courage. Alfieri was a reckless rider, and astonished even English huntsmen by his desperate leaps. In one of them he fell and broke his collarbone, but not the less he held his tryst with a fair lady, climbed her park gates, and fought a duel with her husband. Goldoni was a pantaloon for cowardice. In the room of an inn at Desenzano which he occupied together with a female fellow-traveller, an attempt was made to rob them by a thief at night. All Goldoni was able to do consisted in crying out for help, and the lady called him "M. Abbé" ever after for his want of pluck. Goldoni must have been by far the most agreeable of the two. In all his changes from town to town of Italy he found amusement and brought gaiety. The sights, the theatres, the society, aroused his curiosity. He trembled with excitement at the performance of his pieces, made friends with the actors, taught them, and wrote parts to suit their qualities. At Pisa he attended as a stranger the meeting of the Arcadian Academy, and at its close attracted all attention to himself by his clever improvisation. He was in truth a ready-witted man, pliable, full of resource, bred half a valet, half a Roman græculus. Alfieri saw more of Europe than Goldoni: France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, England, Spain, all parts of Italy, he visited with restless haste. From land to land he flew, seeing no society, enjoying nothing, dashing from one inn door to another with his servants and his carriages, and thinking chiefly of the splendid stud of horses which he took about with him upon his travels. He was a lonely, stiff, self-engrossed, indomitable man. He could not rest at home: he could not bear to be the vassal of a king and breathe the air of courts. So he lived always on the wing, and ended by exiling himself from Sardinia in order to escape the trammels of paternal government. As for his tragedies, he wrote them to win laurels from posterity. He

never cared to see them acted ; he bullied even his printers and correctors ; he cast a glove down in defiance of his critics. Goldoni sought the smallest meed of approbation. It pleased him hugely in his old age to be Italian master to a French princess. Alfieri openly despised the public. Goldoni wrote because he liked to write ; Alfieri, for the sake of proving his superior powers. Against Alfieri's hatred of Turin and its trivial solemnities, we have to set Goldoni's love of Venice and its petty pleasures. He would willingly have drunk chocolate and played at dominoes or picquet all his life on the Piazza di San Marco, when Alfieri was crossing the sierras on his Andalusian horse, and living on a frugal meal of rice in solitude. Goldoni glided through life an easy man, with genial, venial faults ; with a clear, gay, gentle temper ; a true sense of what is good and just ; and a heart that loved diffusively, if not too warmly. Many were the checks and obstacles thrown on his path, but round them or above them he passed nimbly, without scar or scathe. Poverty went close behind him, but he kept her off, and never felt the pinch of need. Alfieri strained and strove against the barriers of fate ; a sombre, rugged man, proud, candid, and self-confident, who broke or bent all opposition on his path ; now moving solemnly with tragic pomp, now dashing passionately forward by the might of will. Goldoni drew his inspirations from the moment and surrounding circumstances. Alfieri pursued an ideal, slowly formed, but strongly fashioned and resolutely followed. Of wealth he had plenty and to spare, but he disregarded it, and was a Stoic in his mode of life. He was an unworldly man, and hated worldliness. Goldoni, but for his authorship, would certainly have grown a prosperous advocate, and died of gout in Venice. Goldoni liked smart clothes ; Alfieri went always in black. Goldoni's fits of spleen—for he *was* melancholy now and then—lasted a day or two, and disappeared before a change of scene. Alfieri dragged his discontent about with him all over Europe, and let it interrupt his work and mar his intellects for many months together. Alfieri was a patriot, and hated France. Goldoni never speaks of politics, and praises Paris as a heaven on earth. The genial moralizing of the latter appears childish by the side of Alfieri's terse philosophy and pregnant remarks on the development of character. What suits the page of Plautus would look poor in *Cædipus* or *Agamemnon*. Goldoni's memoirs are diffuse and flippant in their light French dress. They seem written to please. Alfieri's Italian style marches with dignity and Latin terseness. He rarely condescends to smile. He writes to instruct the world and to satisfy himself. Grim humour sometimes flashes out, as when he tells the story of the Order of Homer, which he founded. How different from Goldoni's naïve account of his little ovation in the theatre at Paris !

But it would be idle to carry on this comparison, already tedious. The life of Goldoni was one long scene of shifts and jests, of frequent triumphs and some failures, of lessons hard at times, but kindly. Passions and *ennui*, flashes of heroic patriotism, constant suffering and stoical endurance, art and love idealized, fill up the life of Alfieri. Goldoni clung much to

his fellow-men, and shared their pains and pleasures. Alfieri spent many of his years in almost absolute solitude. On the whole character and deeds of the one man was stamped Comedy: the other was own son of Tragedy.

If, after reading the autobiographies of Alfieri and Goldoni, we turn to the perusal of their plays, we shall perceive that there is no better commentary on the works of an artist than his life, and no better life than one written by himself. The old style of criticism, which strove to separate an author's productions from his life, and even from the age in which he lived, to set up an arbitrary canon of taste, and to select one or two great painters or poets as ideals because they seemed to illustrate that canon, has passed away. We are beginning to feel that art is a part of history and of physiology. That is to say, the artist's work can only be rightly understood by studying his age and temperament. Goldoni's versatility and want of depth induced him to write comedies. The merry life men passed at Venice in its years of decadence proved favourable to his genius. Alfieri's melancholy and passionate qualities, fostered in solitude, and aggravated by a tyranny he could not bear, led him irresistibly to tragic composition. Though a noble, his nobility only added to his pride, and insensibly his intellect had been imbued with the democratic sentiments which were destined to shake Europe in his lifetime. This, in itself, was a tragic circumstance, bringing him into close sympathy with the Brutus, the Prometheus, the Timoleon of ancient history. Goldoni's *bourgeoisie*, in the atmosphere of which he was born and bred, was essentially comic. The true comedy of manners, which is quite distinct from Shakspeare's fancy or Aristophanic satire, is always laid in middle life. Though Goldoni tried to write tragedies, they were unimpassioned, dull, and tame. He lacked altogether the fire, high-wrought nobility of sentiment, and sense of form essential for tragic art. On the other hand, Alfieri composed some comedies before his death which were devoid of humour, grace, and lightness. A strange elephantine eccentricity is their utmost claim to comic character. Indeed, the temper of Alfieri, ever in extremes, led him even to exaggerate the qualities of tragedy. He carried its severity to a dull and monotonous extent. His *chiaroscuro* was too strong; virtue and villany appearing in pure black and white upon his pages. His hatred of tyrants induced him to transgress the rules of probability, so that it has been well said that if his wicked kings had really had such words of scorn and hatred thrown at them by their victims they were greatly to be pitied. On the other hand, his pithy laconisms have often a splendidly tragical effect. There is nothing in the modern drama more rhetorically impressive than the well-known dialogue between Antigone and Creon:—

“Cr. Scegliesti?

“Ant. Ho scelto.

“Cr. Emon?

“Ant. Morte.

“Cr. L'avrai!”

Goldoni's comedies, again, have not enough of serious thought or of true creative imagination to be works of high art. They lean too much to the side of farce ; they have none of the tragic salt which gives a dignity to *Tartuffe*. They are, in a word, almost too comic.

The contrast between these authors might lead us to raise the question long ago discussed by Socrates at Agathon's banquet—Can the same man write both comedies and tragedies? We in England are accustomed to read the serious and comic plays of Shakspeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and to think that one poet could excel in either branch. The custom of the Elizabethan theatre obliged this double authorship; yet it must be confessed that Shakspeare's comedies are not such comedies as Greek or Roman or French critics would admit. They are works of the purest imagination, wholly free from the laws of this world ; while the tragedies of Fletcher have a melodramatic air equally at variance with the classical Melpomene. It may very seriously be doubted whether the same mind could produce, with equal power, a comedy like the *Cortese Veneziano* and a tragedy like Alfieri's *Brutus*. At any rate, returning to our old position, we find in these two men the very opposite conditions of dramatic genius. They are, as it were, specimens prepared by Nature for the instruction of those who analyze genius in its relations to temperament, to life, and to external circumstances.

A Kangaroo Drive.

WE were sitting and lying about in the broad verandah one warm evening, at Ballandra, eating grapes and peaches, and drinking white Yering. It was late in an Australian summer. For weeks and months had the sun burned through cloudless skies and over a thirsty land. Again and again had the short mild night been followed by the long hot day. The springs and creeks, "the waters forgotten of the footstep," had hidden deep in the bosom of the sun-tormented earth. Dusty were the smooth winding forest tracks—crisp and dry the leaves of the great evergreens, which stood white-stemmed and weird in the starlight. As we sat looking out over the great river-flats, we could faintly discern long dark lines which we knew to be droves of cattle, moving slowly towards the deep cool reaches of the river. Deep and hollow sounded their lowings through the still night air.

We sat dreamily sipping our wine in silence, while these "scenes and sounds of a far clime" passed before us—the calm starlit night, the delicious sense of utter repose, the flower-laden air. Then our host, old Hector McDiarmid, suddenly roared out,—

"What are ye all thinking about, my boys? I believe I was asleep myself!"

"Thinking," said Jack Barton, "what capital tippie for a summer evening this white Yering is!—if it's well iced, mind you,—must be iced, you know," continued Jack, with great earnestness.

"In the great days to come of Australian vineyards," cried Redgate,—
"and it will be hard if sun, soil, and grapes like these," said he, extending his arms to the fruit-dishes, "shouldn't give us wine to drink and to boast of;—in those days let us remember Paul Castleton's early efforts in the good cause. He made wine——"

"And his friends drank it," interrupted Captain O'Donnell; "and why, indeed, wouldn't they? It's proud I'd be to be his friend meself. I'd——"

"Mr. O'Donnell," said Redgate, with dignity, "will you permit me to finish the not very lengthy sentence I had commenced?"

"Bedad, I won't, then. I stopped ye on purpose. Didn't I know what was coming? and you'd have been into it in another second, and then what chance would we have? the Acclimatization Society—devil a less——"

"Go on with your speech, my dear Redgate, I pray you; I'm sure

it's meant to be very pleasant and instructive, and all that," struck in Barton. "What was it?"

"I was going to say, that we'd better have another bottle and listen to Mac's idea; for I'm sure he's got one,—he always has when he looks like that."

Hector McDiarmid was a tall, gaunt, red-bearded old Scot. He had been many years in Australia. Of the perils which made up the everyday life of the pioneer-squatter he had had his share. Possessed of vast personal strength, and a constitution utterly unassailable by the extremes of heat or cold, hunger or thirst, he had staked life against the many hazards of the bush, and risen a winner—a winner of the broad flats and rich forests of Ballandra, and the great herds which fed over them. Simple as a child, kind as a woman, and fearing nothing upon earth,—such was old Hector McDiarmid.

In all the pleasant west country was no pleasanter place than Ballandra. You stayed a week, a month, a year, as you pleased. If you shot, there was abundance of game, guns, and dogs. If you rode, there was every conceivable variety of horse. You might read, you might boat, you might write that pamphlet which was to overthrow the ministry, or you might do nothing at all. In all of which employments and recreations you felt from the first hour that you had not only the concurrence of your host, but his warmest approbation.

McDiarmid was rich beyond his wants or cares. Unmarried, and with no thought of marriage, he was never so happy as when he had half-a-dozen of the younger men of the district (pretending to help him to muster cattle), the effervescence of whose spirits he enjoyed deeply. Old as he was, his feats of strength, when we coaxed him to exhibit, were marvellous. His eye was still as true and his nerve steady as in the days when his rifle had more than once saved his life. And when he *would* tell us,—for he spoke very charily of deeds which went to make a large share of the legendary lore of the district,—his "owre true tale" often made us grave enough.

'Well, ye disrespectful dogs, I'll just tell you my idea; it's a grand one. I'm just going clean mad about those kangaroos that are eating me up completely. That's no news, ye'll say. Eh, but it's got beyond a joke. I'm not pushed for a thousand or two, I may say without boasting; but were I the poor man I once was, looking to my fat cattle to meet my bills or else lose the bonny hard-won station, where would I be now? Many a time in years past have I spared the poor furry brutes, when Bran and Barefoot and Fingal had their muzzles buried in their flanks, for surely I trusted that all forest things would disappear before civilization. All history is our warrant for wild beasties, ay, and all aboriginal craters, fading away before the great Aanglo-Saaxon. But there the brutes abide, every one of them eating as much grass as two sheep, forbye what they trample and spoil. There are thousands of great big foresters on the run if

there's one, this minute. They've increased like rabbits of late years, and the old run is now, what no white man ever saw it before, short of grass."

Here the old man paused, with an expression of ruefulness almost ludicrous. It was as if he had said, "The Bank of England—half-a-crown in the pound, think of that!" Indeed it was a very serious affair, and productive of severe loss, though not so ruinous as it would have been to a man of smaller means. Yet McDiarmid had not quite weaned himself from the idea that the condition of his yearly drafts of fat cattle was a matter of extreme importance. It was certain that the enormous flock of kangaroo had consumed the herbage so completely which formed the food of the herds of cattle that these valuable and highly bred animals were, though not starving, so much reduced in condition as to be little more than half of their former value.

The verandah looked out on a shaven lawn, which was much loved by our host. It was entirely of English grasses, and the careful superintendence of it formed a great part of the old man's employment. Even in this fiery season it was comparatively green, and afforded a grateful relief to the eye. As he spoke, a dozen tall dusky upright forms sailed over the high rail-fence which bounded the garden. Some fell to munching Mac's dogstail and cocksfoot in the degraded position of "all fours," sacrificing uprightness to appetite. Others "sat up," erect, and crossing their sinewy arms or forelegs across their chests, looked about them "as nateral as a white man." One huge brute, towering a couple of feet above his companions, showed his lighter-coloured fur, about sixty yards from us, clearly in the starlight.

"Saw ye ever the like of that?" groaned Mac. "It's the blessing of Providence they'll no want into a man's bedroom, for they'll no be kept oot. Am I any kind of kin to yon Pharaoh, think ye, that a plague of these brutes has come against me? What say ye, lads?" Leaving us to deliberate upon this view of the question, he slipped quietly into a dressing-room, and reappeared with a long heavy rifle, pretty well known in these parts, and letting drive without more ado, down came the "old man" kangaroo with a thud like a buffalo. The rest of the marauders retreated with a silence and celerity as wonderful as their approach. We saw them top the high rail-fence, with the same gravity, the same stately stride, the same enormous bound, looking in the half light like a steeple-chase of Ghouls. There remained one "old man," however, a solemn fact. He lay dead under a choice young pine, and measured ten feet from the head to the end of the tail.

"Noo, laddies, ye've ocular proof of my woes and oppression," recommenced Mac. "My life's a burden to me. I've tried dogs. There's twenty deerhounds at the back that can pull down anything from a bandicoot to a wild bull. But what of that? The puir brutes are cut and gashed and ripped till there's hardly hide on them to hold stitches. And

they're wearied out till they'll hardly rise to follow the everlasting vermin."

"Don't you shoot a lot of them?" put in Jack Barton, in a soothing tone of voice. "I should think a fellow in a week might make a goodish bag, eh?"

"Shoot them! I believe they breed faster than rabbits, and then they're like the crows; they misdoot the auld iron, and just gae hop, hop, hopping fifty yards out of range. Well, we maun die fechtig. I'll no give in. And now, ye'll have my idea. We'll have a 'finchel,' as they call it in the Highlands—that is, a grand 'drive.' We'll get all the neighbours, strangers, friends, foes, and acquaintances, and then we'll see how many of the villains we can drive into the bran new yard that they Yankee trapper bodies have just finished. They're douce-like chieles, and I've promised them all the skins for their trouble."

The proposition was received with delight by every man of us; and next day we organized our plan in detail. We wrote hard till lunch—invitations, of course. We also sent an advertisement to the local thunderer, the *Ballandra Sentinel*, announcing the "Kangaroo Drive" for a certain day.

Every one came, and brought some one else. The proverbial hospitality of Ballandra attracted some, the sport more. Besides, it was the idle time of year. The harvest was threshed, the sheep were shorn, the calves branded, the fat cattle not started. Like England at Christmas, Canada in a frost, India in "the rains," and Swan River all the year round, there was little or nothing to do. So every one for miles round about adopted the notion of a week's sport with cheerful promptitude and a clear conscience.

As we were recovering from our epistolary fatigues, affirmative answers began to pour in. All the neighbours, McTavish, Sedley, Jones, Lecroix, and the rest,—they would all come. It was "the thing" to help a neighbour. Besides, they might want the smart riders and good horses of Ballandra in a day of need. All the stockmen, we heard by word of mouth, were coming, from the Moyne to the Glenelg; partly for the fun, for which they did not care much, partly for the grog, for which they cared a great deal. All the boys made it clear that none of them would stay away. It was a glorious excuse for leaving home, and for showing off one's horse. It proffered unlimited galloping, yelling, and bloodshed, singularly combined in the cause of duty. Even the doctor thought he would probably look in; casualties might occur. In fine farmers, bankers, drapers, butchers, bakers, black fellows, every one who could get a horse or a holiday, came to our mighty hunt.

Our host made stupendous preparations for the company. Two bullocks were killed; a good shot was told off with O'Donnell to beat the river and lagoons, and strings of wild ducks, pigeons, and a couple of noble wild turkeys, speedily adorned the larder. Impromptu stabling was

devised; levies were made upon adjoining establishments for table necessities and bedding; all the available hacks were got in for remount service; and after a week's incessant activity we rested, satisfied that either everything was done or that nothing more could be done,—which came to the same thing.

On Monday the guests began to arrive: in the forenoon principally those who lived close to Ballandra—that is, from ten to thirty miles. Also boys in great numbers, nervously anxious not to be late. In the afternoon the procession was continuous of hacks, dog-carts, buggies, mailphaetons, &c., as people preferred to ride or drive. By sundown the house was full; the kitchen and men's huts crowded; the lawn in front of the house, and the green before the "huts," all studded with every variety of man and boy possible under the existing laws of species. Most of the gentry lounged about the verandah or sat on the lawn, now as dry as a deal table. The small farmers, stockmen, and "people" generally sat upon fences, or logs, or carts, and smoked and chaffed unconstrainedly.

Our evening festivities were genial but not protracted, for to-morrow was to be the day of battle, and rumours were afloat of a start so very early as to strike the town-bred guests with affright. Every man was expected to make his own sleeping arrangements. As nearly all had had the requisite apprenticeship in camping out—for sport or work—this was held to be all that the most exacting Sybarite could require in such weather.

McDiarmid sounded the *réveillée* at the first streak of dawn, say about 3.30 A.M. He was also good enough to notify that every one not dressing immediately would be left behind. The boys and many of the inexperienced were thereby goaded into an excited and comfortless style of dressing. But we of the ancient habitués of Ballandra knew better. We knew that Mrs. Teviot, the housekeeper, could not have her cold rounds and hot steaks, her wild turkey hash and devilled drumsticks, her jam, honey, fresh butter, eggs, and short-cake and porridge, marshalled at any such supernatural hours. So we of the committee and a dozen or two more "old hands" strolled quietly down to the calm cool river, lying bright in the crimson dawnlight, and had a welcome dip. The water was deliciously cool, but the air was so mild and warm that we sat on the rock or lounged about after coming out, watching the blue and white cranes, the golden-burnished ibis, the pelicans and the spoonbills, as they fished in the shallows, or stood (principally on one leg) in dignified repose. So we lounged and trifled till, in a wave of billowy gold and purple, the "glorious sun uprist;" and then the woods woke up with warble and chatter, the stockmen shook themselves, lit their pipes, and were dressed for the day. Whips began to ring, running in the horses from the paddock. Business becoming imminent, we betook ourselves to our simple apparelling in earnest, and about an hour after sunrise we sat down to a breakfast that yet lives in dreams.

Before breakfast commenced we had heard a few whips "going," and a rolling thunder of galloping hoofs which we knew to be the troop of riding horses which had been collected from all parts of the great horse-paddock, and "run in" to the horse-yard—a spacious railed enclosure, with smaller yards abutting on to it. Therefore, directly the after-breakfast pipe was finished, every man shouldered his bridle, and took his way down to the horse-yard. Here was the commencement of the day's exciting duties. Every one had a bridle, by which he desired to connect himself with a horse. There were about one hundred and fifty horses in the yard—blacks, browns, bays, grays—all colours, values, sizes, ages, from Mr. Hollymount's Mameluke, up to fourteen stone with any hounds in Britain, to Dicky Wilder's Timor pony; from the doctor's venerable chestnut, quiet and sagacious enough almost to pay a medical visit on his own account, to Frank Smasher's black colt, backed the day before yesterday.

It is commonly believed that the Australian horse runs up to the colonist, who simply signifies his desire by whistling. This is not precisely true. Those horses which are quiet, generally make some effort at evasion, unless when hobbled or lowered in spirit by travelling. The horses which are young, nervous, or vicious, bolt about the yard in utter disregard to the owner's feelings and his dignity, and are only cornered with the help of numbers and forced to submit. When a great number are mixed together, they excite one another to rebellion, and complicate confusion in every way.

Thus this morning we had before our embarrassed view a chaos of heads and tails—principally the latter for the first twenty minutes—every man trying, like hunting-men at a hand gate, to get out of the scrape himself, regardless of his friends. Cries of "Hang that colt of yours, Jones; he's run over the top of me: you're always riding a colt!" "Brown, why on earth did you bring that kicking mare of yours here?" "Wilson, lend us a hand with the filly; she won't take a minute." "Mr. Robinson, may I venture to ask respectfully if you are on friendly terms acquainted with that white-legged chestnut, against whose hind-legs you brushed this moment? That horse, sir, is Mr. Lecch's Cannibal; he has killed two men, and for private reasons has just missed the chance of killing a third!" Mr. Robinson goes and sits on the rails to recover himself.

At length all the horses are caught, and in much shorter time than might be expected. Anon we are all mounted and away, the younger men and boys "lashing" their horses over the great gum-tree logs, which, offering jumps suited to all comers, lay thinly scattered over the great flat which fringed the river. Between the operation of the heat and the competitive energies of the cattle-herds and the flocks of kangaroo, the vast natural meadow was, as one of the stockmen feelingly observed, "as bare of grass as the palm of your hand;" while another

gravely professed his belief "that you could hunt a flea across it with a stock-whip."

Few of the depredators were visible at this hour of the day on the flat, though the night would see it thickly dotted with their dark quaint forms: now they were lying in groups at the bases of the white and red gum-trees of the forest which we were just entering. The well-bred short-horns of the Ballandra herd soon began to meet our eyes in "mobs" or droves, and their manifest low condition drew forth angry comments from the squatters and their retainers.

The yard, which was to hold our game, could they be induced to enter it, was a large enclosure of split timber, with saplings and branches placed vertically against the rails, so as to augment the appearance of height and solidity. A kangaroo can jump as high as a deer, so that extraordinary fencing is needed. This, however, was but the strong room, as it were—the final prison, which entered, "left hope behind." Longer enclosures, called "lanes," led in circuitous fashion to this *oubliette*. Behind these again were the "wings"—long lines of fencing, gradually closing in towards these lanes, and far apart—indeed, out of sight—at their extremities.

Captain O'Donnell divided us into companies, and with military decision and brevity gave us our instructions and routes.

Our commanding officer, who had put on his parade expression (which he could adopt with great suddenness and completeness whenever it so pleased him, and which transformed the gay, rollicking O'Donnell into a stern, hard-looking man, without a trace of sympathy or humour), made a grand military disposition of the forces. Partly from McDiarmid's direction, and partly from a pretty accurate knowledge of the run, acquired in his numerous shooting excursions over it, he despatched one party after another to all points of the compass. An active young neighbour was told off in command of a party to beat the Etrick plain. "Cold Morning," a tame aboriginal, of hound-like qualities, led another band to rouse the long-tails out of the "green gully." Every creek, gully, flat, and range had a few well-known bushmen allotted to it, who were accompanied by a proportion of volunteers. The general order was to keep wide and quiet till we got near the wings, and then to rush there and go "like steam."

Turning our horses' heads different ways, we soon lost sight of all but our immediate adherents. By this time the sun was not to be denied. It was of a lurid copper-colour, and the air was full of a misty haze, fairly tremulous with the heat. Trees were plentiful, but shade was there none. Yet the horses bounded on, and the men were in high spirits and full of vigour.

Our costume was light to a fault. A shirt, trowsers, and boots were the whole equipment of the stockmen and farmers. A silk coat, a puggree, boots, and white cords, adorned the wealthier. A daring swell or two rode

in knickerbockers and brown Russian boots, still more delusive as to the temperature. But all honour to the genial Australian climate. Hot it was, yet the heated air was dry and fresh, and lacked the deadly subtlety of the tropics. There you go about (if you happen to be young and foolish, as is generally the case) rejoicing in your strength, and thinking the heat of no particular consequence, when down you go with a sun-stroke, to die before the day is out, or to lie moaning for a month like a wounded jackal. Little recked our band of the noonday sun. Many of the younger men—natives of the country—had nothing on their heads but shallow straw-hats, made of the cabbage-tree—encircled by a broad black ribbon. And yet these fellows would go galloping about all day, or mowing, reaping, cattle-branding, any violent work, with impunity. They would come in at night, after all this, to eat beefsteaks, and sleep as soundly as if the keen breeze of—let us say—a North British spring were bracing nerve and sinew.

Through the broad glades of the southern forest we held our way merrily. Now over wide flats like brown billiard-tables; now under giant white-barked weird encalypti: sometimes over piles of lava and scoria, through the clefts of which the grass grew broad and green in the early summer. We scared the wood-duck from the dry lakes, and the turkeys from the burnt grass. Clouds of parroquets flashed around us like clusters of winged emeralds and rubies—as onward and onward still we rode, until we had made the circuit of the run and commenced to concentrate the forces of the “finchel.”

Large flocks of kangaroo had from time to time risen from their noonday camps, and fled before us. As we now began to view our fellow-hunters we had in sight a continuous stream of terrified animals, hurrying to a common centre; the larger males—the “old men,” as they are called—towered above the flying bucks, flying does and joeys, the half-grown bucks, does, and young ones. The wallaby,—a smaller variety, and bearing the same analogy to its larger *confrère*, the forester, as the rabbit does to the hare—might be seen scuttling along in the *mêlée*—joining perforce with the main troop, and sometimes making vain attempts to double back: attempts which generally landed them in the midst of the army of dogs in the rear, where they were instantly snapped up and disappeared.

We were now close to the edge of the wings. The spectacle was remarkable. The long line of horsemen, at tolerably equal distances, were closing on the flying host of fur-clad two-legged creatures, hopping and bounding frantically before them. As they approached the eastern wing a larger proportion of the horsemen spread themselves in that direction, keeping behind them, and forming a continuous line with the end of the fence. The western side was left comparatively open, so as to permit that flank of the body of game to extend itself easily. The leading kangaroo, so guided, ran up what appeared to be an unconnected fence.

The pace now became better. Up go the leaders, fearing no evil and doubtless hoping for a turn to the right and general escape. Not so. The western wing is now sighted. The opening between the two wings is not more than 500 yards, and rapidly narrows. At a wave from the Captain's hand fifty eager riders spur across, and every five yards from fence to fence is filled by a horseman. If they do not turn and "break" now they are lost.

The moment has arrived. It is the charge down the hill at Waterloo. It is Marengo when Desaix comes up. Mac gives the equivalent order to "Up, Guards, and at them!" and taking old Bushranger by the head, races desperately up to their tails. The younger portion of the company had been ready and more than willing for an hour back; and when the glorious signal was given,

——such a yell was there,
As if men fought on earth below,
And fiends in upper air!

The wild centaurs of lads picked up their nags, and all but jumped on the backs of the crowded and frantic animals. All who could ride, and all who could not, delivered themselves over to the delirium of the moment. The long heavy whips of the stockmen rose and fell like a forest of flails, while their reports rang like musketry. The dogs, sternly repressed up to this moment, barked and worried liked demons. The rear of the mass pressed madly on the leading animals, which, with a fence on either side, and all Gehenna "maddening in the rear," had no choice but to go forward.

Up the fast closing straight running they flew, with the speed of a dream. Another half-mile is gained, and the vast herd is approaching the fatal enclosure. But the vanguard, whose delicate instinct has been dominated temporarily only, scents the coming evil, and slackening pace falls back on the main body. Tremendous confusion is created. By the concussion, dozens of the younger animals are knocked over by the weight and impetus of the older ones. The whole herd are now mingled in one trampling whirlwind of dust. The front, jammed by the rear, in vain try to charge back. Every one who has had the privilege of attending cattle musters recognizes this as the turning moment of the contest. If the herd "breaks," or turns its flank outward, a thousand horse would not stop them, and the day's work is thrown away.

"Stick to them, my lads," shouts Captain Blake, double-thonging with a hunting-whip like a maniac.

"Back up, for dear life," roars old Mac, with his features glowing with excitement and wrath, as he waves his broad-leafed hat, and shies it desperately amid the host.

These exhortations were barely needed by any but the town-bred and inexperienced members of the hunt. Every old hand and every bush-bred lad was going it like an Irish sergeant at a forlorn hope. Their yells

and cries were redoubled. The dogs raged with demoniac energy. The trained horses of the stockmen bit and kicked as they turned heads or tails alternately to the foe. None broke the line. The rear was forced bodily on to the front rank, which, confused and overpowered, once more took to the open. After a short distance rattled over at fair hunting pace, lo! a turn to the right appears leading back towards the route by which they had entered. Down the lane they go like a whirlwind, followed by the whole herd; and after passing down a lane, turning still more in the line of the escape route, debouche into a large enclosure having no outlet whatever. It is the strong yard. For one moment the whole line of horsemen "blocks" the passage by which they had entered. Another—and two men simultaneously pull sliding lines, and a wall of canvas eight feet high stands between them and the outer world.

Now there are great breath-takings, loosening of girths, and general return to the realms of common sense. Apologies are made to any one who has got in the way, and been sworn at in the hurry of business. Now recommences the reign of chaff among the stockmen, too busy for conversation of late, and being, to do them justice, men capable of doing several hours' work in one, when needs must.

Now that we had got the kangaroo, the next question was, What were we to do with them? The duty of the historian becomes painful. They were all to be killed! Yes, dreadful as it sounds—butchered in cold blood. There was nothing else for it. We have our tenderesses like other people, and hate needless cruelty. But the lives of these animals represented an annual loss of a couple of thousands a year, at least; and sheep and cattle, and the welfare of Christian men, women, and children thereon depending, must be preferred to that of brutes, however directly inoffensive.

Mac and his squatter friend, and the stockmen, were thinking more of the despoiled pastures and diminished reputation of Ballandra, than of abstract questions of humanitarianism. So arming themselves with heavy sticks they entered the yard. Then every one else adopted a weapon, and hasted to the slaughter—one or two had got hold of swords; some had heavy-handled hunting-whips—one an Indian hogspear. The boys rushed to the prey. Then the slaughter commenced. Every one was rather excited by the chase, so after the first few moments every one went in savagely enough. The kangaroo is easily killed by a blow on the head; if, with an "old man" at bay, you have nerve enough to stand still for his rush (for at such a time he charges like a wild bull), and to strike him fair between the ears, he will fall as if shot. So the sticks were the favourite weapons.

Mac led the way, striking down right and left with a great she-oak sapling. The stockmen, who occasionally had some practice in killing calves on nearly as large a scale, and in the same fashion, were decidedly the most efficient macropicides, though all the laymen assisted manfully.

After all, killing a kangaroo, like many other arts and accomplishments, is not so easy as it looks. He is an agile beast, and if elderly, fierce. So when the youthful townsmen essayed this cheap form of heroism, they were occasionally deceived. But the greater number of the trapped creatures were huddled together too confused and terrified for further flight or resistance; but one flying buck, like the solitary Mameluke at the citadel of Cairo, dared the impossible, and took the canvas-wall fair. On the other side was an individual who might be described as a gentleman in difficulties. Mr. Neuchamp was the fortunate proprietor of a horse, a late purchase, which he had invested in against the advice of his squatter host. This valuable animal when tied up invariably broke his bridle. When left loose on "parole," he immediately started off for the place where he was bred, about a hundred and fifty miles distant. On this occasion, being over-excited by the chase, he utterly declined to let Mr. Neuchamp get off—making ready to kick at him as he alighted—or to stand still, or to go away from the yard, rearing desperately when moved in the opposite direction. While his perplexed rider was mentally questioning the horsemanship which he had brought from the old country, and which he trusted (and indeed asserted) was to awe the natives of this new one, the flying buck aforesaid leapt the canvas, and dropping upon Mr. Neuchamp, as if from the clouds, at once decided the question of dismounting. In one agonized moment he lay gasping on the turf in one direction, the yet more astonished kangaroo in another; and Mr. Neuchamp only raised himself on his elbow, when slightly recovered, to behold his horse and his marsupial antagonist going best pace in opposite directions—the former, as usual, heading straight across country for Warranup.

The long, long summer day was nearly done—the tireless sun was lingering to his rest behind the far blue range in red golden glories—the air was cool as we rode soberly home to Ballandra, dusty, tired, hungry, and blood-stained. Yet was the feeling not unpleasant as we let our horses go in the horse-paddock, knowing that a season of well-earned rest and delectation awaited us. Happy the man who, when the hour arrives, doubts not of appetite or the meal that is to satisfy it.

As we came up, each man bearing his saddle and bridle, old Mrs. Teviot greeted us with looks of astonishment and a mountain of towels, foreboding of the cool swim in the quartz-pebbled river, which was *de rigueur* after such a day. "Eh! gudesake, look at the laddies! Just fearsome! And did ye kill a' the puir beasties? Weel-a-weel, it's sair work shedding the bluid o' sae mony o' the Lord's creatures. But ye gentlemen ken a' aboot it, nae doot; it's no for me to judge. Puir Maister McDiarmid's sair fashed and disjeckit like. He just canna sleep at nicht. Nae doot we maun live in the land and multiply, and we canna live for thae landloupin' thieves o' kangaroo. Noo, dinna swim a' the nicht, for the denner's a' but waitin' on ye."

In dozens we pitched ourselves off the tall rock, one after the other like school-boys, into the deep cool river reach, now fast shadowing over in the long twilight. Who swims not loses a pleasure of the choicest, in all lands where the sun shines strongly. We came up cooled and freshened to the inmost nerve, and before dinner proceeded to comfort the inner gentleman with deep draughts of the well-cooled and delicate Yering.

And the dinner! But let us respect the sacred reserves of that immortal meal. None but men who like us had ridden and toiled, pure from the base compromise of lunch, could have performed such a feat as was then performed.

Those of our friends who were new to bush life asked themselves sternly, why they did not so toil and so enjoy, daily, continually? Why, this was life—life to the very finger tips! It was a new revelation! Henceforth they would live in the wilderness, exist on horseback, and be demigods.

The night wore on, all violet-blue and silver-starred. Tales were told. Songs were sung. Long we sat and gossipped, and lay about on the lawn's dewless grass, far into the kind cool night. No fears had we in our *al fresco* indulgence. No viewless foe lurked in the flower-scented air, or the low faint sigh of the river-oaks. Why go to bed, why go at all? Had sleep fairer dreams than these? It was Aidënn, would it but last,—lotus-land; and we world-worn wayfarers, dreaming on the bank of the lulling water, in a land of changeless summer.

So wore the night. The next day saw the departure of all save a few friends, who stayed to keep Mac company. But for years after among the chronicles of the west, the memory will be fresh of the jests and the adventures, the hospitality and good-fellowship, of the great Ballandra Kangaroo drive.

Gennesaret.

(April, 1862.)

I.

Behold, the Waster's peace is here:
 Dead silence after battle-bray.
 Unlike the western spring-tide dear,
 When English fields are hushed in May,
 With populous calm of tender sound
 Of leaf and insect, fold and herd,
 And wild birds revelling all around,
 Here sickly Nature hath no word.
 The ancient World's-debate is still
 In desolate rest, even since that day
 When up yon western horned hill *
 The long day's strife did roll and roar,
 Till broke the Christian arm and sword,
 And their faint few might strike no more.
 The controversy of the Lord
 His mindful mountains hear, until
 Their ancient strength shall melt away.

II.

Thine is the quiet of the Dead.
 Yet hast thou known another scene,
 What time the words of Peace were said
 Between thy peaks, Kurûn Hattîn:
 When He in whom we live
 Bless'd those who love, spare, toil, forgive—
 All Earth's unknowing race in turn.
 It may not fail, it hath not pass'd,
 It holds for aye, from first to last,
 The amplest blessing spoken then
 On all the sighing sons of men:
 "Blessed are they who mourn."

* Hill of Kurûn Hattîn—scene of the Sermon on the Mount most probably, and of Saladin's victory over the last Crusaders.

III.

He shall not reign, His people cried.
 They have their will—He holds His hand.
 And still the Turkish scourge is plied,
 The wasting curse of man and beast;
 And Desert tribes, like Desert sand,
 All the fierce children of the East,
 Go up as locusts on the land.

* * * * *

But yester-eve we lingered late,
 (Being somewhat worn with sun and speed),
 To watch, beneath Tiberias' gate,
 The wild Hawâra play jereed.
 Like swallow wheel'd each wiry steed,
 Until the thief who him bestrode
 Deck'd with all colours of the Mede,
 Looked wing'd and bird-like in his selle,
 So lithe and light he rode,
 Upon the broken battlement,
 All cloven the day when Safed fell
 In one wide carnage, earthquake-rent.
 The women gazed and sang by turns.
 They held their Bairâm feast that day
 With game of war and sport of love.
 Their Syrian spring burn'd fiercely gay,
 And whispering waved the palms, above
 Volcanic fire that heaves and burns.

IV.

The lovely lake fills up the caves
 Which once were as the mouth of hell;
 The flowers laugh careless over graves;
 And though we mourn that Beauty dies,
 She hath her day, and it is well.
 A little while she flies,
 All marred and weeping, like Love's queen
 From Diomedes' spear-head keen and gray,
 Yet ever again where she hath been,
 Renewed yet changeless, night and day,
 She triumphs o'er the scene.

As with the breathing of God's breath,
 So dies she ever, and is born.
 Hers are the gates of eve and morn,
 Whence she doth marshal cloud and light,
 Like hosts with banners manifold,
 From crimson wild to burning gold,
 To flame o'er fair things and forlorn.
 She is a sign of God to man,
 Even when his weariest work is done.
 Though smoke of labour blot the sun,
 And din of trade offend the skies,
 And all the dancing streams that run
 Be clogged with mills and foul with dyes,—
 Yet falls the night, and morn doth rise
 In beauty over all things mean;
 And in the glory of thine eyes
 Sadness grows dear and dulness bright,
 O Mistress, O our Queen!
 The broad white stars obey thy hand
 On purple dark of desert Night;
 Thy strength is with the pitying moon,
 Which comforts earth for fire of noon
 With clear cold floods of dewy light.
 And o'er the savage Northern sea
 Hours of long sunset glow for thee
 In nameless hues of unthought sheen.

V.

Feel bit and rein, draw girths, and mount.
 Yet gaze along the silent shore
 Ere this delight shall join the account
 Of all that we shall see no more.
 The bright lake mirrors slope and cliff,
 Each standing on its shade, as if
 The "Peace, be still" were lately said.
 The sharp-leaved oleanders glow
 For miles of marge: a light of snow
 Rests on the northern waves, below
 Old Hermon's triple head.
 In many a dream, beloved Sea,
 Our souls shall walk again by thee.

Views of Vienna.

UNTIL a few years back no European capital, not even Rome herself, had resisted the march of time like Vienna. The boundary where country ended and town began might still be traced along the low rampart over which Napoleon twice strode in triumph. After a traveller from the south or west had come to terms with the watch-dogs of that feeble line of circumvallation, he had to thread the faubourgs of the Wieden or Mariahilf. From these endless and hideous suburbs he emerged, yawning with disappointment and fatigue, not into bright and crowded streets, but on to a belt of parched common, in summer terrible for sun and sand, in winter an almost impassable Malebolge of mud and snow. The grass was flat for a space, and then became a glacis, the slope of which being pierced at intervals by roads and paths, revealed in glimpses tiers of masonry and slanting turf, that told how some Austrian Vauban or Cormontaigne had made safe the city's ancient circuit in the days when the Turkish horsetails fluttered on the keep of Buda, and the Spahis flaunted their scarlet gowns about the Bisamberg and the Prater. From those curtains and bastions Solyman the Magnificent had recoiled more than three centuries ago, when old Niclas Salm taught the Swabians to hold their own against the Ottoman power. Behind the crumbling covered way and half-choked ditch, hung the front of the Imperial Burg, the palace of the Archduke Charles, and the tower of the Church of St. Augustine, while on the right soared into the clouds the airy but still imperfect steeple of the Cathedral of St. Stephen. A set of arched inlets burrowed under the Piano-nobile of the Burg gave entrance into a quadrangle, where stood charged and pointed a battery of brass guns, whose throats yawned towards a tunnel in the opposite wall of the palace. Plunging through this, the traveller reached the core of Vienna—a tangle of narrow and sordid streets, which, twisting about like serpents to right and left, struggled in tortuous courses down to the Danube; and on other sides doubled back again to the glacis. But even in Austria, Amurath does not for ever succeed to Amurath. Mensdorff has at length followed upon Metternich. The K. K. myrmidons no longer exact the surrender of bibles, daggers, and other carnal weapons. It is no longer necessary to show at the gates of Vienna a passport furnished with the signature of the well-known firm of Palmer & Son. The municipal ædiles have now, after years of parsimony, begun to beautify and enlarge their capital. Copying the plans prepared by the restless activity of the French invader in 1809, they have rescued the glacis from its mere military destination, laid flat the slope which mounted to the counterscarp's edge, filled up the

ditch, thrown down the scarp, and thus improved the approaches from every quarter. On the glacis itself are the beginnings of a new region, which already boasts bridges of its own, and is gay with such gardens, lakes, temples, statues as the city's exchequer can afford ;—while private and public palaces, sumptuous in colour, gold, and sculpture, are springing up along a spacious boulevard well lined with trees, dotted with seats for the people's comfort, divided into alleys for different sorts of traffic, and, when night falls, illuminated by the gas that blazes from a treble row of burners.

Yet ancient Vienna is not quite gone. In the inner city demolition and improvement are slow of foot. Though at every corner newspapers are freely hawked, though the military no longer swagger along the Graben as if they were the lords of the State, some signs of the *Lüstige Wien* linger in the streets. Fiacres drive as sharply and as surely as of old. Idlers who will not work still hamper the passage of the industrious along the narrow pavements. Admiring crowds still run after the bands which are the only certain glory of the Austrian army. Those who wisely seek, still discover taps of that excellent beer whose orient glow outshines the glitter of Tokay.

The best map of the general geography of the Imperial capital is the coloured face of a target. The gold is the inner city. The red ring round this is the glacis. The blue coil covers the suburbs. The black circle beyond covers the suburban villages. On the north the inner city is flanked by an artificial stream called the Danube Canal, which strikes the gold at a tangent, so that, on this side, the red ring is not a glacis but a ditch. From the south the *Wien* oozing across the glacis, pours its foul odours into the Danube Canal. The *faubourgs* consist of straight ugly streets, with houses and shops, mostly mean and straggling ; for here the dingy dynasties of King Dirt and King Dilapidation have not yet been dethroned by the modern builder's revolutionary trowel. While amidst this poor and tumbling region, and on its margins, masons who were never architects have foisted palaces designed with just so much art and taste as might suffice for a barn, besides barracks, storehouses, custom-houses, stables, and other stuccoed receptacles of civil and military lumber. Little movement enlivens these murky purlieus, except along the approaches to the three railways which enter Vienna from west, south, and north, and even there the circulation is not very brisk. The inner city is of such narrow extent, that a moderate walker, entering it from the glacis, and coming out on the opposite side, can easily cross the whole diameter in a quarter of an hour. But the secondary arteries of this dense labyrinth are too narrow and crooked to be commodious for heavy and frequent business, so that by this means the main tide of locomotion is sucked into a single conduit, which, being itself of provincial rather than of metropolitan dimensions, is generally well-packed with carriages, waggons, and foot-passengers. The *Stefansplatz* is the heart of the current. Standing before the front of the

cathedral, we may observe, thanks to demolitions just ended, that the streets here in point run after the fashion of the letter **F**. At the top joint is the church, to the left the Kärnthner Strasse runs outwards to the glacis, to the right the Rothenthurm Strasse down hill to the Danube Canal, over which by bridge is the chief access to the Prater. The first piece of the perpendicular shank of the **F** is the Graben, the cross-bar is the Kohlmarkt, whence, through the tunnel already named, is reached, first the nest of palaces, offices, and museums called the Burg, and afterwards the glacis. The foot of the shank, bending away from the point where the Kohlmarkt flows out of the Graben, continues onwards past the piazzas called the Hof and Freyung, till in this way again the green is gained by what in old times was the Schotten Thor, or Scottish Gate. Whoever considers it an exhilarating pastime to look at the dirtiest and slowest of European omnibuses, and be pushed into gutters and under the wheels of fiacres, should spend his days in the Stefansplatz and the Kärnthner Strasse. But the *flâneur* of Parisian perceptions will find little amusement out of the Kohlmarkt and Graben.

Whereas most great cities have an architectural physiognomy of their own, the Imperial capital has no air distinctive enough to make what Germans would call a *Stadt-individuum*. Containing a few buildings specifically Italian, and others of specifically German cast, the predominating style is a compromise between north and south, a barbaric renaissance which owes its bastard birth to Germanized Italians and Italianized Germans. The Austrians never were a "culture-people," but their Italian antecedents have taught them some sympathy with Italian art, and they have often brought architects across the Alps to beautify their cities. Whether from bad taste in the employers, or ignorance in the employed, the results have here been insignificant. For instance, although the Graben is not devoid of superficial charm, and wears a brighter, more natural look than the Grecian mockeries of Munich and the peopled solitudes of Berlin, its buildings are chiefly of the nondescript sort. Houses with steep roofs and dormers are jumbled against houses topped with parapets over which no tiles appear; stone façades, with balconies, scrolls and portals, lean on plastered fronts without ornaments or mouldings; *bel-étages* and *mezzanins* of dwelling apartments and show-saloons elbow garrets and lumber-rooms. There are no frowning cornices or fine profiles, no fascinating curiosities of outline, no sharp contrasts of light and shade, no breaks of perspective. One main defect, inexcusable in a climate where sun abounds, is the exaggerated area of openings as compared with wall. Great architecture is sparing of windows, for when glass takes the place of solids there is always an apparent loss of dignity and strength. In all the Graben there is one gateway worth notice, an entrance next a shop, flanked by two heavy Atlantes. At the end near the Stefansplatz there were some gabled deformities which broke the monotony of the whole; but these *malerisch* accidents of brick and mortar have been abolished. How a city so bankrupt as Vienna

can find funds to rebuild the ruins, seems an unanswerable problem. The cafés of Vienna are not sumptuous in frontage or fittings. The shops have neither the splendour nor the supplies which would be found in many provincial cities of England and France. Many of them, however, have well-painted emblems, and some of the houses are richly bedizened with metallic letters. A row of fiacres helps to narrow the roadway, where, beside some striped marquees erected for the sale of beer, ices, and wine, is a growth of twisted and gilded stone, meant to be commemorative or suggestive of the Holy Trinity, while further on water splashes over the brim of a somewhat primæval basin.

The private equipages of Vienna, especially those belonging to the court, are of lumbering and unfinished build; the horses, though fleet, wiry beasts, have not the sleek showy air wanted for street effect; the Jehus and lackeys are ill clad and appointed. He must indeed have ingenious eyes who discerns those armies of Hussars, Heyducs, Pandours, and other barbaric creatures to whose picturesque presence imaginative travellers ascribe that semi-oriental air which they fondly believe to pervade the streets of Vienna. On the other hand, the fiacres are the best in Europe. At the central stand, the broughams for winter and the calèches for summer use seem to be always bran new, and the drivers' pace is more killing than that of any other coachmen except the Istvoschiks of St. Petersburg. The love of the lazy Viennese for carriage-exercise almost exceeds that of the Neapolitans; four centuries ago Æneas Sylvius noted with wonder the universal predominance of this passion. The fiacre-drivers are the spoilt children of the public; it is usual to remunerate them on the most reckless scale. As natives seldom give less than a florin for a course of two or three minutes' duration, attempts to nail the men to the tariff provoke torrents of slang. The Viennese have an oriental tolerance of obscene objurgations: any foul-mouthed ruffian who out-Herods his neighbour is sure to raise a laugh, and is likely to be called a wit.

Outside the shops and cafés lounge white-coated officers, and civilians whose toilettes have cost them much trouble yet produced small commensurate result. Austrian ladies of the better sort do not go on foot, so that the female honours of the pavement are done by Fürstin Phryne, Gräfin Lais, and other like Fräuleins, assisted perhaps by amateur houries, mostly black-eyed and black-haired, tall, loose in look and gait, decently dressed, whose affection, if not always given for money's sake, may freely be got for love. This method, which encourages corruption by removing one of its chief reproaches and gilding it with a pretence of sentiment, brands the course of Vienna life, in the middling and lower ranks at least, with a pre-eminence in a form of depravity that the more easily escapes notice since it has long since taken its place as a recognized social institution, and knows neither scruples, blushes, nor remorse.

An evening stroll up to the Graben and Kohlmarkt may be conveniently prolonged through the Schwibbogen—for thus the tunnel of the Burg is called—into the Palace Square, called the Franzensplatz.

Here the admirers of the Imperial House may tarry to contemplate the graven image of Kaiser Franz standing in stiff chancery attitude on a lofty pedestal, whose superscription explains what no one would otherwise have guessed, that the defunct Hapsburg ruled his people in love. At the feet of the gaoler of Silvio Pellico crouch Fortitude, Religion, Peace, and Justice. Had he been represented as trampling on those virtues the sculpture would have lost nothing in historic truth, and would, besides, have served as a commentary on the motto annexed—*Amorem meum populis meis*. A probable explanation of the methods of government heretofore employed by that sovereign may be seen in front of the adjoining façade of the quadrangle. On a long guard-house with a row of benches outside repose the grim forms of the Austrian soldiery; while an apparatus of arms, artillery, standards, double-pated eagles, *schwarz-gelb*. chequers, and other congenial tools and emblems, complete the characteristic and symbolical picture of K. K. majesty. Diving through an archway next the watch, we pass from the palace into the open, where a strip of levelled glacis has been screened from the road by an iron railing topped with gold spear-heads, planted with trees, diversified by paths, beds, benches, and fountains, so as to afford shade and rest amid the summer's heat. The largest portion of this garden is less remarkable for elegance of design or splendour of shrubs and flowers, than for the jealousy with which the public are shut out. Such exclusion must rest on the dog and the manger principle, for royalty seldom if ever presses the turf or gravel with its sublime heel. The Imperial precincts stop at a little hill which bounds the esplanade of the Burg Thor, whose Doric propylæa are threaded by the thoroughfare that runs into the Kohlmarkt. On this esplanade are Fernkorn's bronze statues of Prince Eugene and the Archduke Charles. Eugenio Von Savoye—for thus the Italian abbé, snubbed by France and turned to account by Germany, loved to write his name—was placed on his coign of vantage just before the outbreak of the late war. The "edle Ritter," as the barrack doggerel of Austria styles the conqueror of Zenta and Turin, costumed as a military cavalier, with the hat and clubbed hair of the *grand siècle*, sits a battle-horse of the ponderous old Flanders breed, who rears up at a steep angle, so as to throw an uncomfortable weight of gun-metal on his hindquarters. The pedestal, an elaborate compound of bronze and marble, looks double the proper size to eyes accustomed to the standing provided by Michel Angelo for the horse of the Capitol, while its simplicity and apparent strength are hurt by metal scrolls, mouldings, shields, figures, dates, and other devices. The animal's forelegs are stiff, and the head hugs the neck too closely, so that the outlines of this part are indistinct. The hindquarters are vigorous and well modelled. Then the rider's seat is adapted to a quiet, not to a prancing horse, an error which spoils Peter the Great's equestrian figure on the Isaak's Platz at St. Petersburg. Modern works are seldom presentable from more than a single point of view; while the ancient and mediæval artist, whether in a building,

statue, or ivory, remembered that a bad profile would spoil a perfect front. Prince Eugene is in the usual case; and what is unfortunate, both he and his steed are best seen from the rear. At present the tint of the group—a yellow bronze not of the real golden hue—repeats the colour of the plaster façades of the Burg which run behind, so that to a person approaching from the glacis, man and horse are not enough detached from their background. The Archduke Charles should be too well known to need description. The horse plunges up in a daring attitude; the victor of Aspern waves a flag with triumphant gesture; the lines of the composition are full of energy and *slancio*. If the execution is less elaborated than in the companion piece, it must be granted that the bronze Archduke well embodies the idea which the action given to him and to his horse ought to express—*movement*; while the Prince, in his attitude of unstable equilibrium, fails to present the notion which his image seeks to convey—*repose*.

Behind the tail of the Archduke's charger begins the second garden, which is smaller and meaner than the first, devoted to the recreation of the vulgar, and hence termed the Volksgarten. Here there is shadow enough to protect the lounge from the sun. Some parched grass, a few beds of azaleas, asters, and geraniums, two marble basins, and several gravel walks, enliven an enclosure hardly bigger in area than the green of an average London square. At the far end is a reproduction of the Temple of Theseus, whose Doric façade, being jammed under a neighbouring bastion, instead of being perched on its summit, wears a look of meanness and caricature, and adds nothing to the pomp of the place. Next the Archduke Charles is the corner devoted to the pleasures of which we are about to speak.

We have remarked, on another occasion, that the Austrians proper are an inhospitable set, and satisfied with society in very homœopathic doses. There is, however, no other city in Europe where such ample provision is made for the amusement of all classes, or where such provision as exists is so greedily used. The climate of Vienna is fickle, quickly rushing from the temperature of the torrid to the temperature of the frigid zone, abounding in treacherous gusts of hot and cold, in dust-storms, whirlwinds, and all the other weapons of the armoury of the Prince of the Power of the Air. But the summer season has something of the radiant glow, the Elysian warmth, of Italy, so that there exist all the atmospheric conditions necessary for a sauntering, lounging, jovial out-door existence. The beautiful island, called the Prater, is little frequented by the Viennese of the better sort, except in winter and spring, and then more as a theatre for the display of clothes, carriages, and horses, than as a park haunted for exercise and health. In summer, when the umbrageous glades, the bosky paths, the fresh turf, the grazing deer, should tempt people pent in a populous city to a moment of cool repose, the Viennese prefer to flock to beer-gardens and *guinguettes*. These abound in all quarters, are of all sizes and styles, from the smart enclosure with gilt railings, painted kiosks, spruce attendants, and fine company,

to the mere cabaret with its scrap of dusty grass in front of the road or street, its rough benches, slipshod waiters, and dirty guests. The beer is always good, the music often matchless, especially in the semi-aristocratic Volksgarten.

This scene of creature comforts deserves a moment's special attention. Beneath a group of trees are two rotundas for music, a Kursaal for promenading or dancing, a score or so of little white tables, a few hundred white wooden chairs, with a sufficient appendix of grass and gravel, the whole separated on certain evenings from the rest of the Volksgarten by barriers improvised of nets and poles. On such occasions the garden presents a sparkling spectacle. An orchestra, conducted by the younger Strauss, occupies the pavilion of the Kursaal, and a band from one of the regiments in garrison plays in the outer rotunda. The tables are crowded with military and civilians, lounging, smoking cigars and cigarettes, sipping coffee or swilling beer: with gaily-dressed ladies, staring, chatting, nibbling ices, and munching cakes; while between the orchestras a current of walkers sways to and fro. The aristocracy are seldom present, partly because at the season when out-door pastimes become pleasant the grand world begins to quit Vienna: partly because in the narrow limits of the Volksgarten they cannot well escape degrading contact with that middle-class element of which the company chiefly consists. Diplomacy musters in force, and a group of Fetials usually clusters near the entry of the Kursaal. They talk languidly, but they seem to be settling the fate of Europe, for round about them, with ears pricked up, hover the representatives of the Vienna press, ready to torture every frown or smile into some grave fact in the destinies of mankind. Next sits the countess from Constantinople, who, accompanied by a wrinkled harri-dan, tricked out in the most flaunting toilette that can be devised by the mantua-makers of the Kohlmarkt, and enamelled with chalk and rouge, casts from time to time demure glances at the diplomatic detachment. Hard by some amateur Jezebel parades her conquests before the eyes of all the world, and outdoes the scandal of professional sin. Another table has a military garrison. The officers have well-built, well-seasoned figures, and expressive, manly faces. They wear the white Waffen-frocks of the line, faced with crimson, cherry, mauve, orange, blue, in all shades and species, so as to afford distinctive marks to each of eighty regiments. The predominating pipeclay is brightened by the cobalt tunics of the generals, the green coats and plumes of the Imperial aides-de-camp, the gray suits and cocks' feathers of the Jägers, the brown frocks and gilt Greek helmets of the cuirassiers. These, and a dozen other varieties of a uniform comfortable and useful for wear, never fail to give colour, glitter, and movement to the festive scene. Although gifted with a scanty store of intellectualism, Austrian officers are almost always notable for good manners, and the swashbuckler style finds no favour amongst them. In the remote towns of the Venetian kingdom Ancient Pistol and Captain Bobadil used sometimes to be caught swaggering about the empty streets,

but such sights are scarcely to be seen in the more central provinces of the empire. The officers are superior in breeding and appearance to those of France, which follows from the relative infusion of the aristocratic element into the higher ranks of the respective services. In the Austrian army thirty-three out of every hundred officers are of blue blood, while in the army of France scarcely ten per cent. of the corps of officers belong to noble families. It is not safe to jump to the conclusion that these figures may explain Austria's late defeats, for in the Prussian army the bourgeois class is much more weakly represented than in the Austrian—to the extent, namely, of not more than fifty per cent. Neither is there any ground for the prevalent notion that Austrian officers are the effeminate slaves of kid-gloves, varnished boots, and ornamental tailoring. They bestow so much attention to the neatness, cleanness, and fit of their uniforms as beseeems the wearers of the Hapsburg livery; but the mere foppiness of male dress is not a Viennese epidemic.

On festive evenings the tables of the Volksgarten are always dotted with giant glasses of that excellent beer which, like Bohemian pheasants, Hungarian Tokay, and Styrian iron, is an article that cannot be matched out of Austria. The empire has above 3,200 breweries, and the product of the mash-tuns, besides comforting millions of thirsty souls, helps the country's revenues with the duty levied on it as an article of primary consumption; and if the flavour of the bottled liquid could be brought up to that of the draught, Austrian competition would surely endanger the prospects of Burton-upon-Trent. It appears, indeed, that in Paris and elsewhere the so-called "Leitmeritzer" begins to be a dangerous rival to pale ale. The biggest Austrian brewery, viz. that of Dreher, at Klein-Schwechat, near Vienna, cannot, however, compare in importance with one of our great English establishments. Barclay and Perkins brew at least 14,000,000 gallons a year, and employ 1,800 hands, while Dreher may brew 5,000,000, and employs 800 hands. The total amount of beer annually made in Austria is 172,000,000 gallons, or less than one-third of the British yield, and hardly 15 per cent. more than that of little Bavaria. On this showing the Bavarians should be terrible toppers, but a comparatively large quantity of their product travels abroad. The Austrian malt liquor is not, except in the cities, a common drink for the humbler classes; for wine, even out of the grape countries, is a cheaper beverage. Tastes can neither be disputed nor described, and so those whose ill-luck has prevented them drinking Vienna beer must be satisfied to hear that it is less bitter, less *capiteux*, and more ethereal in flavour than Bass and Allsopp, weaker in alcohol, and more neutral in taste than other German beers—above all, that, when poured into a glass fresh from a cask just brought up from the ice-cellar, it glows like fluid amber, and is crowned with a delicate beading of bubbles, which are true bubbles of the air, and not like the soapy foam of Scotch ale, bubbles of the earth. To sip from a glass of Lager, puffing wreaths from a cigarette of choice Latakia, while you gaze vaguely up to a sky flaming with the gold and crimson of a Danubian

sunset, and catch the rhythm of waltzes and mazurkas—this is the perfection of ignorant and mechanical bliss. And nowhere else is such blessedness so surely to be found. For here is material luxury enough to lap the being into a Sybaris of indolence and delight, no beauty but the beauty of the heavens to trouble the vision, no sound but the hum of silver voices and the voluptuous pulsations of music to agitate the ear. Here no monumental splendours beckon up the ghosts of vanished greatness to agitate the spirit with tales of the glorious and good, no enchanting breath of the balmy south melts the heart to poetry, romance, and love. Such feelings, sublime or soft, are far from the Volksgarten, far from Vienna. The genius of the place is one who bids you live while you live, for to-morrow you die. And by living he means the life of the body and the death of the soul—eternal jollity of the superficial sort—eating, drinking, dancing, gambling, with all the round of the pastimes that best help to dumb forgetfulness of whatever might enlarge and educate the mind.

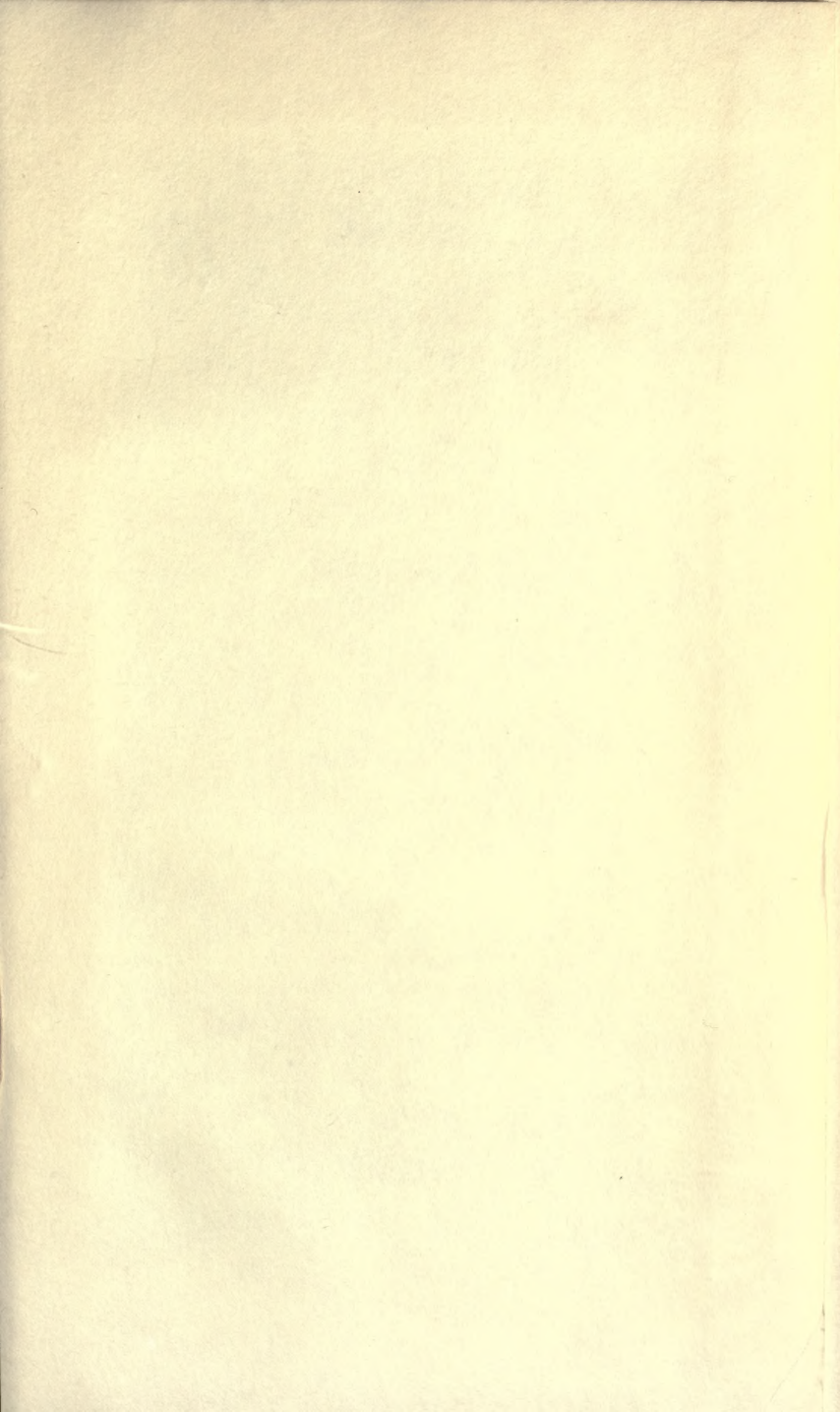
From the Volksgarten we proceed, by a natural transition, to the new part of Vienna. In Metternich's time architectural improvement kept pace with other sorts of Austrian innovation. While building on the large scale was the order of the day in Berlin and Munich—yes, even in Carlsruhe and Stuttgart—in Vienna not a brick was laid. The revolutionary impetus of 1848 drove the Swabian mind into certain new grooves, producing, besides other feelings, a desire to see the capital beautified, or at least enlarged. After nine years of hesitation it was decided to connect the inner city with the suburbs, by girdling the glacis with two circular boulevards. The area between these was to be filled with streets and squares, the plan of the whole to have specific reference to beauty as well as to use. The situation was admirable, but money was scarce, and could only be got by fatal sacrifices of æsthetic effect. The original design included the erection of a series of public edifices. Accommodation of this sort was urgently wanted. Decent lodgment was needed for the Opera, the University, the Public Library, the Museums, the Municipality, the Parliament, and so forth. The funds requisite for the execution of this scheme were to be realized by the sale of parts of the glacis as building room for private speculation. But in order to ensure financial success, it was necessary to bring to the hammer the very plots of ground which should have been reserved for public purposes. Thus unrivalled opportunities were lost: systematic embellishment became impossible; mere masonry grew up at the points where real architecture was most required; dwelling-houses, built in view of the largest and quickest returns from the tenants of apartments and shops, took the place of official constructions, consigning some of the best of these to holes and corners, where their magnificence was either wasted or marred by contact with neighbouring deformity. Such being the conditions under which the ædiles have had to work, no wonder if, in spite of remarkable successes of detail, the general result bids fair to

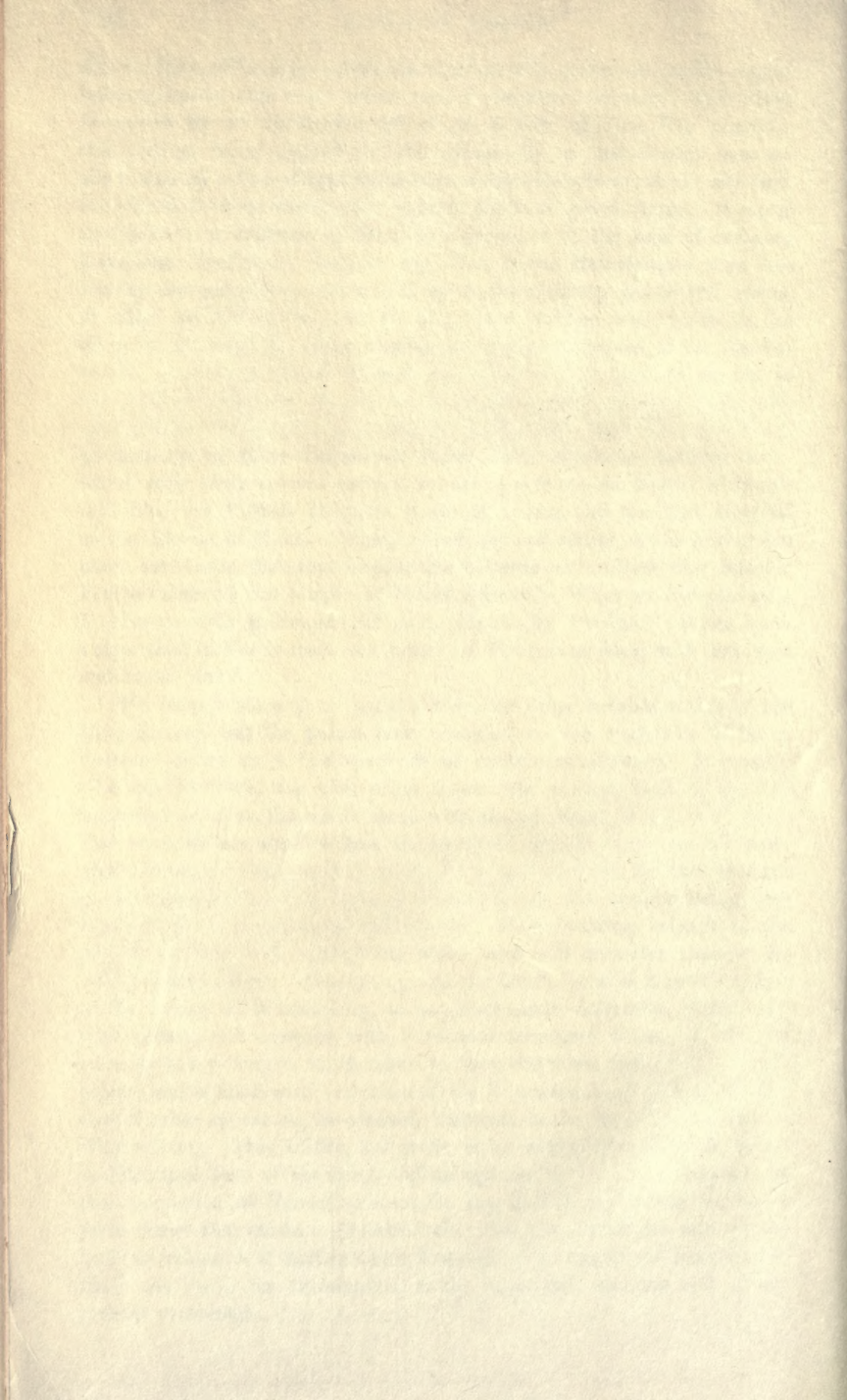
be something like failure. Outside the Kärnthner Thor, then, or Gate of Carinthia, which, unlike the Burg Thor, is merely a subjective barrier, a street has been thrust upon the glacis, so as to embrace a short chord of the inner city. On emerging from the Kärnthner Strasse, the spectator finds a boulevard of Parisian proportions, branching right and left—in other words, to west and east of him. On the right hand the so-called Opern and Burg Rings run towards the Volksgarten, terminating abruptly on the glacis. On the left the Kärnthner, Kolowrat, Park, and Stuben Rings continue in the direction of the Danube Canal, closing with the new Kursaal of the Stadt Park.

Austria's impoverishment was complete enough even before the advent of those humane locusts whose well-bred but wholesale devastations have caused to the industry and agriculture of the invaded provinces double the damage which would have been suffered from plunder conducted on more brutal and more sporadic principles. However, even if the empire were to suspend payment, the municipality of Vienna would contrive to beg or borrow a few millions of florins for the completion of Nüll and Siccardsburg's new opera-house, which forms the focus of the Ring Strasse. It would of course be dull to describe and premature to judge a building still partly covered with scaffolding, to whose walls, moreover, the exterior ornamentation has not yet been applied. Some Austrian critics think the new opera would require a course of Banting to reduce it to elegant proportions, and its tendency to overgrown width must be admitted. Others fancy that the façades are too thickly set with pilasters. Still at its present stage it has a look of greater originality than its new French rival, while its renaissance model, with the appropriate courses of airy arcades, arches, porticos, attics, seems a more romantic and congenial home for the lyric drama than the ponderous orders and domes of the classical temple of the Boulevards. A feature of the new Austrian theatre will be a loggia decorated with scenes suggestive of the masterpieces of operatic art. On one wall Figaro will scamper after Rosina, and apply the soapsuds to Bartolo's reluctant beard. On another, the awful Sarastro will admonish Papageno and Tamina in respect of the conduct to be observed in the sanctuary of Isis and Osiris. Opposite the new opera, on the opposite side of the boulevard, is a palatial edifice for apartments or shops, called the Heinrichshof. This block of renaissance building consists of a basement, a low *mezzanin* or *entresol*, a *bel-étage* of lofty dimensions, three stories of fair height above, with dwarfed flanking towers forming attics on the top, the whole planned in flats and divided by inner yards and courts, which give air, light, and access to the several compartments of this vast architectural warren. The basement is built of courses of white stone, with joints deeply channelled in the rusticated Italian style, and arched openings for shops. The face of the next four stories is red, while the final story and attics are decorated with detached figures coloured in fresco on a background of blazing gold. There are no orders on the front, but

the windows and string-courses are adorned with grotesque scrolls, masks, helmets, heads, and every other sort of sculptured adjunct. The whole is topped by an architrave raised on a row of term-like consoles, the cornice being capped on the wings by a balustrade, between the towers by a line of light mouldings, along which, to break the sky-line, are placed, in stone vases, a few gigantic plants of green cactus. It seems useless to write criticism of detail on objects not in the beat of ordinary travellers. Suffice it, then, to say, that if the Heinrichshof were less heavily charged with ornaments, if by means of heavy jambs and hoods, or other masonic devices, an air of greater firmness were given to the shops in the basement, if the window-surface were reduced, if the consoles of the entablature looked as well in profile as they do when viewed in front—if, in fine, the cornice had been of a more massive build, the masterpiece of the architect, Hansen, would have been one of the best productions of these degenerate days. Our timorous modern taste, which calls clear colours tawdry, cannot appreciate the beauty of buildings like the Palazzo Brignole Rosso at Genoa and the Red Hospital of the Sforzas at Milan. What, indeed, say our critics, could have been more barbarous than that elephantine colossus with which that bungler Pericles defaced the temple of Pallas Athené? What so hideous as a Parthenon with pediment gilt and painted by Phidias? What more vulgar than a Venus from the chisel of Praxiteles, hung with bracelets and tinted pink?

We cannot attempt to particularize the other notable sights of the Ring Strasse, but the palace now occupied by the Archduke Wilhelm deserves notice as a fine specimen of modern renaissance. It consists of a middle block, and two wings thrown far enough back to prevent monotony of plan, the whole faced with deeply channelled yellow stone. The windows are smaller than the prevalent model, and free from ornaments or orders: the great doorway is simple and solid, the balconies are of rusticated work, with hewn props for pillars, the cornice being surmounted by a columniated balustrade. This building belongs to the proprietor of the Erzherzog Carl Hotel, who will hereafter transfer his establishment hither. Nearly opposite the future hotel is Zanetti's palace of the Prince of Würtemberg, a neo-Napoleonic deformity, plated over with pillars, and crowned with a hideous truncated dome. Above the entrance is a pediment which seems to have slid down from the top of the palace, and is filled with sculpture of the Edgeware Road school, descriptive of what appear to be military incidents in the *fasti* of the House of Würtemberg. This edifice, the work of an artist from Munich, is the architectural Zero of the Ring, and its ugliness will be more apparent on the completion of Ferstel's Palace for the Erzherzog Ludwig Victor—a performance that seems to promise well. Nor can much be said for the bulbous minarets of Garben's new Kursaal, which marks the beginning of the Stadt Park, the termination of the boulevard, and the end of our present promenade.





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